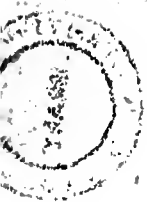


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 07097644 4





St. Nicholas Institute

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



MATER AMABILIS.



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 1, 1905.

NO. 1.

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

Friendship.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

TO what does candor bind me toward the friend
Who freely proffers me his love and trust?
Inflict some pain at times I doubtless must:
His faults and errors I may not commend
Or overglaze, nor yet my sanction lend
To acts or views wherein he seems unjust;
Hence, though rebuke cut deep as scalpel-thrust,
Still must I dare, at need, to reprehend.

Yet, brave to censure, let me not ignore
My counter-duty, to acclaim with joy
His worthy deeds and aims, his goodly store
Of virtues staunch no passing faults destroy.
This debt true friendship owns and willing pays,—
To cheer one's friend with frequent cordial praise.

Our Lady the Type of the Church.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C.P.



WE typified the Church in two ways: first, as the spouse of Adam; secondly, as taken from his side during the "deep sleep" which "God caused to fall upon him,"—thus being "one flesh" with him. For the Church is the spouse of the Second Adam, and was taken from His side as He slept on the cross in death.

After the Fall, however, Eve forfeited all right to typify the Church any further; whereas Mary, the Second Eve, was to typify it in many ways.

1. And, first, in her Immaculate

Conception and consequent sinlessness.

The Church, as the spouse of Christ, was "purchased" by Him at the price of His death. St. Paul says that "He loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it, . . . that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."* This means, of course, the *ideal* Church, or the finally perfected Mystical Body.

Now, the Blessed Virgin is the type of the Church in its ideal perfection, having been conceived without stain and preserved "Immaculate," "Inviolable," "All Fair," as we love to call her. And she, as the new Eve, was taken from Our Lord's side, *in her Immaculate Conception*; this peerless grace having been merited for her by His *death*. Whence we say, in the collect of the Immaculate Conception, *Qui ex morte ejusdem Filii tui prævise eam ab omni labe præservasti*,—"Who, in virtue of the foreseen *death* of the same Thy Son, didst preserve her from all stain." Mary, then, was *par excellence* the first-fruits of the Redemption,—or, in other words, *her* redemption was the first-fruits of her Son's death. She had greater reason than any one else to "rejoice in God her Saviour," who could say to her alone, "Thou art all fair, O my love, and the stain is not in thee!" *Macula non est in te*,—i. e., the "original stain."

2. Secondly, as we contemplate the mystery of the Annunciation we behold

* Ephes., v, 25-27.

a striking type of the Church. The Holy Ghost descends upon Mary and makes her a Virgin Mother—the Mother of God made man. So at Pentecost the same Divine Spirit descends upon the Church and makes *her* a virgin mother—mother of the Christ-life whereby all the faithful become members of the Mystical Body. And for this reason Our Lady was present at Pentecost as Queen of the Apostles, and by her merits and intercession co-operated in the coming of the Paraclete.

3. Thirdly, the Blessed Virgin is a still more striking type of the Church in the mystery of the Visitation. Here we see the New Testament greeting the Old, the Church saluting the Synagogue; and the Old Testament, in turn, bearing witness that the New Covenant has come. In the womb of Mary is the promised Messiah; in that of Elizabeth, the greatest of the Prophets, the immediate Forerunner of the Christ. And, lo, at the Virgin Mother's word of greeting a wondrous thing is done! The unborn Baptist "leaps for joy" at the presence of his Redeemer, by whose merits he is instantly sanctified, while his mother is "filled with the Holy Ghost." And Elizabeth exclaims to her cousin: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb! And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy!"

Our Lady, then, is here the *channel* of redeeming grace to the unborn Baptist, and as such the first apostle of the Precious Blood and the sacrament of sanctification. And in all this she perfectly typifies the Church, which is the channel of the grace of Redemption, and holds within herself the Sacramental System derived from the Precious Blood and operated by the Holy Ghost.

4. Fourthly, when the Blessed Virgin presents her Divine Child in the Temple,

offering Him to His Eternal Father, and herself with Him, for the world's salvation, do we not see the Church making her *Offertory* at Mass? And when the venerable Simeon, inspired by the Holy Ghost, foretells the passion of Jesus, he adds, "Yea, and thine own soul also a sword shall pierce"; to let Mary know that she must share in the work of Redemption by a martyrdom of sorrow. Even so does Mother Church, while continually offering the Eucharistic perpetuation of the Sacrifice of Calvary, partake far more of Our Lady's sorrows than of her joys.

We will now glance at the remaining six Dolors, and notice how in each the Sorrowful Mother bears out the type of the Church.

The second Dolor is "the Flight into Egypt." Here we see the Church, feared and persecuted by the world, withdrawing into forced isolation, her truth and beauty hidden from the vast majority of souls. But her Beloved is with her. The Sacramental System is safe in her keeping; and so is the Living Word entrusted to it. Like Mary, she has the unspeakable consolation of having Jesus *with* her.

"The Three Days' Loss" is the third Dolor. It has been well said that the Catholic Church sets more value on a single soul than on the whole temporal order of the universe. We see, then, in Our Lady, as she patiently and perseveringly seeks her Child, a type of the Church in search of the souls that have wandered from her keeping, or of those which have been stolen from her and brought up in estrangement. She beholds Jesus Christ in every one of them, and seeks to regain them for love of Him.

In the fourth Dolor Mary meets her Divine Son as He carries the cross to Calvary. So does the Church come to meet *us* and bear *us* company as we toil along the Way of the Cross, the only road to heaven. When we

fall under the cross, she helps us to rise and comforts us.

In the fifth Dolor, again—Mary standing by the cross as Jesus hangs upon it and until He dies,—we see the same dear Mother Church standing faithfully by us till the close of our crucified life.

In the sixth Dolor, we have the Church mourning for our death, and tenderly interceding for us as we pass through Purgatory.

And in the seventh Dolor she remembers us faithfully, no matter who else may forget us, with an assured hope of our glorious resurrection.

But Our Lady typifies the Church more strikingly still in her last three Dolours. In the fifth, as we contemplate her standing by the cross, do we not see the Church before the altar of all time offering to the Eternal Father the supreme sacrifice of atonement in its Eucharistic form, the Holy Mass? This is the consummation of the sacrifice begun at the Presentation in the Temple. And the sixth Dolor forcibly reminds us that our Blessed Redeemer has put Himself into the hands of the Church with the infinite merits of His passion and death, that she may continually plead them with the Divine Justice. Here we have the Church as the "Refuge of Sinners" even as Our Lady herself is. And the seventh Dolor bids us think of our Mother the Church keeping watch over the Prisoner of the Tabernacle; and, again, of her devotion to the souls in purgatory, and of her faith so staunchly affirming: "I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

Once more. In her Assumption we recognize Our Lady as the type of the Church when "the days of her mourning shall be ended." For the Church of the elect, the Mystical Body finally perfected, will have *her* assumption at the last day. The bodies of the just will be "raised in glory," and

eventually assumed into heaven. If Our Lord's Resurrection and Ascension were a pledge of ours, yet He rose from the dead and ascended into heaven by His own power, being God; whereas His Blessed Mother was raised up and assumed into heaven *by Him*. Her Assumption, then, was still more the pledge of our own. In her Immaculate Conception she was the first-fruits of her Divine Son's victory over *sin*; in her Assumption, of His triumph over *death*.

And equally in Mary's Coronation do we see that of the Church; when she, in turn, shall be crowned by her Heavenly Bridegroom with eternal glory and imperishable joy.

It remains to consider in a future article the Scriptural types of Our Lady and the Church together. We shall find it a most interesting study.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXV.—A DECLARATION OF WAR.

LORD AYLWARD during all this time had striven, as far as possible, to make the best of a bad bargain. He kept up appearances so well, indeed, it almost seemed to some that his attachment to Leonora Chandler had been a mere passing fancy, and that he himself was more than half relieved by the turn of events. Even Jim Bretherton, though he did not go so far in his conclusions, was puzzled by his friend's demeanor. Aylward's gayety at times might have seemed, to a close observer, a trifle overstrained, and his laughter to ring hollow; but he devoted himself assiduously to every sport. He became a familiar figure at the golf links and was a shining light at tennis. He cultivated an intimacy with half the dwellers on the Thornycroft Road,

offering himself as a voluntary target for a score or more of the brightest eyes.

The Thorneycroft circle, as a whole, applauded the good sense and discretion of the Britisher in cutting loose from a dangerous entanglement; and trusted that Jim Bretherton would, likewise, in course of time, see the error of his ways and turn his back upon Rose Cottage and its occupants. Had the unconscious Leonora been, in point of fact, a Circe, or that "siren of old who sang under the sea," she could not have been discussed with more ominous shaking of the head and lowering of the voice. She constituted, in the opinion of Thorneycroft, a distinct peril to all eligible young men.

This opinion would have been rather increased than lessened had they been aware that Lord Aylward sought in their exclusive society a refuge at once from himself and Leonora. He was anxious to efface himself, in so far as the girl was concerned; and to relieve her from the embarrassment of encountering him in her accustomed haunts. He wished, moreover, to save Jim Bretherton the awkwardness which might arise, and to give him full opportunity of prosecuting his suit, unfettered by the presence of a whilom rival.

In truth, however, he often longed for a sight of Leonora's face, with that bright and winning smile which, he knew to his cost, was so irresistibly attractive. He looked back upon that evening spent at Miss Tabitha's hearth, with the blazing log fire roaring up the chimney, and the spinster's beautiful niece at his side, as the happiest of his life. It somehow stuck in his memory longer than any other incident of his acquaintance with the girl.

To the Thorneycroft young ladies, one and all, he was courteous and deferential, ever willing to oblige and to join in any of their projected amuse-

ments. But he was clad in triple-plated armor as regarded all the shafts of coquetry. Bright eyes cast their most bewitching glances at him in vain; neither smiles nor honeyed words could touch him. He never paid compliments, and he showed no special preference for any one at Thorneycroft. Therefore, though he was a general favorite, there was a universal, if secret, disappointment at his attitude of imperturbable reserve.

When he was not at Thorneycroft, he often took long solitary walks, in the course of which he sometimes fell a-wondering what might have happened if Jim Bretherton had not been in the running. Would Leonora then have cared for him and have been willing to share his fortune and his title?

During these rambles he occasionally met with Jesse Craft, and there grew up between the two a curious intimacy. The old man was, perhaps, the only one to enter into the young lord's feelings and appreciate his efforts at unconcern. He declared that "the Britisher was game every time. Yes, sir-ee, Jesse Craft knows a man when he sees him; and this here don't wear no heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." The philosopher in his ruminations frequently lamented that two such men as Lord Aylward and young Mr. Bretherton should have set their heart upon the same woman. "As if there ain't gals in the world plenty as blackberries; only," he added, "the tarnation pity is that there ain't a few more like Lenora Chandler!"

One day Lord Aylward met the old man down beside the brook, at the point most distant from the mill. Jesse sat there angling, though he gave it as his opinion that the pond was about "fished dry." Lord Aylward seated himself upon an upturned boat which lay near, and entered into conversation. The unspoken sympathy between them lent a flavor of friend-

liness to the talk, which was upon homely subjects, and widely enough removed, at first, from anything like personalities. Jesse Craft discoursed of Millbrook and its industries, of the changes that he had seen even in the comparatively few years in which he had made his dwelling there. Previously he had, as he himself expressed it, "grewed up like a sapling among the Green Mountains of Vermont." He had a good deal to say about fishing, an art in which he professed to be an expert; and the discourse widened out to the big catches which were caught in other places—in broad rivers, great lakes, and the wide, wide sea.

It was a gray November day. The overcast sky threw a shadow over the brook, in which lay reflected the willow-trees and elms and alder bushes, almost leafless now; and, at some distance lower down, the mill itself. A chill breeze was blowing; there was a suspicion of frost in the air, and distant Mount Holyoke was completely hidden.

Jesse Craft, who was fond of a bit of gossip now and then, fell into some personal anecdotes of the townspeople. He gave them a quaint and piquant flavor, and Lord Aylward found himself listening to the simple details of these local celebrities with an interest which surprised him. He, who had familiarly known many of the great personages of Mayfair and Belgravia, and had heard in his time the tittle-tattle of a court, found quite as keen a relish in learning how Miss Spencer, the buxom vender of chocolates, had been jilted in her youth by a commercial "gent" from New York; how Reuben Jackson had worshiped Leonora Chandler at a distance; and how Tommy Briggs had written verses about her, some of which found their way, unsigned, into the corner of the local paper; how, too, the butcher, Mr. Venn, had striven to console Miss Spencer for her early disappointment,

and had been soured by the refusal of that lady to accept such consolation.

It was another instance showing that the whole world is much akin, and that human nature in its broad, general features is universally interesting. The great or the lowly are but relatively great and lowly. Their loves and their hates, their jealousies and their ambitions, are cast, so to say, but in different sizes of the same mould.

The discourse at length turned upon Eben Knox, concerning whom Lord Aylward, mindful of his late observations in the electioneering tour with his friend, asked a question:

"Do you know the manager of the mill down yonder,—a fellow called Knox?"

"I know him jest as well as I want to know him. He's a pizon snake, he is!"

Aylward smiled at the description.

"He grewed among the marshes there on the edge of the pond. He's a slimy serpent, and no mistake. And," continued the old man, emphatically, "I could overlook his crawlin' about as if he was scared of the light of heaven—it's the nature of the beast,—but when I see him castin' them fishes' eyes of his at Lenora Chandler, then I want to jump and to trample on the scoundrel!"

Lord Aylward grew very red in the face.

"How do you mean?" he inquired. "What has this fellow Knox got to do with Miss Chandler?"

"He ain't got nothin' to do with her. She won't look at him. But folks say he's mighty set on marryin' her."

"On marrying Miss Chandler! Impossible!"

"He don't put it in that way at all. To him it *ain't* impossible. He's got a pile of tin stored up. He could buy and sell pretty near the whole of Millbrook. He'd like to have Lenora thrown in to the job lot, d'ye see?"

Lord Aylward did see and waxed very wroth; he would like to have had a chance of kicking the manager, of dousing him in the pond, of challenging him to a pugilistic contest. He did not, however, give much outward expression to his emotion, repressing its ebullitions within his own breast.

"Of nights," went on Jesse, "I've seen him come in Miss Tabithy's gate and crawl round that there cottage, with his eyes glued to Lenora's window upstairs. Jerusha Jane! how bad I wanted to pelt him out of there! And Jesse Craft would have done it—yes, sir-ee,—if it hadn't been for the hornet's nest of talk it would have let loose."

Lord Aylward smothered an exclamation which was in hearty sympathy with the dispositions of his garrulous acquaintance; and Jesse continued:

"But what worries me most is that Miss Tabithy encourages Eben Knox. She brings him in and sets him on her best chair, and she tries her level best to make Lenora take a hand in the game. Furthermore, it's my belief that she'd be willin' to marry the girl to Knox. I'd see him first in the Kingdom of Perdition, I would!"

And the old man, in his excitement, drew his line so sharply out of the water that it broke, and he spent the next few moments in seeking to recover and to join together the broken ends.

Lord Aylward, amazed at Jesse Craft's disclosures, especially as regarded Miss Tabitha, exclaimed incredulously:

"What could be her motive?"

"The motive that's tempted many a one before her," replied Jesse Craft, grimly,—“money, cash down, and no mistake."

"But," objected Lord Aylward, "if she wanted her niece to marry for money, there were—other opportunities."

"Mebbe Miss Tabithy didn't set store by them, seein' that birds too high above head might be unsartain. She

preferred, I take it, a bird in the hand."

"She might have had—that is, Miss Chandler might have had—any bird," blurted out the young Englishman.

"Wall, mebbe she found that out too late, or mebbe she's got some other crank in her head. There ain't no ends to the twistin' and turnin' of women's minds. I take it, from scraps of talk that come over my way, that Knox is bound to marry the girl, and that Miss Tabithy has promised to help."

"Why—why, that's iniquitous!" cried Aylward. "I never heard of anything so outrageous. But I am sure of one thing—Miss Chandler will never consent."

"Not if she can help herself," Jesse Craft declared, thoughtfully. "But there may be a heap sight more to this business than you or I knows."

"Why doesn't she marry—"

Lord Aylward stopped abruptly. He had no right to make his friend's secret public property.

The old man, however, finished the sentence quite complacently:

"You want to know why she don't marry the Governor's son,—a fine feller, son of a bright father, and means business; leastways it looks like that now. That's jest the question that's worryin' me. Why don't she marry him, or—another fine feller that took a shine to her?"

Knowing that this was meant as a delicate allusion to his own unsuccessful suit, the young man flushed hotly under the tan which thickly imbrowned his face. But Jesse Craft was too intent upon the problems which were agitating his mind to observe the other's embarrassment.

One thing, however, was clear to the perception of Lord Aylward: the motive which had inspired Eben Knox in opposing the election of young Mr. Bretherton was that of personal enmity. The inspiring cause of that

enmity was, all too evidently, Leonora Chandler. It was a hateful thought that this man should have dared to raise his eyes to such a girl; but it was, nevertheless, natural enough.

In his own opinion, perhaps in that of some others, Eben Knox was, after a fashion, a magnate. He was at the head of an important business concern, and had acquired wealth, which is the modern lever that can raise the world. However objectionable he might be as regarded his personality, he was, in point of position and importance, the only one outside of Thorneycroft or the Manor itself who could be an admissible suitor for Miss Tabitha's niece.

Lord Aylward's reasoning power, which was not very swift or subtle, was exact; and he saw that Eben Knox, to a certain extent, had right upon his side. It was his privilege, as well as another man's, to bestow his attentions where he would.

The young Englishman, therefore, strove to combat the indignation which rose within him, nevertheless, at thought of the "fellow's presumption" in aspiring to Leonora. He felt a sort of loathing at the thought that, through Miss Tabitha's intermediacy, Eben Knox might be permitted to intrude with his odious proposal of marriage upon the unwilling girl. He would have done almost anything to prevent such an occurrence. He had made up his mind to relinquish Leonora with as good a grace as possible, in favor of Jim Bretherton, whom he knew to be, as he expressed it, the best and finest fellow in the world.

"But, by Jove," he exclaimed—in the solitude, be it understood, of his own breast,—“if it is a question of that death's-head over at the mill, there'll be a fight for it! If Jim doesn't stand to win, then hurrah for the Union Jack! I'll contest every inch of ground with the other chap.”

He did not, however, communicate this resolution to his companion; but he thought it no harm to inform Jesse Craft of what he had observed at the political meeting. This information was received by the old man, who had been furiously indignant at Jim's defeat, with appropriate sentiments.

"The low-down sneak!" he cried. "If I had been behind him, I'd have let fly a kick that would have made him jump. Religion, indeed, and liberty! Well, he'd have got religion that time, anyhow, camp-meetin' style. He ain't got no more of it than a dog; and as for liberty, he treats his mill hands as if they was black slaves, he do!"

All this time Jesse Craft's fishing had progressed but little. In his agitation he gave vigorous pulls upon the line at the very moment when, according to the indication of ripples on the surface of the water, a bite might have been expected. He began now to wind up the tackle, with a view to discontinuing his profitless sport; stopping, however, in the middle of this new occupation, which he pursued with trembling fingers, to point out a kingfisher circling over the pond.

"D'ye see that thar bird?" he said. "He circles about and he circles, gettin' closer every time to the critter swimmin' under water, until—thar goes! Yes, sir-ee, he's got it!"

Down went the hawk with the rapidity of a lightning flash, and up again, with its funny prey writhing and struggling in the strong beak.

"Thar you have it!" cried the old man, excitedly. "Eben Knox circles round and round, nearer and nearer. Lenora don't know what's afoot, until at last he's got her. I'd rather see her drowned first."

"Or married to some other fellow, which is a far better alternative; don't you think so, Mr. Craft? Now you and I must put our heads together and see what we can do about it. My passage

is booked to England this day two weeks."

"I wondered what you was stayin' around here for," observed Jesse Craft, thoughtfully.

"Much on the principle, I suppose, that the moth stays near the candle," the young man answered, reddening again, and laughing. "Besides, I had promised to see my friend through the election. That being over, I have taken my state-room for Liverpool a fortnight from now. If, however, there is any chance of helping Mr. Bretherton in another matter, and of defeating in any way whatever the designs of this hawk-manager, or manager-hawk, why, I shall let my passage go to Jericho and stay on here a bit longer."

"How far you can be useful, I can't say instanter," rejoined the old man, concluding his operations with the fishing tackle, which he deposited in a capacious pocket; "nor how far it is wise, when your own feelin's is considered. My advice to you, at this partic'lar time, would be to cut and run,—run for your life. Yes, sir, that's the treatment where feelin's and the female sex is concerned."

This was not precisely palatable advice, though it was eminently wise. Very possibly a grain of hope had entered the young man's heart. He would not oppose Jim Bretherton, even if he could; but if it might be supposed for a moment that Eben Knox were the real competitor, then, indeed, Lord Aylward felt that he would ignore Leonora's rejection of his suit and enter the lists once more. On the other hand, should it turn out, as was more probably the case, that the mill manager was engaged in some more of his nefarious machinations, by which he hoped to secure Miss Tabitha's niece for himself, Lord Aylward felt that he would make almost any sacrifice to defeat him.

His face set into lines of obstinacy, as

he declared his intention of remaining a bit longer at Millbrook.

"I shall be a very prudent moth, though," he explained; "and avoid singeing my wings at the blaze."

Jesse Craft eyed him steadily for some moments, without speaking. Presently he blurted out:

"It seems tarnation easy when a body's young to keep at jest the safe distance from a flame; when you're old you've larned that you can't run far enough away. It's like a ship goin' down in mid-ocean. Only the old tar suspicions that the farther off from her the better. It took me thirty-five odd years of my life to larn that lesson; but you bet when I did get it into my head, I jest cut and run. Yes, sir, I put three thousand miles between me and the Green Mountain State. I wintered in Californy, and I summered off the coast of Greenland in a whaler. I only ventured back again twenty-five years later; and then I didn't settle down in Vermont. I split the differ and came here to this town of Millbrook, State of Massachusetts, where I hadn't ever been before."

Lord Aylward sat and looked at the old man with sympathetic interest, but he asked no question.

"And yet, sir, if you was to ask me what thar is to-day in that thar town among the Green Mountains to keep me out of my native place, why, I'd tell you there ain't nothin' but a grave. It's been green, I reckon, a dozen summers now."

Jesse Craft looked away into the distance, where clouds were lowering, dark and heavy, over Mount Holyoke; and Lord Aylward, busying himself with a rope's end attached to the boat upon which he sat, affected not to notice that his companion furtively wiped his eyes with the back of a horny hand. There was silence,—a silence full of meaning between the two men. The wind, more chilly than ever, blew past

them in a cutting blast; and the young peer of the British realm shivered, not so much with cold as at the suggestion contained in this simple history—the wreck, in so far as happiness was concerned, of a life.

"I'm awfully obliged to you for telling me," Lord Aylward said at last, in a low voice; "and I'm quite sure you're right. Only we'll help Mr. Bretherton, if we can, through this affair, and then I'll follow your advice and put thousands of miles between me and Millbrook."

"I'm yer man for whatever's on foot in respect to the crushin' of sarpents and such like work," said Jesse Craft, heartily; "and I swan it's a tarnation pity there ain't two of them."

Aylward knew that his companion was not referring in the numeral to "sarpents" but to Leonora Chandler; and, despite his own pain, which the conversation with the old man had intensified, he laughed his wholesome boyish laugh.

"Hooray," cried Jesse Craft, "for the war on pizon snakes!"

And as he spoke, and as the two stood up preparatory to leaving the spot, the bell of the mill clanged out the hour for the cessation of work.

"There's that pestiferous bell," said Jesse Craft, "ringing for five o'clock! It's the most ear-splittin' contrivance that ever was, and fit to lift the roof off a feller's head."

He eyed the bell wrothfully, as it swung sullenly on the red roof, under the ominous gray of the sky.

"They tell me it's been disturbin' the peace of this town for seventy odd years. It was the father of the sarpent that put it up there. He's quiet enough now, under the sod; but his pesky bell goes on jest the same."

The old man and the young walked a little farther together, to a turning of the road where their paths separated; and they parted, with a hand-shake

which was the sincerest possible token of good will and amity. It mattered not that the one was destined to take his seat some day in the proudest legislative body in the world, to administer vast estates, and to cut an important figure in the world of fashion; and that the other had but to live out his allotted span in an humble frame-dwelling within sound of the mill bell, and to find his place at last among the Millbrook worthies in an obscure cemetery. There is a sympathy which levels all barriers, which is broad as the world, universal as humanity.

As Jesse Craft passed homeward, he caught sight of Eben Knox wending his way to the mill-house; and, muttering some uncomplimentary epithets concerning the manager's nefarious doings in the late election contest, he vowed that, like Lord Aylward, he would do his best to thwart him in any future projects against Leonora Chandler or young Mr. Bretherton.

(To be continued.)

The Creed of the Cheerful.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

I BELIEVE in saying the best I can,
In every way, of my fellowman.

I believe in faith, and the power of prayer;
I believe that God will in mercy spare.

I believe in speaking a word of hope
To the desolate ones who in darkness grope.

And I think that to bind up a broken heart
Is more marvellous far than a work of art.

I believe there is joy in excess of pain;
I believe there is good in excess of bane.

I believe that we each must watch with care;
That none are too strong for the evil snare.

I believe that in putting ourselves aside
We nearer come to the Crucified.

I believe each life is given the power
To meet the needs of each passing hour.

A Sturdy Heroine.

BY JANET GRANT.

"YOU and your husband go to the theatre very often, is it not so?"

The stolid-looking German Frau who occupied the choice second-story *apartement* of the Hotel Lincoln, on one of the West Side streets of New York, was paying a neighborly call upon the pretty little woman whose large family of children overcrowded the suite below.

Lucy Connell received the question with a stare of surprise.

"We go often to the theatre?" she repeated blankly. "Why, no! It is some time since Jack and I have been to a play; though, indeed, I do love a good comedy. And before we were married—well, Jack was a generous and attentive lover, and I believe we saw every play worth seeing that was on the boards during the winter we were engaged."

A far-off expression crept into the eyes of the young matron as her thoughts went back to that happiest time in a woman's life, when love's sweet question has been asked and answered, and she is like a queen come into possession of her own, as sovereign of a good man's heart.

"Then if it is not the play, it is the music," persisted Mrs. Von Koener, phlegmatically. "Sometimes you go out by yourself of an evening during the week; sometimes he goes alone; but on Sunday evenings you always go together. 'No doubt it is to the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House they are bound,' I said to my Carl last night. Ah, one time I used to like the music also! But now my Carl never takes me anywhere."

"Dear Frau Von Koener, what do you mean?" gasped her cheery hostess, perplexed. "Indeed I should just love to go to the concerts, and so would

Jack; but, you know, with so many little children to care for and work for, we have not much money to spare for amusements."

"*Ach Himmel*, then where *do* you go, the both of you, on Sunday nights and once in a while of an evening during the week?" inquired the visitor, with no attempt to hide her curiosity.

Mrs. Connell colored with indignation at the impertinence of the query. Then, as the humorous aspect of her neighbor's persistence presented itself to her, she broke into a peal of merry laughter.

"Well, Frau, if you must know," she said, "we go to church. In this parish there is always something going on. Jack is interested, and when I go I feel happier and better fitted to take up the duties of another day."

"It is to the church of the Catholics you go; that is your *pursuasion*, so my Gretchen, who plays with your little Mary, tells me," pursued Mrs. Von Koener, imperturbably. "My Carl used to be a Catholic once already."

"But there is no such thing as 'used to be' among us," protested Mrs. Connell.

"Yes, before he married me, who have no religion," pursued the other woman, as if she had not heard. "Oh, for long after indeed, he was a good man! But now, since some time—there is no trying to hide it: you yourself have seen him coming in,—for some time yet his only church is the saloon; his only God is Gambrinus, as we say in the old country."

Frau Von Koener spoke hopelessly, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her hands resting upon her knees as she swayed to and fro in her chair.

All at once there came to light-hearted Mrs. Connell a sense of what this outwardly passive woman must have suffered alone and in silence. During the months of their acquaintance, never before had she uttered a complaint. Kind little Lucy cast about in her mind for words in which delicately to express

her sympathy without inviting from the other an unwisely revelation of the shortcomings of the jovial Von Koener, whose employment with a steamship company called him away very early in the morning, and who loved genial society and a "good time" better than the staidness of his household. She was, however, spared the necessity of replying.

"I think I will go with you to your church sometime already," said Frau Von Koener, calmly. "I will see for myself what makes you so contented in working for your little children, and what makes your husband so good to you."

A slight frown of annoyance crossed Mrs. Connell's pretty face. Sunday evening was about the only time she and Jack had to themselves. A book-keeper in a wholesale house down-town, his salary was small; 'although his prospects would surely improve when his employers learned his worth,' Lucy always assured him bravely. Still, he had scant leisure; moreover, even the best of mothers likes to get away from the children sometimes and go out with her husband. Jack did not fancy Mrs. Von Koener; and perhaps if he heard of her offer to accompany them, he would not go to church at all.

Lucy, nevertheless, promptly took herself to task for the wish to invent an excuse for not taking up the Frau's proposal.

"Very well, if you really wish to go," she said sweetly.

At the next opportunity that presented itself for carrying out her project, Frau Von Koener descended upon the Connells, attired in her holiday best. Jack "behaved like an angel," Mrs. Connell observed which was certainly an extraordinary compliment for a man to receive from his better half. Suppressing an inclination to vent his impatience in expletives, he escorted the ladies with an outward amiability

that won for him this appreciative comparison from his little helpmate.

In the church Frau Von Koener sat between the couple. She was still stolidly serene, but her large black eyes roved about, taking note of her surroundings. When the time for the sermon came and the preacher announced his text, Jack looked across at his wife and raised his eyebrows, half in regret, half in amusement. Lucy flushed and cast a sidelong glance at her guest. But Frau Von Koener never moved a muscle; nor did she allude to the subject on the way home.

"I thank you, my friends, for a very interesting evening," she said, as she took leave of them at the door of their *apartement*. That was all.

"I am afraid that sermon on 'Mixed Marriages' was rather hard on your friend, Lucy," remarked Jack, as he turned up the gas in their small parlor. "But you may console yourself with the reflection that she came with us through no suggestion of yours."

"Yes: she invited herself," replied Lucy, with a sigh, as she took off her hat and, from force of habit, fluffed up her hair before the mantel mirror.

.

The morning was usually a time of commotion with the Connells. Jack was always in haste to set out for the office; the older children had to be hurried off to school; there were the two-year-old and the baby to be dressed; the maid-of-all-work must be instructed in her duties, and the orders must be given to the provision boy.

Scarcely had the young mistress of the household time to take breath after having lent a hand here and there to make everything go well, when Frau Von Koener arrived unceremoniously for one of her visitations.

"*Ach Himmel*, you are still busy!" she exclaimed in surprise. "My Gretchen and Fritz have been gone to school for

more than an hour; since when I read the *Herald*."

"When my babies are as old as Fritz and Gretchen, perhaps I shall have more time too," laughed Lucy, taking off an expansive white apron. "But now I am quite ready for a chat."

The Frau awaited no second invitation, but ensconced herself forthwith in the Morris chair, her favorite coigne of vantage, since from here she could look out of the window as well as survey the room. On this occasion, however, she did not, as usual, keep one eye on what was passing in the street; for she evidently had something especial on her mind.

"My friend, I am beginning to see why things go wrong with me," she cried presently.

Lucy was at once all sympathy.

"Has anything happened, dear Frau?" she inquired anxiously.

Mrs. Von Koener was always kind about the children, and the little mother was grateful.

"*Nein*, nothing new," explained the Frau, with the faintest show of impatience. "But I have been thinking of what your priest said, that a marriage contracted in opposition to the wishes of the Church often brings its own punishment."

"Yes?" said Lucy, interrogatively.

"Years ago, when I first met my Carl, he was the best among the young men I knew," went on Mrs. Von Koener. "When we were first married it was the same, but after awhile all was changed. And now I am thinking it was my fault. In marrying with me, who am of no religion, he brought a punishment upon himself, upon our children. It is for this reason that he has ceased of late to prosper, that he is growing idle, that he is beginning to drink."

Thus she uncompromisingly shouldered the burden of blame.

"Irreligion certainly brings a punish-

ment upon a household; yet perhaps you reproach yourself too much," protested Lucy, aghast at the extent of her neighbor's self-denunciation. "Even though one may have to suffer for his mistakes of the past, his faults of the present are the acts of his own will."

"He married me out of the Church, as you say. How could he expect to have luck?" pursued Mrs. Von Koener, relentless toward herself. "Why, I have never even been baptized!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Connell. And then suddenly she checked the words upon her lips.

Here was a strange problem,—one far beyond the power of her simple perceptions to grapple with unaided. But she felt intuitively that a turning-point had been reached in the life of her neighbor; that, by a way of bitterness, and a self-reproach which partook of the heroic, the mind of Frau Von Koener was struggling toward the light.

One evening, a short time later, Carl Von Koener was aroused from his easy indifference by his wife's abrupt announcement:

"To-morrow, my Carl, I am to be baptized a Catholic,—the same as you were when we met in Germany in the days when we were young. Now again you must return to the faith in which you were reared, is it not so?"

A few weeks afterward, won partly perhaps by very shamefacedness for his own shortcomings in contrast to her persevering zeal, he yielded and made his Easter duty for the first time in many long years. The children, Fritz and Gretchen, needed only to be instructed. Soon they asked for and obtained baptism. Thus did Frau Von Koener work wonders through her plodding determination to set right any wrong of which she might have unknowingly been the cause.

In this remarkable domestic drama

with which young Mrs. Connell had been brought into such close touch there was, however, one point that caused the latter lady much uneasiness and plunged her into a quandary as to what she ought to do. An end was put to this dilemma by the valiant Frau herself.

"Since I had never been christened when I married my Carl, and as I have been told there is no marriage between a Christian and an unbeliever, it must be that I am not married to him at all?" she said.

"Oh, legally, of course it is all right!" answered Lucy, hastily. "And it can readily be set right also in accordance with the laws of the Church."

"*Ach Himmel!* what will my Carl say when I tell him I can take another husband if I choose?" continued Frau Von Koener, bluntly.

Lucy uttered an exclamation of shocked astonishment. But a quick glance at her neighbor, and the wave of color that swept over the face of the good German woman, presently told her that, in spite of the light word with which the Frau attempted to veil her distress, this was the greatest trial of all.

Lucy's misapprehension restored her friend's gravity.

"To be sure, I spoke only in jest," she avowed. "But what, then, am I to do? Is it that I must deck myself as a bride again and go up to the altar on the arm of my Carl, as we did when we were young? A fine bride I will be, already yet!"

While speaking she cast a critical glance at the counterfeit presentment of her ruddy face and ample figure in the mirror over the chimney-piece.

Lucy smiled at the picture conjured up by her visitor.

"No, no! You and Herr Von Koener need only to go and be quietly married by Father Byrnes in the rectory parlor, or by any other priest," she explained.

"Jack and I will be glad to be the witnesses, and no one else need know about it."

"But my Carl would fell to the ground any one who would dare to say I am not his wife!" cried Mrs. Von Koener, entirely serious now. "How, then, am I to get him to go through the ceremony again?"

Carl was, indeed, as angry as she predicted, and at first it was impossible to convince him that there was any necessity for a repetition of the ceremony. He finally agreed to it, nevertheless, "to please the good Frau." Thus all was made smooth.

"It is just like we have begun life anew," Mrs. Von Koener confided to Lucy some time later. "We are having a second *honeymoon*,—is not this what you call it? And I tell Carl that my second husband is much better than was my first. Indeed—what you think—he is growing quite steady again, brings home his money, and we are happy as the day is long!"

So did the domestic skies of the Von Koeners continue fair. If Carl on his part found this new wife less given to upbraidings than the old, she now kept him up to his duty by an unswerving example.

"My friend," he said to Jack Connell, "you know I have to go to work early on Sunday mornings as on other days, but I do not stay from church any more. For the Frau wakens me before daylight, and is ready to go with me to the five-o'clock Mass. *Ach*, a marvellously clever woman she is! I would marry her a hundred times over if she wished it. For a man who has a good wife can put up with any trouble that comes to him in life. Have you not found it so already yet?"

THOUGH a woman's counsel isn't worth much, he that despises it is no wiser than he should be.

—Sancho Panza.

The Potomac's Monument to Stafford.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

NEW know that the Virginia side of the Potomac River, opposite the nation's capital, and for scores of miles above and below, was named, by its people, Stafford County, in honor of Viscount Stafford, the history of whose martyrdom was published in the pages of this magazine some time ago.* Its boundaries have, as the years passed, been contracted and several other counties formed; but about thirty miles of river front, which the tourist passes journeying on the river to and from Washington, is still a monument to that illustrious martyr for the Catholic Faith and religious liberty.

The needs of the terrible times that preceded Stafford's death made prudence a cardinal virtue indeed. The faithful Catholics were sent as sheep in the midst of wolves, and needed the wisdom of the serpent. All movements to obtain freedom for the worship of God in the dominions of the King of England were of necessity cloaked; and undertakings, especially designed to give the faithful Catholic opportunity to practise his religion, took the shape of literary or commercial enterprises.

Of all undertakings of this kind, in his neighborhood of English Staffordshire, we can not doubt that the martyred Viscount was quietly but diligently the promoter. We have no record of his work; yet we can see his hand building up on the Potomac a home for Catholics in Virginia similar to that which Lord Baltimore, under more powerful protection, had established in Maryland,—a home for Catholicity and religious freedom. He saw from the skies, after his martyrdom,

his designs realized, and his name for all time planted on the Virginia shore, opposite Lord Baltimore's colony and close to Mount Vernon.

It is indeed fitting that a Virginia county so near the capital of the United States should be named for an English Catholic who was a martyr not more for his adhesion to the Faith of our fathers than for religious liberty. Says Hume: "Stafford, when again called before the House of Peers, discovered many schemes which had been laid by himself and others, for procuring toleration to the Catholics,—at least a mitigation of the penal laws enacted against them; and he protested that this was the sole treason of which he had ever been guilty."* For this he died. The blood of the martyr became the seed of the Church in Virginia, which, for years choked by thorns, has found, nevertheless, some good ground, and is now filled with the promise of an abundant fertility.

The Catholicity of Staffordshire, England, has been a feature of its history. In the perilous days of the penal laws some of its gentry, embarking to seek and to give religious liberty in Maryland, found their way to the shore of Virginia, a few miles distant, at most, across the Potomac from the confines of Lord Baltimore's colony. A recent genealogical notice† of the Brent family in America tells succinctly of the arrival of the family in Maryland and in Virginia:

On November 22, 1638, there arrived in Maryland Mr. Foulk Brent and Mr. Giles Brent, accompanied by their sisters, Margaret and Mary Brent, and a large number of servants. The first entry of a patent for town lands on the Rent Rolls of St. Mary's County is one for "Sisters' Freehold" to Margaret and Mary Brent, dated December, 1638.

Captain George Brent, the sixth son of Richard Brent and Elizabeth Reed, and younger brother

* "How a Martyr Met His Death." By the Rev. H. G. Hughes. *THE AVE MARIA*, Vol. lix, Nos. 23, 24.

* "History of England." By David Hume, Esq. Vol. iv, p. 361. American Edition. Albany: B. D. Packard. 1816.
† *Baltimore Sun*, March 27, 1904.

of Captain Giles and Mistress Margaret Brent, married Marianna, daughter of Sir John Dunnington, in the Isle of Ely, by whom he had George, John, Henry, William, Edward, Robert, and several daughters. George came to Virginia and settled at Woodstock, in Stafford County. He married the daughter of Captain William Green, of Bermuda, and niece of Sir William Layton. For his second wife he won the daughter of Henry Sewall and Jane Lowe, his wife.

The Stafford history seems to be that Gerard Fowke, or Ffowke, of Gunston Hall, Captain Giles Brent, and Isaac Allerton came together, and brought with them some retainers. Gathering others in Maryland, and obtaining land grants in Virginia, some of them as early as 1655 settled about Potomac Creek. They were not missionaries, but they worked to keep the Catholic Faith and further their fortunes in the new country. The priests of the Maryland side of the river visited them, and traditions of Masses offered in that section of Virginia have never faded out. They thus renewed the Holy Sacrifice at almost the same sites at which Father Altham had offered the Mass among the Potomac and Doeg Indians thirty years before. This was the more easy because the Cromwellian government of Virginia, had bridled the Anglican State Church; and its ministers were more anxious to protect themselves than to enforce the penal laws against priests.

Among the names of minor Catholic families which record or tradition has handed down from the unreckoned time are those of Woolls, Pape, or Pope, and Hammersley. For a long time they enjoyed exemption from persecution, because few in number and distant from the central authorities at Jamestown or Williamsburg. They traded with the Indians, raised tobacco, and kept the even tenor of their way.*

Four years after Stafford's death James II. came to the throne; and the result of Stafford's work was seen in what is known as the Woodstock Protection, by which 30,000 acres of land in Stafford County, settled by Brent, Bristow, Foote and Hayward, was made the home of religious freedom in Virginia,—“all inhabitants being given the free exercise of their religion, without being persecuted or molested by any penal laws.”

This document, with its religious freedom, came to Virginia amid the bigotry which had been aroused by the appointment of Allerton, a Stafford Catholic, to a place in the council of the colony. John Waugh, a parson of the State Church, inflamed the mob, and commotions took place. “Nothing,” says Burke, “but the moderation and reserve of the council prevented civil war.”

All that persecution could do to root out the Faith in Stafford was done. The Stafford County records show that “in 1693 Richard Gipson presented George and Robert Brent as being Popish recusants, and called upon the court to insist upon their taking the test oath in order to the practice of law.” This oath was the declaration against Transubstantiation. “The court sustained the presentment, and required them to take the oath; but they refused, and appealed to the general court at Williamsburg.” The result of the appeal to Williamsburg is not on record, but they continued to practise law. Their seat, near what is now Widewater, was the centre of a Catholic residence that defied persecution.

John Lewis Peyton, in his “Adventures of My Grandfather,” finds this entry: “Stafford County, Sept. 20,

* Stafford County was created by the act of its people without legislative enactment. “About this time [1665] the upper part of Westmoreland was cut off, apparently by the act of the people

themselves, and erected into the County of Stafford, which was first recognized by the Assembly in October, 1666.” (“Sketch of History of Alexandria” in *Alexandria Times*, 1895.)

1772.—Gaston came with me and remained a week, and then left for Alexandria, where he has many friends. He is a Roman Catholic in faith, and my sister told him yesterday that she thought he must be going to Alexandria to confession.”

At the seat of the Brents in Stafford a few years later there landed, fresh from his ordination in Europe, the Rev. John Carroll, who entered with ardor on the American mission, supported the cause of Independence, and accompanied Franklin Chase and Carroll of Carrollton on their mission to induce the Canadians to make common cause with the patriots of the Continental Congress.

Meanwhile the Catholics of Stafford County struggled on; and in a few years their women, left at home while the men were at the front, heard the guns of Yorktown, where Protestant and Catholic, fighting side by side, made good the great Declaration of the Fourth of July, 1776.

Back to the Fold.

AN EPISODE OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

IN commemoration of the great ecclesiastical event which marked the year 1854, a series of wall-paintings was executed in one of the noble halls of the Vatican, by command of Pope Pius IX. The Italian painter, Podesti, was entrusted with the work; it was finished in 1858. The painting on the principal wall represents the proclamation in St. Peter's of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The Holy Father stands beneath the baldachino, his countenance beaming with holy joy as he reads aloud the decree; he is surrounded by a brilliant circle of cardinals, bishops, minor prelates, the members of the Pontifical Court, and the representatives of the Roman people.

To the right of the picture, in the foreground, the artist has introduced a group of eminent theologians, renowned for their able defence and erudite explanation of the dogma. Occupying a prominent position among them may be seen a man of imposing appearance and lofty mien; his countenance wears a thoughtful expression; in his hand he holds a book, for he is the author of a work of great weight and importance, bearing on the dogma which at that moment is declared to be an article of belief for every Christian.

It is Father Passaglia, S. J., to whom the principal place amongst the learned divines is assigned. And not undeservedly; for by his *magnum opus*, a work consisting of three good-sized volumes, he earned the gratitude and esteem of all loyal Catholics. To this day it is unrivalled as the most exhaustive and valuable book on the subject, owing to the masterly manner in which the doctrine is elucidated and proved, and the wide research, the vast erudition displayed by the writer. It is, in fact, regarded as one of the bulwarks of the Faith.

Alas for the frailty and instability of human nature! In a few years' time the name of the great theologian no longer evoked feelings of admiration and respect in the heart of every loyal Catholic, but rather of grief and indignation. The famous champion of Our Lady's glorious prerogative became a renegade and an adversary of the Church.

In 1860 the Piedmontese government, in concert with Freemasons and Revolutionists, began their fatal work in the overthrow of the temporal power of the Vicar of Christ and took possession of the States belonging to the Church. While all true Catholics took the part of the Pope, oppressed and shamefully despoiled by the secular power, Padre Passaglia, a member of the Society which has gained the name

of the Church's militia, went over to the side of the enemy, and employed in the interest of the sacrilegious robbers the pen once consecrated to the service of the Blessed Virgin. One inflammatory pamphlet after another bearing his name issued from the press, attacking the claims of the Vatican in forcible language. Dazzled by the prospect of a "United Italy," he lacked the spirit of humility and obedience,—the spirit of prayer which alone could direct his studies aright; otherwise he could not have fallen so low. Inflamed with pride and ambition, he was deaf to all expostulations, arguments, and entreaties.

It was suggested to the Holy Father, after this lamentable event, that the figure of Padre Passaglia should be painted out of the picture in the Hall of the Immaculate Conception. But Pius IX., always charitable and generous, negatived the proposal. "For many years," he said, "Passaglia labored for the greater glory of the Mother of God. Sooner or later she will bring him back to the Fold."

The years went by, yet this prediction remained unfulfilled. Pope Pius passed hence to his eternal rest without the happiness of witnessing the learned Jesuit's conversion. In 1887 the apostate, then an old man seventy-five years of age, himself was laid on his deathbed in Turin. Praise be to God and His Blessed Mother, before the relentless hand of death was laid on its prey, Passaglia braced himself to make the difficult, painful effort of recantation. With deep contrition he deplored his errors, and, in humble submission to the Church, revoked all he had written against her authority and office; and with heartfelt compunction he received the last Sacraments.

When, in recognition of the sacerdotal dignity of the penitent, the priest, before administering to him the Sacred Host, handed him a stole, he was greatly affected. Taking it into his trembling

hands, with tears he exclaimed: "How little do I deserve to wear the stole again, now for the last time!" After receiving Holy Communion, he remained for an hour engaged in prayer; then, raising his voice, he earnestly implored the mercy of God, the help of the Blessed Virgin, and while repeating an act of contrition breathed his last, on March 8, 1887.

We all know how hard it is for a man who, through pride of intellect and self-confidence, has wandered from the right way, to return to the path of humility and obedience; for this a powerful advocate and intercessor is needed to obtain from God the grace required to conquer nature. There is every ground for hope that Pope Pius' confident assertion proved true, and that the Mother of fair love did not suffer one who had been her valiant defender to die impenitent.

M. Paul Bourget on Divorce.

A BOOK OF UNUSUAL POWER AND IMPORTANCE.

THE statement of a Protestant writer of high standing among his co-religionists that, in preparing a recent article on the subject of divorce for one of the most popular reviews, he had "carefully read" two reputable Catholic books; and the fact, of which his article affords abundant proof, that he did not understand either of them, caused us to sigh for some popular work of fiction in which the question of divorce would be dealt with in a way that everyone could understand, and that should depict in all its horrors the evil which has now become so widespread that every serious mind is appalled at its magnitude.

Our wish has been gratified in the appearance of an English translation (printed in Holland, and published in London by David Nutt) of Paul

Bourget's great novel, "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Its purpose is to show the evils entailed by any departure from the strictest monogamous standard; and this purpose is carried out with the vigor and subtlety characteristic of the best French writers. The novel is not without unpleasant scenes and episodes—they were not to be avoided,—but its high morality is unmistakable, and the strong sincerity of the author is revealed in every page. It is a powerful book. We sincerely hope that it will be widely read, and that as a drama it may become familiar to thousands who need its message.

Unlike the American writer to whom we have referred, M. Bourget thoroughly understands Catholic teaching, and fully realizes that outside of the Catholic Church there is no remedy against the monstrous evil of divorce. But, whilst making no secret of his convictions, and expounding them with all his power, he is never guilty of misrepresenting those whose views he regards as most detrimental to social welfare. He holds that "ancient moral truths are in such close harmony with the inner needs of our nature that honest minds perforce bear witness to them even when they deny them."

We had marked a number of passages in "Un Divorce" for quotation, but must confine ourselves to a single one—a portion of a dialogue between a woman with two living husbands and a priest whom she had consulted in the hope of securing an annulment of her first marriage.

"No," said the Oratorian, shaking his head with a melancholy in which severity was again overborne by pity, "you can not! No priest could lend himself to a compromise which rests on no solid basis. The reasons you mention would not even justify a claim for the annulment of your marriage. You appear to believe, Madame, like many other worldly people, that Rome has power to loose the marriage bond. She has not. Rome recognizes that there are marriages which are void,—that is to say, where certain

conditions necessary to the validity of the marriage have not been complied with. The Church has decided upon these, and has defined them with a precision which leaves no chance for equivocation.... You acknowledge yourself that your marriage was voluntary, when you say that if you had known your husband's dreadful vice you would not have married him. It is obvious there was consent.... When the Church blessed your marriage, she did not promise to exempt you from trials. If they were too hard to bear, you had the remedy in separation, which the Church has always authorized. But she authorizes separation only. To go further is to disobey the precept, so clearly given in Scripture, which forbids second marriage during the life of the first husband or wife. Annulment, as you understand it, would only be a sham divorce, and the Church has none of these accommodations. When she marries two people, she binds them by a contract which can not be broken, because it is sanctified by a sacrament. Do not hope to escape by that door: it is closed."

"What must I do, then?" exclaimed Madame Darras, wringing her hands in distress. "Is it possible that God"—she dwelt upon this word with infinite sadness—"has ordained that I must abandon my home, must break the heart of the man whom I love and who loves me, must separate myself from my daughter—for my husband will not give her to me, and he would have the law on his side,—or else be denied religious life, be forbidden absolutely from kneeling side by side with my dear child in the same religious service during a momentous hour of her girlhood, and be cut off from pardon too? Is it possible, I ask you again, Father, that the law of man is more just, more charitable than that of God? For, after all, when I was so unhappy—so indescribably unhappy,—the one allowed me to renew my life loyally, honestly. The other requires me to destroy it again; it barely consents not to fetter me to a hateful past; it forbids me from redeeming past mistakes. Ah, M. Euvrard! how, in the face of this difference between divine and human justice, can you prevent the objections I have so often heard against religion from overpowering me again? . . . I suffered so much after my visit to the other priest that I said to myself: 'The adversaries of the Church are right: she is an instrument of oppression and of death; progress is accomplished without her, and in opposition to her.' And, in bemoaning my separation from her with such a poignant homesickness, I am the dupe of a mirage; for the truth is not there!"

"Do not talk in that way," said the Oratorian, speaking with animation.... "Above all, do not harbor such a thought.... Do you reproach the marriage laws of the Church for lacking justice and charity?" he continued. "Let me give you

an illustration, commonplace it may be, but to the point. A ship has arrived at a port where a passenger wishes to land. It is of the highest importance for him; he wants, for instance, to see a dying father or to take part in a lawsuit upon which depends the welfare of his family,—imagine anything you like. But a case of plague has broken out upon the boat, and the authorities have forbidden that any passengers come ashore for fear of contagion. Would it be just, would it be kind, to give way to the entreaty of the one traveller at the risk of spreading the plague in a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants? Clearly not. Here, then, is a case in which justice and charity demand the sacrifice of the individual interest for the general good. This principle dominates all society. If we are called upon to decide between two courses—the first clearly beneficial to the whole community and painful to some individual, the second agreeable to him but hurtful to the whole,—both justice and charity demand that we shall adopt the first course. This is, indeed, the test which we must apply to every institution; and, applying it to indissoluble marriage, what is the result?

"Society is composed of families, and the better the families the better will society be. Now, think how much greater likelihood there is of healthy families where a system of indissoluble marriage prevails. If marriage is irrevocable, it will be entered upon only after the most serious reflection; there will be greater closeness of bond between grandparents, parents and children, since the family comprises fewer alien elements; there will be the chance of greater unity of spirit, of a common tradition. Marriage of this kind is the strongest pledge for that social permanence without which there is nothing but anarchy and perpetual unrest. And here history confirms reason. It teaches that all superior civilizations have developed toward monogamy. Now, divorce is not monogamy; it is successive polygamy. I will not give you a course of sociology, but do you know what statistics show?...To base social order upon the supposed needs of possible degenerates is to set up the abnormally low as a standard. You may call that progress, but science calls it retrogression.

"Note that we have been looking at the matter from the point of view of pure observation. Purposely, as I wished you to realize the identity there is between the law of the Church and the law of society, between the teaching of experience and the teaching of Revelation. In its struggle for existence, humanity has fallen back upon the very same rule of which the Church has made a dogma. Try to realize, in the light of these ideas, how seriously you have erred in availing yourself of the criminal law which the worst

enemies of social well-being, the would-be destroyers of the family, have introduced into our Code. You yourself have assisted in this task of destruction, as far as lay in your power. You sacrificed society to your own happiness. You and your second husband have set up in a small way a type of the irregular home,—one, too, all the more dangerous because your virtues enable you to set an example of decency in irregularity, and present an appearance of order in the midst of disorder. It is that which renders so dangerous the errors of the gifted: they retain their natural nobility even when they sin; they fall without becoming degraded; they cloak the deformity of evil and spread it all the more insidiously. You need not seek any other explanation for the difficulty you meet in your efforts to return to the Church. Realize the extent of your fault in the light of that difficulty, and thank God that He has not afflicted you and your family even more than He has done."

How the family tragedy involved in virtually every divorce reached its supreme and logical climax is the burden of the book, not a page of which fails to enhance the vivid exposition undertaken by the author. It is easy to believe the statement that in the force and subtlety of the character drawing, in the penetrating analysis of motives, in the masterful depicting of all the tragic scenes involved in the situation created, "Un Divorce" takes high—perhaps the highest—rank among M. Bourget's works. His conversion is something to rejoice over.

It should be pointed out to children that... a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."—*Ruskin*.

Wise Counsel.

AMONG the college graduates whose privilege it has recently been to listen to words of counsel from men of approved wisdom and discretion, those of Fordham University were notably fortunate in having for their adviser the scholarly and efficient young Mayor of New York. Mr. McClellan spoke of the educated man's duties as regards the general public welfare, and his thoughtful discourse is well worth reading. We select some passages that will prove of general interest:

It may not be your fortune to enter public life. I am not advising you to enter it. Public place is not the garden of the gods. The prizes are few, the temptations many, and it has been said that even republics can be ungrateful. . . . I am sure that I do not exaggerate the case when I say that almost any other way is an easier road to the stars. . . . The duty upon which I am insisting does not necessitate the adoption of politics as a profession, but rather the creation and support of a safe public opinion resulting from the influence of patriotic men of liberal education.

Concerning the pre-eminent evil of our age and country, Mayor McClellan said:

Our besetting sin is avarice. Our mad rush for wealth is not an honest effort to increase the products of nature or the avails of human effort, but a hideous vice of ever increasing and insatiable greed. Year by year we see it invading the government with ever increasing audacity. Men cry out against tainted money—that has its vile record behind it. What we have to fear is money which taints, which brazenly tempts men to sell their honor, and then buys it. . . . Let us not delude ourselves with sophistry. The man who betrays his public trust for money makes, by comparison, the crime of Benedict Arnold sink into insignificance, and lends a respectable hue even to piracy.

After enforcing the truth that courage, patience and prudence, on the part of those whose intellects are trained, are required to offset this and other public evils, and that no hysterical display, no resort to visionary theories is necessary, New York's chief magistrate concluded his address with this forceful plea:

I urge you with all the earnestness that is in me never to forget, as you go through life, that the grace of fortune which makes you educated gentlemen, imposes upon you the duty of striving for the diffusion of those principles of government which will make for the peace and prosperity of our country.

Excellent advice for every one of the thousands of university and college graduates who have just assumed the full responsibilities of American citizens. May it be taken to heart!

An Odd Metaphor.

To drag a red herring across the track, is a figurative mode of expressing the idea: to cloud the issue; to turn, or attempt to turn, an opponent from the question directly in point; to forsake the real matter in dispute and dwell on irrelevant topics. As used by many, it is equivalent to that other metaphor, "throwing dust in one's eyes." The forcefulness of the figure is more apparent in England and other fox-hunting countries than elsewhere. Its derivation is thus explained by a recent writer in a metropolitan daily:

The expression is derived from the English national pastime of fox-hunting whenever a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning. The hounds follow the chase by the scent that lies just above the grass. One of the few things in art or nature that smells stronger than a fox, whether dog or vixen, is a good stalwart red herring. If that be drawn judiciously across the track where a fox has passed, the dogs are thrown at fault, and it is only a very wise hound that can carry the scent true and not "give tongue" on the track of the red herring.

BETTER to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for health on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend.

—Dryden.

Notes and Remarks.

One reason why there is so little understanding of social and other conditions in France among foreigners, is that most of us derive our knowledge of modes of thought and living in that country from the works of French novelists and playwrights. Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with home life as it really exists in France, and to get an insight into many customs and habits of the French people, should read a new book by Miss Betham-Edwards ("Home Life in France," Methuen & Co.) It is a collection of papers on France and the French contributed by the author to various periodicals. "There is no doubt," remarks the *Athenæum* in a notice of this volume, "that the French have never been more cruelly libelled abroad than by their own authors whose works are read in foreign countries. In these times of *entente cordiale* it would be doing both countries a service to explain to the English reader the immense difference there is in France between 'Fiction and Firesides,' as it is aptly put."

The Holy Father's Encyclical on religious instruction, we are happy to notice, has excited much interest among non-Catholics. It is still being quoted by preachers and commented upon by newspapers, secular as well as sectarian; and all the references to it are in terms of praise for its timeliness and practicableness. The *Chicago Tribune* advises ministers whose sermons fail to attract or to hold hearers to 'copy the Pope's methods.' "The Encyclical is worth reading by ministers who are distressed because their sermons do not seem to hit the mark. It does not relate to creeds. It promulgates no doctrine to which they can take exception. It is really addressed to all

churches; for there are suggestions in it which should be of value to preachers of all denominations."

The Boston *Transcript* quotes at some length from the Encyclical, and comments as follows:

Surely it would be an excellent thing if all preachers and teachers, even those who count themselves outside the Pope's jurisdiction, and who would not think of receiving any religious hints from Rome, would lay to heart this passage from the Encyclical. People who now take to the woods on Sunday would then be found in church more frequently, and there would not be such wailing from the pulpit about empty pews. Let us get back to the simple in preaching as in other things.

A committee has been formed at Turin, under the presidency of the Archbishop, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the death of Columbus. It is proposed to erect a monument to him in Rome, in the neighborhood of the Vatican. An appeal for subscriptions will be made to the Catholic world. It is hoped that the celebration will revive interest in the Cause of the canonization of the great discoverer, for which his biographer, M. Roselly de Lorgues, and some of the Spanish and French bishops, worked so zealously during the pontificate of Pius IX. Historical research has vindicated the memory of Columbus in regard to certain accusations against his moral character; and it is claimed that he fully deserved the title "Ambassador of God."

From an interesting series of papers, appearing in *Les Missions Catholiques*, under the general title "Forgotten Pages of our Colonial Epopee," we cull the following tragic incident of heroic life on the Foreign Missions:

On May 14, 1859, Bishop Bréillac and four priests arrived from Brest in Freetown harbor, West Africa. An epidemic of yellow fever, the most deadly ever experienced in the colony, was raging at the time; and the captain of the vessel on which the missionaries were passengers

vigorously opposed their landing. "You are going," said he, "to a certain death."—"But this is my diocese," replied the Bishop. "Can I remain away when my ministry is so sorely needed? Should not we—I and my missionaries—share the fate of our flocks?" And, with sublime imprudence, the five heroes disembarked. Heroes at the moment, within a few weeks they were martyrs. On June 2nd, Father Riverux died; on the 5th, Father Bresson was stricken; and on the 15th, Father Gratiën. Ten days later Bishop Brésillac and his vicar-general, Father Reynaud, having reciprocally given each other the last absolution, passed away almost at the same moment.

With increasing frequency as the years go by we notice in our American exchanges announcements of pilgrimages to the Canadian shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Originating among the large French-Canadian population in the manufacturing cities and towns of New England, these pious visits to the sanctuary of "the good St. Anne" have grown more and more popular among Catholics generally, and by many hundreds, not to say thousands, of Americans are looked forward to as an annual event. While it is quite possible that some of those who go to Beaupré undertake the trip from recreative rather than purely religious motives, the vast majority of pilgrims are animated with the congruous spirit of faith and piety; and even the small minority, the excursionists pure and simple, are undoubtedly impressed by the religious atmosphere of the shrine, and by the prodigies which from year to year attest both the intercessory power of St. Anne and her willingness to exercise it in favor of devoted clients. Even as a brief holiday trip, a visit to Beaupré may well be commended to all who can afford the expense.

It is not an uncommon thing, observes the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa*, to find, in our newspapers of the gutter or quasi-gutter type, violent abuse of religion and religious things. The very

fundamental truths of faith are thus sometimes jeered at by editors and reporters or letter writers, who would find it difficult to pass the sixth standard in our elementary schools, and still consider it their privilege to revile mysteries that the best cultured of men and women find quite compatible with knowledge of the highest kind. Fortunately, the best papers written in English do not take up this cheap attitude of blatant belief. One of our papers, not long ago, put a popular argument for belief in God in a few pregnant words. "In the main, the men and women who are doing the most useful work in the world are believers in God and a future state; whilst the majority of those whose lives are spent in frivolity—or something worse—have surrendered all faith in the Unseen. . . . I like to deal with facts as I know them, and the one plain fact which stares me in the face in this connection is that a belief in some sort of religious creed is a social force which in the main operates for good, and that unbelief is a force which in the main operates for evil."

Advocates of what is termed unsectarian religious education in public schools would do well to ponder and inwardly digest the following words from an article contributed to a recent issue of the *London Daily News* by Mr. G. K. Chesterton:

It is much more dogmatic to be undenominational than to be denominational. For the man who propounds an undenominational religion is propounding a new religion,—a religion made up of what he, on his own responsibility, supposes to be the first or best or deepest elements in all the old ones. The sectarian professes to know only what is most important to him; but the unsectarian professes to know what is most important to everybody—even to his opponents. He claims to be in the love-secrets even of his enemies.

Now, there is plenty to be said for the sincerity or spiritual value of both these positions; but surely there can be no doubt about which is the

more arrogant, dogmatic, and final. The man who claims to have found the truth in his own religion makes a claim comparatively modest; but the man who claims to have found the truth in other people's religions makes a claim of which the sublime and sacred impudence reaches the madness of Mahomet. He declares himself to have seen something more than all the creeds of the earth. He has seen the creed below the creeds, the sea below the sea. He understands Calvinism better than the Calvinists, and Catholicism better than the Catholics; he knows the first principles of Sandemanianism better than the Sandemanians; he knows why Salvationists wear red jerseys better than they know it themselves. In the dark heart of some Indian temple he learns the secret which is hidden from the priests. He picks up the missals of the mighty mediæval civilization, and he reads them right, while those who would die for them read them wrong.

To our mind, Mr. Chesterton's contention is fully established—viz., that undenominationalism is more dogmatic than denominationalism.

Writing of "Child Literature," in the current *Irish Monthly*, M. A. Curtis makes a strong plea for a more general use of the Bible as a story-book for children. "The Creation, the story of Joseph, the Israelites in Egypt, the Ten Plagues, the Red Sea, Mount Sinai,—every word of it all the children hang upon and absorb; and it has been found more interesting straight out of the Bible itself than from any prepared biblical child-literature,—just as a good cut of mutton is more satisfying than the best of mutton-broth." While conceding that there is much to recommend this viewpoint, it must be said that the contributor to our *Irish contemporary* is something of an extremist in his denunciation of ordinary books for children. To call them "a flood of twaddle,...bindings gorgeous, illustrations brilliant, letter-press *nil*" is to indulge in a vein that is itself but little removed from absurdity. As a matter of fact, during the past twenty years—the period over which, it is stated, the critic's experience with

the "infant mind" extends—there has been a marked improvement in the quality, as well as the quantity, of the literature provided for young Catholics. M. A. Curtis is one of those partisans who weaken their advocacy of a good cause by sweeping and exaggerated statements derogatory to all who presume to differ from their own particular point of view. All the same, the Bible is a treasury of entertaining narrative for the young or the old.

In the recent death of Mgr. Scalabrini, Bishop of Placenza, Italy lost the services of a notable churchman, and Italian immigrants in North and South America a devoted friend and generous benefactor. Consecrated at the exceptionally early age of thirty-five, Mgr. Scalabrini ruled Placenza with distinguished efficiency for thirty years, and in all probability would have been created cardinal before the close of the present year. Founder of the Society of Missionaries of St. Charles Borromeo, whose distinctive work is to provide priests for Italian immigrants, the dead prelate had dealings with the Church in America, several Italian congregations in New York having been supplied by him with pastors. One characteristic of this model Bishop was his insistence on the catechetical instruction of his flock. His zeal in this direction won for him both the title of Apostle of the Catechism and the thorough approval and admiration of Pius X. *R. I. P.*

A Baptist parson, of Trenton, New Jersey, has recently been giving a series of sermons, or lectures, against the Church. His discourses, announced as being especially interesting to "non-Protestants"—a would-be smart allusion to missions to non-Catholics—have been productive of one good result. They have elicited from Bishop McFaul

a trenchant reply, which may well afford the Baptists and all other Protestant sects food for earnest thought. As to one specific charge of the preacher, the Bishop makes this declaration, which we quote from a report of his rejoinder in the *Catholic Standard and Times*:

I say the Catholic Church has never claimed that the Pope by divine right can depose civil rulers and absolve subjects from allegiance. You may reply: "But Popes have done so." That is true; but when a Pope did it he did not exercise his power as Pope: he exercised the power conferred upon him by the constitutional law of the Middle Ages. By the common consent of Catholic nations, he had been made their supreme arbiter and judge. That was the condition of things, and I am not sure but its revival in modern times would be beneficial. How much blood might have been spared if the troubles in the far East had been settled by arbitration! So far as civil and spiritual allegiance are concerned, both Catholics and Protestants hold the same principle.

In these days of scholarly historical criticism, when the action of the Roman Pontiffs during the Middle Ages has been superabundantly vindicated by the most authoritative of non-Catholic writers, it ought to be plain to the most fanatical enemies of the Church that obsolete lies concerning her principles and polity are very apt to become boomerangs in the clumsy hands of those who fling them about so recklessly. Not all, even of the Baptists, are so prejudiced, or ignorant of history, as the Trenton pastor fondly believes them to be.

In the death of the venerable Professor Belford, of All Hallows, Dublin has lost a notable citizen, one who during many years was prominent in her literary, scientific, and social circles. Mr. Belford was born in England in 1816, studied at Cambridge, took orders in the Established Church, and served both as curate and rector in London. Having preached on one occasion what was styled an "advanced Puseyite" sermon, he was taken to task by his Anglican

bishop, and, as a logical sequence of the episcopal injunction to give no further expression to such views, he gravitated toward the true Church. For more than half a century he had been a devoted member of the All Hallows' faculty, and was distinguished among other members in that he remained a layman. His passing away in his ninetieth year will evoke a heartfelt prayer for his eternal repose from many an All Hallows' priest now at work on the American, Canadian, or Australian mission. *R. I. P.*

I went once into a grotto, a little church underground in Florence, where the poor and humble worshiped according to the Catholic Faith; and I was struck by the spirit of reverence pervading it. The people came in silently and knelt down in silence to their devotions. I tiptoed in and knelt down in silence myself, and I found the Master there. On the other hand, I have been into Protestant churches where the people came and went and acted as if it were a store or a public hall.

On these words, from a recent sermon by the Rev. Roland Grant, a Protestant minister of Boston, the *Pilot* comments as follows:

The secret of the reverent bearing of good Catholics in their churches, whether in Italy or Massachusetts, which Mr. Grant holds up as an example to Protestants, is in their conviction of the Real Presence of Christ on the altar, and that the Sacrifice of the Mass is the renewal of the Sacrifice of Calvary. To be sure, even in family devotions or in the privacy of his own chamber, the true Catholic gives to God the homage of body as well as of spirit, as befits the creature before his Creator. The starting point of the "new revival" for which Mr. Grant hopes will be the return to the old doctrines.

There are many signs of this revival. It is beginning to be realized by outsiders that a false creed can not teach correct morality, unless accidentally, as a result of a sprinkling of truth through the mass of false teaching. As Dr. Brownson used to say, it is the truth in all heresies that sustains them, and it is the error that ultimately breaks them up.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

In the Country.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

WAKE, wake, little children!

The morning star has set;
I saw it fading from the sky
As Dawn came gliding by.

Wake, wake, little children!

Day and the breeze have met;
From the damp earth sweet sounds ascend,
To greet the morn—their friend.

Wake, wake, little children!

Now, that the stars are gone,
The flowers unclothe their petals bright,
Fast folded all the night.

Wake, wake, little children!

How can you still sleep on?
The nightingale has hushed her lay,
The lark proclaims the day.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

IX.—THE DEPARTURE.



AFTER the stranger had gone,
Rose asked:

"Who was that man? Oh,
yes, I know!" she continued.

"It was the one who came
home with us Saturday night. What
did he want, Louis?"

"Let me think a few moments before I
tell you," replied her brother, crashing
down with both elbows on the open
piano, as he leaned over and hid his
face in his hands. He was very pale.

Rose did not persist, though usually
she was impatient, and was not accus-
tomed to brook delay in having her
questions answered. She thought Louis
might be ill, and sat quietly watching
him till he spoke again.

"How would you like to go away
from here, Rose?" he inquired at last.

The child began to sob.

"O Louis," she cried, "how cruel you
are to ask me that, when you know I
shall die—yes, die,—if you send me to
the convent!"

"I did not mean that, Rose. How
would you like to go away with me,—
far from here?"

"With you? Far from here? Where
could we go?"

"I will tell you. You saw that man?"

"Yes, I saw him, and I do not like
him a bit."

"He is a very nice man, I think," said
Louis. "And he is a Hungarian."

"What do I care for that? I have
told you often that I am an American."

"Very well. Be one, then, Rose. What
I meant was this—that he takes an
interest in us because our father was
his countryman. He has a troupe,—he
goes about at the head of a company
of Hungarian musicians, and he has
proposed that we join them."

"To play about the streets all the
time?"

"Never to play on the streets. He
takes his troupe to large halls. Rich
people come to hear them. They live
in fine hotels, and they earn a good deal
of money. We could see a great many
cities and lots of beautiful things, and
in the end we should be almost certain
to find Florian."

"How could we find Florian?"

"He is living somewhere in the United
States, I am sure. Mr. Steffan says
that as soon as Hungarians hear of
his great troupe in the towns where
they give their concerts, they come to
hear them play and sing. In that way
Florian would come; he would see us,
and so—we should find him."

"I don't like Mr. Steffan one bit, Louis," rejoined Rose,—*"if that is what you call him. But I think it would be fine to travel about that way, and to find Florian in the end."*

"I am inclined to accept the offer," said Louis. *"We could leave the troupe whenever we pleased, I suppose. We should be able to save some money, too; and when we came back you could go to school."*

"To day-school, Louis,—please say to day-school."

"Yes, yes, that is what I mean. I would get something to do, and maybe Mrs. Mullen would take us to board."

"But, Louis," cried Rose, suddenly remembering, *"Father Garyo will never let us go with that man. Because we played on the streets that night, he is sending us away from each other; and how could he change so suddenly and tell us we might go travelling around with a strange man?"*

Louis looked long and steadily into his sister's eyes.

"Rose," he said, in a very low voice, as though afraid some one might hear, *"he would never let us go,—that is true. We should have to—run away."*

"Run away!" echoed Rose.

"Yes, that is what we should have to do."

"And what about the house?"

"I'll have to think about that. I only want to know if you are willing to go."

"Yes, I am willing," said Rose. *"I will go whenever you please. But how shall we get our clothes away?"*

"That will be easy enough. After I have decided, Mr. Steffan will see to it. What I don't like is that we shall have to deceive Father Garyo and the Mullens, who have been so very good to us."

"That is true,—it is not at all nice; but it is better than to have me die, isn't it, Louis?"

"Yes, a good deal better, little sister! And we shall come back pretty soon—

in a year or two; perhaps sooner, if we find Florian."

Then Rose wanted to go and pack a valise at once. She was sure that in an old one belonging to her father she could put all her small wardrobe; and there was an old-fashioned carpet-bag which Louis could blacken and reserve for himself. But her brother restrained her, saying that nothing could be settled until Mr. Steffan returned at nine that evening.

The day seemed very long to both. Rose especially began to be afraid that the man might change his mind and go away without them. As soon as it grew dark she began to run out to the gate every few moments; thus tiring herself more after her exciting day, so that when he at last made his appearance she was asleep in the rocking-chair. Throwing a shawl over her, Louis led his visitor to the adjoining room.

"Well?" inquired Steffan, anxiously, as he seated himself.

"We have decided, sir,—we will go," said Louis.

"I am very glad," rejoined Steffan. *"It will be a good chance. You will never regret it, my boy. And now for our plans. When can you be ready?"*

"Whenever you say. The sooner the better, for they will be wanting to take Rose to the convent very soon. We shall have to go secretly."

"Yes, yes,—I understand! That is what I wanted to talk to you about. *"Those priests are terrible, trying to boss everybody—"*

"Oh, no, sir! Father Garyo is not terrible," interrupted Louis. *"He is very good, and has been so kind to us always. It will make him feel bad, I know; and it is not right to deceive him. But maybe he never had a little sister and can not know how Rose and I feel,—especially Rose. That is the worst thing about it,—not telling him."*

"Never mind! Only be sure you don't tell him," said Steffan. *"He may mean*

right, but he doesn't know everything. And, now, how soon can you leave?"

"At any time," said Louis, "as I told you."

"Have you any money?"

"About ten dollars."

"That is not much. I was hoping you had more. Travelling is expensive, you know."

"But you can take the money you spend for us out of our wages later."

"Yes, that's so. Only I happen to be a little short just now. But we'll manage somehow."

Pursing up his lips and knitting his swarthy brow, the Hungarian began to tap with his knuckles on the table. He was perfecting his plans. At length he said:

"I'll tell you. Have everything ready; as little luggage as possible, for you'll get new things in Philadelphia. Stuff all your clothes—or as much as you can get—into a gunny-sack, if you have one. It is the easiest thing to carry. And be sure to bring the little costumes. Whatever you leave behind, they may come in handy sometime. Remember now, a gunny-sack; it is the least trouble to carry."

"But aren't we going on the train?" inquired Louis, in surprise.

"Yes, yes, of course! But we'll have to walk to the train. I'll take the baggage on my back. They won't be so likely to suspect us."

This plan did not seem very reasonable to Louis; but, accustomed to obey, he said nothing.

"And see here. You had better write a note and leave it on the table, saying that you are starting for Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Central on the morning express. They won't get it till we are way beyond their reach."

"Yes," said the boy, "I will do that. But I must see Father Garyo to-morrow about the musical instruments. They must be taken care of."

"Oh, you can't do that!" exclaimed

Steffan. "You'll have to bring them along."

"Not the piano or my father's violins?" said Louis.

"Have you a violin of your own?"

"Yes, and a mandolin and guitar."

"Very well. But couldn't you sell the piano and take the money along?"

"No, sir, I could not do that, and I would not do it."

"Very well; but it is a pity," replied Steffan, seeing there was a certain limit he could not pass with the boy,—at least not until he had him entirely in his power.

Before he left, all the arrangements had been completed. After he had gone Louis woke Rose and told her to undress and go to bed. He spent half the night packing and wrapping up his father's music, which he placed in two boxes, leaving the cover to be nailed down in the morning. These he intended to entrust to Father Garyo.

After breakfast he sought the priest, who told him he would take Rose to the Sisters the next afternoon. Confused, the boy did not reply.

"She will like it after awhile," said the priest. "Try to coax her a little, Louis."

"Father," said the boy, "would the piano and papa's violins be enough to pay the mortgage?"

"Perhaps so," replied Father Garyo. "But I can not bear to think of selling them."

"Do whatever you like about it, Father," said Louis. "And I think I would be glad to have Mrs. Mullen living in the house. The rent could be the same as the one she is in now; and she would take good care of it and of the garden, so that when—"

He had almost betrayed himself. The unsuspecting priest, however, observed nothing.

"Yes, if she would like it, Louis," he said. "We will see."

"And, Father, you must not think us

ungrateful, Rose and me. We are not—only—only—she could not bear to leave me.”

“I understand, Louis,—I understand. Poor little girl! That will be all right.”

“And I want you to believe that I will try to be a good boy, wherever I am; and Rose, too, will always remember to say her prayers.”

“She will not have any trouble in remembering to say them where she is going,” rejoined Father Garyo, with a smile.

Louis grew furiously red. It seemed to him that he was a liar and a deceiver,—a very bad boy indeed, for one who was promising to be good. He longed to get away, and did not know how to do it. He held out his hand.

“Good-bye, Father!” he said.

“Good-bye, Louis, till to-morrow!” answered the priest, for the first time noticing his disquietude, which he attributed to the dreaded parting from his sister. “Be brave now, Louis,” he added kindly, making the Sign of the Cross with his thumb on the boy’s forehead.

“Father—I will try to be—all right,” answered Louis in a trembling voice, as he rushed suddenly away.

The priest looked after him compassionately, as he disappeared.

“Too bad, too bad!” he said to himself. “But it can not be helped.”

Several times during the morning he found himself thinking of the boy’s unusual manner. It was not till next day that he understood the cause. About eleven he was summoned to the parlor to meet Mrs. Mullen, who held a piece of paper in her hand.

“God defend them and protect them, Father, but they’re gone,—oh, they’re gone!” she exclaimed.

“Who are gone?” asked the priest.

“Louis and Rose,” she replied. “This morning—as I hadn’t seen a sight of them since yesterday evening at supper-

time, when they came over, very blue, the two of them,—I went to the house. The key was on the outside of the door. Everything was as still as the grave, and I found this pinned to the tablecloth. Read it for yourself, Father dear!”

The priest took the note from her hand and read as follows:

DEAR MRS. MULLEN:—Rose and I are going with the great Hungarian Troupe, to play and sing. We shall make a lot of money, and we are almost sure to find Florian. We will come back maybe in a year, maybe in two. We would like you to live in the little grey house, and use our furniture, and take care of the garden. We hope Father Garyo will find some way to pay the mortgage. Let him sell the piano and violins, if he wants to, but maybe the rent will pay it.

We thank you and Father and the boys for all your kindness to us and to our poor father. We are very sorry to leave you, but we have to go. Rose and I can not be separated. It would kill her. We leave on the morning train for Philadelphia, by the Pennsylvania Central. Good-bye!

LOUIS VLADYCH.

ROSE VLADYCH.

“I am dumfounded,” said the priest. “I can not understand it.”

Then Mrs. Mullen told him of the visit of the stranger, and they came to the conclusion he must have persuaded the children to go away with him.

“It will be an easy matter to get them back,” she said. “They haven’t much of a start, Father.”

The priest shook his head.

“God and His Holy Mother protect them!” he murmured. “Of one thing I am certain: we shall have to look for them in an opposite direction from that taken by the Pennsylvania Central. Whoever kidnapped those poor children threw that in as a blind.”

Gem Lore.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I. — DIAMONDS.

Not long ago the manager of a diamond mine in South Africa discovered, while making his usual rounds, the largest and most wonderful diamond ever beheld, so far as we know, by the eyes of man. Its weight was nearly two pounds, and its length four inches. This remarkable gem has, however, proved a white elephant to its owners. Its value is so great that no one can afford to buy it, no insurance company will insure it against theft, and the guard over it costs so much that it is likely in time to make its possessors poor.

It was not until the fifteenth century that diamonds began to be cut with the little level places called "facets," which add so much to the brilliancy of the jewels. A Frenchman named Louis de Berquem was the inventor of the new method, but in a few years England was the rival of France in the lapidaries' art.

The cutting of a diamond consists of three operations—splitting, cutting and polishing,—of which splitting is by far the most important, requiring as it does the most accurate judgment on the part of the workman to avoid injuring the stone. The first thing is to decide just where to cut, then a little notch is made with another diamond, followed by a quick and accurate blow with a steel instrument. Sometimes the stones can not be split but must be sawed through. This is done with a fine iron wire strung on a fiddle bow, and the operation requires almost endless patience.

Diamonds have various colors—white, yellow, brown, red, blue, and green. They possess also the remarkable quality of becoming phosphores-

cent from the result of friction, and of emitting rays of light when energetically rubbed in a dark room.

These gems are the purest form of carbon known, and can be burned as easily as we burn a shovelful of coal in a furnace. Until two hundred years ago all diamonds came from India, but since 1727 Brazil has furnished a large supply of these beautiful gems. In 1867 it became known to the world that South Africa contained more diamonds than all other diamond fields combined, and a great rush began to the hiding-places where they had lain so long waiting for the covetous hand of man.

The story of the historic diamonds of the earth reads like a romance. There was, and is, for instance, the Sancy diamond, worn in the cap of Charles the Bold at the battle of Granson, and lost by him there as he led his men into action. We next hear of it in the possession of one Sancy, a Huguenot nobleman, treasurer of Henry III. That sovereign, needing money, borrowed the gem of his financial agent and sent it to Switzerland by a trusted messenger, who was to leave it there and return with money advanced by the Swiss government. The messenger was waylaid and murdered by robbers, and, by the kindness of a charitable priest, interred in a churchyard. The diamond was buried as well; for the faithful man had swallowed it, and it was found safe in his stomach. The Sancy diamond is now owned by the Russian government.

Everyone has heard of the diamond called the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, which for thousands of years was the cause of wars and murders. It formed one of the eyes of a famous Indian idol; and, after the English mutiny passed into the possession of Queen Victoria, and is now one of the crown jewels of England.

A diamond set in the sceptre of the

Czar of Russia is called the Orloff, and has a history similar to that of the Koh-i-noor, having been at one time an eye in the head of a Brahmin image. A French traveller carried it off and sold it for a small fortune; and when the Russian Empress Catherine purchased it she was obliged to give in exchange 450,000 roubles, a large pension, and a title of nobility.

The Guaco Bird.

There grows in Mexico, although originally a native of South America, a perennial plant well known as an antidote for the venom of poisonous snakes. In the former country there is also a large, strong bird, somewhat resembling the crow, though smaller, which is distinguished by its passion for snake-killing, and which invariably has its haunts in the vicinity of the Guaco bushes. It is called El Pajaro Guaco or the Guaco Bird, and that wonderful instinct which often seems to reach intelligence in lower animals causes it to establish itself in the neighborhood of these bushes.

It has a curious method of capturing and killing its prey. Seeing a snake crawling along the ground, the bird, which has been hovering about, will suddenly swoop down and seize the serpent as nearly in the middle of the body as possible, so that the subsequent flight may be well balanced. Then, holding the snake tightly in its bill, it ascends to a considerable height and suddenly drops its prey to the ground. If the fall does not kill it stuns the serpent; and the bird, once more pouncing upon it, again takes it in its bill, repeating the performance until the serpent is dead; after which it is said to bite off and eat the head, leaving the body on the ground.

But occasionally the snake, not being held in the proper position, is enabled to

lift its head and bite its captor. When this happens the bird immediately drops it, and, hastening to the Guaco plant, eats of its healing leaves. When it has partaken sufficiently of the antidote it flies contentedly away.

Popular Names of Cities.

Among the popular nicknames of American cities may be mentioned: Baltimore—Monumental City. Boston—Modern Athens, Hub of the Universe. Brooklyn—City of Churches. Chicago—Garden City. Cincinnati—Queen City, Porkopolis, Paris of America. Cleveland—Forest City. Detroit—City of the Straits. Indianapolis—Railroad City. Keokuk, Iowa—Gate City. Louisville—Falls City. Lowell—City of Spindles. Milwaukee—Cream City (from the color of its bricks). Nashville—City of Rocks. New Haven—City of Elms. New Orleans—Crescent City. New York—Gotham, Manhattan, Empire City. Philadelphia—Quaker City, City of Brotherly Love. Pittsburgh—Smoky City, Iron City. Portland—Forest City. St. Louis—Mound City. Washington—City of Magnificent Distances.

A Hero who was Devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

On June 3, 1849, while the Garibaldians and the French troops were engaged in a deadly encounter, Major Saint-Frémond asked for a volunteer to carry a message across the Tiber. Cadi, a Lyonesse soldier, offered his services, swam across the river amid a very hailstorm of bullets, delivered his message and swam back again uninjured. "You confronted almost certain death," said his commander; "you are a hero." "I had a talisman," replied Cadi, showing the officer a medal of the Blessed Virgin which had reached him that morning in a letter from his mother.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The Flute of Pan," by John Oliver Hobbes; and "The Memoirs of Constantine Dix," by Barry Pain, are included in T. Fisher Unwin's list of new fiction.

—"The Cathemerinon (or Hymns of the Day) of Prudentius," translated by the Rev. Martin Pope and R. F. Davis, with Latin text, is the latest addition to the admirable Temple Classics.

—The author of "A Publisher's Confession," who still preserves his anonymity, is very generally guessed in literary circles to be Mr. Walter Page. The book is shortly to be brought out in England.

—The Society of Authors, founded in England by Sir Walter Besant some twenty years ago, is said to be steadily growing in membership. The members hope to enroll still others until the Society includes the three thousand English men and women who can justly claim to be, in some sense or other, authors.

—Donald Grant Mitchell, the "Ik Marvel" who, more than half a century ago, published "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," is still living near New Haven, Conn. The friend of Washington Irving, and American Consul to Venice from 1853 to 1855, Mr. Mitchell continues to enjoy robust health at the age of eighty-three.

—We can not welcome as an addition to standard Catholic fiction "Reaping the Whirlwind," by Christine Faber (P. J. Kenedy & Sons). Although issued by a Catholic publishing house, it is in no sense a Catholic story. It is as distinctly undenominational or nothingarian as a public-school reading-book. For the rest, the tale is long; the plot—or plots, for there are several—is sufficiently involved; the incidents are manifold and multifarious; the characters are interesting, and in several instances—Barbara Balk, for one—anything but commonplace; and the denouement is conventionally satisfactory.

—The announcement of a new edition of the works of Bishop England should have interest for a great many persons. He was one of the most scholarly members of the American hierarchy, and much of what he wrote is of permanent value. The most ephemeral of his writings is of enduring interest on account of the circumstances of his episcopate. It will be remembered that he was the first Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina (1820-42). His works have been out of print for many years; and as the edition (in six volumes) was comparatively small, complete sets are very scarce. The Buffalo Catholic Publication Co. proposes to bring out the new edition in handsome style, to sell for about \$15. The

number of volumes will be the same as in the original edition. We must express the hope that a competent editor has been chosen, and that a thorough index will be provided.

—The death of Abbot Cozza-Luzzi, Vice-Librarian of Holy Church, formerly abbot of Grottoferata, is the loss, not only of a devoted priest, but of a prolific and erudite writer on art, history, hymnology and liturgy. *R. I. P.*

—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.'s announcements include "Saint Catherine of Siena, as Seen in Her Letters." Translated, with notes and introduction, by Vida D. Scudder. These letters of St. Catherine are very fascinating, not for any literary quality, but for "the impetuous outpourings of the heart and mind of a daughter of the people, who was also, as it happened, a genius and a saint."

—W. Thornton Parker, M. D., has compiled a pamphlet which he calls "The Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." It consists of a judicious selection of short meditations and prayers that refer exclusively to the "Man of Sorrows." St. Bonaventura, St. Cyril, St. Chrysostom, Cardinal Newman, and Abbot Gasquet are among the authors quoted.

—A notable instance of individual Canadian annexation to the United States is found in New York. Prof. Charles Roberts, poet and author of animal stories; William Carmen Roberts, editor; Theodore Roberts, author of "Brothers of Peril"; Lloyd Roberts, editor; and Bliss Carmen, editor and poet,—all residents of America's metropolis, are members of a family from Fredericton, New Brunswick.

—Professor Royce's "last word on Herbert Spencer," lately issued by Fox, Duffield & Co., is something more than a bald statement of the philosopher's tenets on "Evolution." "In Spencer's own usage," says Mr. Royce, "the term 'evolution' was a name for one of two processes which together, according to him, comprise the 'whole range of natural events,' so far as these can be known to us. These processes are for Spencer Evolution and Dissolution." The exposition of Spencer's educational theories serves to emphasize his limitations as a practical teacher as also to illustrate his hard common-sense, so much in evidence in this passage from one of his own books:

Not long since we had frequently to hear the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk . . . the governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed, it never occurred to the mamma to let

Constance experience the natural penalty. . . . In the world unreadiness entails the loss of some advantage that would else have been gained: the train is gone; or the steamboat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold. . . . Is not the inference obvious? Should not the prospective deprivations control a child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind and losing her walk.

Particularly interesting is the concluding chapter of the present volume—personal reminiscences by James Collier, for nine years the secretary, and for ten the amanuensis, of Spencer.

—One of the most charming books published in recent years—a volume that no reader could forget or would miss an opportunity of recommending—is “Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne,” the English translation of which appeared under the title of “Letters of a Country Vicar.” The announcement of a new book by Yves le Querdec will give pleasure to a host of readers everywhere. It deals with the supposed life, not of an ecclesiastic, but of a zealous young layman, and is entitled “Le Fils de l'Esprit.” “It is an open secret,” says the London *Catholic Weekly*, “that the writer of these books [“Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne,” “Lettres d'un Curé de Canton,” and “Le Journal d'un Evêque”] is M. George Fonsegrive, the editor of the *Quinzaine*, and the author of some works on philosophy. They have run through many editions, and represent the aspirations of a considerable number of Catholics in France. They are not only important in their bearing on Catholic social work, but also charmingly written.”

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 Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces.” Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.

“The Imitation of Christ.” Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.

“The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies.” Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.

“The Lodestar.” Sidney R. Kennedy. \$1.50.

“Nut-Brown Joan.” Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.

“Beyond Chance of Change.” Sara Andrew Shafer. \$1.50.

“The Gospel According to St. Mark.” Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

“The Redemptorists at Annapolis.” \$2.

“The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.” Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. \$1 25.

“The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr.” Rev. James J. McGovern. \$5.

“Holy Confidence.” Father Rogacci, S. J. 60 cts., net.

“Vigils with Jesus.” Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.

“The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery.” Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.

“The Dark Side of the Beef Trust.” Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.

“The Chronicle of Jocelyn.” 90 cts., net.

“The Luck of Linden Chase.” S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.

“The Light of Faith.” Frank McGloin. \$1, net.

“Juvenile Round Table.” 2d Series. \$1.

“The Love of Books” (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.

“Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic.” John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

“Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew.” Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

“Religion and Art, and Other Essays.” Rev. J. L. Spalding. \$1.

“Studies in Religion and Literature.” William Samuel Lilly. \$3.25.

“A Manual of Mystical Theology.” Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$2.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Ignatius Delveaux, S. J.

Sister Vibiana and Sister M. Liguori, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Ambrosia, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Henry Napfen, of South Boston, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Garland, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Charles Reilly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Maria Murtaugh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Catherine Houghton and Mr. C. W. Newton, Butte City, Mont.; Master Joseph O'Brien, Anaconda, Mont.; Mr. J. J. Lanigan, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Frederick Miller, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. William Hammer-smith, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. P. H. Connor, Miss Gertrude Connor, and Miss Elizabeth Burke, Amesbury, Mass.; also Mr. Louis Harmon, Massillon, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 8, 1905.

NO. 2.

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

Magnus Deus Potentiæ.

TRANSLATED BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

O GOD, whose power and loving care

For every living thing provides,
Who to the bird assigns the air,
And to the fish the crystal tides;

That one through heav'n's blue space may soar,
The other cleave the unfathomed deep,—
Types of the varying fates in store
For creatures of like birth to reap:

Oh, grant unto Thy servants all,
Cleansed in the fountain of Thy blood,
That they may know no second fall,
Nor dread the thought of death's dark flood!

Let not despair our souls depress,
Presumption not too highly dare;
But, safe in trustful lowliness,
Let us to meet our God prepare.

This, pitying Father, we entreat,
For this the sole-born Son we pray,
Who, with Thee and the Paraclete,
Our Triune God, dost reign for aye.

Our Lady of the Arts.

MANY years ago one of the most celebrated French artists saw, entering his school, a child whose curly head and timid manner seemed rather to indicate a shy girl than a fine young boy. This lad had heard the master spoken of as one of the best of men; and, without knowing him or having any letter of recommendation, had come to place his destiny in his hands.

When little Julien entered the school the master was absent, and his pupils were profiting by their freedom and unrestraint to give free vent to their frolicsome spirit. None so daring, venturesome, roguish or so fond of bantering as a *rapin*, or painter's pupil,—the name given to young fellows who are learning design and coloring in an artist's atelier. There is no harm in them, but they are greatly addicted to tricks and practical jokes. So when little Julien found his way among this clamorous crowd there was a lot of noise, joking, and game-making.

They gathered round Julien, jostled him, questioned him, turned him round and round, and shouted what they meant for pleasantries into his ears. One said: "*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous danser?*" Another put an improvised paper bonnet on him and daubed his fresh-colored face with vermilion, under which still appeared the beautiful bloom of youth. "What does monsieur wish?" "Has monsieur come to have his portrait painted?" "Does monsieur want to pose for Ajax and Agamemnon?" were among the questions they asked. It was monsieur here and monsieur there. They were a gay, careless lot,—shock-haired, uncombed, unwashed, and more or less ragged Bohemians of the genuine Parisian type.

They were still laughing, shouting, and jesting, when all at once a voice was heard: "To the water—to the tub with the little countryman!" And they raised Julien on their shoulders

and passed him from one to the other.

What would his good mother, who had so carefully washed and combed him and adjusted his little blouse, say if she saw her boy with his paper bonnet and face smeared with red paint and on the point of being plunged, dressed as he was, into an immense tub? He, however, let them do what they liked. He was quite cool, not in the least afraid. He gave himself up to the young scamps who were carrying him; he wanted to be a painter at any cost, and was quietly letting himself be thrown into the water, as it appeared to be necessary to begin in that way.

One can not say what might not have happened, to what point they would have pushed their pleasantry, if suddenly profound silence had not succeeded this general clamor. All at once voices were hushed, the noise ceased, and Julien remained suspended from the shoulders of the biggest of the band. It was the master, Vanloo, who had just come in!

He was a kind but severe master. He hardly liked his pupils' horseplay. He was disposed to be angry when he saw the grotesque figure of little Julien hanging from the shoulders of one of his companions. But at the sight of that pretty face daubed with red, those wild, wondering eyes, and his imperturbable coolness, the master burst out laughing, and, approaching the child, said in his gentlest voice:

"Where have you come from, my child? Poor lamb! don't you see that you have got in amongst a pack of wildest wolves?"

Simultaneously Julien slid down, found his feet, and replied:

"Sir, I'm a poor boy; my mother has nothing, and I've no calling, and have come to ask you to receive me into your school."

"Welcome, my son!" the master answered. Then, turning to his pupils: "To your places, young gentlemen!"

And everyone returned to his work.

From that day Julien was the most assiduous pupil in the school. He soon realized that his terrible companions were not so bad as they seemed; they vied with one another to make the way he had entered on easier for him.

To be intelligent, courageous, laborious, patient, to be full of heart and soul,—such are the first conditions, the first elements, for the formation of an artist. Julien had them all. He began slowly, studying nature little by little, bit by bit; first confining his attention to details, to be able shortly afterward to grasp the whole. Every day was marked by a new step in advance; every day nature appeared more beautiful to him. He was docile to the master's lessons; and still more so to the teaching of nature, which he studied in all its features, all its aspects.

He was soon able to draw, with a free and firm hand, men and animals, plants, running waters, solid earth, and blue or cloud-flecked skies. So much learned, he advanced more and more until he rose to the reproduction of human emotions,—from the objective to the subjective. He finally had recourse to the great masters to learn the science of color.

His leisure was spent in studying the masterpieces in the Louvre, at which he gazed with silent devotion, like one rapt in prayer before a shrine. Admiration prompted emulation; and from the union of both these sentiments was born the desire, the resolve to be a great artist.

Progress is rapid in the arts, once progress is made at all. The difficulty is to make a good beginning, to obey a well-defined vocation. Julien's vocation was revealed to him by his mother when he was still a child. Of her lost fortune she had reserved only a beautiful "Virgin" of the Italian school, before which every morning she taught her son to pray to God and Our Lady.

This Madonna, with its pure white hands joined and its sweet, downcast glance, was so lovely that the child, from the habit of contemplating it and saying his prayers before it, gradually grew to look up to Our Lady and love her as a second mother.

In this way Julien had early learned to feel the mysterious power of form and color over human souls. He loved, then, this beautiful "Virgin" with the love of a little child until he came to love it as an artist; and that was what urged him to go to the school of painting.

One winter's day—one of those long, dark days, when mother and son were cold and hungry, without fuel or food,—an ill-favored man, shrewd and sharp-eyed, entered their lodgings. He went straight up to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, the only adornment of that mean dwelling, took it unceremoniously into his hands, and, drawing near the window, looked at it long and attentively. Then, turning toward Julien's mother, and in a voice which made the child tremble, he said:

"This picture is worth ten pounds. Will you have them?"

The mother hesitated. Her son was hungry, but the Virgin was so beautiful!

"O mother," said Julien, "don't sell it! It has blessed us so often,—please don't sell it!"

"Twenty pounds?" said the man.

But Julien continued to plead for the retention of the picture.

"Well, going for fifty?" queried the stranger.

And mother and son, in a unanimous transport, snatched the picture from the stranger's hands.

One would have said that the Blessed Virgin had become the protectress of such poverty. Smiling down on Julien, the picture had inspired him with a taste for poetry and the fine arts; by dint of contemplating it on awaking in the morning and going to rest at

night, he discovered the secret of that exquisite color and those divine forms.

"Where do you go to look for your models, my little Julien?" Monsieur Vanloo, the master, often said to his pupil. "Where did you get the blue of those charming eyes, the blonde of those sunny locks?"

Julien did not know what to say. He was forgetting the "Virgin," the revered guest of that humble home.

And when at last came the great day of the Exhibition, under the roof of the Louvre, in the very place where shine with an immortal splendor Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Carracci, and Murillo, Julien's "Virgin," calm and serene, one foot on the abyss and her gaze turned heavenward, drew all hearts and eyes toward her.

"Honor to Julien!" cried the whole school.

"Ah, my lad," exclaimed M. Vanloo, "bravo! You are a master!"

The greatest painters were astonished that a boy should have penetrated so deeply into the mysteries of their art. It was Julien's "Virgin," it was the unknown masterpiece, it was the blessing of Our Lady of the Arts, it was Raphael's picture, which they would not part with for gold even when in the lowest depths of their poverty, which had wrought these miracles, raised this great artist, and glorified that humble home.

How few are those whose passage upon this foolish planet has been marked by actions really good and useful! I bow myself to the earth before him of whom it can be said, "He goes about doing good"; who has succeeded in instructing, consoling, relieving his fellow-creatures; who has made real sacrifices for the sake of others,—those heroes of silent charity who hide themselves and ask nothing in this world.—*De Maistre*.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVI.—MISS TABITHA IS CONFRONTED WITH THE PAST.

VERY soon after that memorable evening of the tableaux, just as the early dusk of the November day was gathering about Rose Cottage, Miss Tabitha sat crouching over the sitting-room fire. Leonora had gone over to the convent to spend an hour with the Sisters, and to be present at Benediction; and her aunt was feeling very old, extremely depressed, and full of forebodings. She had been seriously alarmed by the late course of events. The applause which had greeted the conjoined names of her niece and young Mr. Bretherton, the appearance of the two together, and the obvious absorption of the man in the beautiful girl at his side, had been so evident that the spinster would have felt uneasy even if Eben Knox had been left out of the question altogether.

In her reverential and traditional devotion to the Brethertons—a sentiment which partook almost of the nature of superstition,—she could scarcely wish that their sole representative should throw himself away upon her niece. She apprehended serious opposition, moreover, on the part of the ex-Governor and his wife. She was quite sensible of what would be their disappointment in the failure of their son to make the brilliant alliance which they had a right to expect; and she could not gauge those motives which would induce them to forego their opposition, and give, when it became inevitable, a ready and gracious consent to the match. She minimized that power of moral rectitude which would hinder them, on conscientious grounds alone, from interfering with their son's free selection and legitimate choice, for

a wife, of one who was, save as to worldly prospects, eminently desirable.

Miss Tabitha accordingly believed that it would be precisely as it had been in her own case: that the parents would exert such pressure upon their son as would induce him to stifle his natural impulses. It did not even occur to her that the warm and generous nature, the solid stratum of fixed principle which characterized young Mr. Bretherton, together with his love for Leonora, might be relied upon to override all unjust opposition, and that her niece's peace of mind stood in no danger.

Added to her misgivings in these two contrary directions, were her fears with regard to Eben Knox. She guessed rather than knew the desperate nature of the man; though she was, indeed, ignorant that the depth and force of his infatuation for Leonora made it a passion which would carry him to any lengths. Like many others, she held the theory that the twentieth century could not produce those romantic attachments which on the one hand led to unselfish sacrifice, and on the other to reckless ill-doing and crime. Human nature in its prosaic, modern aspect did not seem the same as that which through the centuries was hurried to fierce excesses of love and hatred, jealousy and despair.

She was aware, however, that Eben Knox, in his dogged fashion, had determined to marry her niece, and that it would be dangerous to cross him. She knew, too, that he had been present at the charity entertainment; she had beheld him there, grimly observant as some evil spectre. She well knew that he was far too shrewd not to draw his own conclusions from what had been so palpable to everyone; and Eben Knox, who had always been bitterly envious of the Brethertons, and yet, as Tabitha surmised, impressed by their importance, would consider Leonora all

the more desirable since the brilliant young son of the house had singled her out for his attentions.

Now, as Miss Tabitha, revolving these thoughts, shivered over the fire, and the room grew dark about her, she was suddenly aware that some one had come in at the door and was cautiously shutting it. Her heart sank, and she sat transfixed, staring straight into the fire, and not daring at first to look around. When at last she raised her eyes, she encountered the sinister gaze of Eben Knox fixed full upon her face. She met that glance with much the same sensations that a traveller in a lonesome wood might feel if suddenly confronted by a savage beast. The man kept silence till he saw that his victim was fairly writhing under the torture; then he spoke.

"I have come here to settle old scores. There is going to be a general raking over of dead bones. I shall clothe some of them with flesh and sinews, like your prophet in the vision you Bible-reading folks delight in."

Miss Tabitha trembled, but said no word. Her cap ribbons and her other attempts at adornment seemed to shrivel in the scorching glare of Eben Knox's gaze.

"It will all come out now!" he cried. "No more concealment, no more glossing over for any one, but a black quagmire of ruin to engulf us all."

Miss Tabitha, by a swift, terrified movement, covered her eyes with her hand, as if the quagmire had indeed suddenly opened before her and she was being forced into its slimy depths.

"You, who do not know what it is to suffer," continued the manager, "can not understand how I have been put upon the rack. During that charity performance I sat still and endured torments. I saw those two people together in a paradise from which I was shut out."

He struck his hands sharply together,

as if the movement and the collision relieved that torrent of feeling which would find exit. Even Miss Tabitha, oppressed as she was by fear and horror, was impelled to wonder at the passion which could thus seize upon this singular being. His face was drawn and haggard, furrowed by a line of suffering as distinct as though it had been traced out by a pencil.

"And that suffering," Eben Knox declared, "I will inflict as far as is possible on all concerned. The time for talk being past and that for action come, I shall briefly recapitulate those occurrences of which you and I are cognizant. You must be a witness, willing or unwilling; and, like myself, a criminal, because you have aided in baffling the ends of justice, and in sheltering the guilty at the expense of the innocent."

Miss Tabitha's eyes were wide distended with a horror which she made no effort to conceal; while Eben Knox, preparatory to resuming his narrative, seated himself at the side of the fire.

"Before proceeding further, however," the manager observed, "I will suggest an alternative. As innocent persons have suffered in the past, let one innocent person, at least, suffer now."

"What do you mean, Eben Knox?" queried Miss Tabitha, a faint hope creeping into the darkness of her terror.

"I mean this: that this ruin may be averted by dashing the cup of joy from the lips of the latest Bretherton and from those of Leonora herself. Such happiness as he, that detestable popinjay, knew in her society during the continuance of those tableaux, and afterward upon the moonlit lawn—where I saw them and fled in my despair,—is enough for any man. Let him pay the price. When he read in her face, by the light of the moon shining in high heaven, that she loved him, he enjoyed the one supreme happiness left on this black earth."

"I wish you would say what you mean," urged the bewildered Miss Tabitha. "What has the moon got to do with that horrible affair which you are always bringing up out of the past?"

"Not much, indeed!" rejoined Eben Knox, with a sardonic chuckle,— "not much, indeed! It was the love-making and not the moon I was thinking of."

"You will drive me crazy if you go on speaking in riddles!" wailed Miss Tabitha.

"I shouldn't like to do that," sneered Eben Knox. "A mind in ruins, a noble intellect toppled over—anything in the Ophelia line would be inconvenient, as I may want you for a witness. But to come to the plain statement of facts—"

He paused, while the darkness which had inclosed the two left the man's pallid face and cavernous eyes barely visible to the terrified gaze fixed upon him.

"There is only one way in which ruin may be averted and everything be allowed to remain as it is. Let your niece give up her fine lover and marry me instead."

"She will never marry you!" cried Miss Tabitha, hastily.

"Never willingly, I grant you, since her head has been turned by her swell admirers. But let her marry me as a sacrifice to save others. That is the sort of thing would appeal to her. Once married, I am sure of her. She will never disgrace a man's name."

It was curious how the wretched manager's face softened and what a tenderness crept into his voice as he spoke of Leonora.

"She will have to suffer, but such is the universal law. No human life escapes it. So far as she is concerned, I am sorry; but I am no saint and no hero. I am just a plain business man, who has had to fight every step of his way. Therefore, I shall have my pound of flesh in this bargain. But I

am not a monster. I shall make her a good husband, as the world goes. She'll get a love and devotion from me that she needn't expect from any of these fine suitors, because there'll be nothing to come between us. I'll spend my life just to make her happy in whatever fashion she prefers. There'll be no fine friends to look coldly on the girl, and there'll be no society of snobs and toadies to lead me away from her. As for the rest, half the women in the world get over their young fancies and marry the first man that makes them an offer."

He spoke as if he were holding an argument with himself,—attempting to carry conviction against his better judgment. He knew that there was no possibility of happiness or even contentment for Leonora Chandler in such a marriage, and yet he strove to offer a convincing plea in its favor.

"As for your young Mr. Bretherton," he said presently, "it will be a sweet morsel to snatch away from him his victory in this affair as in that of the election. Leonora, whom he had intended to clothe with the Bretherton glory, as King Cophetua clothed the beggar maid, shall be plain Leonora Knox, wife of the despised manager, the social outcast, the pariah. But a truce to heroics! Let me turn instead to that page of ancient history which you and I, as well as some others who shall be for the present nameless, know so intimately."

He paused and wiped his brow, upon which the sweat was standing in great beads, from that inward agitation which convulsed the miserable man, and the contending emotions which held him as their prey.

"Go back, Tabitha Brown," he cried,— "go back thirty years, a generation in the life of man! Even at that time you were not young,—at least you had outlived your first youth. You had suffered as much as women of your type

can suffer; and you had thrown away your heart—the best you had to give—on a young scapegrace who chanced to be ennobled by the name of Bretherton. In your eyes a Bretherton, and least of all *that* Bretherton, could do no wrong. There were some who said that his people might have done better to let him marry you, and that he might have settled down the sooner into the life of a reputable member of society. I remember him years after, an ornament to the social world, a legal luminary, bland and civil-spoken and as cursedly patronizing as his brother, the Governor. Well, at the time that you and I are thinking of, the neighborhood had been stirred unpleasantly by rumors of wild doings: card-playing, winebibbing, roistering,—all that such fine gentlemen may do with impunity. There was a clique of them, but Reverdy Bretherton was spoken of as the leader.”

Poor Miss Tabitha trembled at the sound of that name. The ashes of her life, and the fire of romance that still burned in their midst, were being ruthlessly stirred by this brutal hand.

“At last,” Eben Knox cried, bending toward the old woman in the darkness, and lowering his voice to a whisper, “there came a night,—you remember it well, Tabitha Brown. It wasn’t so late in the autumn as this,—oh, no, not nearly so late!”

A shudder ran through the listener, and the narrator himself shivered; while the neglected fire upon the hearth, flickering upward, showed two ghastly faces, and eyes haggard from the intensity of the emotions thus evoked.

A sound without caused them both to start. Eben Knox leaped to his feet as the opening of the outer door heralded the approach of some one from without. He stood staring and expectant, as if he had been detected in a crime and justice were about to enter and claim him for a victim. Miss Tabitha, too, gazed helplessly toward

the door, cowering over the dying embers, and far less afraid of whoever might be entering than of her saturnine visitor and his tragical recollections.

It was almost an anticlimax of absurdity to hear the sound of vigorous sweeping, evidently upon the front steps, and the voice of Mary Jane singing, in a high and not too melodious falsetto, a verse of a popular ditty. She sang it lustily, without regard to the opinion of the passers-by, or those proprieties which Miss Tabitha had striven so hard to inculcate. In fact, the girl, who chanced to know that Leonora had gone over to the convent, believed, from the stillness of the house, that Miss Tabitha had likewise vacated the premises. She was, therefore, giving free exercise to her lungs, and bewailing at the top of her voice the perfidy of a lover “who ran up one street and down the other,” always in pursuit of a novel attraction.

As the two in the darkened room still listened, with strained ears and unsmiling faces, they heard an interruption to the song, evidently from Jesse Craft’s premises.

“Mary Jane,” the old man said, addressing the girl from his customary station between the sunflowers, “it ain’t any matter of doubt that you’ve got consid’able vocal power. With an accompaniment of them Scotch pipes that a feller was playin’ round here the other day, your voice would sound tarnation fine up thar on Mount Holyoke. It’s jest a mite too ear-splittin’ for ord’nary use. If I was you, I’d save it for the concert platform.”

To this address Mary Jane somewhat shamefacedly responded:

“You just stop, Mr. Craft!” She suspended her vocal efforts, however, and redoubled her industry with the broom.

“And as for that thar young feller you’re wastin’ so much breath on, he

ain't a patch on Dave. And Dave don't run up no other street, I take it, than this one."

"Quit your foolin', Mr. Craft!" cried the girl, delightedly. "Dave and I are only friends."

"You don't say! Wall, I guess we'll have the minister cementin' up that friendship down to the Methodist meetin' house one of these days."

Mary Jane giggled.

"I'm never goin' to marry," she rejoined. "I'm goin' to be an old maid like Miss Tabithy."

"I reckon, then, Dave will take up the single profession, too—like your humble servant, J. Craft,—and take the house next door."

Mary Jane dissented from this proposition emphatically, declaring:

"Dave'd have another girl inside of a week if I was to throw him over."

Jesse Craft gave a grim chuckle.

"Pears to me, Mary Jane, you're makin' out Dave to be as slippery as one of them eels down in the mill-pond. And 'tain't no use tryin' to hold an eel either."

"Dave ain't no eel, Mr. Craft!" the girl remonstrated, indignantly.

"I'm powerful glad to hear it," said the old man. "I was afeerd from your description he might belong to that tribe, my dear. They ain't pleasant customers to handle, though a long sight ahead of pizon snakes."

"Good gracious alive, Mr. Craft," exclaimed the girl, "I hope you ain't goin' to call Dave by any such name as a pizon snake!"

"No, I ain't, Mary Jane," said the old man, soothingly. "Dave ain't got no pizon about him; he ain't venomous."

"Nor he ain't no snake."

"No, only a snake's boy."

"He ain't neither!" cried Mary Jane, on the verge of tears. "He ain't got nothin' to do with snakes."

"I meant to say a *mill* boy," Jesse Craft responded blandly.

And Mary Jane was appeased; but not so Eben Knox, who had heard and understood. He knew, by a swift flash of intuition, who it was that Miss Tabitha's garrulous neighbor meant by the epithet of "pizon snake"; and from that moment he included Craft in the savage hatred which he felt toward the majority of his fellow-citizens of Millbrook, and especially those who were known to entertain a particular good-will to the family at the Manor.

Jesse Craft, who had been watching the girl by the fast fading glimmer of light in the western sky, saw that she had concluded her sweeping.

"I see you're about at the end of your broom exercise," he said. "You handle a broom in first-rate style, Mary Jane. I hope you won't ever go for to try it on Dave."

"You just stop, Mr. Craft!" ejaculated Mary Jane once more.

"I was turnin' it over in my mind, as I stood here, whatever made you take it into your head to sweep in the dark."

"I ain't in the dark: I've got the porch lantern lighted. And I'm sweepin' because the steps is all over sticky mud, like as if somebody had been walkin' in a pool, and come right up here. I ain't seen nobody come in, neither. But if Miss Tabithy sticks her shoes into this clay, she'll raise Cain, she will; and she'll swear 'twas Dave that was foolin' around here."

"How did you know the mud was there?" the old man inquired.

"Know? Why, I just come out here for a mouthful of air—"

"And Dave chanced to be passin' by at that minute," added Jesse Craft, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, so he was, and I went down to the gate for half a minute," admitted the girl, defiantly. "He didn't bring no mud, though; and he didn't come nigh the steps. But when I got back there, I

stuck my foot right in a lump of mud. I wonder who's been round here?"

"Mebbe Miss Tabithy had visitors," suggested Jesse Craft. "And that reminds me, now that you've got through sweepin', would you jest tell Miss Tabithy that J. Craft wants to come and call on her?"

"I'm most sure she's out," answered Mary Jane, with a look of alarm, remembering her vocal performance, and her stolen interview with Dave at the gate. "There ain't a speck of light in the parlor. But I'll go and see, if you want me to."

So saying, Mary Jane threw open the parlor door, which had been ajar; and when her eyes grew accustomed to the faint light of the fire she uttered a piercing shriek. For she beheld the two silent figures, mute and motionless, as if they had been grim shadows.

"Sakes alive!" she cried,—"sakes alive! Who are you?"

Miss Tabitha's voice, hollow and tremulous, sounded out of the dusk:

"Go out of the room, Mary Jane, and close the door after you!"

Mary Jane obeyed, nothing loath; but not before she had recognized Eben Knox. She forgot to deliver her message from Jesse Craft, but rushed out again to where the old man still stood peering through the sunflower stalks.

"Miss Tabithy's in there all right enough; but she told me to go out, and I did. Mr. Knox from the mill is in there, and I guess he brought the mud upon my clean steps, he did."

"I guess I'll call round some other afternoon," declared Jesse Craft.

"I didn't tell Miss Tabithy nothin' about you. I was so scared when I saw them two sittin' in there like scarecrows, that I just let a screech, and I didn't think of nothin' else, till Miss Tabithy told me to go out."

"It don't matter any," observed Jesse Craft. "I can see Miss Tabithy most any time."

But as he hobbled away he said to himself:

"I wonder what the snake's up to this time, and what in tarnation he's got to say to Miss Tabithy? The mud off his boots is cleaner than he is, I reckon; and if I was that old lady, I'd do like Mary Jane, and take up the broom."

Eben Knox had, however, resumed that grim recapitulation of past events which Mary Jane had interrupted; and Miss Tabitha again cowered before it.

(To be continued.)

Rest.

In all these I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. (*Ecclus.*, *xxiv.*, *11.*)

O MY soul! our life is weary,—

So they tell us, friend and foe;
Striving, toiling, make it dreary,

As through lengthening years we go.
Heed thou not thy kin or neighbor,

Keep this one word in thy breast:
Earth is but a place of labor,
Heaven above the place of rest.

To unjust and just replying,
Spake the Christ of Calvary:
Each shall plainly, self-denying,
Take his cross and follow Me.
Martyred saints by block and sabre
Have fulfilled the Lord's behest,—
Earth is but a place of labor,
Heaven above the place of rest.

Would we reign within His palace,
As the sons of Zebedee?
We with Him must drink the chalice
Of His lone Gethsemane.
Oft e'en those who witness Thabor,
In the wine-trough sore are pressed,—
Earth is but a place of labor,
Heaven above the place of rest.

Some day soon, or night or morning,
Will the welcome message send;
God Himself will give the warning
That our work is at an end.
Serve thy God, then, and thy neighbor,
Strive this day to do thy best,—
Earth is but a place of labor,
Heaven above the place of rest.

R. O'K.

My Holiday.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN
AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE
IN DOON."

DURING my whole time in the Mountain Parish I took but one brief holiday of a fortnight. I must honestly admit that the reason of this was not that I was so overburdened with missionary work that I could not spare time to go away for a while; my nose was not, indeed, held to the grindstone so constantly as all that. So long as I provided "a supply" in my absence, I might have availed myself of the annual three weeks' leave of absence which diocesan law allowed.

No: the true reason of my having taken my holidays at home was one connected with domestic economy and financial troubles. I should not, perhaps, disclose such family secrets, or intrude my petty grievances on an uninterested and, possibly, unsympathetic public. But, if the whole truth is to be told, I must confess that I had no money to spend on a vacation, and simply could not afford one. I was little better off than the immortal Vicar of Auburn, "passing rich with forty pounds a year." In that poor parish it was no easy task to keep house, live like a gentleman, help those poorer still than I, like "a rale gintleman," and make ends meet withal. My experience was that they were as obstinately disinclined to meet as similarly electrified bodies. My old housekeeper crystallized the situation when she told me on my arrival in the Mountain Parish that it was "a poor, bleak, wild, hungary soort of a country."

I have already mentioned that I was obliged to keep a horse in order to be able to attend to the various calls of my office of spiritual physician. I

thought, therefore, that as I must keep a horse, I would have a good one that would sell well whenever I elected to part with him. A neighboring curate, who was of a "horsy" turn of mind, assured me that he managed, not only to make his horse pay for his keep, but to turn out, in the selling, more profitable to him than many marriages or funerals. His conversation inoculated me with the equine virus, and fired me with the ambition to possess a horse "with money in him."

After satisfying my conscience, therefore, that it was in no sense a violation of the ecclesiastical law regarding *Negotiatio*, I invested almost my entire fortune in a very promising colt—to all appearances, at least,—which I fondly hoped would turn out in time, when trained and brought out, a matchless steed. I engaged a local horse-trainer, Tom Gannon, who undertook to make the colt as "quiet as an ass"; and who furthermore promised that, at five-off, he would be "worth a pocketful of goold." I looked on that horse as a valuable investment, one that would return a rich interest for my outlay. True, he devoured more hay and oats than a couple of cobs would; and the total cost of his training was more than I liked to compute accurately. I know it was much in excess of the amount I at first calculated on.

Well, after all my expense, trouble and anxiety, that horse turned out a dismal failure. He seemed to have inherited or contracted most of the diseases to which horseflesh is heir. He harbored bots, contracted glanders, developed splints, threw out a curb, showed symptoms of spavin, got capped hocks, and a sprain that turned to a bad thoroughpin. The veterinary surgeon was a familiar (and expensive) visitor at my house for long enough. I got a gentleman's knowledge of veterinary science through having that

horse. Finally, when he was tried for his wind at the great January fair of A., he proved to be a "whistler," according to some authorities; and a "roarer," according to others. My trainer considered this latter ailment to be due to want of exercise and over-feeding. He furthermore volunteered the consoling postfactum information that he had suspicions all along that the "garran would turn out a bad 'erreb of a brute." Not to appear a mere Job's comforter, however, he prophesied that I would surely have better luck with the next one I trained. I sold for a song that horse, which I had hoped would bring me a competence for my time in the parish. I rashly attempted to force my Pegasus to scale forbidden heights of affluence, and, like that bold rider, Bellerophon, got a bad fall in the attempt.

Having failed, however, to turn an honest penny in the horsy way, I determined to try another means of retrieving my fallen fortunes. I had another string to my bow; for, after all, my true forte was not so much a taste for horses as a taste for books. Literature was more like my *métier* than horse-dealing, with which I vowed I would have nothing more to do. I had no longer the least ambition to emulate my neighbor, the horsy curate, compared with whom in equine lore I was a mere child. I resolved to be satisfied in future with an humble, useful cob, that would carry me on my errands, and live and thrive on plain, coarse fare.

A far simpler means of supplementing my scanty income was at hand in pens, ink, and a few quires of foolscap. In this, at any rate, I was but returning to my first love. I had been smitten early in my career with the scribbling mania in a mild form. I sent from time to time some sketches of parish life to various Irish and British magazines, with a stamped and addressed envelope

for the return of the manuscript in case of non-acceptance. It came back to me in all cases with admirable quickness and dispatch, accompanied by a scroll with the legend, "Declined with thanks." Disheartened and disillusioned, I had locked up my sketches and resolved to learn a little common-sense. But when I came to the Mountain Parish I began to write again, and recast my first attempts, having now an admirable opportunity of drawing my scenes to the life. I had, then, plenty of free time on my hands; and many a delightful hour I spent in flinging off sheet after sheet to phantom printers' devils waiting at my elbow for "copy." Such was my pleasing hobby until I bought that ill-starred colt, when I became enamored of such books as the "Illustrated Horse Doctor" and "Points of the Horse."

Indeed, during the time I had the horsy fever I scarcely gave a thought to the literary projects which had once so preoccupied my mind; or if I did, it was only to dismiss them as visionary and ludicrous in the extreme. The natural fear of ridicule had prevented me from taking counsel with any one on the subject of my literary ambition; and, now that I believed the scales had fallen from my eyes, and that I saw my egregious folly, I was glad I had held my peace on the subject. In truth, at this period of mental lethargy, so much afraid was I that my absurd pretensions to authorship might be discovered, that I burned the rough sketch of a novel of Irish life on which I had expended much time and thought. I felt half inclined, too, to consign my series of "Sketches" to the flames, and thus rid myself of the temptation to get them printed. I confess it cost me no small effort to overcome, as I afterward did, the haunting dread I felt of some day being unmercifully quizzed over my literary dreams, and made a

laughing-stock of for the whole diocese. But the paternal instinct prevailed, and I resented these darling children of my brain, which I lived to see arrayed in all the glory of print.

It was while I was suffering from a bad fit of the "dumps" over that unfortunate affair of the sale of my much-blemished horse, that I routed my manuscript out of its secret drawer, unmindful of the advice of Horace—*Nonumque prematur in annum*,—and began to read it again by way of distracting my mind from brooding over the disastrous failure of my horse-dealing scheme. It was then, too, that the *cacoëthes scribendi* returned with increased virulence; and I forthwith set to rewriting and improving my productions, which I also got typed in order to wheedle some editor into at least reading them. So very promptly had my manuscript returned before, when I sent it to the magazines, that I verily believed it had not been read at all. I found some consolation for my wounded vanity in this thought. It was at this time, too, as I have already mentioned, that I ventured to tell in confidence my plans to my clerical neighbor. I shall not soon forget the look of mingled amusement and pity he gave me when I told him what I was then engaged on.

At any rate, I sent my type-script to a well-known American magazine; and I think that day is amongst the happiest of my life when I got a reply saying my contributions were accepted, and that I would receive payment on a liberal scale for anything more I might write in the same strain. I never saw any one look more astonished than did my friend, the horsy curate, when I showed him the money-order I got from America. He declared that I had certainly chanced on a "good thing," adding that a "rank outsider" sometimes wins. I thereupon resolved to expend some of this

windfall on a well-earned holiday, as the phrase runs.

The desire of revisiting the scenes of my first missionary labors came strongly on me, and I crossed over to Liverpool to renew old acquaintances. When the steamer arrived in Prince's Dock, I saw a great crowd surrounding one of the Irish boats. Urged by that unconquerable curiosity which impels one to know the why and wherefore of a crowd collecting, I joined them, and elbowed and wormed my way toward the inner circle of the throng. I laughed heartily, more *at* them than *with* them, when I saw what attracted them hither; for what, think you, was the sight that engrossed the attention of this grave-looking, sedate gathering of English people? Why, nothing more than my familiar acquaintances of the mountain-side, the oft-caricatured "gintlemen that pay the rint,"—namely, a long line of pigs wending their way to shore from the boat, grunting, snorting, or uttering querulous complaints, as their drivers twisted the tails of the lazy ones.

An Irish peasant trudged after them,—a good-natured, undersized man in a frieze coat, with straw-rope leggings, and between his lips a black *dudeen* as short in the stem as the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare. As my countryman passed along the gangway close to me, I said in my best accent: "*Go mbeannuighidh Dia dhuit?*" He stood like one thunderstruck, and looked around; and when he saw me, the *soggarth aroon*, who had addressed him in his mother tongue, he took off his old *caubeen*, made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead with his thumb; tears filled his eyes, and he broke out into a perfect tornado of Irish, while the gaping crowd listened in dull wonder to the strange sounds.

"O mother!" I heard a little girl say, "what is he?"

"A poor Irishman, dear," she replied.

"O mother!" she continued, "is he dangerous, or would he kill you?"

As I passed along the landing stage I saw two "apple-women"—as we call them at home—conversing amicably together, each holding out a hand containing an apple and an orange. When I dropped a few coppers in their baskets in passing, they verily deluged my "reverence" with blessings in the familiar and mellifluous accents of the Irish brogue. I encountered, in like manner, a flower-girl, a bootblack, and a newsboy before I left the landing stage; and I judged them to be Irish also, by their broad way of saying "Father," and the artful, wheedling manner in which they circumvented me, and coaxed me into parting with more coppers by their palavering and blarney. They were real *plaushies*, as we used to say in Killanure.

But I had not done with my country-people yet. As I crossed over to Water Street, I passed close to a group of corporation laborers engaged in repairing the street-way. I recognized one of them at once,—old Tom Brannan, who used to live in my district. He was a Connaught man, who, although resident in Liverpool for thirty years, remained as unmistakably Irish in speech, manner and appearance as the day he shouldered his bundle to start for the English harvest fields. When he saw me he advanced, with outstretched hand and tears in his honest eyes, saying: "Musha, Father O'Carroll, is it yourself that's in it? And how is every bit of you, *alanna machree*?" And he spoke with a brogue as pure and undefiled as my own parishioner, Mick Moran, of Drumbawn, could lay claim to; and looked as countrified and Hibernian, every inch of him, with his thirty years' exposure to the formal, chilling Saxon atmosphere, as any cottier on his native heath.

But, if thus agreeably surprised at meeting an old friend on setting foot

once again on English soil, I soon experienced disappointment. I sought the business addresses of two old friends, but I found strange names on their office doors. I inquired from a clerk where Mr. E. had removed to. He answered curtly: "Don't know, I'm sure."

On my way to St. O.'s, my former mission—for which, of course, I steered on landing,—I called at No. 55 B. Road, where one of my most particular friends used to live. My heart beat fast with pleasurable excitement as I pictured to myself the joy and surprise of Mrs. O'M. and her children—with whom I was a special favorite—when they saw me. How the youngsters used to shout with delight when I crossed that threshold! I was wondering if little Brendan would recognize me—when a strange lady opened the door, and regarded me with a cold, hard, and, as I imagined, unfriendly look, that, like a killing frost, blighted at once my pleasant anticipations. The incident reminded me of the time when I went round my district to take the census. I remember some such receptions when I asked at each house if they were Catholics or Protestants who lived there. When I inquired, now, if the O'M. family still lived there, I received for reply a serious, solemn shake of the head from the sour-looking lady, who as yet had not spoken, but, like the Ancient Mariner, "held me with her glittering eye."

"They have left this house, then, I suppose?" I remarked.

She assented with an inclination that was ever so slight; while I felt myself, in a manner, fascinated by her stare, like the unfortunate wedding guest in the immortal "Rime."

"Would you kindly tell me where they have gone to, Madame?" I said.

"Don't know, I'm sure," she replied, and forthwith shut the door on me with a bang.

I went down the steps from that house with an indescribable feeling of loneliness and sadness, for I had passed many a pleasant evening there. Mr. O'M. was a wealthy, self-made man; his wife, accomplished and kindly; and their little children, delightful company for one fond of children as I was. Besides, the family were Irish of the Irish, and Catholic of the Catholics. I afterward heard, with a keen pang of regret that financial misfortunes compelled them to leave Liverpool, and that they were now living in another English town, in rather poor circumstances.

Yet another disappointment was in store for me when I called at "Carriglea House," in P. Road, where lived my former very dear friend, Mr. K. He was a cattle salesmaster in comfortable circumstances, and one of the best and truest Irishmen I have ever met. I doubt if one could be found anywhere with a deeper or fonder love for his motherland than Mr. K. had. When I came to the house I saw in front of it a board affixed to a pole with the legend on it "House to let." I began to think I had now no friends in this great city, and I almost feared to call at the residences of any more of my former acquaintances. On inquiry, I was told that poor Mr. K. was dead, and that his family had left Liverpool. A few short years had brought many sad changes.

When I arrived at St. O.'s presbytery I experienced a still greater sense of loneliness. Although only a few years absent, I was as little known there as Monk Felix of the "Golden Legend" was to his brethren when he walked in among them after his hundred years' rapture listening to the angelic singing bird in the monastery woods. I found there a new rector, a new curate, and new servants. None of them knew me except by hearsay. I missed especially the genial smile of my old rector, my

first parish priest, as I might call him, dear old Father Van—, who had died two years after my recall to Ireland.

I retain to this day a vivid recollection of my first meeting with him on the cold March day, when I announced myself as the Irish priest who had been sent him as his assistant. I arrived in Prince's Dock in the ghostly small hours of the morning, after passing a sleepless night, varied with the horrors of seasickness, in my berth on board the steamer *Connaught*; and I might say that, although in a land of plenty, I was practically both supperless and breakfastless when I arrived about noon at my new home. Not, indeed, that I arrived destitute, as so many of my countrypeople had before me; but I felt in so sorry a plight after the rough voyage that the choicest viands of the royal table would not have tempted my appetite.

But I received a welcome as kindly and warm as I would have got in my father's house. The servant (an Irish girl) who opened the door greeted me in the musical accents of the brogue; and presently Father Van— himself, a great, portly man of imposing presence, welcomed me in his foreign, broken English, and smiled benignly on his woe-begone, forlorn-looking young Irish curate, whom the cook, Mrs. Murphy, declared, as I afterward heard, to be "only a gossoon-priest," from a cursory first impression of me.

I was not a little surprised to hear the old Belgian priest pronounce some words with a rich, well-flavored brogue. I understood the meaning of it, however, when he told me that he had learned English from the good Irish people of his district. He would tell with great gusto how they insisted on changing his strange-sounding, foreign patronymic into a familiar Irish name, and called him Father Devanny. He would never tire of talking of the wonderful faith of the Irish, and o

their kindness to himself when he came among them a foreigner, ignorant of their speech and their customs. Peace to his ashes! He was a grand ecclesiastic, a true pastor, an enthusiastic lover of Ireland, and a kind friend to me. I think I see him now as he used to sit at the head of the dinner table, his napkin tucked under his many-folding chin, his smiling face beaming satisfaction and good humor, and his huge frame sometimes shaking with laughter at an oft-told joke of his own ancient missionary experiences among the Irish.

I spent a very pleasant week among my Liverpool friends, who vied with one another in their kindness and hospitality. They had not yet forgotten me, and many of them gave me a warm and pressing invitation to renew my visit the following year. Those Irish exiles who had prospered in England kept a warm corner in their hearts for the old country, toward which they ever turned with a yearning fondness akin to that of the banished Israelites for their beloved Sion. When I related incidents of my experience in the Mountain Parish, I could see tears gathering in sympathetic eyes as memory recalled some far-off, half-forgotten scene of the kindly, well-loved land they had left forever. Those warm-hearted exiles might truly say—with the substitution of "Eire" for "Sion"—in the words of the disconsolate Jews sitting and weeping by the waters of Babylon, their neglected harps hung on the willows by the banks thereof: "If I forget thee, Ireland, let my right hand be forgotten.... Let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I make not Ireland the beginning of my joy." If Burns could say, "My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go," those exiles could as truly say—even those who had won wealth and fame—that their hearts were in the purple-clad mountains, the fair, swelling hills, the dreamy, misty

valleys, or the green, smiling fields of Eirinn. Ireland is a name, I doubt not, that might be found written on many a heart that is still, although only God's eyes have seen it.

The second week of my holidays I resolved to spend on my native heath of Clonmore. I found when I came there that a programme of visits to friends and relatives—aunts, uncles, and cousins—had been already arranged for me. In my student days I used invariably to make a round of visits among them during the midsummer holidays. It was a matter of course, or rather of duty; for if I left out any of them "I'd never hear the end of it,"—which, being interpreted, meant that they would have and keep a perennial crow to pluck with me whenever we met. During my time on the English mission, however, I had practically lost sight of them. I was now to renew old acquaintance. I shall take our visit to Aunt A., of Coolfin, as typical of all the others. I had, in youth and childhood, spent months, off and on, at Coolfin, and hence it naturally held the first place in my affections. Aunt A. was my favorite aunt, and her children were my favorite cousins. A visit to Coolfin was always exceedingly pleasant, both in the anticipation of it and in the remembrance of it.

Aunt A. was a widow from the time of my earliest recollection, her husband having died when her youngest child was a mere infant. This loss of a good and devoted husband so early in married life, combined with the increased cares and responsibility that fell to her lot in consequence, gave a tinge of tender melancholy and resigned sadness to my aunt's features. With her large, lustrous eyes, mild and calm in their expression, and her hair parted with Quaker-like simplicity, she always impressed me as being very like the *Mater Dolorosa* picture in the little

back bedroom at Clonmore. In youth she had been a parish beauty; and, but for this shade of sadness and care, the winning graces of girlhood were little affected by the years. Her voice was one of the sweetest and most pleasing I ever listened to. It was low and gentle, soft as the cooing of the dove, and as musical in its intonations as the murmur of a mountain rill. She was a woman very lovable, very gentle, and very motherly.

My visit to Aunt A. was on a glorious day in the beginning of August. My mother, sister, and brother accompanied me. Every object along the well-remembered road was redolent of fond recollections of the past. My first distant journey, when I was a child of about five years, was along that road. My mother brought me with her on her annual visit to her sister at Coolfin. The brand-new suit I wore will, I think, live in my memory forever, with its intricate interlacements of tape on the sleeves and front, and its rows of wonderful shining buttons, which I counted and recounted till my eyes tired.

We arrived at Coolfin about two o'clock, and found Aunt A. waiting for us at the gate, in her snow-white frilled cap and check apron, just as I had seen her twenty-five years before. She even used the same kindly greeting that I then heard for the first time: "You're welcome as the flowers of May!" In her manner toward myself there was a blending of the old familiarity and motherliness with respectful reverence and deference for my sacred character, that was as inimitable as it was perfectly natural and easy. And when she said to my mother, "Isn't it you that ought to be the proud woman to-day!" it was with such an air of sincerity and simplicity that I could not think she meant to flatter me in the least.

My cousins were three in number—

two boys and a girl. The latter, Nora, was about nineteen, and the speaking likeness of her mother. She had the same beautiful blue eyes, raven hair, damask cheek, and even the same thoughtful, melancholy shade of countenance. Her voice, too, was soft and musical like Aunt A.'s, and she had the selfsame bell-like laugh. My aunt cherished Nora as the apple of her eye; and, through an excess of jealous love, gave her little or no opportunities of associating with others, even of her sex and age. To this fact I always attributed her almost perfect imitation of her mother's ways. In the convent-like seclusion of her quiet home, she had grown into a lovely and lovable woman; unconscious, apparently, of her native charms as they expanded and bloomed into still fresher and more winning beauty, like some shy wild flower in a lonely dell gradually unfolding its pure, delicate petals into a thing of surpassing fairness.

Dinner was on the table soon after we entered the house; and a plentiful repast it was, with "lashin's and lavin's" of all kinds of good things, solids and liquids. Although we dined heartily, my aunt continued to upbraid us during the meal with our want of appetite, and coaxingly encouraged us "to try and eat a little bit, such as it is."

After dinner we all sallied forth to inspect the fields, the crops, the flocks and the herds; partly to rejoice with my aunt in her worldly possessions, and partly to fill up the interval until tea-time. Many a time and oft on former visits, when I was a boy, had I gone the rounds of these same fields in the same idle, strolling fashion, although I saw more to wonder at then than I did now. To my boyish imagination there was a glamour of romance and mystery and awe round the fairy rath in the big field of Moghera; but now the spell was gone.

I used to think that the river which flowed through Curraghglass was a noble stream; but, now that I was a travelled man and had seen seas and lakes and great rivers, I thought the Brosna no better than a puny brook. For me, as for Wordsworth, "there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

All the same, every field through which we sauntered was associated with well-nigh forgotten memories of the past,—recollections that were partly cheering and partly sad. In former rambles through these pleasant meadows and pastures we generally had with us one that was dear to us all, but who had since passed away. Seated on one of the grassy circumvallations of the old fort, we watched the lambs running friendly races, or fighting and butting one another in frolicsome wantonness; and a foal careering round its dam, and performing various foolishly jejune and fantastic feats of wild equine gymnastics. Some one mentioned that on the very last occasion when he visited Coolfin he—my father I, of course, refer to—sat on this very bank, chatting and laughing in rare good humor. He always vastly enjoyed a visit to Coolfin, and he dearly loved a good, long, comfortable chat with my aunt. We returned to the house in a thoughtful mood, and I noticed that both my mother and my aunt furtively applied their handkerchiefs to eyes that swam in tears.

After tea my mother, having learned that it was six o'clock, declared that it would be "all hours before we'd get home," and began to prepare to start. But my aunt and cousins would not hear of it. In vain she pleaded the necessity of being at home for the milking of the cows, the feeding of the calves—that made evening hideous with incessant and dismal roaring when not attended to promptly,—and other like excuses for getting away. But no: we

must stay another hour or so. Cousin Nora hid mother's bonnet and shawl, and cousin Jim had our cushions and coats "in pound"; while John, his brother, said that our horse was only just beginning to munch a feed of oats, which would take him some time to get through.

At last, however, we got under way for home. My aunt and Nora parted from us with moist eyes; while the two boys came with us for a bit of the road, and finally left us with as many regrets and hand-shakings as if we were bound for a far country, instead of Clonmore, only ten miles distant. Ah, that was a warm welcome, indeed, which we got at Aunt A.'s,—a welcome kindly, genial, and warm as God's own love! Poets have raved about hours of happiness that were "glowing," "golden" or "winged," and the rest; but I look back on the honeyed and nectared hours of that visit to Coolfin as my ideal of what an earthly paradise might be.

It may seem cruel of me, perhaps, to mention what must form an unpleasant sequel to these reminiscences; but such things are happening constantly in this dreary world of woe. The day came, within my own memory, when I saw the old homestead of Aunt A. a deserted ruin. The story is soon told. Her youngest son received his portion out of the farm, and went to America, where he had an uncle, and died there from an accident within less than two years after landing. Nora married; and Jim, the eldest of the family, fell a victim to the dread disease of consumption, and died. All these events happened within half a dozen years from the time of the visit I have described. Broken-hearted and dispirited, my aunt struggled on at the farm for a few years more, and was finally obliged, through financial difficulties, to yield up the place to the landlord, who turned it into a grass

farm, and allowed the dwelling to fall into ruin.

Many years after the pleasant visit I have tried to describe I happened to be in the vicinity of Coolfin, and I went out of my way for no other purpose than the melancholy satisfaction of seeing once more that well-known house. As I approached I fancied that I should see my aunt in her snowy cap and check apron standing at the gate as of yore; for I could not imagine the place without her. A flood of tender memories rushed in on me when I came near, and I almost persuaded myself that the story I have told of her misfortunes was a dream. But when I arrived at the padlocked gate, and saw the cold reality before me, I cried. A house with the door nailed up, the windows broken, and the roof in places fallen in; the wall, that used to be so white, blackened and disfigured all over with ugly, greenish rain streaks. There was no one to meet me; no voice to greet me; the familiar, smiling faces, the music of the laugh I loved to hear, the warm pressure of friendly hands, kindness, hospitality and love,—all gone, all gone! I looked on the familiar objects all round with feelings of poignant sadness; and gazed and gazed on the loved scenes associated with life's halcyon days, till a mist of tears blinded me.

THE devotion—or worship, as we say in our Old English speech—to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: it is the love and veneration which was paid to her by her Divine Son and His disciples, and such as we should have borne to her if we had been on earth with them; and it is also the love and veneration we shall bear to her next after her Divine Son, when through grace we see Him in His kingdom.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

Starting on the Right Road.

PERHAPS the best wish that can be formed for the hundreds of Catholic young men who have just finished their collegiate course, is that each may start out on the right road to the fuller life that awaits him. Few thoughtful Christians will question the fact that there is some particular calling for which each of these college graduates is especially destined; some profession or business for which his inclinations, talents, and tastes render him particularly suited; some place or position in the world which, in the designs of Providence, he should fill. In other words, or in Catholic terms, each of these young men has a vocation; and the discovery of what that vocation is, with the adoption thereof when found, constitutes a most momentous duty.

And this is why: for every difficulty in the way of salvation that will meet and annoy the man who has chosen the calling in life for which Providence has destined him, there will be a hundred greater difficulties in the path of him who has selected any other calling than his own. Apart even from eternal interests, and taking into consideration only honorable worldly success, it is manifest that the young man's most important work is to make a wise choice of a profession. "No man," says a worldly philosopher, "ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." "Be what nature intended you for," says another, "and you will be a success; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."

It is precisely because so many *are* something else than what they were intended for that thousands of lives are miserable failures. It is because so many, with capacity merely to govern

a yacht, seize the helm of a ship, or *vice versa*, that their life's voyage is a trial and its issue a problem. "If you choose," says Sydney Smith, "to represent the various parts of life by holes in a table, of different shapes—some circular, some triangular, some square, and some oblong; and the persons acting these parts, by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole."

Now, all this is not less applicable to eternal than it is to temporal success. Here is the theological truth of the matter. As Divine Providence has given men different qualities of mind and body, He has also established different states of life, different professions suited to these various dispositions. Moreover, He has from all eternity prepared graces suited to each state and to each man, in order to conduct him to salvation; so that all states are not adapted to every man, nor every state to all men. Nor has God decreed that individual men shall receive the fulness of special and extraordinary graces in any state whatsoever, but only in that state to which He has called them. Consequently, if a youth does not choose his proper state or calling, he will not receive these particular graces, but only those which may, but probably will not, secure his salvation. "Every one," says St. Paul, "hath his proper gift from God; one after this manner, and another after that,"—meaning that every man has a grace for one vocation and not for another. St. Gregory of Nazianzen recognizes the same truth when he says that "the choice of a state is the only foundation on which we can raise the edifice of a good or a bad life."

In the orchestra of life, the Divine Leader has given out the proper parts; and the reason there is so much grating

discord instead of full, sweet melody, is that the players have mixed the music: the bass violinist is playing tenor, and the first cornetist is playing bass. Dragging out a miserable existence in our large cities, there are hundreds of half-starved lawyers, doctors and preachers whom God never designed to be anything else than happy, intelligent farmers or country storekeepers; and there are just as many unhappy young men on the farm or behind the counter who should be in their places, themselves and the world being better for the change. There are brakemen on our railways whose intelligence would grace the senate chamber, and occasionally nonentities in Congress without natural capacities to make second-rate brakemen. They are discontented and ill at ease. Why? Because they are playing life's music off somebody else's sheet, and the result will ever be discord, not harmony.

It will be understood, then, that on a young man's choosing his proper calling depends, in a very great measure, not only his eternal but even his temporal prosperity and happiness. Let him select any other state than that for which Providence intends him, and he takes ninety-nine chances of failure against one of success. Now comes the question, How are young men to determine what that particular state is? The briefest answer is: Let them pray. Let them ask God to make known to them the business in life which it is His will that they should pursue.

Can anything be more natural than that such a prayer should be heard? God desires them to save their souls. He knows what state they should embrace. He knows, too, that if they embrace any other than that one, they expose their salvation to terrible risks. They ask Him earnestly and fervently to make known His will: then why should He not hear them? Has He not told us,

"Seek, and you shall find"? Can it be possible, then, that in an affair of such moment we should seek and not find? No, no! God's promises are fulfilled: they can not be broken. Hence if young men really desire to know the state in life which it behooves them to enter, let them ask their Heavenly Father to tell it to them. Asking with the well-determined intention of following His holy will, they will infallibly secure the granting of their prayer. In a word, if they do their part in this momentous matter, God will certainly do the rest, even if He has directly to inspire themselves or their spiritual directors.

God's Thane.

FEW Englishmen had more to look to in the world, or gave it up more completely, than Wulstan, "Thane's Son of Itchington," Bishop of Worcester. With all the world before him, he became a monk, living a plain life, beloved of the common people whose friend he was, going among them constantly, hearing their confessions and listening to their troubles and grievances. Unostentatious and simple though he was, his fame went abroad in the land, and King Harold once went thirty miles to confess to him.

When named Bishop of Worcester, he declared sorrowfully that he would rather lose his head than be made a bishop. But he served the Church as well in his exalted station as he had in his lowly one. Even the Normans respected him; and the conquering William, when expostulated with by Wulstan, restored to the Church some lands he had seized.

With Lanfranc, the story goes, he had a famous passage at arms. The two were at swords' points over the vile slave-trade then carried on by the merchants of Bristol among the peasants

of Ireland; and Wulstan declared in no measured tones that it was a sin and disgrace, and should not be. Lanfranc called him before the Synod and demanded that he resign his See. But the Bishop, though not desiring dignities, had no mind to be deprived of them unjustly. He stoutly refused to deliver up his staff and ring; and when Lanfranc insisted, the old man replied:

"My staff is here: release it and I shall give it up,"—as he spoke driving it into the stone of the tomb of St. Edward the Confessor.

And there it stayed. The Bishop of Rochester, Lanfranc, and even the King himself, tried in vain to remove it; which feat Wulstan accomplished with ease. At which all wondered, and Lanfranc exclaimed: "This is truly God's Thane!"

A Queen's Admonition.

One of the characteristics of present-day life in France is the utter disregard, shown by many in both cities and rural districts, of the Lord's day. It was not always thus. Queen Marie Leczinska, the sainted wife of Louis XV., was informed one Sunday that laborers were at work on one of the royal theatres. The contractor was sent for; and, on being reprimanded for violating the Lord's Day, replied that he had engaged to have the building finished at a fixed date, and in doing so had reckoned all the Sundays as working-days; he could never finish it in time by working only on weekdays, and consequently he had either to continue the Sunday labor or else lose the large amount of money he had deposited as a forfeit. The Queen gave him the amount mentioned, saying: "Well, take your time, and hereafter be careful to accept no contracts that can not be fulfilled without violating the law of God."

Notes and Remarks.

Readers of THE AVE MARIA are already aware of the fact that since the promulgation of the Czar's edict granting religious liberty to his subjects, great numbers of strayed sheep, especially in Russian Poland, have returned to the Fold of Peter. It would seem that a movement toward the Church has begun in the Empire,—a movement which may eventually put an end to the great Eastern Schism. As many as 26,000 persons in Siedlce and Lublin have already renounced their allegiance to the Russian Church. Commenting on this consoling fact, the *Lamp* (Anglican), a strong advocate of Corporate Reunion, says: "The Pope as the successor of St. Peter, and the Lord's Vicar, does not belong to the Latins alone,—nay, he belongs to the whole company of the baptized, whether they be Anglicans or Greeks or Calvinists or Lutherans. Let us return, as did the men of Israel from following the standard of Absalom, and claim our rights in the universal Shepherd; and by doing so regain the goodly inheritance of 'the One Fold and the One Shepherd.'...The Father of Christendom will treat us as handsomely as the father in the parable treated the prodigal son." Yes; all that is needed is the dispositions of the prodigal.

It is not often, at least in this country, that a Catholic educational institution meets with such substantial gratitude as was shown to their *Alma Mater* by the "old boys" of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., at the recent commencement. On that occasion the corner-stone of what is to be an imposing new hall was blessed by Archbishop Quigley, and the alumni of St. Viateur's contributed twenty-five thousand dollars to the building fund. Not a very

notable gift, this, if compared with the hundreds of thousands, the millions even, contributed to secular or sectarian universities in this country; but a munificent one, we doubt not, from the St. Viateur viewpoint, as it would be from the viewpoint of most others of our Catholic colleges. The contribution is distinctly creditable to both college and alumni; and the occasion of its presentation was also fitly chosen, for the recent commencement rounded out the twenty-fifth year of the presidency of the learned and revered Father Marsile, C. S. V.

The festivities at Fulda in honor of St. Boniface were of a character to rejoice the hearts of all German Catholics, thousands of whom took part in them, and to make a deep impression on visitors from distant countries. We have not heard that the United States was represented on the occasion; but, as was especially fitting, the bishops of England sent an address, which was presented in person by the Archbishop of Westminster, one of the most honored participants in the celebration. There were religious services and sermons, processions, *tableaux vivants*, concerts, oratories, etc., for a whole week, with bell-ringing and the firing of salutes *sine fine*. Not for centuries, perhaps never before, has the picturesque old city of Fulda witnessed such solemnities and rejoicings.

Of course no English writer, referring to the centenary of St. Boniface, could fail to remind us that he was a native of England, where he is known as Winfrid. A writer in the London *Tablet* adds: "The Church in England and the Church in Germany may well meet together at his tomb, and join hands in thanksgiving and congratulation on the festival of his martyrdom":

In the midst of these historic celebrations, the eyes and the hearts of both English and German Catholics will turn with grateful loyalty to the

Chair of Peter, and to the great Pontiff Pius X., who is equally the successor of him who sent St. Augustine to England and of the Gregories who sent St. Boniface to Germany. It is surely a striking object lesson of the stability and continuity of the work of the Church, that he who wears the pallium of St. Augustine and he who wears the pallium of St. Boniface should to-day stand side by side, and send their united homage of faith and obedience to the successor of St. Gregory I. and St. Gregory III., more than eleven centuries after the death of the saint who was Germany's apostle and England's missionary. These are ties of spiritual kinship across the sea more deep and enduring than any which mere worldly interests can weave between the nations.

Every man of affairs who has studied the subject at all, knows that if men who commit crime were promptly arrested and convicted, there would be no mob for the purpose of lynching. A mob, after it has been organized, loses all conscience and can not be controlled; but it is the delay of justice that leads to its organization. Nothing but a radical improvement in our administration of criminal law will prevent the growth, in the United States, of the number of lynchings that bring the blush of shame to every lover of his country.

The foregoing citation, from a recent discourse of Secretary Taft, is so directly in line with what has time and again been insisted upon in these columns that our readers will discover less of novelty in this utterance of the judicial Secretary of War than will most others to whose notice it may come. Mr. Taft's facilities for forming a thoroughly sound judgment upon the question have been exceptional; and his denunciation of the present administration of our criminal law is, we trust, a harbinger of better things speedily to come. The prompt conviction of a notorious defaulter in Wisconsin, noted by us a week or two ago, stands out as conspicuously as a black crow among white pigeons.

As a companion picture to Edward VII., attending in Paris the services of the Anglican Church, we have much pleasure in noting the consistently

Catholic conduct of a much younger monarch, Alfonso, the boy-king of Spain. In London as well as Paris, the Spanish sovereign showed, both by his devotion in church and his attitude toward the hierarchy, that the religious lessons instilled by his royal mother, Maria Christina, have been well learned. In Paris, particularly, such action, in this period of triumphant French infidelity and Masoury, was commendably chivalrous. As the *Standard and Times* remarks: "It requires no small amount of moral fortitude to stand up against banded infidelity, insolent in its temporary triumph over God's Church and in possession of the whole powers of the State, and rebuke it by an open profession of faith in and reverence for that which is the object of its rabid persecution. This Alfonso did, most openly." And for this, manly men of all religions and no religion will deem him worthy of genuine respect, apart from all question of his kingly station.

Of wholesome spirit, besides being eminently practical, was the address of President Roosevelt to the graduates of Harvard College. We quote one passage containing advice which, because of its general need, can not be too often repeated:

Together with devotion to what is right must go practical efficiency in striving for what is right. This is a rough, workaday, practical world; and if in it we are to do the work best worth doing, we must approach that work in a spirit remote from that of the mere visionary, and above all remote from that of the visionary whose aspirations after good find expression only in the shape of scolding and complaining.

It shall not help us if we avoid the Scylla of baseness of motive, only to be wrecked on the Charybdis of wrongheadedness, of feebleness and inefficiency. There can be nothing worse for the community than to have the men who profess lofty ideals show themselves so foolish, so narrow, so impracticable, as to cut themselves off from communion with the men who are actually able to do the work of governing, the work of business, the work of the professions.

It is a sad and evil thing if the men with

a moral sense group themselves as impractical zealots, while the men of action gradually grow to discard and laugh at all moral sense as an evidence of impractical weakness. . . .

The men who go out from Harvard into the great world of American life bear a heavy burden of responsibility. The only way they can show their gratitude to their *Alma Mater* is by doing their full duty to the nation as a whole; and they can do this full duty only if they combine the high resolve to work for what is best and most ennobling, with the no less resolute purpose to do their work in such fashion that when the end of their days comes they shall feel that they have actually achieved results and not merely talked of achieving them.

It is greatly to the credit of our President that he can express thoughts like these in a way to make them seem novel and original,—much more to his credit that his life is an exemplification of his ethical utterances. The opinions shared by all good citizens are convictions with Mr. Roosevelt; and when he appeals for a loftier standard of conduct, it is with special effect on account of his endeavor to actuate the principles to which he professes attachment.

Our Canadian contemporary, the *Casket*, of Antigonish, N. S., which is always dead set against Uncle Sam, makes this observation:

It is four years since the insurrection in the Philippines was declared "practically ended"; but there has never been any cessation of fighting, and only two weeks ago as many as forty-three insurgents were killed in an engagement with General Carter's troops. When this kind of thing was going on in Cuba, Uncle Sam said that it proved Spain's inability to govern the island. It would be just retribution if Japan should now seize the Philippines under the pretext that the Americans have shown themselves as incompetent as the Spaniards.

Of course there is no telling what Japan may attempt and attain in the future, but just at present the Japanese people have their hands full. Any one who supposes that Russia is at the end of her resources has no right conception of them. It will perhaps surprise—it certainly will not gratify—our Canadian contemporary to be told that John

Bull has quite as good reason to fear Japan's policy of expansion as Uncle Sam. Mr. F. A. McKenzie, the author (an Englishman) of "From Tokio to Tiflis," has this forecast of the future action of Japan in international affairs:

Japan is setting out on a policy of imperial expansion. That policy includes, first, the virtual annexation of Korea, despite Japan's and our own treaty obligations to maintain the independence of that country. It includes, further, the domination of China, not by direct force of arms, but by the sheer power of personality of a more strenuous nation, and by a policy of actively protecting China from Western aggression. A systematic campaign will be promoted for the extension of Japanese commerce, especially in the shipping trade, for which the genius of her people peculiarly fits her.

Temporarily, no doubt, we will benefit. Japan will, for the time, treat us well in some ways; for it is to her present interest to do so. But in the end the rise of commercial Japan must injure our trade in the Far East. The victories of the yellow man against the white have already struck at the roots of white domination in many parts of Asia. The growth of population of the fecund, united, and reorganized Mongolian peoples (modified by a partial Malaysian strain of the Japanese) must in the end threaten our Far Eastern territories.

The map of the world underwent many changes during the nineteenth century; it may be changed still more during the present one. It is altogether within the bounds of possibility that England, like Spain, may yet lose all her colonial possessions. The United States can afford to abandon the policy of expansion any day.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death, after a long and painful illness, of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bellord, whose contributions to this magazine and other writings have endeared him to a host of readers. His life as a parish priest, army chaplain, and bishop, presents an example of admirable zeal and devotedness; even his last years of suffering and enforced inaction were a bright exemplification of the high Christian and sacerdotal virtue

for which he was always distinguished. He was an edification to all who came into contact with him, so perfect was his resignation to die or to live on and suffer, so great his eagerness to expend all the strength that remained to him, or that might be acquired, in furthering the cause of religion. As in the case of the saints, he could accomplish only the smallest part of what he planned. Nothing could be more characteristic of Bishop Bellord—it speaks volumes in his praise—than one well-known incident of his life as an army chaplain. At the battle of Tel-el-Kebir he was seriously wounded, but, disregarding his sufferings, he had himself carried round in an ambulance that he might still give his ministrations to the dying. Needless to state that such a man inspired veneration and affection in all who knew him.

In view of President Roosevelt's recent action in relaxing the stringency of the Chinese exclusion law, or of the law's practical enforcement, it would seem that Bret Harte's oldtime characterization of the "heathen Chinese," as being peculiar "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," needs modifying. Just at present the commercial world, outside of this country, is applauding the Celestial guilds of merchants for ways that are sharp and moves that succeed. Says our President:

Under the laws of the United States, and in accordance with the spirit of the treaties negotiated between the United States and China, all Chinese of the coolie or laboring class—that is, all Chinese laborers, skilled or unskilled—are absolutely prohibited from coming to the United States. But the purpose of the government of the United States is to show the widest and heartiest courtesy toward all merchants, teachers, students, and travellers who may come to the United States, as well as toward all Chinese officials or representatives in any capacity of the Chinese government. All individuals of these classes are allowed to come and go of their own free will and accord, and are to be given

all the rights, privileges, immunities, and exemptions accorded the citizens and subjects of the most favored nations.

It is entirely natural that English and Canadian papers should qualify this outcome of the Chinese threat to boycott American manufactures as a "Yankee climbing down"; just as similar action on the part of England would be referred to in our press as a Chinese twisting of the British lion's tail. Pleasantries apart, the President's course is right; and, if it was not decided upon until threatened retaliation robbed it of all air of gracious spontaneity, at least 'tis better late than never. The wonder to us is that those of our statesmen who came into personal relations with that shrewd diplomat and observant philosopher, Wu Ting-fang, did not long ago foresee the line of conduct which the powerful guilds of Chinese traders would be exasperated into adopting. In the meantime wisdom is justified of her children in the Celestial Empire.

Many a fervent prayer will be offered for the repose of the soul of the venerable Mgr. Nugent. The "Father Mathew of England" and the "Apostle of Liverpool," his name has been as familiar to Catholics in Australia, India, South Africa, Canada, and these United States, as if his priestly virtues had been manifested and his charitable activities exerted exclusively in each of these different countries, instead of being confined to a land far away from them all. The founder of a popular Catholic newspaper; the builder of a model Boys' Refuge; the indefatigable uplifter of the criminal class; and the Christian philanthropist with sympathies as wide as his divine Model's, Father Nugent, dying at the age of eighty-four, leaves behind him a heritage of spotless fame and a memory that for many a year will be held in grateful benediction. May he rest in peace!

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

At Close of Day.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

A LITTLE man, in garments gray,
Goes through the land at close of day,
And in each trembling, wrinkled hand
He holds a bag of glistening sand.

From whence he comes, or near or far,
The children always wondering are;
He travels at a rapid pace,
And no one ever sees his face.

But come he *does* and scatters sand;
One moment only does he stand.
Quick through the lamp-lit room it flies;
They feel it in their blinking eyes.

And hardly have they rubbed them twice,
Before mamma says: "In a trice
Be off now, children, up the stairs;
Now wash your hands and say your prayers."

"O little man, so queer and gray!
Why do you come?" the children say.
"How very queer the sand must be,
That we can feel but never see!"

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

X.—THE JOURNEY AT NIGHT.



T nine o'clock the previous night, everything being in readiness, Louis and Rose sat awaiting the arrival of Steffan. They started at every sound outside, fearful that they might be discovered at the last moment. At length they heard the roll of light wagon wheels, and a moment later the gate opened and some one walked rapidly up the pathway. Louis opened the door: it was Steffan.

"All ready?" he inquired in a low voice, glancing apprehensively at the

Mullens' cottage, where all was in darkness.

"Yes, sir," replied Louis. "We have been ready some time."

"Got everything in the gunny-sack?"
"Everything."

"The violin, mandolin and guitar included?"

"Yes, sir. It is pretty heavy. Rose has a basket too."

"Is *that* heavy?"

"Not very."

"We don't want anything more than we can carry, you know. Letter written?"

"Yes, sir. It is there on the table."

"Read it to me."

Louis read the letter.

"You'd better add a postscript, so that if any news comes from your brother they might know where to send it—to Philadelphia, you know."

Louis added the postscript at the man's dictation.

"Come, now," said Steffan, "where's the gunny-sack?"

"Here it is," replied Louis.

Steffan lifted it.

"Not so awfully heavy," he said,—
"not so heavy as I thought it would be. Come along, kids!"

Shouldering the tightly packed bundle, he led the way out. Louis took his sister's hand; in silence, and, now that they were starting, with hearts more heavy than expectant, they closed the door of the house behind them.

There was only one seat in the wagon, but Louis noticed that there seemed to be several articles in the bottom of the vehicle.

"You have a good deal of baggage," he remarked, as Steffan dropped the gunny-sack with the rest.

"Oh, no!" replied Steffan. "Just a

few little things. Jump up now. We'll all ride together on the seat. The little one can sit in the middle, so she'll keep warm."

"Where are we going to stay to-night?" asked Louis, after they had left the street, and the man had turned the horse toward the Commons that stretched out before them.

"Hey?" answered Steffan. "Oh, yes! we'll get there pretty soon. You see, we've got to be careful, so as not to be traced; and I thought it might be dangerous to stop anywhere near the depot. So I just came this way. I was walking near here yesterday, and I saw a place. Oh, it will be all right!"

The moon was shining brightly; they passed several teams returning to the city; and after they had proceeded some distance in silence, Steffan remarked:

"Look here! I believe there's some danger in this way of travelling. You might just accidentally happen to meet some one you know. What do you say if the two of you lie down in the bottom of the rig? There's a couple of old mattresses there, and some comforters. Just lie down and cuddle up together till we get a little farther out."

"I'm afraid it will be hard to wake Rose if we do that," said Louis. "She will be sure to go to sleep as soon as she lies down. And we can't be far from the place where we are going to stay all night, I suppose."

"Not very far," answered Steffan, uneasily. "But I'd rather you'd do as I tell you. It may keep off a lot of trouble."

Louis said no more. He did not want to be discovered and captured at the very beginning of the journey.

Steffan stopped the wagon, and together they half lifted, half dragged Rose from the seat. She was very sleepy and tired, and grateful for the warmth and ease of the mattress and coverlets, after her cramped and crowded position in the wagon. She stretched out her

wearied limbs and fell asleep in a moment. Steffan folded a comforter and placed it under her head, and then Louis lay down beside her. In a few moments he had joined his sister in the land of slumber.

Steffan lit his pipe, and, climbing into the wagon once more, whipped up the horse, which was a very good traveller. He drove on and on, through the silence of the night, meeting only an occasional milkman; for this was not a much frequented road, as a new one had recently been completed. The moon went down; through the cavernous blackness of the midnight sky, a few stars peeped cheerily here and there; but as the dawn approached, they also withdrew themselves.

The horse now began to show signs of fatigue; and as the pink clouds of early morning appeared above the mountains, which now seemed very near, Steffan turned his horse into a thicket of sycamores, and, jumping to the ground, hitched the wagon.

The sudden stoppage wakened Louis. He sat up and looked about him, forgetting how he had come to this wild and unfamiliar place.

"Halloo!" said Steffan, cheerfully. "Had a good sleep?"

The boy's consciousness fully returned to him at the sound of the man's voice.

"Did I sleep all night?" he asked, glancing at Rose, and at the same time taking in all the details of the very dirty mattress on which he had been lying. "What's the matter?" he continued. "How did we happen to drive all night?"

Steffan beckoned to him. Louis got down and approached nearer. Steffan took him by the arm and led him into the thicket.

"There's no use in the kiddie's hearing," he said. "Let her sleep as long as she will. But I'll tell you a straight story, and feel the better for it. So will you. You see, I'm a little

down on my luck. I heard bad news yesterday, and I didn't want to let you know, for fear you'd back out; and I didn't want you to lose the good chance that's waiting for you after we get—where we're going."

"What has happened?" inquired the boy sympathetically, while he gathered his coat up about his throat. He was shivering with cold.

"Well, I got word that the hall where my troupe was performing got burned down, and they lost all their properties. Besides that, I let the insurance run out a few days ago, and did not renew it. So you see it's a total loss for me."

"Did you own the building?" asked the boy.

"Oh, yes, I owned it, of course! So that leaves me mighty tight, I tell you. But I'm a courageous man, and I've telegraphed the troupe to keep together till we get there, and to engage another hall. I had to let them draw whatever balance I had at my banker's, or else they'd scatter. Some other manager would get hold of them, and that would be a terrible thing, you know. So I borrowed this here little rig from a friend of mine in town, and thought we'd just travel along in it till we came to Philadelphia. I can send it back by train all right, when I'm done with it."

"I don't mind travelling this way at all," said Louis. "I rather like it, don't you? This is the first time I have ever been in the country. Don't the mountains seem near?"

"Yes. They're fifty miles nearer than they were last night."

"Fifty miles!" repeated the boy. "Have we gone so far?"

"Yes. I drove all night. And I feel a little tired. But we'll have a cup of coffee pretty soon, and then—we'll see. By the way, you've got a trifle of money, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered Louis. "I had ten

dollars, and yesterday a man came who owed papa five, and gave it to me; and there were two old mandolins—hardly any good,—and a harmonica, that I sold; besides a trombone that people left with papa, instead of money, for lessons. I got seven dollars for all those."

"Then you've got about twenty-two dollars," said Steffan. "You're quite rich. Better give it to me to keep for you. It will be safer."

Louis produced a pocketbook from his bosom.

"Here it is, Mr. Steffan," he said. "I am glad to let you have it—to use it. You can pay me back at any time—when you can spare it."

"Thank you,—thank you!" said Steffan, with one of his peculiar grins. "If I'd known this yesterday, we might have been able to travel by rail. Still, I don't know but what it's better the way it is. We may be able to earn a little as we go along, you see. We'll have to pass through a good many mining villages, and we can give some entertainments. That will help."

"It was fortunate that your friend lent you the horse and wagon, wasn't it?" remarked Louis.

"Yes," said Steffan. "He's a right good fellow. Do you know him? His name is Murphy,—an Irishman."

"Does he keep a livery stable?"

"Yes. And I believe he is a great friend of the priest."

"I know him," said Louis. "Father Garyo always hires teams from him when he has to go to the country. He has a brother who keeps a grocery."

"Oh, has he?" asked Steffan. "I don't know *him*."

But he did. This is what had really taken place. Steffan had gone about making various inquiries, at a great loss to know how he could get the children out of town and beyond reach before they should be discovered. He very soon learned of the charity of

Father Garyo, and began to think that if he trumped up some story he might be able to get a little money from him, on the score of being a compatriot. He called on the good priest, who listened to him compassionately, though he did not like his appearance. Steffan told him his wife was ill, and himself out of work, though he had been promised a good position in one of the factories the following Monday.

"If you could lend me a little money, Father, I would be sure to repay it," he said; "perhaps not all at once, but I could do it in instalments."

"My dear man, I have no money to lend," replied the priest. "But I will send one of our Society men to visit your place; and, if all turns out well, you shall be placed on our indigent list and given some assistance."

"When will he come?" said Steffan, fearful of being found out.

"Not before this evening," answered Father Garyo.

"And meanwhile my poor wife is starving," answered Steffan, with well-assumed bitterness.

He played his part so adroitly—he *had* been an actor—that the kind-hearted priest was deeply touched.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I will write an order on my friend Mr. Murphy, and you can get groceries to the amount of five dollars. This is not regular, and if you are deceiving me I shall have to foot the bill; but if not, the Society will pay for the groceries."

"Thank you, Father!" said Steffan, pocketing the order which Father Garyo wrote on the spot. Then, having given a fictitious address to the priest, he departed.

The order ran as follows:

DEAR MR. MURPHY:—Give this man what he needs to the extent of five dollars.
J. B. GARYO.

When he reached the grocery, Mr. Murphy at once complied with his

demands. He purchased tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, crackers, cheese, and several loaves of bread. While the grocer was putting up the packages, Steffan glanced about him. On the opposite corner stood a livery stable, bearing the name of Murphy on the signboard.

"Two Murphys in this neighborhood?" he remarked.

"Yes. We are brothers."

"And both friends of the priest, no doubt," said Steffan, through whose crafty, resourceful brain a brilliant thought had just flashed.

"Oh, yes,—great friends!" responded Mr. Murphy. "We're always ready to oblige Father Garyo, both of us."

"I don't suppose he takes many drives. He doesn't look like a man who is fond of diverting himself."

"Precious little diversion has Father Garyo!" said the grocer. "But he has many a sick-call here and there through the mountains, and my brother over yonder always supplies him. He knows a good horse, too, when he sees it,—does Father Garyo. By the way, where is that order?" asked Mr. Murphy, as he handed the weighty package to Steffan, who insisted on carrying it, though the grocer offered to deliver it.

"I didn't see it," replied Steffan, who had snatched it from the counter while the grocer's back was turned, and put it into his pocket. He meant to kill two birds with that stone.

Together they searched the counter, but it could not be found.

"Well, it doesn't much matter," said Murphy. "But I always like to keep those things for vouchers."

"Oh, you'll probably find it!" said Steffan, shouldering his bundle.

He knew better than to risk observation by crossing the street directly in front of the grocery. He went round the block, and took an opposite direction until he came again to the livery stable, but at the rear, where several

horses were corralled and two light wagons were standing. Then he marched bravely in, leaving his burthen outside the door.

"Is this Mr. Murphy?" he inquired, handing Father Garyo's order to a prosperous-looking man in his shirt sleeves.

"Yes, this is Mr. Murphy," was the reply. "What does Father want?"

"A light rig and a good horse," answered Steffan.

"For himself?"

"No: for me."

"And who are you?"

"I'm a man that used to know Father's brother in Hungary when I was a kid. I've been out here a good many years now, and my wife is sick over at Poutran. We've got a little property over there in Poutran and I'm taking a lawyer to see about it."

"All right! When do you want to go, my friend?"

"I'll go right away," replied Steffan, although puzzled as to what he should do with the rig between that time and nine in the evening.

"I'm kind of sorry you want the wagon just now," said Murphy. "I've only one that's fit to go over to Poutran—such a bad road,—and I'd almost promised to let a man have that for a couple of hours this afternoon. Here he comes now!"

"Very well," said Steffan, feeling that he must take his chances. "I'd just as soon wait till night. There's a good moon now, and I have some business in town."

"Will seven o'clock suit you?"

"Yes, or eight."

"Come around at eight, then," said Murphy. "I shan't be here myself, but I'll leave orders."

"All right!" said Steffan.

"Don't overwork the horse, sir; and return the rig day after to-morrow, as early as possible. Maybe your lawyer won't care to travel by night, though."

"Oh, yes he will! He's one of my own people."

"Well, go ahead! I suppose it's Bentisch?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"He'd travel three days for fivedollars at the end of them," said Mr. Murphy.

Steffan made no reply. He had never heard of Bentisch before, and was not qualified to judge.

He picked up the bundle he had left outside, carried it to a second-hand shop near the Square, where he exchanged part of its contents for two dirty mattresses and comforters, and some kitchen utensils. Leaving it with the proprietor, he spent the rest of the time in a barroom; though he drank very sparingly, as his funds were low. At the appointed hour he called for the wagon, drove to the second-hand dealers, secured his goods, and then took up the two children. The rest we already know.

(To be continued.)

The Legend of Giant Finn.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

Long ago, in the early ages of Christianity, the blessed Saint Lawrence of Saxony went on a mission to Lund, Sweden, and preached the word of God up and down the land. Every hill and every valley on which the sun of heaven shone offered him a pulpit, for there had not yet been built a church in the whole country.

In the heart of the everlasting hills, near Lund, so the legend runs, lived a giant called Finn. The work of Saint Lawrence was eagerly watched by Finn, whose pagan heart swelled with wrath at beholding it.

"Your Master Christ must surely be worthy of a holy temple of His own," said grim Finn, scornfully, one day to Saint Lawrence. "Come, now, and

make a bargain with me. I will build for you a fitting church, if when it is done you will tell me my name; or, failing to do so, will secure as playthings for my little ones those bright torches, the sun and the moon, which flame aloft in the plains of heaven."

"Thou foolish pagan!" boldly replied Saint Lawrence. "I have no power over the sun and the moon. The good God Himself placed them in the skies above, to shed light on the wise and the unwise, the good and the evil.

"You are right," said the giant. "It would be pretty dark here, I fancy, without them. Well, then, we will say no more about the sun and the moon. Instead you may give me those glowing balls, your eyes. They would make fine playthings for my children."

"God's truth can be preached as well by the blind as by those who are blessed with sight," rejoined Saint Lawrence, fervently. "Build me the church. It is worthy of any sacrifice."

The giant was quite confident the saint could not discover his name, and that the bright playthings would soon be in the possession of the baby giants. Saint Lawrence was equally sure he had no means of learning the giant's name, and he prayerfully prepared for his willing sacrifice.

Finn lost no time in crushing to pieces a mountain in order to gain stones for the sacred edifice. Then he bade the walls rise, and exulted in the thought that his little son and daughter would be playing with the saint's eyes before the moon was full.

A vast building, with rows of mighty columns, was soon firmly placed on strong foundations. Already Finn sat on the dome, about to give the finishing touch to his work, when Saint Lawrence appeared in sight, to take his last look at the setting sun, and offer a prayer that courage and resignation might be his.

As the saint knelt absorbed in his devotions, there suddenly fell on his ears the melodious tones of a beautiful voice, coming he knew not whence, and singing these words:

"Sleep, little Soelvy,—sleep, my son!
Thy father's work is almost done;
Thy father, Finn, will soon be home:
I see him now on yonder dome.

"Sleep, little Gerda, daughter dear!
Thy father, Finn, will soon be here;
He'll bring the balls he promised thee:
Those pretty playthings soon thou'lt see."

Joyfully Saint Lawrence ran to the cathedral, exclaiming:

"Finn! Finn, come down! One stone alone is wanting to complete your work, and the good God has mercifully preserved for me my eyes."

"By my name Finn," cried the giant, in a foaming rage, "that one stone shall not so easily be laid! Thy church shall remain forever unfinished. As surely as I am Finn, I will crush it to atoms!"

Leaping down, he seized with each arm a pillar rooted in the crypt of the church, and shook them until the walls tottered, when suddenly his strength forsook him and he was turned to stone.

And there he stands to this day, embracing those mighty pillars, a constant reminder of the miracle that was wrought in behalf of a saint of the Lord. So, at least, the legend declares.

St. Bullion's Day.

In Scotland the Fourth of July is celebrated as St. Martin of Bullion's Day, and the weather at that date was supposed to forecast the harvest. An old Scotch proverb runs:—"If deer rise dry and lie down dry on Bullion's Day, Gose harvest there will be." Gose meant the latter end of the summer; therefore, it meant that harvest would be early. Rain on that day was said to presage rain for twenty days.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Longmans & Co. have issued in book form Canon Sheehan's new Irish story, "Glenanaar," which has been running as a serial in the *Dolphin* magazine.

—Admirers of Palestrina (Giovanni Pierluigi da) will be happy to learn that a committee has been formed in Rome, under the presidency of Prince Barberini, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the great composer at Palestrina, his native place.

—"St. Brigid, Virgin," by Cardinal Moran, is an eminently readable short life of "the Mary of Ireland," published by the Australian Catholic Truth Society. From the same association we have another penny booklet, "Little Ernie's Birthday Gift," by Benj. Hoare.

—From M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, comes a booklet, "Allel: A Pentecostal Sequence," a selection from "Wreaths of Song through a Course of Divinity," by the Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, of All Hallows College. Many of the verses are of exceptional merit, and all are devotional and uplifting.

—Says a correspondent of the London *Catholic Times*: "I most solemnly protest against the common expression 'said Mass.' The Mass is a sacrifice, . . . is *celebrated*, and can not be *said*." Does not this savor of ultra-purism? "Say" in the expression quoted, has the sanction of reputable usage all over the English-speaking Catholic world; and, whether or not it was once of questionable propriety, it is now assuredly correct. Use is the law of language; and when practically all Catholics use "saying Mass" as the equivalent of "celebrating Mass," the expression means just that, the protests of dissenting purists to the contrary notwithstanding.

—The reader who picks up "Sturmsee: Man and Man" with the idea that it is a volume of light fiction belonging to the class conventionally known as "summer reading," is destined very speedily to revise his opinion. There is a story, and a more or less interesting one, running through the six hundred and eighty pages; but the narrative is scarcely more than a convenient string on which to hang (and, occasionally, draw and quarter as well) all the problems that ever befuddled the brains of a dabbler in sociology. To readers interested in such problems, the book will be somewhat attractive, though the fairly well-equipped reasoner will be far from accepting the author's views as authoritative. From a stylistic viewpoint, it is to be regretted that the anonymous author in question should deem it necessary parenthetically to remind us, on every

other page, that the time of the story is some twelve or fourteen years ago. "Sturmsee" is in the nature of a sequel to "Calmire," published, as is the latter book, by the Macmillan Company.

—We regret much to chronicle the death of the Rev. Father Denifle, O. P., archivist of the Vatican, one of the most eminent of European Catholic scholars. His great work on Luther, published last year, was a highly important service to the Church, as well as a notable contribution to history. We hope that some of Father Denifle's fellow-religious will render his works accessible to English readers. *R. I. P.*

—Clients of St. Catherine of Ricci in particular and Catholic readers in general will welcome the announcement (by Messrs. Burns & Oates) of an adequate life of this renowned daughter of St. Dominic. The very title of the volume excites interest—"St. Catherine of Ricci, her Life, her Letters, her Community." The author's name, too (F. M. Capes), is an assurance that the book will be far removed from the commonplace. An introductory treatise on the mystical life by the late Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., enhances the value of this Life of the famous saint of Tuscany.

—"The Sacrifice of the Mass," by the Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D., is "an historical and doctrinal inquiry into the nature of the Eucharistic Sacrifice." Within the compass of six score pages, Dr. McDonald gives a succinct, scholarly, and adequate demonstration of the fact that the traditional Catholic conception of Holy Mass as being identically the same Sacrifice primarily offered at the Last Supper and on the Cross—a conception attested to by a cloud of witnesses throughout the centuries—is the very truth. As in the author's previous works, "The Symbol of the Apostles" and "The Symbol in Sermons," there is in this little volume abundant evidence of many-sided erudition, trenchant logic, luminous exposition, and that suggestiveness of reserved power which stamps the work of the well-equipped scholar. The book is brought out in neat and attractive form by the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, New York.

—The action of the Pennsylvania railway company in excluding dime-novel literature of every description from the trains and stations of its system has met with general approbation. This action, it is understood, was taken in accordance with the expressed determination of the higher officials of the Pennsylvania company to eliminate, as far as they may be able to do so, what they regard as one of the principal breeders of crime

in this country. The railways have themselves been numbered among the most frequent victims of crimes suggested by cheap detective stories and blood-curdling novels; and the officials have come to realize that descriptions of the wrecking and robbing of trains are an incentive to criminally disposed persons to perpetrate such outrages. It has been pointed out that the crusade should not be restricted to dime novels. Reputable newspapers and magazines often contain articles not less likely to breed crime than the worst of dime novels. Only a short time ago a train on the Illinois Central railroad was held up near Chicago in strict conformity with plans suggested in an article published in one of our most widely circulated magazines. The bandit in this instance had evidently taken the writer at his word and given a practical demonstration of the fact that the magazinist knew exactly what he was talking about. The day is coming when the safety of life and property will demand that popular literature of all sorts shall be scrutinized by competent censors before being put in circulation. There is food for reflection on the part of legislators in the statement recently made by the superintendent of the Iowa state reformatory, that "penny dreadful" literature was one of the chief incentives to the crimes which have filled that institution.

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 Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.
- "The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. \$1; paper, 50 cts.
- "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.
- "The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.
- "The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.
- "The Lodestar." Sidney R. Kennedy. \$1.50.
- "The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.

- "Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.
- "Beyond Chance of Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. \$1.50.
- "The Gospel According to St. Mark." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
- "The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. \$1 25.
- "The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr." Rev. James J. McGovern. \$5.
- "Holy Confidence." Father Rogacci, S. J. 60 cts., net.
- "Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.
- "The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.
- "The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.
- "The Chronicle of Jocelyn." 90 cts., net.
- "The Luck of Linden Chase." S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.
- "The Light of Faith." Frank McGloin. \$1, net.
- "Juvenile Round Table." 2d Series. \$1.
- "The Love of Books" (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.
- "Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.
- "Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Edmund Knight, Bishop of Flavia; Rt. Rev. James Bellord, Bishop of Milevis; Rev. Patrick Donovan, diocese of Burlington; and Rev. Peter Hamel, S. J.

Sister M. Anastasia, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word; and Sister M. Florentine, Sisters of St. Mary.

Mr. B. R. Prince, of Altaville, Cal.; Mr. William Peard, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. A. Donnelly, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mary Hartigan and Mrs. E. F. Walsh, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. John Roth, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Henry Lithmann, Haymond, Ohio; Mrs. John Byrnes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. W. F. Brady, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Margaret Ring, and Mr. Patrick Moynihan, Cork, Ireland; Mr. Henry Stenger, Brookville, Ohio; Mr. Herman Bacher, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Bridget Drinan and Miss Ellen Drinan, Wellington, New South Wales; Mrs. Isabella Liter, Valley Junction, Iowa; Mrs. Grace Smith, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Hearn, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. W. C. Loeffler, Mrs. Margaret Bradley, Mrs. James Larkins, and Mr. F. P. Larkins, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Joseph Doemelt, Cleveland, Ohio; and Mr. F. J. Brandt, Erie, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 15, 1905.

NO. 3.

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

Bendita Sea Tu Pureza.

BY RODERICK GILL.

OH, blessed be thy purity—
Through all eternity be praise,—
That God Himself ordained to gaze
In joy on thy benignity!

To thee, celestial chatelaine,
Maria, holy Maid, I bring
To-day in humble offering
My heart and soul, my life of stain,—
Oh, let me not beseech in vain!

The Yellowstone Wonderland.

BY ELLA LORAIN DORSEY.



IS the most wonderful spot in the world. Geographically speaking, it lies in the north-western part of Wyoming, with a two-mile strip of Montana to the north and an equal strip of Idaho to the west. It measures 54x62 miles, and is bounded and traversed by the Absaroka, Shoshone, Wind River, and Teton mountains; while the Gallatin and Snow ranges rear their proud peaks to northward.

But, speaking by the light of memory, it is the workshop of God, where Time, with the wave for his chisel and the wind for his mallet, has carved shapes that are primeval, and where the glory of the sunset and the splendor of the

dawn are spread on miles of rock and running water.

Even in the government reports its inspiration breaks through the cold language of officialism, and one or two of the expressions used are almost adequate. "The heart of the Rocky Mountains," one says; but the Vision of St. John is the only thing I could think of from the time I entered at Cinnabar until that day on which I came reluctantly forth from the enchanted region; for its trails run through a succession of marvels that make poets dumb, sculptors hopeless, and painters despairingly aware that no color exists that can reproduce it.

Strangely enough, no legends people its valleys or crown its peaks or dwell in its magic fountains. Its mighty bastions are mute; its thunderous rivers tell no tale; and even the Indians, in whose traditions lives the early history of the Northwest, maintain an absolute reticence about the strange region whose beauties are as overwhelming as its terrors.

The one well-established fact is that Obsidian Cliff was the Place of Perpetual Truce. All personal feuds and tribal wars were suspended in its glittering shadow; for it was the armory in which axe, spear and arrowhead were fashioned; and Death halted across the stream while the warriors patiently chipped the obstinate substance into arms for hunt and foray. There, too, they wrought the signal-mirrors with which they forestalled our flash-code

by centuries; and then they hurried down the trails like shadows, and the gates of silence closed after them.

The pious missionary who wrote of "Les Pierres Jaunes," and the wandering trapper whose account of "Hell" provoked Homeric laughter on the frontier, found few believers, until Gen. Washburne's account, written in 1870, presented the region to the general public; and the reality proved so much wilder than the priest's discovery or the trapper's tale that the country woke suddenly to the fact that it had a possession unequalled in the world; and it was reserved by Congress in 1872, the President adding the forest reserve by proclamation in 1891.

To reach the Yellowstone, you leave the Northern Pacific at Livingston; then, as the train swings down to Cinnabar, Emigrant Peak challenges like a vedette on the outpost; and from the moment you turn your back on the Devil's Slide—a wonderful outcrop that has no business, geologically speaking, to be there—the road rises steadily. It is bounded by the Firehole River on the one hand, and rocks so lofty on the other that the eagles nest on their peaks; and at the Mammoth Hot Springs, where the first halt is made, the formation begins.

Piled up in tiers are the basins, unrivalled in the world since the destruction by earthquake, in 1886, of the terraces of Rotomahama in New Zealand. The boiling water streams over their walls, some of which are as white as frozen snow, some as brown as old ivory; and the smoking lakes are of a blue known only in the heart of an Indian sapphire.

The Liberty Cap is the monument Time has reared at the Park's great portal, and scientists declare that its hieroglyphs tell of thousands of years of growth. But the figure that speaks most loudly to the layman is a cone that has grown to a mound, and then

to a dome, above its fountain, which can now show but the tossing plume of its column. Seen in the dim twilight, it looks like a great grey elephant on whose back a tiny silver monkey dances. It has a little tune of its own, as far removed from the roar of the great geysers as is the note of the lark from the voice of the tempest.

The journey is made by coach; and the coaches, which start early in the morning, have each from four to six mules or horses. The drivers are of incomparable skill, and drive with their brains quite as much as their hands and feet; and this is very necessary, because the roads lead over such heights and span such depths that there was frequently no space to spare for a fly-bite or a playfully flung hoof. It is different now, and the splendid trails have widened into more splendid roads. But the morning I went through the Silver Gate for the first time, it was on a wooden shelf built bracket-wise on the cliff, and so without warning into the Land of the Hoodoos.

A vast rampart of rock cut the sky line far above us, as if the angels who fell had tried to make a stand at this pass; and in the bowl of the valley, heaped in a confusion hard to imagine unless seen, lay the Hoodoos—shapes of stone monstrous in their grotesque ugliness, and looking like the fallen idols of a cult more base than any of which we know.

It was a relief to turn into the pleasant road, from whose windings we could see in all its impressiveness the Sentinel of the North Boundary—Electric Peak. With the exception of the Fortress and Dead Indian Peaks (which are over twelve thousand feet), this is the highest mountain in the Park, and its summit is strangely colored, like metal that has been brazed in the furnace. It is not difficult to think of it as continually wrapped in fire from heaven; for strange stories

are told by the government surveyors of instruments wrecked, men knocked down, etc., etc., by the force of the current that seems to play incessantly about it.

There are six geyser basins: Norris on the Madison River, and North, Central, Lower, Middle and Upper on the Fire-hole; the minor basins near Shoshone and Heart Lakes scarcely being counted. Norris Basin holds the Black Growler, although Shrieking Demon is the name suggested by the sounds that rend the air. It is on the slope of the hill, and but little imagination is needed to fancy something supernatural trapped there and struggling with untamable and inexhaustible vigor to free itself; screeching like a wild cat, fighting, growling, with a fury that fills you with incredulous surprise when you realize that it has never stopped for a moment since men have known it. The movement of the struggle is plainly felt through the crust near it; indeed, the Devil's Ear is the only other point where such motion is more apparent.

This last is said by artists to be a singularly accurate outline of the human ear. The placid water that fills it is clearer than an Eastern crystal, but its heat is so fierce that a plunge in it would mean instant death. The formation is very thin at this point, and travellers are not allowed to approach. But, as we were with the official inspector, I stood at the very edge and felt the regular heat of the gigantic pulse that swayed us like the throb of an engine.

In the Park there are seventy geysers (including the largest in the world), besides 3000 vents of mud volcanoes, fumaroles and hot springs. But the isolated beauty of the Lone Star and the solitary loveliness of Electric Fountain held us captive even on the way to the Upper Geyser Basin, which was our main objective. Rumor had met us on the way with the news that the

Giant had been fumbling for days; and our team, catching the spirit of our eager curiosity, dashed along till the wagon danced on one wheel at their heels. As we whirled past the Castle, its ramparts were still streaming with the boiling flood of its discharge; and the Giantess sent a last wild shower of spray flirting over the rocks, exactly as though she were waving her handkerchief to us as she withdrew to the lower earthworks, where she and the Giant carry on their hydraulic engineering. The monster was in an agony of ebullition, shuddering and moaning, and sending out clouds of steam; but the waters fell back after each convulsion, and so our mules scrambled gallantly over the steaming rocks to reach Old Faithful.

We were scarcely in place, when, with a faint report like the crack of an air-gun or the blowing of a whale, the geyser spouted. The scene was exceedingly beautiful,—the lofty firs against the sky, the blue unlike any other in the world, the vivid green of the herbage, the dazzling whiteness of the formation, the noble column of water climbing airily higher and higher until its jet reached 121 feet and its white plumes streamed yards to leeward, the clouds of smoke pouring away in fantastic shapes, and the wide basin filled with the sparkling commotion of the falling waters.

One hour and five minutes apart are the discharges; and this great clock has told off the changing seasons, has marked the passage of the wheeling stars, and made it day and night from sun to sun and moon to moon, until it seems as though the Clepsydra of God might be a better name than even the one given by the rough and ready affection of the frontiersman, to whom fidelity to duty is the highest of virtues.

As we made camp, the Giant still bellowed and heaved; and we could scarcely leave it for the very excellent

meal served in one of the tent villages, for the erection of which a special permit is granted each season. As soon as possible we hurried back to the theatre of action, stopping only long enough by the dancing waters of the Firehole to see the trout by tens and dozens leaping high, and playing at something that looked amazingly like fish football.

As a full moon floated over the pines, and the day retreated slowly with red pennons flying, the whole basin presented a scene of activity that beggars description. It seemed as if not only the greater number of the seventy eruptive geysers must be gathered here, but a large proportion of the hot springs as well. In some of the troubled waters strange gaseous flames burn below the surface, from fissures whose depth no man can guess without a plummet. From others the waters arise in jets so instantaneous and slender that only spray dashes on your garments as you turn to see what is the white thing touching your face with a soft warm finger, or hissing in your ear. The Lioness and cubs snarl and tumble at your feet; you turn to see them, and they have run to cover in their rocks,—not a spoonful of water left in the hollow where they played. You bend to be sure, and with a leap they roll and froth almost in your face. In the Turk's Turban something more than Moorish enchantment has set strange jewels flashing.

We were trailing in Indian file from point to point, scarcely conscious of our bodies, mechanically following the commandant (as an unwary step might plunge us into a pothole, of which there are short successions just the size to admit a leg and scald the bone clean before it could be withdrawn), when a boom from the river-bank warned us the great geyser, that perches like a mortar on the shore, was playing. We broke into a run that brought us

up in time to see an arch of water spanning the stream, its "keystone" 200 feet above the water level, and its smoke floating as much higher again; while the stars seemed to drift like balls of gold and silver in its creamy sea, and the moon turned it all into an unreality.

A crashing shock from the Grotto told us the wild waters there were out, and we hurried to watch the fight; passing the Giant, still in the most violent throes, the boiling tide pouring to the very lips of the crater and then rushing back, choking the uprising torrent with a force that seemed strong enough to burst the rocks, and kept the ground in a tremor.

Beyond stretched the amphitheatre, bounded by the motionless and serrated outline of the pines, where the depth of the sky is so great that it seems to draw away to a cone rather than an arch wherever the eye rests, and the stars burn with a fire and a lustre unknown to other places. From every direction the steam arose in slow-moving clouds or furious jets, according to its source; and as it floated up it assumed all sorts of shapes, some terrible, some merely fantastic, some exquisitely lovely,—an army moving in phalanxes and battalions, until, as they merged into the silver atmosphere, they looked like our idea of the sheeted dead springing from the shadow of the grave and disappearing into the exultant light of the resurrection morning.

The motion of the geysers was so furious that I wondered if the waters under the earth, as well as the great seas, have their high tides at the full moon; and I asked the guardian of the Upper Basin. He said he did not know about that, but it had been noted and reported that at the time of the eruption of Pelée the whole geyser system was in a more violently eruptive condition than had ever been known since Krakatoa.

Sleep seemed a sad waste of time in such surroundings; but we were under military discipline, and our section of the tent village slowly and reluctantly settled down, until the snapping and crackling of the wood fires in the small sheet-iron stoves within, and the "whoof" of the black bears outside as they hunted for jam pots and fruit tins near the kitchen, were the only sounds to be heard.

We slept like campaigners, fully dressed, and with one eye only; for the Troop-farrier, with the kindly courtesy of his Irish blood, had volunteered to watch the Giant all night, and let us know when he spouted. And visions of this column of water, 200 feet high and five feet in diameter, 'playing superbly for its full hour and a half in the mid-watch of the night, strung me to such a pitch of expectation that when a violent explosion shook the ground, and a roar that prevented questions filled the air, I simply started for the Giant.

The camp fires were grey embers, the air sparkled with frost, the moon was like the shield of Einar; but all sense of direction was lost in that roar, and the big Trooper's voice reporting to his commanding officer further arrested my flight.

"No, sir, he'll not spout this night! The roar, sir? I don't know. It's from the Lower Basin. No, sir, it isn't the Excelsior. That spouts only once in eight years, and it's gone but four since it played. Good-night, sir! The ladies are kindly welcome, and I'm sorry they'll be disappointed."

And so were we; but the sleep of the Yellowstone fell on us until a voice said "Bath!" And then under the tent-flap was thrust a large granite-ware vessel filled with boiling water dipped from a neighborly geyser near the door; and again the fire in the tent hallway snapped its fingers saucily at the great peaks, from whose perpetual snows the

wind of morning came clean and cold.

By shortcuts through primeval forests, where the trees in windrows tell of the storms that drive their war-chariots through the gorges, we came to a curious swamp which adjoins "Hell's Halfacre," and which should surely be called the White Death. Its mid surface for nearly a mile boils with the appearance and sound of fat in a frying pan; while at its edges, where the trees have thrust down to the water, the formation has done them to death; as root and fibre absorb the silica-laden moisture it chokes the life at its source, and, unlike other trees, they die at the root. The tree turns grey, white, then falls, and finally powders to another layer of the deposit.

"The Biscuits" look as if they might have come from the bake-shop of the Stone men; they are spread out with singular regularity, and form a starting point for a succession of the pools that can be talked about but never described. If you could melt emeralds and sapphires and sunshine together and then inlay on pearl, the color would be represented; but the depth, the play of light, the setting, would be still to imagine, and this without any standard; for the Yellowstone can be compared only to itself.

Morning Glory Pool, Emerald Pool, Sapphire Pool, the lake whose Turner-esque banks and marvellously colored waters can be seen only when a strong wind blows the boiling steam-clouds and fumes away from the gazer, Electric Pool where a lambent flame a yard long flares from a fissure far below the surface and lights depths that can only be imagined,—or is it a kobold casting a javelin of fire? Another in which a hidden power throws out globules so exactly like superb jewels in color and shape that it is only when they vanish at the surface you know they are air or gas bubbles. These are a few of the beauties of the

trail, and they are the lovely reverse of the Mud Geyser.

This strange and repulsive volcano is dying of strangulation; some enemy underground has it by the throat, and the noise of the struggle can be heard for several miles before you swing around the curve of the road and face the tragedy. After crawling up the cone, you see far, far down in the grey crater, the vent through which the battle goes on. There is a half-human note in the deep choking sobs that fill the air with their agony; the grey tide rushes fiercely out, breaks on the sides of the funnel, and recoils as fiercely. It does not seem exaggerated, as you watch it, to say it is a tide of anguish breaking on a shore of despair; and about the ghastly hole the trees rustle stiffly in the mud-shrouds with which the monster has clad them in former eruptions; and you gladly lift your face to the sky, thankful that the day shines resplendent above it, even as God's glory shines above the pit.

As you mount to Yellowstone Lake, the character of the country radically changes. And as we crossed the Continental Divide, our attention was directed to what was a most poetical illustration of a wonderful fact—the division of the waters. It was like a tale out of the Märchen, or one of Hans Andersen's lovely stories.

In the runway of the roadside was a tiny pool—I had almost said puddle, but it was crystalline. In its centre floated a small yellow water lily, and to east and west trickled two little threads of shining water, which gather as they go until one runs east into the Missouri, and so at long last to the Atlantic; and the other runs west and, by devious watery lanes, finds its way to the Pacific.

The Lake of the Yellowstone is of singular beauty. It is only 20x10 miles; but its shores are so indented, its outlines so rugged, that the actual

shore measurement covers 100 miles. Geologists say its ancient beeches show it was once much larger, much deeper, and sent its waters into the Pacific instead of, as now, into the Atlantic. It is nearly 8000 feet above sea level (a half mile higher than Mt. Washington, some one said), and its color is like that of Sapphire Pool. The steamer put out in the face of a wind so fresh; that the captain would let only four of us stay on deck. The gale harped and shrilled so boisterously among the stanchions and stays that we had to talk in one-hand signs, holding on with the other as the little craft curtsied to the rolling waters. As the panorama unfolded we were glad we were out-voiced, for words would have been an impertinence.

To the right lay a funeral bier miles long, and on it a Nubian monarch of majestic proportions and perfect outline; to the left, the Absarokas, with their far-flung mantles of snow; and in between, a complex of gorge and cliff. But as we curved away from the centre of the lake, between two great shoulders of the range, there broke on us a vision of the Tetons—far, faint, ethereal, towering in outlines I thought only the wind could build of summer clouds, and so like an outlying bastion of the City of God it would scarcely have surprised me to see a winged figure on the rampart doing warden's duty. A second turn cut it all too soon from our enchanted gaze, and then each saw in the faces of the others the amazed question as to its reality.

It is at this point of the Park that the Yellowstone River flings itself in two wild leaps from its high level to the cañon, where for twenty miles it tears its way along the steep lava walls 1200 to 1500 feet high. The first fall is 110 feet; and as the river narrows to 100 feet the roar and foam-smother are impressive; but they sink into nothingness when compared with the

second fall, where the water leaps 310 feet sheer. We thought to see it by moonlight, but the gorge is so deep that the primeval trees on its edge are dwarfed to the size of underbrush; and the moon, though many hours high, could scarcely peep into the cañon. At one point the tree-outline, by some trick of light and shade, showed up against the night like an enormous buffalo, and where his eyes should be there shone two pale rays of light; so he did duty gallantly as a demon-bison challenging the intrusive mortals, who crouched on a shelf of rock where the thunderous diapason of the falls made the air reel.

Animal life is carefully guarded in the Park, and no man may shoot except in danger of death. So as we climbed back to everyday life we were not surprised to see by the light of our lanterns the trail of a mother-elk which had brought her fawn that way, just to admire the scenery apparently, for the hoof marks passed and repassed us with supreme indifference to our presence.

Fishing is permitted for sport, not slaughter; so the men who come with rod and reel may angle, play, and land their fish, and then eat the catch; for the creel goes to the hotel, or camp.

In the lake there is a curious thing that needs to be seen before it can be believed. There is a small rock just large enough to hold the fisherman and a pool of water. He casts his line in the lake, which is icy, hooks his fish, and, without turning, drops it into the pool, where in a trice it is boiled; for the water is of the same fierce heat as that in the lakes and pools of the basins.

Our first glimpse of the cañon was in the afternoon, and we readily believed the tale told us of Moran: that here at the entrance he always dismounts, kneels, and, stretching his arms to its

miles of color, feasts his eyes on that which is at once his joy and his despair; for, while his brush alone can suggest its colors, even his canvases are but suggestions. Had we been told it is the palette on which the sunrises and sunsets are mixed, or Nature's strong box in which golden opportunities, youth, happiness and hope are kept, we would have believed that too; for its loveliness is incredible.

It is very difficult to describe without seeming to exaggerate; for the color is laid on the walls of the cañon by the mile—curves, coulées and slopes shading from green to lake, from lake to dazzling white, from white to amber, and from this to a rose as perfect as the heart of a shell. We made our way to a point overhanging the gorgeous depths. Towers, minarets, obelisks, domes bristled below us; below us also an eagle-mother hovered motionless above her nest, built on the extreme point of an inaccessible crag; and she paid no more attention to the tiny figures that craned over to look at her eaglets than if they were foam bells on the rushing torrent a thousand feet below. The river is of the vivid lovely green peculiar to Niagara; but it is torn into foam by the under-rip of the rocks, and the waves seem to be trying to flow up stream. I say waves, but they are really rapids and cascades. Just below our rose-balcony, where a wreath of foam seemed to float stationary, the commandant said it was a waterfall seventy-five feet high.

The note of color extends to the flora, and the blossoms of the different species are of abnormal size. Above timber-line the Arctic flowers bloom; and in the runnels of the hot springs is a strange growth of many vivid colors, jewel-like and leafless. The grasses are varied, none odder than the fox-grass, which looks like a pompon of spun glass palely iridescent as it lips

the boiling water, and is fatal to any browsing creature that should nip it.

A curious feature in the gorgeous coloring of the Park is the scarcity of red, real hunting-coat red. There are no red rays in the pools or in the rainbows of the boiling fountains; blue, yellow, green of a loveliness undreamed of, but never a flash of red in the craters or vaporous columns of these tumultuous waters. (Rainbow Falls is the leap the Firehole makes long after it has cooled, and its waters have again netted the sun and the air into their current.) But when it is found it is sumptuous, as in the geyser flower (that scarlet prototype of the glacier flower), the jagged rent in the side of the Grand Cañon that drips like a mortal wound, and the flower known as the "painter's brush."

You never lose the sound of rushing water in this land of the five rivers—the Snake, Madison, Firehole, Gibbon, and Yellowstone. And you can have all sorts of temperature. On some of the plateaus the snow never rests, for the ground is too hot to retain it; but the growing time does not begin till May, and in September the snow begins to block the gorges. There are frosts in midsummer (we were in a light snow at Natural Bridge on the 3d of July); and at times the thermometer rises to 90°. As we started on the home trail we were in the sun; and the Wind with a shout led his battalions against the enchanted Nubian, and furious squalls of snow burst on his turbaned head, and storms of hail drove on his upturned face; but, unchanged and changeless, he lay in austere majesty, for the years and the storms may not touch his repose till the rocks melt away and the heavens roll up like a scroll.

The Petrified Forest is really what its name implies; but the trees are jasper and agate, and Mary's Lake is only one of the jewels found in its extent. It

shares with the Hoodoos and Obsidian Cliff the distinction of being named in the Government Reports as one of "the three most remarkable objects in the Park."

The Cliff looks like an outcrop of the beautiful, shining white-ash coal of the Lehigh Valley, and glistens like black diamonds; and we were told that the hardest tools of the roadmakers were turned by this volcanic glass, until they made rude ones of its fragments, and chipped their way through as patiently as the Indians chipped their arrows.

But to me Sulphur Mountain is one of the strangest. Its primrose mound is surmounted by a tree that looks as if it came out of Dante's wood of the suicides, and is lightened by sparkling patches of vivid yellow crystals—a sort of mineral buttercup. By its side is a geyser that has gone quite mad, and leaps and dances in its white strait-jacket, looking like a Norway salmon trying to make a rush in a large bath-tub.

The Apollonaris and soda-water springs deserve their names as perfectly as if a college of chemists had analyzed and labelled them. The Minute Man is an odd little geyser that does his duty like his namesake, and the Paint Pots are where the underground workers model flowers. They are large circular pools filled with a viscous fluid of the appearance and consistency of white and blue oil-paint, boiling hot, and never still. A bubble rises, thrusting the fluid a foot or so in the air and then escapes; the top of the cylinder collapses slowly, and its walls stand around it like a great calla lily. Sometimes it is a blue lotus flower that rises, blooms, and vanishes; sometimes flowers of unknown patterns (perhaps the ones Proserpine watered with her tears in the grim Plutonian world); but always they form and fade, and form and fade again, only to be thrust

once more into bloom by the restless power beneath.

The danger of the Park is being lost in its wilderness. It can not be too strongly impressed on the traveller that under no circumstances must he depart ever so slightly from his trail or his guide. And should he do so, the first thing to be done is to stop walking, grub a clear space and start a small, small blaze of smoky fuel. Fire is the living dread of the commandant, foresters, guides and guards; and a column of smoke as thick as one's finger brings troopers galloping.

It is well to be found quickly for many reasons, as a night in the remote forests has its disadvantages. Pumas (mountain lions) have been seen as late as 1899; black and brown bears are abundant, and there are now and again grizzlies. Elk, moose, deer, antelope and mountain sheep have always roamed at will; and now the buffaloes are at range again. They are undoubtedly the ugliest animals in the world, except the wart hog; but there is an untamed savagery about them that suits the land of their refuge.

A colony of beavers is carefully cherished, and we caught a vanishing glimpse of this strange builder at his work; for the smack of his trowel warned us, and we crept up cautiously. A tree newly felled lay across the way; it was all of twelve inches in diameter and cut as neatly as if an expert axeman had done it.

There are said to be no snakes in the Park; but just after we had been snubbed by a grizzly bear (who found us in the way when he wished to cross the road, and made our horses walk on their ears when they winded him), we saw a snake doing figure-of-eight in our path. But we looked upon it as a filler-in of scenery rather than a disturber of harmony.

The tragedies of the Park are happily few, and accidents rare. An odd one

came about through a runaway. The horses plunged from the road into the river, the current seized them and hurled them smoothly down a 100-foot water-slide, to flounder safely out, while the driver still clutched the reins. I understand he does not care for water-tobogganing.

Relic hunting is taboo; even the geyser eggs (little oval stones cast up by the boiling fountains) are held in their watery nest by a heavy penalty. But the penalties are all heavy, especially that incurred by throwing soap into a geyser mouth; for it brings on premature eruption and disturbs the system for days. A legend is told of one vandal who wrote his name in the green coating of a spring and was obliged to scrub it out with his nose, besides paying the fine; and I hope the tale is true.

Happily, such instances are rare, as few can resist the effect of a geyser. The roar of the coming expulsion; the rush into the light from God knows what wild laboratory of the earth's secret places; the rain of crystal drops; the pale, lovely rainbows that span the flying spray; the clouds of steam that rise four and five hundred feet to their rivals in the sky; the silent, awestruck groups (for the giggler is rare in the Yellowstone, and the jester's cap and bells are struck from him by its majestic beauty); the firs standing attention, like sentinels; the strange sounds of the boiling underworld of waters, with the far-away thunder of the surface rivers,—all of which brings us back to the statement:

It is the most wonderful spot in the world.

HE who wishes to become wealthy in a year risks getting hanged in six months.—*Persian Proverb.*

THE best of men are apt to be those most convinced of being chief among sinners.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVII.—EBEN KNOX RECALLS THE PAST.

AFTER the interruption which had momentarily turned Eben Knox from his purpose, he continued his narrative, stern and relentless as those Furies of old charged with executing the vengeance of the offended deities. Miss Tabitha still trembled and cowered before him, in the growing darkness which closed round the two unheeded.

"Go back, Tabitha Brown," resumed the manager, "for a period of thirty years. You had meekly bowed your head when the great papa and mamma at the Manor and the lesser papa and mamma at the Cottage had declared that you were not worthy to marry a Bretherton of the Manor. You hadn't the strength or the womanhood to laugh at their conventions and shatter their pasteboard puppets of wealth and position. If Leonora had been in your place—but no matter. With your slavish respect for the great and your abject fear, you turned your back upon your lover. He was only a boy; perhaps if he had been a man, he would have acted a man's part and have married you in spite of them all. Some say that he took the affair to heart and that it helped him on the way to perdition."

Miss Tabitha covered her eyes with a thin, quaking hand. Her weakness, her very submission, seemed now, in the waste of years, to have been criminal.

"Whatever he was before," continued Eben, pitilessly, "all Millbrook knew what he became afterward,—a rock of offence and a stumbling-block. Card-playing, winebibbing, wild doings of all sorts in which young gentlemen of that station indulge with impunity, horrified the neighborhood. You took

his part, so far as you dared, and raised a weak protest against the general denunciation. In your eyes a Bretherton of the Manor, and that Bretherton in particular, could do no wrong. The father stormed and threatened. He was, indeed, furiously indignant at his son's conduct, especially as he and the mother were bent on a match for him with a wealthy Boston heiress. He defied them, laughed at the notion of marrying the woman they had chosen; and, it appears, through all his evil courses still loved you, after his fashion, alternately denouncing your weakness and his parents' tyranny."

Perhaps this portion of his narrative was illuminative to Miss Tabitha, who had never quite realized that a Bretherton could have so set his heart and his wild boy's will on a girl beneath him. But the manager, whether by intuition or by information, was fully posted upon all the varied byplay of emotions in that drama of the past.

"He made futile attempts to see you from time to time," Eben went on. "I myself saw him hanging about Rose Cottage in the dusk of the evening. Once, while still at college, he broke away and came to Millbrook solely for a sight of your face. I knew that; for I heard my father tell how the lad had been locked up and threatened with dire penalties, and sent back under proper guard to be dragooned into submission. Well, he was effectually prevented from doing what would have been the best act of his life. You were very precise and proper, and you returned his letters,—some of them, at any rate. I suspect you kept a few."

Tabitha's cheek flushed in the darkness. She had kept her valentine and—yes, two letters, still hidden away upstairs; and had read them from time to time in the years since the writer had mouldered into dust.

"It was long after the college days and the love letters that I used to see

him hanging about the Cottage. You might have saved him yet, Tabitha,—saved him from what you know, and from becoming—worst of all, to my mind—the smug-faced rascal of later years. But that is anticipating.”

Eben Knox turned a basilisk glance full upon his listener, who shivered and drew her shawl feebly about her, as if she had been suddenly stricken with a chill.

“You were at Rose Cottage,” he said, “standing upon the porch, out there. I remember how you looked. Your hair was in ringlets,—you always wore them, though the people about said that they were out of fashion, and that you were getting too old for that style of hairdressing. I knew why you kept them: because my lord scapegrace had so admired them.”

Even in her terror and dismay, Miss Tabitha flushed faintly to know that her poor little attempt at clinging to the past had been thus divined, and at the ungenerous comment passed upon her actions.

“A lad of fifteen years came running to you upon the porch, in the greatest trepidation, with the news that Reverdy Bretherton and his cousin, Evrard Lennon, were at high words in the mill-house. They often played cards there when the proprietor, my father, chanced to be absent. I do not think the dispute was all about cards: perhaps you came into it in some way. So I thought, at least, as I crouched under the window and listened to fragments of the talk. For *I* was the lad of fifteen who carried you the tidings. I knew you had great influence with Reverdy Bretherton. I was honest then, and I wanted to prevent mischief. I told you that there was danger. You waited and wavered, afraid that the young gentleman might resent your interference, afraid that the gossips might talk.

“At last I moved you, and you came.

It was too late, however: matters had gone beyond your interference. The two had come forth from the mill-house, struggling and raging. You saw, Tabitha Brown, and I saw, Reverdy Bretherton raise his hand, upon which glittered a hare seal ring. It was close by the alder bushes; the waning moon was rising, the landscape was wild and dreary. A blow descended, and Evrard Lennon fell backward into the mill-pond, just where the shadow of the alder bushes falls darkest. There was a cut upon his forehead, made by the ring,—a ghastly mark, from which the blood trickled over the white face. We saw it, you and I, in the moonlight. It was a horrid sight. It haunts me still at times in the darkness, as does also the splash of that body falling into the water.”

Eben Knox seemed terrified at the picture conjured up by his imagination, grown morbid in the miasmatic atmosphere, moral and physical, of the mill-house. He wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead with a hand which trembled, and he steadied his voice by an effort, as he went on:

“You know what followed. He, the dealer of that blow, sobered by what had occurred, stood horror-stricken and terrified, with chattering teeth and eyes staring down into the stream. You and I rushed to the water’s edge, and we spent the next hour examining the banks and seeking for traces of Lennon. There were none. Reverdy, rousing himself, joined in the search. Evrard Lennon must have sunk like a stone.”

Tabitha, in the extremity of her fear and anguish at that terrible recollection, groaned aloud. The manager, unheeding, continued:

“When we found that every effort was futile, Reverdy began to cry out that he was a ruined man, and that he had forever disgraced the name of

Bretherton; and, like the hound he was, he turned on you, charging his downfall to your account."

"Yes," assented Tabitha: "he was distracted. He didn't know what he said. But it was then I vowed to save him at any cost, and to save the honor of the Brethertons."

"Precisely!" cried Eben Knox. "And, as a first step to that end, you tampered with my honor. You and he, between you, offered me a price for my silence. I accepted it, and I ceased to be an honest man, especially in the light of what came after. My sin was ever before me—"

"But," interposed Tabitha, "where was the great sin in keeping silence? It was an accident. If he had come up, we would have saved him."

She shuddered as she spoke; and Eben Knox gave her a strange glance, while he resumed:

"There was a ghastly find soon after in the brook. A drowned man had become entangled in the rushes. No wonder our search was fruitless: that man was Evrard Lennon. The jury would have brought in a verdict of accidental death, save for the cut upon the forehead. An innocent man was apprehended,—a nameless vagrant, who for weeks remained in peril of his life. I myself endured a good deal just then. I was not yet callous or hardened. I would have spoken out the truth, but you—you, Tabitha Brown,—again bade me to be silent."

He bent forward as he spoke, stretching toward the old woman an accusing hand. A cry escaped Tabitha's parched lips; her staring eyes looked upward as toward an unseen witness.

"I meant to tell—I always meant to tell—if the man had been condemned to death!"

The mill-manager looked at her contemptuously.

"That is a matter between you and your God," he said,—*"if there be a*

God. I have doubted it since I saw the prosperity of Reverdy Bretherton."

While he thus echoed, after his own blasphemous fashion, the cry of the just man of old, who was "staggered by the prosperity of the wicked," Tabitha murmured, brokenly:

"Oh, he didn't mean to kill his cousin! Nothing, as he told me, was further from his thoughts. And if it was my fault—as he said—that he had gone wrong, I was bound to save him."

"Well, you *did* save him, for the time being. No evidence was given at the trial. Some few circumstantial bits of testimony pointed to the tramp. The jurors considered it inadequate for a death sentence, but he got a term of twenty years; it being alleged by some one, who must have had a garbled knowledge of the real facts, that the deceased had engaged him in a quarrel. The wretch stoutly maintained that he had never seen Evrard Lennon in his life, and that he had not been anywhere near the mill-pond for days before and after the murder. The jurors were only too glad to dispose of the case without sentencing any one to death. The tramp was deprived of his freedom for twenty years. You and I, Tabitha Brown, consented to the iniquity."

Tabitha's trembling lips seemed forming some words of protest or denial; but no sound issued forth, and the voice of the relentless manager once more broke upon the gloom.

"That man," he went on, "came out of jail ten years ago, feeble and broken in health, unable to find work, shunned and accursed by everyone, pointed at as the murderer. Such is the fate to which you and I have condemned him."

Miss Tabitha's eyes were distended in horror.

"I didn't know!" she murmured,—*"I didn't know!"*

"You didn't know and you didn't care!" pursued the manager. "Your

idol, the Bretherton scapegrace, got such a lesson that night by the mill-pond that he turned over a new leaf. He forsook his evil courses, and he even turned away from his romance at Rose Cottage. I think he regarded you with horror after you had consented to evil for his sake. Perhaps what he had liked best in you before was your whiteness of life. Few of us are so bad that we don't like that in a woman."

A few hot, scalding tears forced themselves down Tabitha's withered cheeks; for this was a bitter reflection. Eben Knox had an almost diabolical ingenuity in divining people's motives and in reaching just conclusions.

"In any case," the manager added, "Reverdy was wondrously subservient to papa. He married the heiress, and, by some more rascality of which I chance to know, he inherited a considerable sum of money and a fine piece of property owned by the other scapegrace drowned in the mill-race. It wouldn't have sounded very well in a court of law that he was the heir of the man he had—"

Miss Tabitha put up her hand as if a blow had been descending.

"He did not intend to kill him, Eben Knox!" she cried.

"No, I grant you that; but a jury might have thought otherwise. In any event, he got the money and he got the land and he got the house! Who has got them now? Your later idol, Jim Bretherton. To that very house, stained with its owner's blood, he will bring Leonora, if he marries her."

"No, no, she must not go there! She must live,—somewhere else!" said Miss Tabitha, wildly.

"She certainly shall *not* go there!" returned Eben Knox, sternly. "I have knowledge which will prevent *that*, at least. As to her living elsewhere, that is precisely what has brought me here this evening."

He rose, as he thus spoke, and paced

the room, stopping at last in front of Miss Tabitha to resume:

"I have come to offer you a suggestion. Your Reverdy Bretherton became a prosperous, influential man; he even came here to patronize *you* with little sentimental reminiscences. The world smiled upon him; he stood high in the opinion of his fellowmen. Meanwhile the innocent suffered for the guilty. By a sort of vicarious justice, this act of the drama shall now be repeated, and once more an innocent person must suffer for the guilty—or at least for the inheritors of guilt."

Miss Tabitha peered eagerly at the manager, though she was scarce able to see his face; and she listened with strained attention to each word that dropped from his lips.

"Your Jim Bretherton will have to expiate the sins of his kinsman, and it is time that the judgment should fall. He has had wealth, prosperity, every gift that fortune can bestow—and more: he has had love. I saw him on the night of the tableaux. I saw him afterward on the lawn, when the moon was high in the heavens. He has had happiness enough for one man. It is just that he pay the penalty,—pay it to the last farthing."

Eben Knox drew his breath hard, and something of the ferocity of a wild beast came into his face at these recollections. He moistened his dry lips with his tongue, as if he were preparing literally to taste the sweet morsel of revenge over which he gloated.

Miss Tabitha, who was growing more and more weary of all these heroics, and had stood about as much in the way of strain as her enfeebled constitution permitted, remarked, with some petulance:

"Say what you mean!"

"I will," answered the manager, with a sardonic laugh. "And, to come to a plain statement of facts, I am sorry that Miss Leonora must be included in

the sacrifice. She alone can save the situation by discarding her fine lover and marrying me."

"I told you once before she will never marry you."

"Not willingly, it may be," said Eben Knox, eyeing the spinster through the gloom, with concentrated malignity that she had dared to put this opinion into words; "nor will she be forced into it, as you might have been, by craven fear. Sacrifice would be more in her line,—sacrifice for the good of others. But it will not matter, if once she consents to marry me. She will be a model wife to whatever man she marries; for she's got what you and I haven't got—religion."

Miss Tabitha felt this to be a most unjust aspersion upon herself. She had faithfully attended church, and she really was in her own way religious. She felt called upon, therefore, to protest, but Eben Knox waved her remonstrance aside.

"Pshaw!" he retorted. "Your religion is as feeble and knock-kneed as your character. It can't stand a blast. Your goodness is all milk and water. If I had gone in for goodness, it would have been of another kind. I'd have stopped at nothing,—gone the whole length. Well, I wasn't trained up to it, and it's too late now."

He seemed to address himself less to Miss Tabitha than to some unseen witness; and he added:

"Bretherton I suppose is good, and I hate him the more for it. Except upon the night of the tableaux, I never hated the insolent puppy so much as when he flung his religion full in the face of the committee and the electors. At least there was no snivelling hypocrisy in that. But I could have torn him to pieces where he stood, for I knew what Leonora would think. Oh, I heard her telling him there in the garden that she was proud of him! That officious

fool, Lord Aylward, had written her a letter describing the scene, forsooth! I had plotted for his humiliation that night, and she told him she was proud of him. He laughed at the notion, and answered that no man, no gentleman, could have done otherwise."

Eben Knox was now talking chiefly to himself, for Miss Tabitha no longer listened. She sank upon her knees and, covering her face, prayed aloud a strange, incoherent prayer. Eben Knox, catching a word or two, broke in upon her mutterings.

"It is all very well to pray, Tabitha Brown,—perhaps it would have been better if you had prayed sooner. But just now you had better get up and let me hear your decision."

Tabitha rose slowly; saying, as if the fact had struck her for the first time:

"We are in the dark here, Eben Knox. I will light the lamp."

She did so with trembling fingers; and the radiance thus obtained showed the old woman's pallid, quivering face, and the countenance of the man, stern, dark, forbidding, as that of some ancient Covenanter.

"My proposal is before you," he said. "Hear it again, if you will. Let your niece send Bretherton about his business—the quicker the better,—and pledge herself to marry me at any given time, say in three months."

"And you?" Miss Tabitha inquired.

"I, for my part, will pledge myself to bury the secret forever in that grave where Reverdy Bretherton buried the documents."

"Documents? What documents?" queried Miss Tabitha.

"Oh, I forgot that you knew nothing about the documents! But I do, and I shall bestow them as a wedding present upon your young Mr. Bretherton, if Leonora persists in marrying him. They will make a sensation, I promise you, in the Bretherton household."

The Morning Star.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

A SOLITAIRE, you haunt the pilgrim sea
 In ancient channels of the morning light,
 Where late on shallow edges of the night
 You held far thought for all the world and me.
 And if the eye, watch-wearied, can not see,
 The heart foreknows you there, beyond all sight—
 A silver world within the silver white
 Of daybreak; an immortal memory!

My spirit, too, delays upon a brim
 Of radiant seas unpathed and quite unknown,—
 And yet I count them for the perfect way;
 For there shall I, drawn onward unto Him,
 A waning spark unseen within His own,
 World-fainting, pass not into night but day.

An Episode of the Present Struggle in France.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

Heart of Jesus, may I forget my right hand, may I forget myself, if ever I forget Thy benefits and my promises; if I cease to love Thee and place in Thee my confidence and my consolation!—Last words of the Vow of Louis XVI.

I.

"THERE will be no school to-day, petit. You had better run home."

The child threw a startled glance at the tall gendarme who stood in front of the lofty iron gates, through which he had been accustomed daily to pass. Other children that day had tried to run past the uniformed guard, but ten-year-old Felix stood still. The son of a soldier knew how to respect soldierly authority.

"What is the matter, Monsieur?" he asked. "Yesterday I said my lessons to Sœur Marguerite; she said nothing to me about a holiday to-day."

The tall soldier laughed.

"It will be many holidays now for the nuns, *mon brave*! As to yourself, you will soon be going to the government schools, and learning to be a good citizen of our *belle France*."

The boy drew himself up proudly.

"I am a good citizen now!" he said. "Mère Angelique and Sœur Marguerite, they teach us to love our country, to respect its laws. What more will you have, Monsieur? As to your government school," added the boy, "I know nothing of it."

Other children had come up and were listening with wide-opened eyes. Vague rumors of trouble at the convent were already rife.

The gendarme shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not here to answer questions," he said; "but to do as the government tells me, and that is to eject the nuns and send them about their business. Now run home, all of you!"

He half drew his sword as he spoke, looking very fierce. With one accord the children fled.

"A good move, Gaston," said a voice on the other side of the iron gates. "If the nuns don't give way soon and unlock the doors, we will have you up, with that look and voice, to frighten them."

"*Helas!*" said Gaston, removing his helmet and mopping his head. "It has been tough work, those children!"

Meanwhile Felix had run down the road that bordered the convent grounds, his brave little heart in a tumult of bewildered pain and anger. His beloved Sisters going away, and meanwhile guarded and threatened by those rude soldiers!

"Oh," thought the child, "if only *mon père* was at home, it would be all right!"

The other children had gone on ahead, but Felix stood still. He glanced up at the high brick wall, above which appeared the chimneys and red tiled roofs of the convent building. No one was in sight, and suddenly an idea came to him. A large tree grew close to the brick wall, and seemed to invite ascent. Quickly the boy began to climb. In five minutes he was on top of the wall, looking with

clear, eager brown eyes into the garden that spread out before him.

Yes, there was a sentry marching along in front of the convent door. Would he turn around by the side of the house, or keep in front, where, of course, he could see him (Felix), if he left the shelter of the overarching tree? The child paused to consider. Even if he cleared the lawn that lay between him and the house, could he get in the heavy oak door, which he rightly guessed was barred and bolted on the inside? It would take some time to make the portress understand it was a friend, not a foe; and meanwhile the sentry would be back, and he would be caught.

Felix knit his delicate brows; then, childlike, he suddenly clapped his small hands. His brown eyes had wandered to a small window near the ground,—one of many lighting the cellar, and one from which the glass was missing. The windows were so low and narrow, and were set in so deep an embrasure, that only a very small and determined boy could squeeze his way through. But Felix remembered that two days ago he and Henri had accomplished that very feat. Once inside, they had climbed up a ladder that led from the cellar, and had lifted a trapdoor in the kitchen, thereby startling old Sœur Odette almost out of her wits. Mère Angélique had chided the boys gently, and had given orders that a glazier be sent for to replace the glass. That was two days ago, and the hole was still visible; evidently rumors of trouble, or other things, had kept the glazier away.

A whistle sounded in the distance, and the sentry wheeled around, and in a moment turned the corner of the house.

At last the coast was clear! Quick as a flash, the child swung from a stout branch that jutted over the convent wall, and dropped down on the grass below. He was up in a second, and flying across the garden,

his short legs stretched to their limit. Ah, thanks to the Sacred Heart, he reached the window safely! Squeezing his way through, his jacket caught on a nail, and for a moment the excited child thought it was the sentry pulling him back. There was no time for skilful unfastening. Felix gave a tug: there was a sound of rending cloth, and he was free.

Making his way across the cellar to the ladder, he began to ascend, and presently was cautiously lifting the trapdoor, which, fortunately, was unfastened. No one was in the kitchen, and no sound disturbed the silence; the child closed the trapdoor and bolted it.

"They have forgotten," said Felix; "but the gendarme might come this way."

Wise, though not beyond his years, was the brave little fellow, who now began climbing the stairs, worn hollow by generations of youthful feet. Once in the broad upper hall, he did not hesitate. He rightly guessed that most of the nuns were in the chapel, but he would look first in his own particular class-room.

The eager brown hands turned the knob of the glass door, and he entered. A young nun, with her back to him, was putting away some books. Even in that hour of agony and uncertainty the trained discipline of years was not relaxed.

"Sœur Marguerite!" exclaimed Felix.

The nun turned, her pure, proud face melting into love and tenderness.

"Felix,—my little Felix! How came you here?"

But the boy had burst into tears, and, throwing his arms around her neck, could only sob:

"Sœur Marguerite, tell me—tell me!"

"Yes," she said soothingly, "I will tell you all, Felix. Do not cry, my child. God and the Blessed Mother have not abandoned us."

The calm voice and manner quieted Felix. Gradually he heard the whole story,—telling at the same time how he had gained entrance to the convent.

As the young nun talked on, explaining in simple language what it all meant, there came into the boy's face an expression that the Sister noticed. In half an hour he seemed to have grown five years older.

"*Ma Sœur*," he said, "*mon père* will be home to-morrow. I am sure he can make you free."

The young nun shook her head.

"No, my child," she replied, "your father can do nothing. The wisest, the best, the holiest men in France are powerless to check this evil. There is no doubt we must go."

"Where to?" asked Felix.

For a moment the nun's calmness seemed on the point of breaking down.

"I do not know," she answered. "That is what we are considering now, before we let the soldiers in. God will show us the way."

In the child's mind had come a sudden thought, born of his love and hope.

"I must go, *ma Sœur*," he said. "I can do nothing here. Perhaps I can help you outside."

Sœur Marguerite smiled as she looked down at the eager, sparkling little face; then anxiety for him superseded other thoughts.

"Can you get back to the road safely, Felix?" she asked.

"Trust me, Sœur Marguerite!" he answered. "Those tall gendarmes are stupid fellows. They will not catch Felix."

One regretful glance the boy gave around the cheerful, sunshiny room ere he left. There was the desk that he had shared with Henri; the little space in one corner where they had both carved their names; the statue of the Madonna, surrounded by pots of blooming flowers, between the two tall south windows; the crucifix on the wall

over Sœur Marguerite's desk,—all the loved and familiar objects that he was never to see again. No wonder the lad's heart was near to breaking.

Sœur Marguerite accompanied him to the trapdoor, and then, through the lattice of an upper window, saw him get safely across the garden and swing himself up in the tree. She turned from the window with a sigh of relief; then, closing the door of the deserted classroom, made her way to the chapel.

Meanwhile Felix was running down the road that led away from the convent and the town.

"I am glad I did not have to pass the gate again," he thought.

On and on sped the eager, flying little feet. The idea that had come to him while Sœur Marguerite talked had taken definite shape in his mind. As his father was away, he would go and see his *parrain*, the old Duc de la F.

"He is rich and powerful," thought the boy: "he can help the nuns."

(Conclusion next week.)

A Dramatic Baptism in Japan.*

I.

PETER IOSHIYASU is the eldest son of an oldtime Samurai,—a Samurai of a strain that stamps him as a contemporary of Ieyasu rather than a Japanese of the twentieth century. Although Peter had for a good many months been studying Christian doctrine, saying his prayers diligently every day, and attending Mass every Sunday, he had not yet dared openly to be baptized a Catholic or reject every external mark of ancestor-worship. He trembled at the thought of his father, whose savage humor he understood, and whom he knew to be quite capable of drawing his old sabres from the scabbards in which they had

* Adapted from the French of Rev. M. Boehrer, in *Les Missions Catholiques*.

rested for more than thirty-nine years.

Well, on June 30 I had gone to Nagasaki. Shortly after arriving that evening at the bishop's house, I received this telegram: "Little daughter of Ioshiyasu baptized and dead. He wants Catholic funeral."

I foresaw at once the consequences of this open profession of Christianity. It was a declaration of war between Peter and his father. Nagasaki forthwith lost its charms for me; I took the first train, and that same night was back at Fukuoka.

Severe, indeed, had been the struggle sustained during the day by Ioshiyasu against all his relatives. His resolution, however, had been unshaken; since before dying his child had received baptism, and he refused for her burial every Buddhist ceremony.

"She died a Catholic," he said to all who argued with him, "and she will have a Catholic funeral."

His persistence, in fine, was such that a part of the family took his side in the matter.

"Since the 'folly' of the child's baptism is an accomplished fact," they argued, "there is nothing to be done save shut our eyes to the funeral, and then take measures to break off all relations between Ioshiyasu and the missionary."

The old Samurai, however, had inveighed so fiercely against any species of Christian burial that my catechist and I began to ask ourselves whether the ceremony was not likely to be disturbed by some outbreak or disorderly interruption.

At the appointed hour I went to the house to read the usual prayers over the corpse, preliminary to its being carried to the church. I found there not only Peter but his father and brothers, apparently mounting guard around the humble little coffin. Invested with surplice and stole, I at once intoned the *Sit nomen Domini Benedictum* and the

Laudate pueri. The electrical glares from the hostile eyes around me seemed to light up the pages of my ritual all through the psalmody. I wondered whether the raising of the coffin would not be the signal for the outburst of their rage.

At the close of the psalm I announced that we would carry the body to the church, and that as we passed along the city streets all the Christians would recite the beads aloud. Lightning-like glances were interchanged as if for consultation, when suddenly, on the pretext of an important communication to be made, one of Peter's relatives skilfully drew the old Samurai into another apartment. When he returned, the funeral procession was already under way.

Brusquely deprived of their chief, and seeing, besides, a large number of their pagan friends following the coffin, Peter's brothers little by little lost their bellicose appearance and mechanically joined the ranks. They even entered the church and accompanied the remains to the cemetery.

The next day, on the occasion of the dinner that usually follows a funeral, all Peter's relatives were assembled in his house. He fully expected a most violent assault. My catechist was invited to the repast; and, as he hesitated about accepting, I advised him to go.

"Your presence," I said, "can only be useful. And be sure to return as soon as possible, and let me know the outcome of the affair."

I waited several hours for the catechist's return; but, as he had not arrived at midnight, I went to bed.

About four o'clock the next morning I was awakened by a vigorous knocking at my door. Getting up, I opened it and found myself face to face with Peter, his wife, and their little boy.

"Father, give us baptism!" Peter said, omitting the usual interminable

greetings. "Yes, this very morning, baptize us."

"Come in," I replied, "and tell me the meaning of all this emotion."

Seating themselves, they recounted the events of the previous evening. The family repast had taken place in perfect peace, but the calm was merely the prelude of a violent tempest. The *saké* was drunk with the greatest prudence and merely as a form.

At the end of the meal, Peter's brothers themselves removed the dishes; and when the mats were cleared, in the midst of a general silence the old Samurai solemnly adjured his son to renounce the religion of Jesus Christ.

"Despite the profound respect I entertain for you," answered Peter, "it is impossible to grant your request. As a matter of fact, neither I nor my wife nor my son can yet be called a Christian; but I intend at the proper time to ask the Catholic missionary to baptize us."

At these words the old man, dashing away a tear of rage, exclaimed:

"You are dishonoring your ancestors! I will kill you!"

And, throwing himself upon his son, he rained blows upon him. The Samurai had not anticipated such firmness on Peter's part, else he would certainly have brought his sabres with him. As it was, he called for a knife from the kitchen. Fortunately for Peter, nobody obeyed the order quick enough to suit the old man, so that, beside himself with fury, he rushed to the kitchen to get one for himself.

Just then the catechist picked up Peter, and, hurrying him to the street, whispered:

"Quick, hide at a neighbor's!"

In the meantime Peter's brothers were not idle. One of them seized his sister-in-law, threw her down and kicked her, and another hunted about for the boy to kill him also. While the kitchen was being upset in search of

a suitable weapon, the catechist was fortunate enough to wrest the poor woman from her aggressor. He caught her up in his arms and carried her, more dead than alive, not out to the street—for the front door was now guarded by one of the brothers,—but into the *niwa* (little garden) at the rear of the house. Once there, he managed to raise her to the top of the fence separating Peter's property from his neighbor's, and without further ceremony dropped her on the other side.

Returning to the house to save the boy, he could not find him. He himself, however, was set upon by the furious pagans, who threw him down, kicked him and buffeted him without mercy. At last he contrived to escape from their maltreatment; and, jumping over the fence, found security in the house of Peter's neighbor where that valiant catechumen and his wife had already taken refuge.

It remained now only to discover the boy who had disappeared. Luckily for himself, the little fellow had found the repast somewhat long. Accordingly, before its close he had left the table and betaken himself tranquilly to the bath-house. Here he was found by a friend, and conducted by a roundabout way to his parents, who then hastened to the missionary.

"I may as well be prepared for anything, even to be killed,—I and my wife and child; and we don't want to die without having received the sanctifying grace of baptism," said Peter.

"So be it!" I rejoined, more moved than I cared to let appear. "The blows you received last night will supply the lack of your catechism examination."

I accordingly proceeded at once to explain the ceremonies of baptism, as also the examination of conscience, and did my best to excite contrition in their bosoms.

"Let your fervor," said I, "replace the festal robes which you have not

been able to secure for your baptismal day."

The ceremony took place at ten o'clock, and was followed by Holy Mass, celebrated for the pagan parents of these valiant neophytes.

II.

Once baptized, Peter returned to his residence, his soul perfectly tranquil. The joy he was experiencing rendered him almost indifferent with regard to the family council that had been in session since early morning, and had sent out seekers after the criminal. Learning that he was at his home, the council sent one of his brothers to order his appearance before them.

"Last night," replied Peter to this demand, "I told my father and all of you that I was not yet a Christian: it was the truth. But this morning at daybreak I went to the missionary and asked for baptism. He acceded to my request, so I am baptized. As there is nothing else for me to impart to the assembled family, you may communicate this information in my stead. For that matter, in my quality of eldest son, I command you to do so."

The distracted brother hastened to break the "sad" news to the family. There followed a long discussion. Some insisted on Peter's immediate appearance before them; others advocated torturing him until he apostatized. The father bade them be silent, and declared that, since his son, after the remonstrances and the rough usage of the preceding night, had gone at dawn of day to seek baptism, it was clear that nothing could change him. Like the Christians of the olden days, he would let himself be killed rather than abjure his new faith. Consequently, there was nothing else to do than to deny him and expel him from the family.

This sentence was unanimously approved, and it was resolved to proceed to its immediate execution. Here,

however, an unexpected legal difficulty presented itself. Peter had become head of the family and possessed its seal; for his father had declared himself *in Kyo*,—that is, "retired." Now, to take from Peter the seal with the title and right of chief of the house, a public judgment of the tribunals would be necessary. It accordingly became essential to accuse Peter of either a crime or of some incriminating vice. The old Samurai began to see that the Japan of to-day is no longer that of the time of Ieyasu. The son whom he had chosen to succeed Peter recoiled from legal proceedings which would dishonor the whole family, and bound himself to arrange the matter otherwise. He dressed himself in Samurai costume, and, presenting himself before his eldest brother, said:

"The assembled family, on learning that you have been baptized, have declared that you have forfeited your title and rights as chief of the house, and have named me in your place. I can not, however, consent to this substitution. I will still always consider you my elder brother. I quite understand that, if you are a Christian, it is because of your long-lasting relations with the Catholic missionary. He has finished by bewitching you. The real criminal is he, not you. Hence I am just going to cut off his head. He will receive the kind of punishment he deserves. As for you, once free from the ties that bind you to the mission, you will take up your old style of life, and the family will be satisfied. When I have killed the foreign priest, I will cut open my stomach before the door of his church, and the honor of our name will be saved."

Proud of this programme, he started to put it forthwith into execution. Peter, however, restrained him.

"So you think," said he, "that you will punish the Father by cutting off his head? Disabuse yourself. You can

not possibly procure him a greater joy, a higher honor, or a more brilliant reward. You will make him a martyr. The Church of the entire world will glorify him. He will go straight to paradise, near the Lord of heaven and earth, to enjoy eternal felicity. As for me, I more than anybody else shall honor him, because it will be on my account that his blood will be spilled; and I shall consider it the most sacred of duties to devote myself, body and soul, to the missionary who succeeds him. In becoming a Christian, understand me, I have not abdicated my duties as Samurai. Take your sabres back with you, and tell the family that at noon next Monday I will go to my father's house. I will then show you what I will do to settle your difficulties."

The brother, not very anxious at heart to procure for me the joys, honors, and rewards of the other world, retired and delivered Peter's message. The family, whom an interminable session had somewhat fatigued, welcomed the adjournment, and dispersed.

Left alone, the old father began to muse over the words of his eldest son.

"In becoming a Christian," he said to himself, "he has not abdicated the duties of Samurai; and he will come at noon the day after to-morrow to tell us, and show us, what he will do. In the mouth of a Samurai, these words can mean only one thing. He will come to commit *karakiri* (cut open his stomach) before me and the whole family. Then, according to our old traditions, all the damages and evils will fall upon us, and he will be a hero."

The longer the old man thought about it, the less he liked the prospect. Finally, at midnight he went to Peter's house, awakened his son and said:

"It is useless for the family to come together again on the day you have fixed. Since you make such a point of it, I permit you to be a Christian. I

exact only one thing—that you respect your ancestors."

The next day, Sunday, Peter came to tell me that the tragedy was over, and that henceforth he could practise in peace the religion which he had so valiantly embraced. Sunday's was a Mass of thanksgiving. For four days we had been living in the age of Ieysau.

As epilogue, let me add that I hope before very long to announce the conversion of Peter's father and brothers. Peter himself has become an apostle. Not content with endeavoring to win to Jesus Christ all his relatives, he is full of ardor to bring to me numerous auditors recruited among the ranks of the old Samurai. He is continually pressing and urging me to build a lecture hall. If my funds were as abundant as his zeal is fervent, such an edifice would have been constructed long ago.

Thought Pebbles.

A clever man always draws some profit from the evil that is said of him.

—A. Fournier.

A fool is only tiresome, a pedant is insupportable.—Napoleon.

Politeness is a coin destined to enrich those who give it away.

—Persian Proverb.

To complain of envy is to believe oneself worthy of exciting it.—Sedaine.

Childhood is a preface which is often worth more than the book.—Bertall.

The more habits a man has, the less independence does he possess.—Swift.

Science is the lock of which study is the key.—Abou-Taïb.

We like to give in the sun and receive in the shade.—J. Petit-Senn.

Idleness walks so slowly that poverty has no trouble in catching up with it.

—Franklin.

Notes and Remarks.

Among the bits of practical wisdom listened to of late by college graduates, this statement by a New York lawyer, John B. Dill, at Oberlin, Ohio, merits reproduction: "Many men of education, of power financial and political, seem to develop a two-faced conscience: one for business use, and another for individual life." The statement is, unfortunately, too true. Transparent as is the fallacy that what is condemnable in an individual is excusable or justifiable in a committee, a corporation, or a party, many men in public life nevertheless accept it as a principle of action. The purchase of a vote, for instance, is of course criminal in both the buyer and the seller; but the respectable members of the Republican or Democratic campaign committee, who have furnished the purchase-money for the express purpose of bribing the voter, will forsooth disclaim any personal responsibility for the crime. On the face of it, such a contention—that of their immunity from personal guilt in the matter—is clearly absurd; yet our public life is full of men whose individual consciences have become so blunted in committee work, that they will gravely uphold such action as legitimate, completely justified by what they lightly style "the rules of the game." The prevalence of such pernicious ideas about political morality is one of the worst evils threatening the undermining of popular government.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's reply to the tirade of abuse to which he has of late been subjected on the score of his "tainted money" has taken the form of a million dollar gift to the endowment fund of Yale University, and of a ten million dollar gift "to promote a comprehensive system of higher education in the United States." Neither Yale

nor the General Education Board to whom the latest magnificent contribution was tendered has manifested any scruples about accepting the money; and the smaller American colleges, or some of them, will accordingly reap notable benefit from Mr. Rockefeller's munificence. It is to the college as distinguished from the great university that his donation is made, and abundant reasons suggest themselves as fully justifying the wisdom of such a step. The announcement that "if the fund proves as useful as is now anticipated, Mr. Rockefeller will undoubtedly make large additions to it in future years," will be welcome news to the directors of many a struggling college whose development and utility are checked and hampered by the notable disparity between revenue and necessary expenditure. So far as we have seen, the Standard Oil millionaire has not attached to his benefaction conditions which, as in the case of Mr. Carnegie's latest gift, will debar denominational colleges from participation therein. In this he has been wise as well as broad. Fifty years hence the denominational college—of any Christian society—may be regarded as all too rare an institution in a land rampant with religious indifferentism.

Of timely interest at a period when an unprecedented flow of immigration into this country is awakening, among many, serious doubts as to the wisdom of the laws that facilitate such inroads, is a paper contributed to the *Champlain Educator* by the Rev. Father Lynch, S. T. B. "The Italian in America" is an appreciative, and withal a discriminating, study of one class of immigrants of whom some pessimistic Americans profess to entertain very pronounced misgivings. Premising that the largest percentage of Italians who come hither are drawn from Southern Italy, the writer emphasizes

the point that there is almost as great a contrast between the Italian of the North and him of the South, especially the Sicilian, as there is between the native red man and the American who is sprung from several generations of settlers whose blood has been drawn from many races by intermarriage. Without ignoring or extenuating the faults of these immigrants, Father Lynch makes for them the claim that "sobriety is theirs; long-suffering, perseverance, honesty, simplicity, and, above all, morality, is theirs." An interesting paper throughout, it contains much to allay the exaggerated alarm that perturbs many of our publicists, and not a little to justify its author's concluding prediction: "That the Italian is a rich contribution to our national growth time will prove; and to the land of the olive and the vine the United States will in future owe very much of her destined superiority in the fields where brawn and brain and, above all, moral strength are required."

Of all the tales ever invented for the delectation of anti-Catholics, the snake story, originating with a man named Wignall and published in the *Western Mail*, an English paper, takes the palm for preposterousness. Wignall, it seems, was for some time an employee of the French monks settled at Cardigan. As the story goes, the priests once took him into a room where a number of snakes were kept, and while strange incantations were being chanted one of the reptiles crawled to his neck. We are not informed as to the size of the snake, or the efforts made to repel its advances; however, that is of no consequence. The "chief priest" killed the reptile before any harm had been done, and gave the body to Wignall, telling him to keep it always, and assuring him that the possession would bring luck.

It is only fair to state that the

Western Mail has made an apology for publishing this story, which it characterizes as "the product of a youthful imagination in every particular,"—youthful and lively, though not well trained. We suspect that Wignall is a wag, and that his object was to test the gullibility of his readers. The editor of *Catholic Book Notes* is of the same opinion. "Probably Wignall was anxious to ascertain whether there was any absurdity too gross for Protestants to swallow; and he seems to have shown—what most of us could have told him—that their credulity knows no bounds where Catholics are concerned." The credulity of a great many Protestants would have been a more correct phrase. Not a few of them must have smiled over the snake story, and wondered at the folly of the editor who first gave it publicity.

Especially interesting among the reports read at the closing session of the Eucharistic Congress in Rome was that of Dr. Boissarie, the well-known director of the Medical Board at Lourdes. Dr. Boissarie called attention to the fact that the history of Our Lady's Pyrenean shrine is closely associated with great manifestations of devotion to the Holy Eucharist. For the past seventeen years the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament has been a prominent feature of the larger pilgrimages to the Grotto; and, as our readers know, it has been precisely during the procession that many of the most astounding of the Lourdes miracles have been wrought.

Not so many years ago it was a general belief, at least among non-Catholics, that education would free the country from crime; and upholders of the little red school-house confidently looked forward to a new Utopia where the greatest perfection would reign. It was this chimerical notion which led

to the banishment of religion from the public schools. Its necessity was denied. Experience has abundantly proved meantime that education as a factor in suppressing crime, and in uplifting criminals or those criminally inclined, has been a dismal failure. It has been found, moreover, that education, by contributing to the adroitness of the evil-doer and helping him to carry out his intentions, has actually served as a stimulus to crimes from which our country, half a century ago, was comparatively free. Not only has the number of hardened criminals increased, but college graduates are now included among the most ardent defenders of every public abuse.

It was no surprise, therefore, to learn that Prof. James, of Harvard, a noted psychologist, has abandoned the hopes once so fondly cherished. In a recent lecture at the University of Chicago he said: "Fifty years ago schools were supposed to free us from crimes and unhappiness. We do not indulge in those sanguine hopes now. The intellect is a servant of the passions, and sometimes education only serves to make men more adroit in carrying out evil intentions. This is shown to be true on every hand." We have often remarked that a change of policy and practice in regard to popular education is only a question of time. It is a satisfaction to feel that when the school question does come up for settlement, it will be settled right. Men like Prof. James have done much to spread the conviction that the only kind of education calculated to purify morals and to restrain evil passions is that of the heart and soul.

By all odds, the most noteworthy Fourth-of-July utterance was by Judge Parker, recently Democratic candidate for President. In a letter to the Tammany societies, read at their annual celebration on the Fourth, he said, after

a warning against what he called "incipient socialism"—the combination of business and politics, and the tendency toward over-government: "Although the dangers which confront us are new, they require nothing but the old respect for law, a demand for its rigid execution, and a recognition of those doctrines and practices which fix unalterably the limits of right and wrong. We do not need to look for new cures for the old diseases: we have only to apply the old remedies in drastic doses." Reformers of all sorts should take these words to heart. The neglect of old and tried remedies for the ills which afflict the body politic is the greatest folly of the age.

A notable article, by the Rev. Dr. Briggs, entitled "Reform in the Roman Catholic Church," appears in the current *North American Review*. It is calculated to enlighten outsiders as to the true mission of the Church; and it ought to have the further effect of utterly destroying prejudices against the Papacy which are as old as they are unreasonable. We quote a few of the more striking passages:

Many attempts have been made at reform in the Roman Catholic Church. From a Protestant point of view, all these efforts have accomplished but little: the Roman Catholic Church remains essentially an unreformed church. But history makes it evident that the ordinary Protestant opinion is erroneous.

It is of great importance to understand the fundamental principle of reform in the words of the Pope himself—namely, "*Restaurare ogni cosa in Cristo*,"—to make Jesus Christ Himself the centre and mainspring of all reform. This is exactly what the most enlightened Protestants desire for their own churches; what more can they ask for the Church of Rome?

A more thorough study of the sixteenth century makes it evident to historians that the division of the Western Church at the Reformation was not due so much to dogma as is commonly supposed.

The common doctrine of the present Protestant theologians would not be recognized by any of the Reformers. The dogmatic differences with Rome either no longer really exist or are in differ-

ent forms, and concerned with different questions.

There are many Protestant theologians who think it [the dogma of the Immaculate Conception] an inevitable consequence of the doctrine of original sin.

It is of the highest importance that the reform movement has been renewed with so much promise under a Pope of such spirituality, simplicity, and open-mindedness [as Pius X.]; a man who impresses those admitted to his presence and converse as being possessed of unusual grasp of mind, insight, and real moral power.

Utterances like these by a Protestant minister, one of the most learned and influential in the United States, and a professor in the leading Protestant theological seminary of the country, are significant,—significant of many things.

The innumerable friends whom the virtues and devoted ministrations of the Sisters of Mercy have secured for them in this country and in lands beyond the sea will be gratified to learn that the Maryland branch of the Order has recently celebrated, with congruous solemnity and the fullest measure of success, the Golden Jubilee of its establishment in the Land of the Calverts, the first home of religious freedom in the New World. The celebration took place at the mother house, Mount Washington, and was made to synchronize with the commencement exercises of Mount St. Agnes' College. The impressive functions were participated in by Cardinal Gibbons and a large number of distinguished prelates and priests. The exercises of the college girls were of notable excellence; and the tributes paid, by lay and clerical speakers, to the worth and work of the modest religious community that has rounded out fifty years in the whole-hearted service of God and humanity, were well-merited eulogies, creditable alike to the men who spoke them and the Sisters who made the speaking possible. In adding its congratulations to those which have

reached the Maryland Sisters from all quarters of the country, THE AVE MARIA begs to echo the wish of Cardinal Gibbons: "I trust God will enable them to continue their ministrations, and that they will reap the reward of their labors in many rich harvests."

Apropos of a newspaper correspondent's plea for gifts of money for missionary purposes among the heathen, another correspondent quotes the following paragraph from a protest addressed some time ago by the famous Samoan chieftain, Malletoa Tanu, to the United States, Germany, and Great Britain:

The missionaries who graced our country with their holy or unholy presence introduced the same religious differences and hatreds against each other as obtained at the hour in civilized States. The missionaries live in palatial concrete houses with all the luxuries their countries can afford, and charge us for Bibles and prayer-books which, we understand, are sent as free offerings.

It is needless to inform our readers that no money which they subscribe to the Propagation of the Faith reaches missionaries of the stamp thus lashed by the indignant Malletoa. Catholic foreign missionaries don't live in palatial residences, and don't make "a good thing financially" out of the sale of free Bibles.

We note an appeal for papers and documents to promote the beatification of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hartmann, Vicar-Apostolic of Patna, India, whose death, after many years of heroic and wondrously fruitful missionary labor, occurred in 1866. The London *Tablet* reminds us that he was the founder of the *Catholic Examiner* of Bombay, and the author of a celebrated catechism in Hindustani, with a vocabulary and grammar. He also prepared an Urdu version of the New Testament. Bishop Hartmann was a member of the Capuchin Order.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



With the Dictionary.

BY NEALE MANN.

G-R-I-E-V-O-U-S, sir,

You mispronounce most vilely: yes, sir;
Not greev'-yus is the word, 'tis gree'-vus.
But don't you ever say mis-chie'-vous,
Nor speak in accents light and airy
Of things as going quite con-trar'y.

Another fact—you'd best besiege it—
Im-me'-di-ate is not im-mej'-it;
And surely they take simply *no* tent
Who say for im'-po-tent, im-po'-tent.
Pronounce so that 'twill rhyme with "chary,"
The often mispronounced "vagary";
And if you'll only think of "sago,"
'Twill help you rightly say vi-ra'-go.

A word you're apt to miss serenely,
As adverb, properly is "cleanly";
But—see you do not get confounded—
As adjective, 'tis "clennly" sounded.
And here, to make an end of *this* course,
I finish my dis-course', not dis'course.

A Tuscan Job.

BY M. F. N. R.

FAIR, far away in lovely Tuscany,
in the town of San Gimignano,
there lived in the thirteenth century
the Count of Mucchio and his
holy wife. Both were devout Catholics
and of an illustrious house. They
dwelt in a fine old castle upon a rock,
and had many dependents, whom they
treated with the greatest consideration,
so that the Lord of the Manor was
called the "Good Count."

Very happy they would have been
had it not been for the fact that no
children had come to bless them, no
son was theirs to carry on their line

Such a grief was this to the Countess
that she prayed day and night that
God would send her a son, and at
last she had a dream in which it was
told her by an angel that her prayers
were to be answered.

"Your pious prayers are heard," said
her heavenly visitant; "for such is the
will of God. You will bear a son, who
will despise and forsake all earthly
goods for God and gather up great
riches for heaven."

Some time after this, in the year 1228,
the Countess gave birth to a little
son, whom she named Bartolo. Never
was there such a *bambino*. Strong and
lusty, he grew to be a beautiful boy,
and even in his boyhood seemed made
for high things. Lovable and gentle,
he was a great favorite with his play-
mates, who called him the "Angel of
Peace." Quarrels seemed to melt away
and serenity reign at his coming.

As he grew up, the young Italian felt
that he had a vocation for the priest-
hood, yet it grieved him much that he
must disappoint his father. Having
waited long for a son to be the heir
of his name and fortune, the old Count
was in no mood to give him up, and
at first tried to dissuade Bartolo from
taking such a step. He put before him
worldly distractions, and spoke to him
of his own disappointment and of his
need of a son in his old age.

All this sorely grieved the young
man; but he persevered in his aim, and
finally left home, going to Pisa, where
he became an inmate of the Benedictine
Abbey of St. Vitus. There his chief
pleasure was to nurse the sick, and he
endeared himself to all the monks by
his rare sweetness of nature. Feeling
sure that his vocation was genuine, they
urged him to take the religious habit;

yet, much as he longed to do so, such seemed not to be God's will. He prayed for light, and in a vision saw Our Lord, His body covered with wounds, who spoke to him, saying:

"Bartolo, your eternal crown will not be won by the monastic life, but by suffering and wounds which will afflict your body for twenty years."

This Bartolo did not understand, and he went to his confessor, who told him to take the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, and set aside the idea of being a monk. Humbly yielding, Bartolo remained in the monastery for ten years as a nurse and servant. But his probation was then over; for God said to him, "Thou hast been faithful in that which is least," and rewarded him accordingly. The good Bishop of Volterra was so much impressed with his piety that he offered him Holy Orders, inviting him to his own diocese.

Bartolo joyfully accepted, and at thirty years of age he was made a priest and sent to the parish of Pichena. There he remained for ten years,—faithful, zealous, beloved of his flock as a good shepherd, charitable to all. On one occasion he entertained a poor beggar at his table, and upon his departure a voice from the clouds said: "Bartolo, you have been the host of Jesus Christ."

But to the interlude of peace succeeded storm. When Bartolo was fifty-two years old there came upon him a terrible affliction. He was attacked by leprosy, the awful scourge of the Middle Ages. His body was covered with sores, and his sufferings were intense; and thus the angel's prophecy was fulfilled,—that by suffering and wounds he would win his crown.

It is required that lepers be separated from all who have not the same dread disease, and so Bartolo went to a lepers' hospital near San Gemignano; and there he remained until his death, twenty years later, in 1300.

He was appointed director of the institution, and so wonderful was his patience in suffering that people flocked from miles around to see him, calling him the "Job of Tuscany." A comfort to all afflicted ones, he led a life of prayer and patience until he was called away from all troubles and pain to the "Happy Harbor of God's Saints."

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY B. MANNIX.

XI.—BY THE WAY.

"Louis, Louis, where are you?" called a childish voice from the wagon; and the boy hastened back to his sister, Steffan closely following him.

"Awake, my pretty one?" asked the man, with a bungling attempt at playfulness. "You have been asleep all night; and now, after you jump down and shake yourself together a bit, we are going to have breakfast."

"Breakfast?" echoed Rose, springing from the wagon with the assistance of Louis. "Why, I thought we were going in the train?"

"So we are, after a while," rejoined Steffan.

"Oh, what a dirty bed!" said Rose, making a gesture of disgust as Steffan pulled the mattress from the wagon. "Why did you bring that dirty bed and those dirty quilts?"

"So that you might have a nice place to rest when you felt tired," he answered pleasantly, but with a flash from his black eyes, which Louis noted and did not like.

"But we could have brought ours," persisted Rose. "Why didn't we bring our things, Louis? They are clean."

The boy touched his sister's arm in warning; while Steffan remarked, with a laugh:

"What a dainty lady she is! What a little princess! But the pretty child

will have to get used to things. Soon, maybe, you'll be glad to lie on the 'dirty bed.' It's better than none."

"Come, Rose!" said Louis, with some impatience. "Mr. Steffan is waiting."

Steffan was pulling boxes and bundles from the wagon, and presently he observed:

"Here, my boy, pile up a lot of those loose fagots and start a fire. There's a spring down yonder. Take this kettle and fill it, and we'll have some coffee in a few moments."

Louis took the kettle, and, with Rose holding his hand, went in search of the spring. When they returned their faces were dripping. Hastening to the wagon, Rose began to search for a towel.

"What are you doing?" asked Steffan.

"I can't open this sack. I want a towel," she replied.

"What for?"

"To wipe my face."

"Pshaw! Wipe it on your petticoat."

"Wait, Rose! Here,—take my handkerchief," said Louis. "It's clean."

"Oh, you're too dainty!" answered Steffan. "There's no need of washing your face so early in the morning."

"I couldn't eat my breakfast unless I did," rejoined Rose.

"What if you were some place where you didn't have any water?"

"I wouldn't go to such a place."

"Oh, you wouldn't!" said Steffan, with a laugh which he meant to be pleasant no doubt, but which it was not good to hear. "Maybe you'll have to get used to such things. We all do."

Louis had unfastened the gunny-sack, and Rose was taking a comb and brush from a little box.

"I wish I could see in a glass," she said. "I suppose I'll have to do without it, though."

"I guess you will! Hurry up, lady princess! Breakfast will soon be ready."

With the sudden changes of mood habitual to her, Rose came to brea-

well pleased with the novel method of serving it. The table was an upturned box, and, in lieu of plates, they ate from pieces of brown paper which Louis tore into squares. After the long night in the open air they were all hungry. The coffee was good, the bacon crisp and sweet; bread and butter disappeared rapidly.

"It's like a picnic, isn't it?" observed the little girl. "Can we eat dinner this way, too?"

"Perhaps *many* dinners," answered Steffan. "We are going to travel this way, you know."

"And not by train?"

"And not by train."

"Mr. Steffan has lost some money," said Louis. "His hall in Philadelphia was burned, and some of his plans are changed."

"Oh, I am sorry!" cried Rose. "But it will be lovely to ride in the wagon."

"I'm glad you like it," said Steffan. "Just now I feel pretty tired, and I think I'll lie down a bit and try to have a sleep. Have you got a watch, young man?"

"Yes," replied Louis.

"Well, then, if you'll clear things up, I'll just lie down, and ask you to call me at twelve. That will give me a good five hours' sleep. It's only seven now."

"All right!" said Louis.

Steffan fed the horse, gave him a drink, and, taking him from the shafts, led him over to the grove, where he fastened him to a tree by a long rope tied to the halter, thus giving him room to walk about a little. Then he pushed the wagon into the grove, and, climbing in, was soon lost to view.

"Louis," whispered Rose, "he is sleeping on that dirty bed, too."

"He has nowhere else to sleep, Rose," answered her brother.

"Hasn't he? And do we have to sleep there after him?"

"I suppose so—for the present at least."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Rose. "I don't like that part of it."

"Neither do I," replied Louis. "But we'll have to get used to things. And you mustn't complain, Rose. Every time you see something you don't like, or that is disagreeable, just think whether it isn't better than being separated from your big brother."

"*Anything* is better than that!" exclaimed the child, throwing her arms about him. "And I think this is going to be great fun,—riding in a wagon and camping out. It's a lovely place, and the mountains are fine."

"We are going to cross them,—at least the lower ones," answered Louis. "Philadelphia is on the other side."

The morning wore away quite pleasantly. Louis called Steffan at twelve, and after they had prepared and eaten dinner the journey was continued.

They travelled all that day, and when night came the children were again told to lie down in the wagon and go to sleep. On the morning of the third day they awoke on the edge of a mining town, amid the hubbub of men coming and going to and fro. Steffan put up the horse in the stable of the small, unsightly-looking inn, and all three breakfasted together at a long, dirty table, guiltless of tablecloth or napkins, with a general appearance of slovenliness which caused Rose to turn up her little nose in disgust.

After the meal was finished, Steffan went out and did not return for about two hours. When he came he seemed in excellent spirits.

"We are good for a three days' stay here, at least," he said, shouldering the gunny-sack and leading the way upstairs to the room which the landlord had given them. "Perhaps we'll have a week's business. There's an excursion coming here to-morrow,—something about an anniversary."

The room was rather large, but very disorderly. There were two beds—mere

cots,—a box on which stood a tin ewer and basin, with a few hooks in the wall in lieu of a closet. Two broken chairs completed the furniture.

"Here we are!" said Steffan. "Now unpack, and we will see about the costumes for to-night."

"I don't see any place to put them when they *are* unpacked," said Rose, with fine contempt.

"Perhaps there will be something in your room," rejoined Louis.

"There's no other room," said Steffan, bluntly. "The sooner you folks get used to close quarters the better. I'm afraid you're too squeamish."

"But Rose can not sleep here," said Louis, decidedly. "We may as well understand at once, Mr. Steffan, that Rose must have a room to herself."

"Well, in the future that may be—when we get the troupe together,—at least she can have a room with some of the other women. I'll tell you what we can do, kids. I'll have them put up a couple of quilts right here for a curtain, and put in another cot."

"All right!" rejoined Louis; and everything was serene again.

The proprietor appeared at this moment. He was quite good-natured, and sent up a pair of old curtains, a cot, a clean mattress, and comforter.

They unpacked the bag, took out its contents, and Steffan, from some mysterious receptacle, produced what he called a Magyar costume. He then told the children to fetch their music and they would make out a programme for the evening. He also brought forth a French harp, on which he performed some clever feats; and joined in the songs of the children with a pretty good baritone, which promised to make the performance quite attractive.

"There are a lot of our countrymen here," said Steffan. "We're likely to do very well the first night; and better the next, because those who go will tell others."

Steffan went downstairs; and the two children, left to themselves, stood looking out of the window. At length Louis proposed that they go out and walk about the town.

They had hardly reached the street when they saw a great crowd gathered in the stable-yard of the little hotel. Two men were quarrelling; they were without hats, and the blood was pouring from a wound in the forehead of one of them. Louis at once saw that the injured man was Steffan.

"What can be the matter, Rose?" he said anxiously. "Some one has been fighting with Mr. Steffan."

Suddenly the man himself rushed through the crowd, stood on an empty box on the edge of it, and cried out:

"For the sake of my helpless children, let me alone,—let me go! I have been working very hard to pay that debt. You gentlemen are fair-minded, I'm sure. Come, Louis; come Rose,—stand by your father."

Dazed and astounded, the children obeyed. Their refined and attractive appearance at once excited sympathy. A murmur ran through the crowd, while a sullen, dogged-looking man pushed his way toward them.

"Are them kids yours?" he inquired, shaking his fist at Steffan. "Where's your wife?"

"Dead years ago," replied Steffan. "I've had these children in an asylum for ever so long, and that's one reason why I haven't been able to pay you, Briggs. And now, just when I'm getting on my feet, you come and try to throw me down for a debt that wasn't mine at all, but my brother's!"

"I don't believe you've got any brother," retorted Briggs. "You and Anton Steffan are one and the same man. I'm sure of it. But I'm no brute, though I may not be your fine gentleman. If you give me some security right here and now, as I've asked you, I won't have you arrested."

"Gentlemen," appealed Steffan, "I'm a poor man. I've got nothing but the clothes I have on. Two years ago this man made me put my name on a note for my brother. He's dead. Why should I pay his debts?"

"That ain't the way of it at all," said Briggs. "This feller—"

"Stop! stop!" shouted Steffan, to whom a bright idea had just occurred. "I have a wagon and a good horse. Take them, I give them to you; they are worth more than the sum I owe you."

"That's fair enough," said Briggs. "Where are they?"

"Over there in the yard," rejoined Steffan. "Children, go back to the house at once,—both of you. I'll come over in a few moments."

Slowly and sadly Louis and Rose retraced their steps to the inn. The beginning of their musical career was certainly not auspicious. Steffan went over to the stable-yard with Briggs, who soon drove off with Murphy's horse and wagon. Steffan was glad to get rid of it, as he hoped his theft would not thus be so easily traced.

(To be continued.)

Minute Writing.

The Declaration of Independence has been written, with the aid of glasses, on a scrap of paper no larger than a quarter of a dollar. Yet this is nothing to a feat for which Cicero vouches. He said that he had seen the entire Iliad—a poem as long as the New Testament—written on skin so that it could be rolled up within the compass of a nutshell.

Red-Letter Days.

Our familiar phrase "a red-letter day," a day of good fortune, refers to the old custom of printing the saints' days in red ink.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The index and supplementary pages for Vol. LX. of THE AVE MARIA, just concluded, are now ready. They will be sent, free, to such of our subscribers as make application therefor.

—A French translation of Cardinal Newman's "Development of Christian Doctrine," by Henri Bremond, has just been brought out in Paris. The publishers rightly think the work admirably adapted to the needs of the present day.

—Another list of the best hundred books, one not hitherto published, is announced as appearing in the July issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It was drawn up by the late Lord Acton, and should accordingly prove quite as interesting as the list made by Sir John Lubbock.

—*Harper's Weekly* is authority for the statement that the following remarks on Tennyson were recently handed in on an examination paper by a schoolboy in an English literature class: "Lord Alfred Tennyson was a celebrated poet, and he wrote a lot of beautiful pomes with long hair. His greatest pome is called 'The Idle King.' He was made a lord, but he was a good man and wrote many oads."

—To the current issue of *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, of Philadelphia, Dr. James J. Walsh, contributes an interesting study of Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan (1797-1880), physician, historian, and antiquarian. Dr. O'Callaghan was a voluminous writer upon historical subjects; and his "History of New Netherland" and "Documentary History of New York" are works important enough to entitle him to a much larger share of fame than has been dealt out to his memory.

—A grateful issue of the Australian Catholic Truth Society is "St. Columkille," by his Eminence Cardinal Moran. In this booklet of forty pages, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney gives a fascinating sketch of this particular Columba, among Irish saints of that name, who received the popular designation "Columba of the Churches" (Columkille), from his being constantly found in church, "nestling beside the altar, like a dove by its nest." A penny booklet that should sell by the thousand.

—"A Page of the Supernatural at the Vatican Council" is the (translated) title of an intensely interesting little book by François Pon, published by Retaux, Paris. The sub-title, "Mother St. Agnes and Mgr. Dupanloup," gives a suggestion of its contents. The letters written to the great Bishop by this humble nun, whose mental culture was very imperfect, and whose horizon was bounded by the walls of an obscure convent at

Narbonne, are marvellous in their scope and forcefulness, and quite inexplicable save by the hypothesis of preternatural knowledge.

—The French Academy, which interests itself in French literature wherever produced, has just honored a Canadian author, Mr. Thomas Chapais, by "crowning" his fine book "Jean Talon," and awarding him one of the prizes offered for the best historical works of the year.

—A third edition of Abbé Fonard's "St. John and the End of the Apostolic Age" is announced by M. Lecoivre, Paris. The vast erudition of the author, known to most English readers through his admirable Life of Christ, etc., is especially evidenced in this intimate study of the life, the work, and the times of the Beloved Apostle.

—We gave a word of notice, a few weeks ago, to that excellent booklet, by the Rev. H. H. Wyman, C. S. P., "Certainty in Religion," published by the Columbus Press, New York. The reception of the same little work, in cloth binding, affords us an opportunity of reiterating both our approval of its scope and method, and our advice to our readers to add the book to their collection of apologetic volumes.

—"The Lord's Ambassador," by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), and "Winnie's Vocation," by Frances Noble, published by the Catholic Truth Society, London, are two collections of interesting and edifying tales, ranging through the gamut of pathos and humor. They have, it is true, the atmosphere of England and Ireland; but the pulse-beat throbbing under them all is that of humanity, hence the general interest of these stories. The authors' names, it need not be said, are a guarantee of literary excellence.

—A story for young folk that won enthusiastic praise from readers of THE AVE MARIA, where it appeared as a serial, is "The Transplanting of Tessie," by Mary T. Waggaman. Humor and pathos, adventure and the ethical element, home-life and the influence of a lovable child, are the elements of this excellent tale. The best proof of the author's power is found in the fact that when the story was concluded, the young folk all wanted to know more about Tessie, and rather resented being cut off from further acquaintance with that little lady's career. Benziger Brothers.

—If one grants that the fundamentals of good fiction are plot, construction, characterization and description, it becomes difficult to classify "Mrs. Darrell," by Foxcroft Davis. (The Macmillan Co.) It is a sordid kind of a book, with no interest,—though some may mistake the curiosity it awakens for interest. The heroine,

or rather the "leading lady," is a weak sort of character, the men are not convincing, the setting is artificial. Altogether it is a cheap book—we mean in atmosphere, for it sells at the usual price of \$1.50.

—From a review of Mr. Bryan Clinch's recent work, "California and Its Missions," appearing in the New York *Evening Post*, the following paragraph is quoted by the *Messenger*:

Deeds of violence and wrong to the weaker races unfortunately have marked the history of European colonization almost everywhere during the years since Columbus began his first colony. If those committed by the early Spanish conquerors, who for more than a century were the only representatives of Europe in colonization enterprise, have been more widely published than others, the chief reason is because they were more vigorously condemned by their own countrymen, without regard for national prejudices. In the sixteenth century the moral sense of the Spanish people revolted more keenly at cruelty and oppression of the Indians than did that of England or Holland in the seventeenth and eighteenth, when their colonizations began. The destruction of the natives of San Domingo and Cuba is familiar to all; while the like extermination of the Tasmanians, the Bosjesmen and Hottentots of South Africa and even those of the old New England tribes, are hardly spoken of. It is mainly so because the Spanish historians held justice above national vanity, and denounced the misdeeds in strong language, while those of England or Holland kept silence on the atrocities of their countrymen. Neither England nor Holland has produced a Las Casas.

The point is an important one and well taken. It is a distinct service to give the widest possible circulation to such statements as the foregoing.

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 Transplanting of Tessie." Mary T. Waggonman. 60 cts.
- "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.
- "The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. 50 cts.
- "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.
- "The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.
- "The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.

- "The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.
- "The Lodestar." Sidney R. Kennedy. \$1.50.
- "Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.
- "Beyond Chance of Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. \$1.50.
- "The Gospel According to St. Mark." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
- "The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. \$1 25.
- "The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr." Rev. James J. McGovern. \$5.
- "Holy Confidence." Father Rogacci, S. J. 60 cts., net.
- "Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.
- "The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.
- "The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.
- "The Chronicle of Jocelyn." 90 cts., net.
- "The Luck of Linden Chase." S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.
- "The Light of Faith." Frank McGloin. \$1, net.
- "Juvenile Round Table." 2d Series. \$1.
- "The Love of Books" (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.
- "Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbroëk. 75 cts., net.
- "Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.
- "Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. \$1.
- "Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. \$3.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Louis Hinssen, of the diocese of Alton; Rev. Henry Kiffmeyer, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, diocese of Natchez; and Rev. Joseph Nierman, C. SS. R.

Mother Catherine, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood; and Sister M. Augustine, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Charles Solcher, of San Antonio, Texas; Mr. William Scott, Philadelphia; Mrs. Josephine Hopkins, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Mangan, Pittston, Pa.; Miss Anna Brennan and Mr. Owen Fox, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Jacob Emiling, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. E. St. Louis, Yolo, Cal.; Mr. J. H. Battin, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Hannah Sullivan and Mr. Nicholas Hurst, Fall River, Mass.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 22, 1905.

NO. 4.

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

As the River Flows.

A THOUSAND changes come and go
 Upon the winding river,
 As gleaming darts of light are winged
 From daydawn's golden quiver.
 And in the silence of the night,
 When stars are o'er it gleaming,
 The ripples break in smiles of light,
 As if of star-rays dreaming.
 But day and night, the quiet deeps,
 Of dawns and stars unknowing,
 Obedient to changeless laws,
 On to the sea are flowing.
 And thus should life, come weal or woe,
 In silent, swift endeavor
 Flow on until it rests in God
 Forever and forever.

...

Our Mother.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

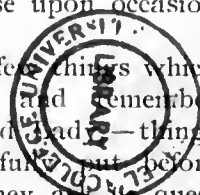
I T ought to be one of the dearest
 wishes of our hearts to see Mary
 loved and honored by our race as
 she used to be all over Christen-
 dom, and as she is now in Catholic
 countries. What a happy thing that
 would be for our people! How it would
 sweeten and lighten thousands of lives
 full of care and worry and trouble! Ah,
 but it needs a great change before things
 will come to that! A great work will
 have to be done. And that work is
 ours. We have to do it,—we Catholics.
 Not the priests only, but the lay-people

too. The laity can often do more than
 the priests; for they are brought more
 frequently and more closely than the
 priest into contact with non-Catholics.

How, then, is this great work for
 our Mother to be done? Are we to
 go about preaching devotion to Our
 Lady? Yes and no! By holy, Catholic
 lives, yes; by words, no, not as a rule.
 When people ask us questions about
 the Blessed Virgin and what Catholics
 believe about her, or when we hear her
 honor attacked and our trust in her
 ridiculed, then indeed we should speak,
 and speak boldly, in her defence; then
 we have an opportunity of upholding
 her honor. And it may be that, for
 some of us, such opportunities will not
 be infrequent as we move about in the
 midst of our non-Catholic countrymen.

But to be able to stand up efficiently
 for our dear Mother, we must be well
 instructed. We must know what the
 Church teaches about her, and why she
 is to be so greatly honored. We must
 take care, then, to inform ourselves well
 upon these matters; making good use
 of the excellent Catholic literature that
 is available upon the subject. And, in
 passing, I may say that if we read our
 AVE MARIA well, we shall lay up a
 store of good, solid and useful informa-
 tion, which we can use upon occasion
 with effect.

Let me mention a few things which
 we ought to know and remember
 concerning our Blessed Lady—things
 which we might usefully put before
 Protestants should they ask us ques-



tions. It is a favorite argument with our non-Catholic friends, that, while there is a great deal about our Blessed Lord in the Bible, there is very little about Our Lady. Now, in a certain sense that is true. It is true that her name does not appear so often as the sacred name of Jesus; and it is true that we do not find so many events of her life upon earth recorded as we do of the earthly life of our Divine Saviour. But we must remember that the Gospel is the life of Jesus, not the life of Mary. Moreover, while what we read of her is not much, as regards mere quantity, nevertheless what we are told of her in Holy Scripture is of the very highest importance and full of deep significance. To begin with, there is the remarkable fact that she is spoken of in the first book of the Bible and in the last. Open your Bible at the book of Genesis, and what do you read there?

Adam and Eve have just committed their great sin; they have lost for all mankind the precious gifts of grace that they should have handed down to us intact. As a punishment, they are driven out of the Garden of Eden, the earth is cursed for their crime, and they have to labor henceforth for their bread in the sweat of their brow. But at the same time a Redeemer is promised, and God says to their tempter: "I will put enmities between thee and *the Woman*, and thy seed and her seed."

Who is that Woman whom God Himself will set in everlasting and complete opposition to the devil? Who is that Woman whose "seed"—that is, whose offspring—is to overcome the Evil One? Who is that seed, that offspring? Is it not the same of whom God said to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed"? Is it not that seed of whom St. Paul writes, "To Abraham were the promises made, and to his seed. He saith not: And to his seeds, as of many; *but as of*

one: And to thy seed, who is Christ."* Jesus Christ our Lord, then, is the seed, or offspring, of the Woman; so that the Woman, between whom and the devil God Himself establishes an enduring hostility, is none other than our own dear Mother Mary.

We know how that prophecy was fulfilled and is still fulfilled. So complete is the enmity between her and the Evil One, that never for one instant was there truce between them; never for one instant was she under his power. She was kept pure, by her Immaculate Conception, from the stain of original sin; and, by the immense grace given her by God, she was preserved from ever falling into the least personal or actual sin.

Thus, then, Mary and her Immaculate Conception are foretold in the very first book of the Bible. And we have a picture also of her in the last book, the Apocalypse—a book of Revelations made to the Apostle St. John, to whom Our Lord had said: "Son, behold thy Mother!" He it was who, according to tradition, took care of our dear Mother till the day she fell asleep in Jesus and was taken up to heaven. What does St. John tell us? He saw a vision of the heavenly country. "And," he says, "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 she [the woman] 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 have the testimony of Jesus Christ."†

* Gal., iii, 16.

† Apoc., xii.

Now, these passages are rightly interpreted as a picture of the Church of God under persecution; but they are no less rightly and fittingly applied to our Blessed Lady. She herself is, in her glory and virtues, a type of the Holy Church, Christ's own immaculate bride. Such mystical passages of Holy Scripture as the one in question are frequently susceptible of more than one true interpretation. Moreover, the parallelism between this passage and that of Genesis is too close to be treated as a mere coincidence. In Genesis we have the Woman and her Son and the Serpent. Here again we have the woman and her child, and the great dragon who makes war upon the seed of the woman.

Take, again, the prophecy of Isaias: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel,"—God with us. Here the prophet tells us two things about our Blessed Lady: first, that she is to be the Mother of Emmanuel,—of God with men. This fact, that she is God's Mother, is the reason of all the honor which we pay to her; and, in truth, is reason enough for all that honor, for all our love, and for the grandest titles which we give to her; for no title can ever come up to that one of "Mother of God." The other thing told us here of Mary is that, though a mother, she is also a most pure and most holy virgin.

And now let us turn to the Gospels themselves. Therein, at the very beginning of Christianity, we find the Mother indissolubly joined to her Son in the hearts and minds of Christians. Are we to imagine that it was without reason that the Holy Ghost inspired the Evangelists to place those holy names of Jesus and Mary in juxtaposition in the marked way they do? "And going into the house," says St. Matthew of the Wise Men, "they found the Child with Mary, His Mother." St. Luke, especially, in his full account of

the first days of Jesus, with details which he could not well have learned but from the Blessed Virgin herself, sets before us in beautiful colors the image of the Mother with her Child.

The Catholic conviction that the frequent conjunction of Jesus and Mary in the Gospel pages has a meaning for all time, is borne out by the Christian paintings in the Catacombs, where, before the ages of persecution had ceased, we find already represented the dear figures of the Mother and the Son; and as we gaze upon them they strike us, though they are the products of so distant an age, with a sense of most familiar intimacy. We feel that those early Christians thought as we Catholics do now about Mary and Mary's Son. Who can read the inspired record of the Annunciation, wherein Mary freely accepted her part in the great work of Redemption; or of the Visitation, or of the Miracle of Cana worked at her request, without recognizing that in the Gospels themselves the position of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is unique; that she is indeed 'blessed among all women,' full of the plenitude of divine grace?

No one can truthfully say, then, that there is nothing in Holy Scripture to justify Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. There may not be many texts; though, when we come to look into the matter, we find them perhaps more numerous than we had supposed. But, if few, they are most wonderful. They are enough to show us to what a height of grandeur Our Lady is raised,—a creature indeed, one of ourselves; but the greatest, purest, holiest of creatures, raised even above the angels by her sublime dignity as Mother of God. God indeed, as she said so humbly, "hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid." 'He that is mighty hath done great things to her.'

While, then, to God alone we give that supreme worship which is due to

none beside Him, to Mary we pay our dues of most affectionate and loving veneration. For she is not only great, she is good, she is kind, she is merciful and gentle; she loves us well. "How do we know that she loves us?" a Protestant friend may ask. What a question! "Does Jesus love us?" we may ask in reply. He died for us, and shed His blood to the last drop for our redemption. Does she love Him? Does she not, then, love those for whom He died, whom He bought at that price? Yes!—a thousand times, yes! How can she help loving and caring for us, who have been ransomed from her great enemy, the ancient Serpent, by the price of that blood which Jesus drew from her veins?

These are some of the things we might say to those who accuse us of doing wrong in loving and honoring our Mother. And they are things which we ourselves can never learn too well or think of too often. We are at a disadvantage in living in a Protestant land. Here we have nothing to remind us continually of her in our daily comings and goings, as we should have in a Catholic country. We are in danger of being infected with that forgetfulness of our Mother which surrounds us; of not remembering the great part she had in our redemption: how she believed and obeyed, and said, "Be it done unto me according to thy word."

We can not help our surroundings, but we must use our best endeavors to overcome them. In Catholic lands children learn to love our Blessed Lady at their mother's knee; and as they grow up, there is much about them to remind them of that holy, beautiful lesson. If we are to keep alive our devotion to our Mother we must *cultivate* it. We shall never do the great work of bringing our country back to the knowledge and love of Mary unless we ourselves love her truly and are truly devoted to her. I am not

delivering these words from a pulpit, so I will not stay to point out the many means by which we can deepen and intensify our own devotion to Mother Mary. None of us can plead ignorance of them.

I will conclude with the words of a poet who thus beautifully expresses the blessedness of possessing, in the Catholic Church, the devotion which she teaches us to pay to Mary as an integral part of the religion founded upon earth by Mary's Son:

And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood—
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,—
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXVII.—(Continued.)

MISS TABITHA listened, aghast, to Eben Knox. Were there new revelations which this terrible manager might make against the honor of a family so universally esteemed,—new accusations against the memory of the man whom, in her feeble but tenacious fashion, she had loved? As in a rush of recollection, she beheld Jim Bretherton, just returned from England, riding down Millbrook High Street in the sunshine of unclouded prosperity. Had no instinct warned him to avoid the gate of Rose Cottage, or to fly from that fatal attraction which had afterward led him so frequently thither?

She herself had been urged by an unerring instinct to keep the two apart; to shield Leonora from a probably hopeless attachment; to save Bretherton from the magnetism of that unusual beauty which her niece possessed, and which was certain to appeal to the

men of the Bretherton race. They were lovers of beauty. There was scarcely a plain woman in the whole gallery of their ancestors; and Leonora had, besides, as Miss Tabitha dimly apprehended, a far more subtle and seductive charm than mere personal beauty.

The two had drifted, notwithstanding her precautions, into a love affair which threatened all concerned with ruin and disaster. They had taken up the threads of a boy-and-girl friendship and had woven a very dainty fabric, warranted, like Penelope's web, to withstand the rudest storms.

Miss Tabitha seemed to hear again young Mr. Bretherton asking concerning the little girl with whom he had played and quarrelled: "Miss Tabitha, who was that little girl? Where is that little girl?" Better, as it seemed now, if he had never seen her, never known her,—if she had been married before young Mr. Bretherton had come back to Millbrook.

As Miss Tabitha pondered thus, and her mind wandered to the past glories of the Manor family—glories which had, to a certain degree, reflected upon herself, through that secretaryship held by her father,—her thoughts shaped themselves into a resolve. Leonora should be sacrificed, in so far at least as she had power to consummate the sacrifice. The girl was strong and would get over it; or, if she did not, others had endured the like bereavement and the world had gone on its own way undisturbed. If she married Eben Knox, she would no doubt accommodate herself to that fate, as scores of women had done, and he would surround her with every luxury; if she did not, why, she was young and beautiful, and might yet make a brilliant match elsewhere. Better even that she should take refuge in the convent, in which she already spent so much of her time, and which in Miss Tabitha's imagination was the abode of blighted and

lovelorn beings. Her thoroughly Protestant cast of mind could not imagine that joy of which the poet sings:

The deep, long rapture
The chosen know,
Who forsake for heaven
Vain joys below.

She knew naught of that vision of peace, security and undivided allegiance, which seeks "the things that are of the Lord," and which has allured many a young soul, even amongst those to whom it was not given to realize that ideal. Miss Tabitha had never heard the convent laughter, nor known that cheerfulness which is greater almost than any cheerfulness upon earth. But even to that prison of her fancy she would have consigned Leonora, if only they could all be saved, and the Bretherton honor and that of its worthless scion could be spared.

She made, however, one more appeal to the man before her, though with little hope of success. The cruel depths of his nature were, indeed, beyond her, as were those fierce and angry passions which lodged there like sea-monsters in the deep. She knew enough of him to be aware that he was not likely to forego a purpose once formed.

"Oh, spare them!" she cried,—*"spare them, Eben Knox! Leave them their love. Few such flowers grow in this evil world."*

"And take for myself the poisonous growth of the marshes?" answered Eben Knox, with a harsh laugh.

"You have said, yourself," Tabitha continued, "that had Reverdy Bretherton prospered in his love affair, these calamities might not have happened."

"It is rather better for me that they *did* happen," the other replied. "And what is it to me if Reverdy Bretherton went to perdition or if his nephew were to follow suit? Ho! ho! that would be a morsel for the countryside! Young Mr. Bretherton, the model son of a model father, gone off the track,

crossed in love and driven desperate! That is something I should relish."

"Have some pity at least on Leonora. She does not love you and she never will. Her hate and her loathing will increase with the years, even if she could be persuaded to marry you, until at last it may drive her to despair."

Eben Knox winced at this plain talk of the girl's sentiments toward him, which Tabitha blurted out, and which he knew to be correct. Both of them, of course, miscalculated Leonora's strength,—the pure, serene depths of her nature, sustained by that religion which she had practised from her youth upward, and by those sources of strength within the Church which were to them as a sealed book.

"Your talk is utterly useless," said Eben Knox, harshly. "I will not spare them. I will at least find sweetness in revenge."

"The Lord is the God to whom revenge belongeth."

"If there is a God, Tabitha, you are blaspheming Him," said the manager, sternly,—*"you, with a weight of guilt upon your soul."*

"Hear me!" cried the poor lady, desperately. "I, indeed, kept silent to save a man whom I loved, the honor of a family to whom I was devoted. They had everything to lose, and that miserable tramp who was arrested had nothing. In the watches of the night I have wrestled with myself in prayer, and it seemed to me that he had naught to lose, not even an honest name. A nameless wanderer, suspected every day of some fresh crime, safe there in the prison from wickedness and from temptation, housed and clothed and fed,—gaining all and losing nothing; whereas for dear Reverdy, for them all, exposure meant consummate ruin. Madam Bretherton would have died of the shame of it; and the Governor and his brothers, so honorable, so

blameless, would have been marked with the stigma."

A malignant sneer curved the mill-manager's thin lips; but Miss Tabitha paid no heed.

"Sometimes, when doubt was strong upon me, and the burden of the secret seemed more than I could bear, I have sought the minister to tell him all. But I feared. Suppose he should mention it to another? Suppose his wife should discover it? I dared not seek his advice. And so my years have been made miserable, and I have felt at times as if I, too, were a criminal."

"*You are!*" retorted Eben Knox, brutally. "And it was mighty lucky you never told the minister. His wife has a tongue as long as the mill clapper. But the law will hold you, and I will charge you with being an accomplice after the fact," he added, playing upon her terrors as he might have played upon a musical instrument.

It seemed desperately hard that the poor lady, who was naturally the very soul of conventionality, respectability and decorum, should have become involved in these ugly transactions, chiefly through the misconduct of the man whom she had had the misfortune to love. It never occurred to her that she was lending herself to further wrong-doing in destroying a happiness which promised so fairly, and in promoting a marriage between her niece and this sinister and malignant manager.

"Give me time," she murmured at last, her face pale and withered, no longer resembling a pink, but, rather, a faded and yellow leaf.

She was stricken with the new terror which Knox's words had suggested,—that of being charged with actual complicity in the crime; and terror is of all things most pitiless. At that moment she had no thought but of how Leonora might be made to serve their purpose.

"Give me time, Eben Knox, and everything shall be as you will. Only swear to me by all you hold sacred that you will keep the secret—and treat Leonora well."

Again a sneer curved Eben Knox's lips. He despised the weakness of which he made use.

"In the sense you mean," he replied, "I hold nothing sacred. No oath would have any binding force upon my conduct. But if you ask me to swear by my love for Leonora, that is another matter,—that is something apart from all the rest."

The grim savagery of his aspect was relieved by that single light from within,—his affection for the girl.

"I love Leonora," he went on; "I have always loved her, and I will make her happy. If she marries me, she may make of me what she will; and the secret will be safe, buried in oblivion deep as Reverdy Bretherton's grave."

He went out after that, and left poor Miss Tabitha as if quite paralyzed; taking with him her assurance that she should leave no stone unturned to forward his designs. As he walked away, his face was irradiated with malignant triumph, and his cavernous eyes were aglow with the fierce light of anticipated vengeance.

XXVIII.—NEMESIS.

When Miss Tabitha was left alone, she fell upon her knees once more, in an abject terror and a hopeless misery such as she had never before known. That past, that terrible past, with all its horrors, had been brought vividly to mind; and she realized too late the tremendous responsibility she had incurred in allowing an innocent man to suffer for the guilty. She did not, indeed, know all; for Eben Knox had purposely withheld from her a portion of the secret, which he might use as a final lever to move to his purpose her

and Leonora, and, in fact, all concerned. She knew sufficient, however, to fill her with a remorse which was largely mingled with the terror of what was to come. If Leonora persisted in marrying young Mr. Bretherton, there would be laid a train of evils which, in their number and extent, could be only conjectured by Miss Tabitha's vivid imagination. Remembering the manager's hint about incriminating documents, she felt certain that he was in possession of evidence which he had not thought proper to communicate.

Alone there in the darkness, helpless, old and poor, it was not surprising that Miss Tabitha was disposed to magnify the consequences of the threatened disclosures, and to feel assured that she herself, the bright and gifted young heir of the manorial honors, the Bretherton family who were so universally loved and respected, and Leonora, must be the victims of the relentless manager and his nefarious plottings. It seemed hard, especially at the very moment when Leonora's prospects were at the brightest, and when undreamed-of good fortune would have elevated her to a sublimated plane, even above the heads of supercilious Thorneycroft, and have let her walk in the Elysian meadows of the Bretherton prestige.

Despite her pessimistic misgivings with regard to the Governor and his wife, which arose from ignorance of the deeper motives of their conduct, she was assured of one thing—that young Mr. Bretherton was not only radiantly happy in the prospect of a union with Leonora, but as indifferent to all those brilliant prospects which he was sacrificing for her sake as he was to those sunflowers over which he and Leonora had quarrelled in the old childish days. It was the dark Nemesis. That sin of which she had scarce been conscious, had found her out; and Eben Knox, the sharer of that guilty secret, was

to be the instrument of justice and of vengeance.

Added to these reflections was the revival of those sinister impressions, of the fear and horror which had seized her in the gloom of that terrible night, when she had seen a fellow-being struck down in the very prime of life by the hand of one whom, in her own way and to the extent of her powers, she had loved. A poignant if unacknowledged bitterness had been added to those past associations by the fact, so ruthlessly dragged to light by Eben Knox, that Reverdy Bretherton from that time forth had prospered. He, the prodigal, had married the heiress, and had, moreover, inherited the substance of that very cousin whose death he had caused. Having secured the silence of Knox, he had settled down to be a prosperous gentleman of leisure. The strained and hunted expression which for a time had marred the beauty of a comely countenance had gradually disappeared, leaving in its stead complacency, self-satisfaction, and benignity.

In the insolence of his fancied security, Reverdy Bretherton had ventured, as the manager angrily remembered, to patronize "young Knox," and to take a benevolent and quasi-sentimental interest in the mistress of Rose Cottage. Curiously enough, that sentiment had been genuine, after a fashion, and had survived those dark and blood-stained pages of the man's youth. Perhaps he had preferred to recall a period when he was still the open-handed, generous and light-hearted prodigal, who had injured no man and had been his own worst enemy; or perhaps Tabitha, with her prim and dainty prettiness, her ringlets and her Puritan shyness, had really touched in the boyish mind a deep chord, which continued to give forth melody.

In any case, it had been his habit, upon occasional visits to Rose Cottage,

to revert to those happy hours which he had spent there; and to assure Miss Tabitha, smilingly, that he still preserved that ringlet which he had stolen long ago. He had carried off that intervening tragedy with a certain high-hearted insouciance, which had caused Tabitha to look at him in wonder and admiration. She had usually responded to the sentiment by taking out, after his departure, from its receptacle of years, the valentine with two hearts transfixed by a flaming sword, and the verse:

O sweetheart mine, I'm thine,—all thine!
For thee I pine.
Behold, my heart with flaming dart
Is joined to thine!

She had likewise perused the letters, few, ill-spelled, and glowing with a boy's first fervor, moistening the pages with her tears.

Yet, meantime, in her secret consciousness she had revolted against the injustice of it all, and had striven to separate the sentiment from the guilty man and to weave it about the boy, who had been, at least, clean-handed and who had really loved her. She had tried to imagine him as having died before that tragic night beside the alder bushes, and to believe that Reverdy Bretherton was merely the harmless and benignant gentleman that he seemed.

A curious and a subtle thing is surely the human heart, with its emotions; and it seemed the irony of fate and of circumstance that these complexities of purpose, of motive and of action should have been centred in a woman of the mental and moral calibre of Tabitha Brown. She appeared so eminently fit to play the part of a simple and harmless spinster, training roses about her porch and cultivating pinks in her garden. It would have been easy to picture her absorbed in the trivialities of village life, inordinately magnifying the pretensions of the great, elevating

herself by a petty vanity over her humbler neighbors. And here she had become involved in a whole network of tragic details.

Kneeling thus in that familiar room, which had suddenly become an abode of gloom and terror, Miss Tabitha began to repeat over, in a mechanical and quite haphazard way, verses of Scripture with which from childhood she had been conversant; and as she prayed thus, the dim ashes upon the hearth seemed as a symbol of her desolation of spirit:

"The arrows of the Lord are in me, the rage whereof drinketh up my spirit; and the terrors of the Lord war against me.

"And now my soul fadeth within myself, and the days of affliction possess me.

"He that hath begun may destroy me; He may let loose His hand and cut me off.

"I have seen those who work iniquity, and sow sorrows, and reap them, perishing by the blast of God and consumed by the spirit of His wrath.

"As fire which burneth the wood, and as a flame burning mountains, so shalt Thou consume sinners and trouble them with Thy wrath.

"For my soul is filled with evils, and my life hath drawn nigh to hell! O Lord, the sin which I have done lay not to my charge!"

(To be continued.)

IF we love God with a love of appreciation above all persons and things created, nothing will draw us from His will. This effective love may be calm, and with little, if any, sensible emotion; but it reigns in the soul, and governs the life in deed, word, and thought; restraining from all that God condemns, and prompting to all that God commands or wills.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

Devotion to Our Lady among the Carmelites.

WHEN, on Mount Carmel, the Prophet Elias was praying to God to lift the punishment from His people—that parching drought which had scourged Israel for three years and more,—his servant came to tell him that in the west a cloud no larger than a man's foot was rising out of the sea. In this cloud, the traditions of the Order of Carmel tell us, Elias saw prefigured the Virgin who was to bring forth the divine dew—the promised Messiah. From this time forth the followers of Elias, the sons of the prophets, who lived solitary and celibate lives in the caves of the mountains of Palestine, cherished a particular devotion to the Virgin who was to come.

It is an ancient and pious belief that the Blessed Virgin, in company with St. Joseph and the Child Jesus, visited Mount Carmel. That this is not unlikely we may infer from the fourth book of Kings, where the Sunamite woman, in the time of Eliseus, wishing to go to Mount Carmel to consult this son of Elias, her husband remonstrated, because, he said, "it is not a festival day nor a new moon"; as though on such days it was customary to visit this mountain of prayer.

But, however this may be, it is a fact, which we may find recounted in the Roman Breviary, that many of the Essenians (as these solitaries were called in the time of Our Lord, and for whom He had no reproach), were converted by the Apostles after the Ascension; and that in the year 83 they built on Mount Carmel a chapel dedicated to the Mother of Christ,—the first in Christendom.

In time, when they were formed into a regular religious Order of both men and women, they began to be called and to call themselves the Brothers and

Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This title was considered by some outside the Order to be presumptuous—that “Servants of Our Lady,” or the like, would to their mind have been more in accordance with humility,—until a Pope settled the matter in favor of the religious.

There is a tradition that in the fourteenth century, St. Peter Thomas, one of the most distinguished men of his age, had a vision in which Our Lady told him that at the time of the Transfiguration, when, as the Gospel relates, Our Lord spoke with Moses and Elias, He promised the latter that his Order should last till the end of time.

And we all know of the celebrated vision said to have been accorded in Kent, England, to St. Simon Stock, a General of the Order. Our Lady, whom he was at the moment addressing as the “Flower of Carmel,” appeared to him, wearing the habit of the Order, and with its scapular in her hands. She told him, it is alleged, that any one who died wearing it should escape the flames of hell. And at the same time, it is said, she appeared to Pope John XXII., declaring that those who had worn it during life and observed chastity according to their state, she would deliver from purgatory the Saturday after their death.

The fact that unrepentant sinners have time and again torn off their scapulars before the last moment came, is a striking argument in favor of the first promise, as are also the many miracles wrought through the wearing of them. As to the second, the Pope, in his famous Sabbatine Bull, gives the further conditions: that of saying the Divine Office (the Little Office of Our Lady in Latin will suffice); or, in case of inability to do this, abstinence from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

When, in the sixteenth century, St. Teresa was reforming the Order—bring-

ing it back to its primitive austerity, which had been mitigated, by Papal authority, a century before her birth,—Our Lord spoke of it to her as the “Order of My Mother”; just as Our Lady had called it “my Order” in the vision to Pope John XXII. St. Teresa often reminded her nuns that they were the “daughters of Our Lady” and wore her habit. She considered her the Superior of the houses she founded, and a statue of her is always placed over the prioress’ seat in the choir. St. Teresa’s remarkable devotion to St. Joseph sprang from her gratitude for his care and love for Our Lady; and we know that it was she, too, who inaugurated the popular devotion to the Spouse of Our Lady that is so potent a factor in the Church’s life to-day.

The Carmelite nuns assemble every Saturday and on the eve of Our Lady’s feasts to chant in choir, with solemn pause, the *Salve Regina*; and this beautiful salutation is added to the Mass by the Fathers of the Order, immediately before the last Gospel. Feasts of the Blessed Virgin of the second class are kept with the same ceremonies as feasts of the first class; and the entire Matins of her Assumption is chanted. The dedication of Saturday to her special honor was observed in the Order almost from the beginning. The consecration of the month of May as Our Lady’s month also was introduced into the Church through an Italian Carmelite nun of the last century.

The famous picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, so frequently copied, was brought from Jerusalem by St. Angelus, a Carmelite friar of the thirteenth century. It is said to have been painted by St. Luke, and is venerated in the monastery of the Calced Friars at Rome.

The Teresian Friars in Rome have a miraculous picture, which they call Our Lady of Victories. When Venerable Father Dominic of Jesus-Mary was

sent as Papal Legate to the Emperor Ferdinand II., he visited the Castle of Strakonitz, which had been pillaged by the heretics; and he discovered there a small representation of the Nativity, sacrilegiously mutilated. He fastened this about his neck, and hastened to the army of the Duke of Bavaria, encamped before the city of Prague. There, mounting a war-horse, the picture on his breast and a crucifix in his hand, he led the troops to victory.

The Carmelites, having had the care of the Holy House of Nazareth, petitioned, when it was miraculously translated to Loretto, to continue to be its custodians. This sweet privilege was theirs until the extreme unhealthfulness of the place obliged them to abandon it. Blessed Baptist Spagnoli, a poet of whom the city of Mantua is as proud as of Virgil, wrote its first history; and his book gave great impetus to the devotion to the Holy House. What is known as the Litany of Loretto was originally brought from the Orient by the Carmelites, and introduced by them into this blessed sanctuary.

The "Salmanticenses," that magnificent theological work composed by the Teresian Friars at Salamanca, fearlessly asserts that the Carmelites were the first to proclaim and honor the Immaculate Conception. And it was St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, a Carmelite monk, who put down the heresy of Nestorius, which denied the divine maternity, and who at the Council of Ephesus proclaimed Mary's right to the title of Mother of God.

At Lourdes, the Carmelites note with devout fervor that the last vision to Bernadette took place on the 16th of July, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. And in the story of another apparition in France, at La Salette, they welcome the fact that the little Melanie afterward became a Carmelite nun. Near Nice there is a famous shrine called Our Lady of Laghetto,

in the crypt of the Carmelite church.

St. Teresa called her monasteries the "dovecotes of the Virgin, our Mother, our Sovereign and our Patroness." When a certain benefactor gave a house to be used as a monastery, she exclaimed: "What a service he has rendered to the most Blessed Virgin!" Those who favored her foundations, she considered the friends of Mary; and the Order of Carmel she designated the Order of the Blessed Virgin.

The religious of this ancient Order have the privilege of adding to Our Lady's Litany the invocation, *Regina decor Carmeli, ora pro nobis!*—"Queen Beauty of Carmel, pray for us!"

DOLORES.

Knockmore.*

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

I.

'TWAS a tear-stained face that you turned to me,
Oh, friend of my sad heart's longing,
As if you grieved that my lot should be
'Mid the soulless city's thronging!
But you lifted me up on your kindly breast,
Like a tired child, to be fondly kissed,
And you soothed unto peace my heart's unrest,
As you wrapped me safe in your robe of mist.

II.

You haunt me by day in the stifling street,
You come in the night 'tween my rest and me,
And you float through my dreams—a vision sweet
Of an emerald barque on a sapphire sea.
I dream of gold—'tis your gold-gorse crown,—
Of stately castles and lofty halls,
And glint of steel through a deep moat brown,—
'Tis the sunlight's gleam on your moss-grown walls.

III.

A memory rests on your regal brow,
That the wealth of the world could never buy;
Though the ways of the city may claim me now,
To your gloom and your grandeur my thoughts will fly.
Bright eyes may grow dim, and hair of jet
May show through the years its strands of grey,
But this side the grave I shall never forget
Knockmore of the woods and the lake-wooded way.

* Knockmore ("The Big Hill"), outside Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland, visited in a rainstorm.

An Episode of the Present Struggle in
France.

—
BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.
—

II.

FOR a mile Felix alternately ran and walked, past peasants and country carts, until he paused for a moment, breathless, in sight of a magnificent chateau that dominated the valley of the Loire. It was a long walk across the park, one of the largest in the west of France; but the boy was young and strong, and upheld by a love that would have lent wings to the most tired feet. At last he was close to the chateau and its spacious courtyard, tower and wings; he had crossed the bridge over the moat, and was ringing for admission at the great central door.

Large as the chateau and park were, they were thoroughly familiar to Felix, who had spent days, and even weeks, there with his godfather. Every man on the place knew and loved the boy, though it was the first time he had come there alone. So when the majordomo threw open the door, he uttered an exclamation of surprise and welcome, as if to prove that the stiffest etiquette could well be unbent for Felix.

The little fellow pulled off his cap as he entered the grand hall.

"I want to see Monsieur le Duc, Pierre," he said. "Tell him it is a matter of life and death."

Pierre departed, half amused, half impressed by the child's choice of words; and Felix was left alone in a hall that was filled with priceless tapestries and wonderful old furniture and panellings. Examples of the old masters, heirlooms in the family for generations, hung on the walls. Young as Felix was, he knew that this chateau, designed by the same architect that built the Castle of Chenonceaux and the Tuileries, was

one of the most celebrated in France. Presently Pierre returned.

"Monsieur le Duc wishes you to come to him in his study," he said.

Quickly Felix ascended the grand stairway. A few seconds later he was knocking on the door of his godfather's private study; and in answer to the expected "*Eutrez!*" he pushed open the door and advanced into the room.

Before him stood a tall, stately old man, past sixty. A fine type of the grand seignior of the old school, a member of the Institute of France, and a Legitimist and devoted adherent of the late Comte de Chambord, the Duc de la F. had all the kindness, simplicity, and absence of affectation or hauteur which characterize the finest of the old French nobles.

He advanced with outstretched hands.

"Felix, my little Felix, you are welcome! But what brings you here so early and alone? Surely it is the hour for school and study."

"*O mon parrain, les Sœurs!*" And then, seated on his godfather's knee, in eager, rapid, at times almost incoherent words, the child told the old Duc all his experiences of the morning; winding up by saying that he had come to him, the Duc, as all-powerful to right this great wrong.

The old noble had been stroking the child's hair, occasionally helping him out by a word here, a question there. Now he put him gently down, and began pacing up and down the room, his fine old face showing lines of pain.

Felix stood still and waited. Monsieur le Duc would surely find a way.

"My child," said his godfather, at last stopping in his walk, and taking a chair and drawing Felix to him as he spoke,—"*my child, I am powerless as to this cruel decree that has swept over the length and breadth of France. It is not here only, Felix: it is everywhere. Not even the Pope himself can*

stem the flood. If he can do nothing, my boy, how can I?"

"O *mon parrain*, if no one can help the poor Sisters, what will they do? They will not have bread to eat."

And at the thought of his beloved Sœur Marguerite starving perhaps, the child's overwrought courage broke down for the second time that morning. Only for a moment, however. He could not help Sœur Marguerite, he thought, unless he was brave.

"Felix," said the Duc, "I did not know till you came here that this trouble was at our very door. We can not keep the nuns with us; but I can help them in other ways, and will do so at once. As to the rest, my boy, so many prayers, so many tears, so many vigils before the Blessed Sacrament, not only in what is left of Catholic France, but all over the world, must some day bear fruit."

"Yes, *mon parrain*!" replied Felix, who began to feel strangely comforted.

"And now, my little Felix," said the old man, "you had better run home. Your mother must long ere this have heard of the closing of the convent, and she will be looking for you. For myself, my boy, I will go to the nuns this afternoon and do my best to see them. If the government will not allow me admission, I will find other ways of communicating with them."

Hand in hand, the old Duc and the boy passed downstairs to where Pierre, splendid and erect, waited to open the door. The Duc's eyes were moist as he watched the beloved little figure flying across the lawn. The child had stirred the inmost depths of one of the noblest hearts in France.

"A fine boy, Monsieur le Duc!" said Pierre, who still held the door open, his master not having moved from the spot. Pierre spoke with the privilege of an old retainer.

"A noble boy indeed, Pierre!"

observed the Duc. "Would to God we had many more such growing up to meet our country's need!"

Little thought Felix of the golden opinions he had won that day. The most loyal to duty are ever the simplest,—the last to see their own glorious light.

Felix had traversed half a mile on his homeward way when suddenly his quick ear was arrested by a familiar sound.

"Soldiers!" said the boy. "And coming this way from Nantes!" He listened, and the tread of marching feet came nearer. "Are they good soldiers or bad ones?" thought Felix, in whose mind there had already begun to be a distinction. "If they are bad soldiers going to try to drive the Sisters out, I had better hide."

The child scrambled up a bank near by, and soon was safely hid behind a century-old tree, one of many that bordered the road. Here he could see without being seen; and presently, far down the road, he made out a column of infantry, the uniforms gorgeous in the midday sun, which also flashed on the helmets and sabres, until the child's eyes were dazzled by the glare and glitter.

Just ahead of the little column marched a soldierly-looking officer, who was somewhat hidden from view, as the men drew nearer, by the dust raised by a passing country cart. Now they were almost on a line with the smooth, grassy bank, at the top of which the boy stood—eager, interested,—when suddenly both officer and men came to an abrupt halt. Down the bank ran a sturdy little figure in a torn coat, arms waving, legs flying, his cap in one hand, and halted not till he had thrown himself with utter, childlike abandon on the tall officer.

"*Mon père!*"

"Felix!"

And then the father's first question was the same as the old Due's.

"Why are you not in school, my boy?"

"*O mon père*, there is no school! I was sure when I saw you that you were coming to help the poor nuns; and now that you are here I am so happy!"

"Speak, Felix," said Captain de Vallé. "What does it all mean? I have heard nothing about the nuns. I received a telephone message this morning at Nantes from my commander, telling me there was trouble in my native town, and to come at once with my regiment to quell it and restore order. What trouble is there, my boy?"

But Felix had started back, his face flushed, his eyes shining.

"*Mon père*," he said, "the General has sent for you to drive the nuns out—I know it; but, *O mon père*, you will not do it!"

Captain de Vallé's brow grew dark. He turned to his company of infantry.

"Go up the road, my men," he said, "and wait for me under that old elm. We will resume our march in a few moments."

The men moved forward in regular order. When they were out of earshot the Captain turned to his little son.

"Tell me all, Felix," he said.

And Felix told everything, while the father listened without a word. So it was for this he had been sent: to drive forth defenceless women from the cloister at the point of the sword,—his sword which he had pledged to the honor and glory of France! Oh, the shame of it!

When at last the boy came to the end of his story, he looked wistfully up into the dark face opposite him.

"You will not do it, *mon père*?"

"Never, my boy,—never!"

"But, *O mon père*," said little Felix, "your *parole d'honneur*, you have given it for *la France, la patrie, la gloire*!"

De Vallé drew himself up proudly, and touched his shining sword with his hand.

"My *parole d'honneur*," he said,— "yes, to defend France, but never to drive out God from my beloved *patrie*. To Him, Felix, belongs our highest *parole d'honneur*. I will render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, to God the things that are God's."

"*O mon père*," said the child, "I adore you!"

"And so, Captain de Vallé, you refuse to obey your orders?"

"*Monsieur le General*, you sent a hurry call for me to quell an insurrection. I arrive and find no insurrection,—only a convent full of defenceless women, who by every law, civil and religious, are entitled to remain where they are, unmolested. I refuse absolutely and finally to be any party to driving them forth."

The General's lip curled with a sneer.

"We have heard many reports of you, Captain de Vallé. Your want of loyalty to the government has long been suspected, and has now become a certainty. Are you aware that your insubordination will land you in prison?"

"Monsieur," said De Vallé, proudly, "no honest man can question my loyalty to my country. I would shed my lifeblood for France on the battlefield, or in any cause where right cried aloud to me for succor. But I will not obey an infidel government when it goes beyond its right. I will not be the tool of the Grand Orient, whose spies I have known for some time have been watching me."

"You may go, Captain de Vallé!" said the General.

"It means ruin, my Julie!" said De Vallé, quietly; "and for you, I fear, suffering and privation."

Madame de Vallé smiled proudly through her tears.

"Come what will," she said, "I am ready. I would rather be the mother of such a son, the wife of such a man, than to see you President of France."

In his chateau, the old Duc knelt alone in the magnificent chapel where countless generations of his name had prayed before him.

"*O mon Dieu*," he exclaimed, "manifest Thy power and come! A few more men like De Vallé, a few more boys like Felix, and this demon of infidelity would flee as the morning mist. Then would the power of the Grand Orient be broken; then would our beloved France be saved!"

(The End.)

John Duns Scotus.

BETWEEN the day when Pius IX. of blessed memory announced to a rejoicing world that belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was an article of faith, and the day when the young Oxford divine refuted, as some writers say, no fewer than two hundred articles urged against that doctrine in the University of Paris, there lies a long stretch of nigh six hundred years. In these centuries of change and turmoil new kingdoms had risen, new countries had been discovered, and new creeds had, in many lands, supplanted the faith of old; yet the young professor of divinity inculcated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception as the Catholics of the Old World and their brethren of a world undreamed of in the time of John Duns Scotus believe it to-day. To-day, too, Irish Catholics, who have so strenuously claimed John Duns Scotus as their countryman, may cherish the hope of seeing his name soon added to that of the recognized Irish saints, as it is already added to that of Ireland's most famous scholars.

Much has been written regarding this

early exponent of a new dogma; and England, Scotland, and Ireland each have claimed the honor of giving him birth. Here and there in likely and unlikely places we catch glimpses of the barefoot Franciscan friar. Dean Milman, a Protestant author, says: "Scotus was the most acute and penetrating spirit of the Middle Ages." In Greene's History of the English People, Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus are "the most profound and original of the schoolmen"; and another Protestant writer calls Scotus "the great philosopher of the Middle Ages."

His birthplace and the place where he joined the Franciscan Order will be spoken of later. All writers agree in saying he entered the Order of Saint Francis while young, and soon after proceeded to Oxford, where he became a Fellow of Merton. That college had been founded in 1264 by the Bishop of Rochester, and was the first school in England where the present collegiate system was instituted.

At Oxford, Scotus became celebrated for his scholastic theology as well as for his knowledge of civil law, logic and mathematics; and was appointed to a chair of divinity. The fame of his talents, learning and virtue drew crowds of students from all parts. Webb numbers his scholars at thirty thousand,—a number beyond credence till we reflect that the printing press had not yet arrived, and schools were comparatively few. When the young friar gave his divinity lectures, it was customary for the other professors to close their schools and accompany their pupils to the hall where Scotus lectured.

In the year 1304 he was commanded by the General of his Order to proceed to Paris. In its University new honors awaited him. The degree of Doctor of the Sorbonne was conferred on him; and later he was, by royal order, appointed chief professor of the University.

The question of the Immaculate Con-

ception of Mary was then engaging the attention of the great schoolmen of the age; and on this, as on many other free questions, the Franciscans and Dominicans took opposite views. Scotus defended his belief in the Immaculate Conception so ably that in 1307 the University instituted the feast of the eighth of December, and conferred the title of Subtle Doctor on Scotus. It decided, too, that none should take the degree of doctor in its schools who did not subscribe on that one point to the teaching of its famous professor.

In 1308 Scotus was transferred from Paris to Cologne. He entered that city, so ancient writers tell, like a royal conqueror. The public authorities, the nobles, and people, met him outside the walls and escorted him in triumphal procession to the ancient University. Here Scotus died of apoplexy in the November of that same year, and he was interred in the Franciscan Convent of the city.

The works of Duns Scotus are numerous; the most important, perhaps, are his Oxford and Paris Commentaries. Father Luke Wadding, the great Franciscan scholar, collected and published the complete writings of Duns Scotus at Lyons in 1639.

Learned and earnest writers from each of the three kingdoms of the British Isles have written much concerning Scotus, and disputed much over his place of birth. The Rev. Alban Butler, in claiming Scotus for England, somewhat contemptuously remarks that no Irish or Scotch writer prior to the sixteenth century asserts that the great Franciscan doctor was his countryman. Dempster, however, is as early, or earlier, in the field on behalf of Scotland as the English authorities quoted by Butler; and the inscription on the tomb of Scotus in Cologne puts England out of the contest:

Scotia gave me birth; England brought me up;
France taught me; Cologne received me.

Whatever Scotia means, it does not mean England; and surely the men who lived with Scotus, and who remained after him in Cologne, knew of what country he was.

Scotia was the name by which Ireland was generally known up to the thirteenth or fourteenth century; and up to the sixteenth, Scotia was the name bestowed on her on the Continent of Europe. The men who assert that Duns Scotus was Irish are at one as to his place of birth. They are chiefly Franciscans and Irishmen, and their fame is European. They lived in the school and colleges wherein Scotus won his renown; and the records and the libraries of these colleges were open to them. In those colleges, "from Dunkirk to Belgrade," were deposited the literary wealth of Ireland. Her manuscripts and the records of her monasteries and convents were borne away, in the troubled times of persecution, to the religious houses of France, of Belgium, of Italy, and Spain.

If Wadding, Colgan, Ward and Cavelus, with the archives of the Franciscan houses at their disposal, did not know where Scotus was born, who did? All four were Irish. Wadding was the author of "The Annals of the Franciscan Order," and the founder of several colleges which still flourish. He was consulted on almost all questions of importance by the court of Rome; and might have been, had he so wished, a cardinal. Colgan was his contemporary and the author of "Lives of the Saints of Ireland." He wrote a treatise on Duns Scotus, a copy of which is in the Franciscan Convent in Dublin. Two other copies are in the British Museum.

Hugh Ward was guardian of the Irish Convent of Louvain, and justly noted for his historic and antiquarian lore. Both he and Colgan were Ulster men. Cavellus—otherwise known as MacCaghwell—was born in Down,

and educated in Salamanca, where he became a Franciscan. He was held in high esteem by Pope Paul III., and selected by that Pontiff in 1626 to fill the vacant See of Armagh. He died, however, before he reached Ireland, in that same year. This eminent man published a life of Scotus at Antwerp in 1620, and annotated the more difficult of the writings of the Subtle Doctor. Benedict XIV., one of the most learned Popes, quotes Cavellus as authority for the views of Duns Scotus.

These four famous men say that John Scotus was born in Down—whence the name Duns,—and entered the Franciscan Monastery of Downpatrick when very young. This is corroborated by the Jesuit Stanihurst, by Arthur of Rouen, Nicholas Vernul of Louvain, and other foreign writers. Surely Ireland can present strong claims for Scotus!

Sensationalism in the Name of Science.

THE ventilation in the daily press of wild theories on the properties of radium is rebuked by leading scientific journals. The *Lancet*, of London, perhaps the foremost periodical of its class (at least in our language), referring to a remarkable series of experiments made in the Cavendish laboratory at Cambridge, observes:

While admitting the extreme interest of these results, the evidence that gelatin culture has been vitalized by purely physical and inorganic agencies, that life has been established out of inanimate materials, is not at the present stage of the experiment convincing, and further results will be awaited before the opponents of the "spontaneous theory" may be induced to abandon their position.

"As for radium having anything to do with the formation of cells," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "all recent experiments go to show that radium is more likely to arrest the growth of living cells than to promote it."

The cautious conservatism of Sir

Isaac Newton, who waited for years before giving to the world his law of gravitation, because some of his data appeared at the time not to be in accordance with the new principle, is contrasted, by the *Electrical World and Engineer*, with the haste of certain of our scientific investigators to proclaim their discoveries and to ventilate the theories based thereon:

It is now near two and a half centuries since Isaac Newton, in one of the flashes of intuition that form man's best title to immortality, saw disclosed to him the key to the mysteries of space. It was half a lifetime later when, through years of patient study and waiting, data enough had come to his hands to clear his conscience in announcing his discovery. For very truth's sake he gave to the world no half-baked hypothesis, nor ventured to exploit with specious arguments a doctrine which did not quite meet all the facts. We do things differently nowadays. How would the great discoverer have fared had he occupied the chair of physics at — University, where a monthly blank is forwarded to heads of departments to be filled out with reports on the "researches" they have completed and the number of lectures they have given before women's clubs? Would he have held his peace, or would he have sent for a reporter of the *Daily Saffron* and have filled him full of speculations on the bounds of space and the origin of life? Would he have cut up his great hypothesis into stove lengths, as it were, to furnish his hustling pupils fuel for frying their theses? Would we have had Prof. I. Newton and Thomas Snoobs, B. S., "On Gravitation in Jupiter," and Prof. I. Newton and Richard Roe, A. B., "On Gravitation in the Saturnian System," and so on *ad nauseam*? And would the president have sacked him for insinuating that something in the universe had a more consistent pull than the chief benefactor?

After pointing out some of the striking and sensational conclusions jumped at by investigators and professors who are popularly supposed to be men of great weight, the writer concludes with the remark that "hypothesis needs to have its wings clipped a bit just now. It is well to remember Newton's immortal lesson in scientific self-restraint, and to make sure of one's foundations, before building a new heaven and a new earth from anything so elusive as radium emanation."

Act Well Your Part.

Notes and Remarks.

ST. PAUL on one occasion speaks of the world as a scene in a theatre. Consider what is meant by this. You know actors on a stage are on an equality with one another really, but for the occasion they assume a difference of character: some are high, some are low, some are merry, some are sad. Well, would it not be a simple absurdity in any actor to pride himself on his mock diadem or his edgeless sword instead of attending to his part? What if he did but gaze at himself and his dress? What, if he secreted, or turned to his own use, what was valuable in it? Is it not his business, and nothing else, to act his part well? Common-sense tells us so.

Now, we are all but actors in the world; we are one and all equal, we shall be judged as equals as soon as life is over; yet, equal and similar in ourselves, each has his work, each has his mission,—not to indulge his passions, not to make money, not to get a name in the world, not to save himself trouble, not to follow his bent, not to be selfish and self-willed, but to do what God puts him to do.—*Cardinal Newman's "Discourses to Mixed Congregations."*

On the conquest of Jerusalem in 1099, the Crusaders installed a patriarch over the Holy Sepulchre and attendant Augustinians; and in their liturgical formulæ we find the strange fact that all feasts of the [Blessed] Virgin were to be marked by black. Can it possibly have been from a feeling that Jerusalem was the scene of the betrayal and crucifixion of the Divine Son, and that whatever homage might elsewhere be paid to the virgin purity of Mary must here give place to the sadder memorial of heart-breaking anguish?—*"Symbolism in Christian Art."*

So many and so divergent have been the reports of the Holy Father's intentions concerning the course of political action to be followed henceforth by Italian Catholics, that it is worth while to reproduce that paragraph, in his recent encyclical to the Italian bishops, which specifically deals with the much-agitated question.

"Most grave reasons," says Pius X., "dissuade Us, Venerable Brethren, from departing from the rule laid down by Our predecessor of sacred memory, Pius IX., and followed by another predecessor of sacred memory, Leo XIII., during his long pontificate; according to which rule it is forbidden to Catholics generally in Italy to participate in legislative power. But other reasons equally grave, affecting in the highest degree the welfare of society, which must be safeguarded at any cost, may require that in particular cases a dispensation from the rule be granted; especially when you, Venerable Brethren, hold it to be strictly necessary for the good of souls and in the best interests of your churches, and when you ask for it. Now, the possibility of this favorable concession from Us begets, on the part of all Catholics, the duty of preparing seriously and prudently for political life at the time when they shall be called to it. It is, then, of importance that the activity laudably displayed by Catholics in preparing, by means of a good electoral organization, for the administrative life of the communes and the Provincial Councils, should be extended to suitable preparation and organization for political life, as was seasonably recommended in the Circular of December 3, 1904, by the General Presidency of the Opere Economiche in Italy. At the same time the elevated principles which regulate the conscience of every true Catholic

should be inculcated, and followed in practice. Every member of the Church should strive in every circumstance to be and to appear truly Catholic, accepting public duties and performing them with the firm and constant resolve to promote with all his power the social and economic welfare of his country, and especially of the people, in accordance with the maxims of a distinctly Christian civilization, and to defend at the same time the supreme interests of the Church, which are those of religion and justice."

We may perhaps be permitted to note that the foregoing declaration of the Sovereign Pontiff is quite in line with what was recently said in these columns relative to pessimism in politics and the public duties of reputable and educated citizens.

In a recent preachment on some religious subject, Mr. Goldwin Smith had a fling at St. Thomas Aquinas and the sacred science of which he was so great a master. The words are not worth repeating, even for the sake of refutation; however, we may quote Professor Huxley's opinion of St. Thomas: "His marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel." It is probable that Huxley had read more of St. Thomas than Mr. Smith; anyway, it is quite safe to assert that when both of these modern worthies are forgotten, and their writings cease to have interest for any but students of scientific literature, the Angelical Doctor will still be studied, and he himself regarded as one of the master minds of the world.

ence many districts in the mainland and islands of Inverness-shire,—many of them far apart and separated from one another by large tracts of country in which the people enthusiastically accepted the message of the "reformers." To this day there are many distinct communities in Inverness-shire who still adhere loyally and devoutly to the Catholic Faith. In the mainland part of the county, there are large and influential Catholic communities at Beaully, Strathglass, Laggan, Badenoch and Lochaber; while in the island of South Uist and Barra the inhabitants are almost wholly Catholic.

The coadjutor-bishop of Tokio was in Paris not long ago, and, naturally enough, was besieged by interviewers. One of the editors of the *Eclair* secured from the prelate some interesting information on the Catholic situation in Japan, and the probable effect thereon of current events in the Far East. According to the bishop, what especially characterizes the religious propaganda in Japan is the absolute liberty which it enjoys. Upon the one condition of respecting the civil laws, the missionaries have the privilege of acting as they please. They generally travel about the country, hiring theatres where these exist, or delivering their instructions in the open air. They are listened to with the greatest deference, and at the conclusion of their discourses are respectfully questioned. This plan, it was stated, succeeds perfectly.

Asked whether there is a national religion, and whether the religious question is introduced into army affairs, the bishop replied in the negative. The army contains, it appears, not only Catholic soldiers, but subaltern and even superior officers who profess the true Faith. At the beginning of the war Archbishop Osouf proffered the services of six Catholic chaplains—three

A correspondent in England calls our attention to the curious fact that the "reformation" so closely associated with the name of John Knox, while causing an ecclesiastical revolution all over Scotland, failed entirely to influ-

French and three Japanese priests,—and they were at once accepted. These priests, apart from their military duties, are authorized to evangelize, as freely as they choose, the troops, and the residents of the localities in which they happen to be. On the whole, the coadjutor-bishop of Tokio expressed himself quite undisturbed as regards the development of spiritual progress in Japan. He does not at all believe that Japanese pride, augmented by victory over the Russians, will restrict the liberty which all religious cults enjoy in the Empire of the Mikado.

Moved possibly by the controversy about the rival claims of "Jack" Barry and Paul Jones to the title "Father of the American Navy," the *Freeman's Journal*, of Sydney, Australia, prints an interesting sketch of William Brown, "the Irish Founder of the Argentine Navy." The career of this valiant sailor reads like a romance, and his naval exploits were worthy of Nelson or Farragut, Barry or Jones. One of his memorable deeds was the thorough whipping which he administered in 1842 to Garibaldi, who, during the little war between Argentina and Uruguay, sailed up the Parna with a squadron to the relief of Corrientes. Brown received the highest honors in the gift of his adopted country; and died in 1857, at the ripe old age of eighty, a type of the many Irish Catholic heroes who for centuries have displayed in other lands the masterful qualities for which no fitting field was offered in their own.

It may turn out that there is more smoke than flame about the Equitable scare,—less of sober truth to justify censure than of newspaper exaggeration to cause excitement and arouse hate. Nevertheless, there is a moral to be drawn from this incident, and we are rather gratified to find it pointed

out by a daily newspaper. It can not be denied that, with all their faults, the best representatives of the daily press are among the best preachers. Says the *Inter-Ocean*:

All the lies which professional anarchists tell about the cruelty of rich men in acquiring their riches—all the lies which they circulate about oppression of the poor by the government—have proved futile in this country. They have been futile because they have been lies, or malignant perversions of small and unimportant truths. But when pillars of society are exposed as brittle to the core—when men whom the people have widely trusted with their fortunes and the future of their families, and have believed in as models of probity and honor, are found to be but whitened sepulchres,—then anarchy really gains converts, and the institutions of civilization are menaced.

The revelations in the Equitable scandal are making more anarchists to-day than all the anarchist speeches made and literature published in this country in twenty years. They have brought fear and hate into tens of thousands of respectable households. They have so shattered confidence in human honesty and decency that tens of thousands of men are driven to the delusion that everything that is, is wrong. And that is the beginning of anarchy. Not the lie but the truth is what kills. That is why the Equitable scandal is making anarchists.

Our Chicago contemporary is right in saying that the evil influence of anarchist speeches and literature is next to nothing in comparison with that of examples of injustice and dishonesty on the part of men filling positions of public trust. There was logic in the threat of a French anarchist, addressed to those whom he accused of persecuting the poor by imposing heavy taxes, and of making them brutish by destroying their ideals: 'You are robbing them of the little they possess in this world, and dashing their hopes of possessing anything in a world to come. Nothing shall prevent them from sharing in what you yourselves possess now.'

The Roman correspondent of the *Glasgow Observer* has fallen foul of an article, "In the Alban Hills," con-

tributed anonymously to that staid and venerable periodical, *Chamber's Journal*. The correspondent cites numerous amusing instances of the writer's ignorance and absurd misinformation, one of which we quote:

But the grossest piece of ignorance is found in the passage where our tourist describes a funeral he saw. "Presently we hear the murmuring of a chant, and a humble funeral climbs the hill—a simple coffin enough, with one poor wreath of roses for decoration, but followed by hired mourners, all dressed in scarlet and carrying lighted candles: a pagan custom which still survives all over Italy." Pagan custom! Hired mourners! The poor scribbler did not know that these simple mourners were a company of pious laymen, members of a confraternity of Our Lady, wearing their habit, and assisting, without money and without price, at the last rites of the Church for one of their departed brethren.

After reading this specimen of non-Catholic comment on Catholic customs, one is quite prepared to learn that "Henry VIII. said three or four Masses a day"; that a "priest wore his baldachino" in a procession; that this same procession was remarkable for its "swinging thurifers"; that the Pope is called by Catholics "the spouse of the Church"; and that the dying Pontiff, Leo XIII., "received the Vatican." Verily Catholic functions as reported by non-Catholic observers furnish comical examples of "English as she is wrote."

Some of our philosophical publicists, who have possibly been "educated beyond their intellects," occasionally take a somewhat supercilious if good-natured fling at the fondness evinced by President Roosevelt for emphasizing the obvious, reiterating truisms, preaching the platitudinous, and generally insisting upon the observance of elementary morality. As long, however, as these plain lessons in common honesty are not rendered superfluous by the consistent integrity of the whole people, normally cultured Americans are not likely to quarrel with their chief execu-

tive on that particular point. One of these so-called platitudes of which Mr. Roosevelt delivered himself the other day will bear meditating by not a few of his critics. "It is far more important," he said, "that men of vast fortunes should conduct their business affairs decently than that they should spend the surplus of their fortunes in philanthropy." Obvious, perhaps, in theory, but scarcely universally observed in practice.

Matarieh, near Cairo in Egypt, was the site during the Middle Ages of a church dedicated to the Holy Family. The structure stood near the Tree of the Virgin and the Fountain, on ground that was once part of the Garden of Balen, where dwelt Mary, Joseph, and the Divine Child during their Egyptian exile. For many years past, a little oratory has replaced the former spacious church; but quite recently a larger and more elegant sanctuary has been built. A red marble slab on the façade of this new edifice bears the inscription, *Sanctæ Familiæ in Ægypto Exsuli*,—"To the Holy Family Exiled in Egypt." Another marble slab in the interior vestibule tells who were the builders and the motive that animated them. The inscription on it is: "French religious, expelled by the current persecution, offer this sanctuary to the exiled Holy Family, as a testimony of their love, and of their hope one day to return to the home-country."

We notice that not all French publicists are charmed with the condition of their Republic and its relations to other powers. Writes M. Vendeuvre in the *Annales Catholiques*: "France is between the anvil and the hammer, because she must be with either England or Germany, and she ought to be with neither. Both have robbed her, both have seized a part of herself, both dream only of exploiting her, both are false

friends....It is time to choose between life and death; and if we are to continue the internal policy now in vogue, we must make up our minds not only to give whatever is demanded of us when we are threatened with a declaration of war, but also to make our will and cheerfully apportion France among our avaricious neighbors, provided they allow us during life the luxury of baiting our priests."

Discussing the inadequacy of the civil service system in the appointment of policemen, Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, recently declared that many of the questions asked in the examinations are absolutely absurd. The statement is not at all exaggerated. We have frequently wondered at the variety and extent of the knowledge which these sapient civil service examiners apparently deem essential to the performance of even the most commonplace menial duties. And our sympathy has ever been with that applicant for the position of janitor of Congress who, in answer to the question, "How far is the moon from the earth?" wrote, "I don't know, but she's far enough away not to interfere materially with my performing the duties of janitor."

American readers of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England" will be charmed with the appreciative and sympathetic spirit in which the author deals with that character of heroic simplicity, the President who among all our executives got closest to the heart of "the plain people." Thus adequately does Mr. Paul delineate Abraham Lincoln:

He was indeed a strange mixture of openness and reserve. There was the Lincoln who would not let his Cabinet enter on business until he had poured out a flood of irresistible drollery upon every sort of subject, thus perhaps relieving his mind from a tension that it could not otherwise have borne. There was also the melancholy,

mystic, brooding Lincoln, a dreamer of dreams and a believer in them; as gentle and tender as he was strong and brave; feeling the losses of the South only less acutely than the defeats of the North; horrifying his generals by his free pardons of deserters and spies; hoping always for the reunion of the future; repeating his favorite text, "Judge not, and you shall not be judged." With the doubtful exception of Washington, Lincoln was the greatest of all Americans; and Washington was substantially a British aristocrat, while Lincoln was racy of the soil.

Discussing the assassination, and the comments thereon evoked from the press and the public men of England, Mr. Paul declares that these comments interpreted but poorly the real feeling of the British masses for "the foremost man of his time." His own estimate is as truthful as it is generous:

Not many Englishmen understood or appreciated Lincoln during his lifetime. His sudden and violent death illuminated, as by a flash of lightning, a character as noble in its self-forgetfulness, as heroic in its fortitude, as pathetic in its isolation, as homely in its quaint, rugged strength, as any in the pages of Plutarch or the realities of life.

A young correspondent sends us the following account of what would seem to be a supernatural cure through the instrumentality of the Water of Lourdes. The letter is signed and dated, and, as will be seen, bears *prima facie* evidence of genuineness:

I suffered with curvature of the spine. For about two years my parents were taking me around to different doctors, but they availed nothing. At last they heard of a doctor who had cured many persons afflicted like I was; so they brought me to see him, and he put a plaster of Paris cast on me.

I attend St. Cecilia's Catholic School; and one of the Sisters there gave me some water from Lourdes, and told me to use it, and to make a nine days' novena. I did so; and the first time the doctor examined me after I had finished the novena, he said I was well enough to leave off the cast. After wearing the cast for five and one-half years, a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes cured me.

I am fourteen years old, and I am happy to say I am now as well and strong as many other girls of my age.



The Lost Rosary.*

BY LUDWIG NÜDLING.

IT was the afternoon of a spring day,—a typical April day, sunshine alternating with heavy showers, and dark clouds ever and again obscuring the blue vault of heaven. Toward evening the weather cleared, and the golden beams of the sun caused the towers and turrets of the small old-fashioned town to glitter like burnished gold, and the telegraph wires to appear like threads of silver.

The unpretending little railway station was astir in expectation of the incoming train. The truck with the mail bag had been rolled noisily onto the platform, where a few passengers were preparing for their journey. Here a gentleman might be seen taking his luggage from a hotel porter, and feeling in his waistcoat pockets for a gratuity; there a well-to-do farmer stood leaning against a post, calmly blowing clouds of smoke from a short black pipe; farther on, a fidgety old lady flitted to and fro, asking for the twentieth time whether the next train was really the one which would convey her to her destination.

These three seemed to be the only travellers—but no: there were two other persons standing apart, evidently with the object of having a few undisturbed minutes together before parting. One was a lady in deep mourning, with a sad smile on her pleasing, kindly countenance, her eyes moist with unshed tears, and a slight quaver in

her voice as she spoke to the boy beside her, whose hand she held in an affectionate grasp.

The lad himself was unmistakably a schoolboy going back to school, as was testified by the badge on his cap, and the portmanteau and neat umbrella in his hand.

The signal giving warning of the approach of the train was heard. At the sound the lady's pale face seemed to grow paler, and her lips quivered as she said:

"The train will be here directly, my child, we must say good-bye."

"O mother, how awfully fast the holidays go by!"

"Yes, darling. They seem to me like a pleasant dream. While they last I feel less lonely than I have felt since your dear father's death."

"Do not cry again, mother!" the boy entreated, looking up at her fondly.

"I will not give way, for your sake. But, Alfred, you will not—must not forget him. This is the first time that he is not here to bid you good-bye."

"No, mother,—dear mother!" sobbed the boy.

"You must not cry. Be brave," the lady said as, letting go her son's hand, she kissed him fondly. "Be sure to pray every day for your father; and think of his grave, where we put the wreath of geraniums he liked so much."

"Yes, mother, I will pray for him, never fear,—every day."

The locomotive of the incoming train was discernible in the distance. The mother made an effort to be cheerful, as, with a changed manner, she said:

"Keep a good heart, my boy; and be diligent at your studies. The summer vacation will soon come. Be devout to our Blessed Lady: she will help you.

* Translated from THE AVE MARIA.

But stay,—what am I thinking of! You will be hungry on your way. Take this with you."

Thereupon she took from an elegant little hand-bag a packet of sandwiches, neatly tied up, which were transferred to the boy's pocket.

"O mother, I am not a bit hungry! I am sure I want nothing to eat."

Without heeding this protestation, the lady proceeded to take a good-sized cake of chocolate from her bag, which the same way, without any opposition from the recipient as he thrust it in his pocket and turned toward the train which was just entering the depot.

But his mother had not yet finished her exhortations and admonitions. While some of the doors were being opened, and the conductor went along the length of the train shouting the name of the station, she felt hastily in her pocket and took out something which she pressed into the boy's hand. It was nothing valuable, nothing important in the eyes of the world; only a mere trifle bought for a few cents at an insignificant shop,—only a rosary, a commonplace one, with black beads and a brass cross; but rendered valuable by the blessing pronounced over it and the indulgence attached to it by the good old Capuchin Father. And as she put it into the boy's hand, and squeezed that hand in farewell, she whispered:

"There, take this,—the last and best. Take care of it, Alfred; mind you do not lose it; and say it often for father and for me."

The boy slipped the rosary into the same pocket in which the packet of appetizing sandwiches already reposed. But before he could utter a word of thanks the stentorian voice of the conductor bade all intending travellers take their seats; and a strong hand half lifted, half pushed him into a second-class coach.

An old gentleman with grey hair and a grey beard, who was sitting next

the door, was so kind as to put the portmanteau and umbrella in the net, and to make room for his travelling companion opposite to him.

The lady expressed her thanks to the good old gentleman. It was a consolation to her to know that her boy would be under the protection of so friendly and benevolent-looking an individual.

"I am sure you are very welcome, Madam," he replied, with a polite bow.

Alfred felt pleased at the respectful manner in which his mother was treated.

The conductor came by to shut the doors with a loud clang. No sooner had he passed than Alfred's mother, contrary to all rules, stepped on the footboard to give her boy's hand a final grasp, and utter a fervent "God bless you!" But she had to step back hastily onto the platform; for the signal to start was given, the locomotive sent forth a shrill whistle, and the train began to move slowly out of the depot, leaving the widowed lady standing alone, waving her handkerchief by way of farewell.

"What was the name of that antiquated little nest?" asked one of the passengers.

Our schoolboy heard neither the question nor the answer: he was struggling to repress the tears that would come. He seemed still to see the waving handkerchief, and to hear the loving "God bless you!" Nor did he heed the lamentations over the delay caused by waiting so long at a little out-of-the-world depot, uttered by a stout elderly lady beside him, who was nursing an equally corpulent lapdog.

But there were other passengers in the compartment besides those already mentioned: Mr. Julius Smith, a very self-satisfied young man, aged eighteen, with a high collar and a low forehead, absorbed in the perusal of a question-

able French novel; and his brother, Mr. Cæsar Smith, aged seventeen, also dressed in the height of fashion, sucking industriously at a huge cigar which would not burn aright. Both of these intellectual and refined gentlemen suspended their occupation when the greenfinch, as they denominated Alfred, got in; and one of them formulated his opinion of the newcomer in an impromptu rhyme, to which the other beat an accompaniment on the floor:

Mammy bids her darling good-bye,
And mammy's darling begins to cry;
She gives him a handker' to wipe his eye.

Alfred was now fairly roused from his gloomy cogitations. He looked round, boy-like, to scan his fellow-travellers. Yet, to his astonishment, when he passed them in review, exemplary order and quiet prevailed. The old gentleman was, it is true, looking rather sternly over the top of his newspaper; but the old lady was calmly regaling her pug with sweet biscuits, Mr. Julius Smith was smiling at the pages of his book, and Mr. Cæsar Smith was endeavoring to relight his obstinate cigar.

After Alfred's eyes had sufficiently scrutinized his fellow-travellers' countenances, they wandered aimlessly over the landscape, ever changing as the train rushed onward, and finally rested on the outside sheet of the newspaper his *vis-à-vis* was holding before his face. An advertisement in big letters attracted his attention: it proclaimed the superexcellence of a certain make of chocolate. This reminded the boy that he had a tablet of that very kind in his pocket; his countenance brightened and his hand went to his pocket in search of the delicacy. But let it not be supposed that he brought it out, unwrapped it boldly, and consumed it in the sight of all present. Not at all. His fingers worked stealthily in the depths of his pocket, till the wrappers were torn and their contents could be surreptitiously conveyed piece by piece

to his mouth. Thus the weary journey was sweetened for a time.

Presently a gentleman who was sitting in a corner of the compartment took out a sandwich, purchased at the last depot at which the train had stopped—which for several days had reposed beneath a glass case on the refreshment counter. What wonder that Alfred remembered that he had a far more appetizing one at his disposal, made for him with especial care! It was rather difficult to get the packet out of his pocket; but with a pull out it came, and Alfred forgot all about his protestations to his mother that he could not possibly eat anything that evening.

The journey's end was rapidly approaching; they were nearing the big town, with its churches and schools, its monastery and barracks, its opulence and its destitution, when an occurrence of an unexpected nature took place. The stout lady sitting beside our hero suddenly gave a start and a scream, moving away from him so quickly that her petted dog fell howling to the ground. Her eyes were fixed with a terrified expression on the space in the seat between Alfred and herself. What was it?

"A snake!—an adder!" she cried.

Everyone sprang up. Mr. Julius closed his book; Mr. Cæsar promptly struck the small black reptile with a yellow head, as it appeared coiled upon the seat. The next moment he burst out laughing, and Alfred colored to the roots of his hair.

"Why, it is a—what do they call the thing? A rosary, 'pon my word! Madam, you need not be alarmed: it will not bite. Have you never seen a little article of the sort,—what the old wives wind round their wrists as a charm against Heaven knows what?"

"But how has it come here? The market-women travel third-class."

The young men indulged in some silly

witticisms, and all laughed except the old gentleman. He looked searchingly at Alfred, who on his part did not join in the mirth, but sat there, seeming confused and foolish, so that everyone looked at him.

Then Mr. Cæsar took up the rosary on the end of his stick and dangled it in the boy's face, saying:

"Here, mamma's darling, does this article belong to you?"

The old gentleman's arm moved nervously. And Alfred? As for him, he grew redder and more uncomfortable every minute, as he stammered:

"To me? No—no, sir,—no, really it does not!"

The young man retreated to his place, and began to discuss with his brother what fun they could have with the "snake"; while Alfred, meeting the eyes of the old gentleman fixed on him with a grave, reproachful expression, would gladly for very shame have hidden under the seat. Was it possible that the gentleman could have seen through the newspaper that the rosary had come out of his pocket when the sandwiches were pulled out?

The train was already slowing into the station. A moment later all the doors flew open; and Alfred was only too glad to spring out and make his way through the crowd with his portmanteau and umbrella, and thus escape from the searching gaze of the old gentleman, who, as soon as the boy was gone, addressed the young men:

"One moment, gentlemen! The rosary has an owner. Be so obliging as to hand it over to me."

"I beg your pardon, sir! I had no idea it belonged to you," was the reply; and the rosary was at once given up as requested.

The gentleman said no more, but politely assisted the lady to alight.

On leaving the depot, Alfred made his way quickly through some of the less crowded streets of the town in the

direction of his school. Presently he relaxed his steps, and turned up a side street where a church dedicated to Our Lady of Dolors was situated. How quiet and peaceful it was in the sanctuary of God! The boy laid his portmanteau in a bench near the door, and knelt down. The solemn stillness impressed him, and he came once more to himself,—his conscience awoke.

"Now I am back here, so far away from home! Oh, what would mother say if she knew! What did she say? 'Take this,—the last and best. Take care of it. Mind you do not lose it.' O mother, if you only knew!" The tears, long repressed, rolled down his cheeks. "I wonder if father knows? He is in heaven."

Then there recurred to his mind the story of Tarcitius, who, also a young boy, allowed himself to be beaten to death rather than give the holy mysteries into the hands of unbelievers. How deeply he had been touched on reading that account in "Fabiola" during the holidays! Had he not wished to be a missionary, to go amongst savage tribes, to suffer and perhaps lay down his life for the Faith? Yes, and now, for fear of the mockery of two good-for-nothing fellows, he had been so cowardly, so base as to disown his rosary, the last thing his mother had given him! O Alfred, well may you blush and weep for shame!

Amid the turmoil and tumult of the busy town an humble and sincere supplication went up to Heaven from the heart of the repentant boy,—a prayer of deep sorrow and contrition:

"O God, forgive me! Let me find my rosary again! I do not deserve it. If Thou wilt not grant my prayer for my own sake, grant it, I beseech Thee, for my mother's sake. She is so good and pious!"

The boy's humble entreaty pierced the clouds and ascended to heaven; and the Heart of Jesus, ever merciful

and compassionate, did not reject it.

Who shall say an angel was not sent to stand unseen in the path of our old grey-haired man who was walking from the railway depot into the town? He suddenly stopped, as if a thought had struck him, and looked at his watch.

"I have half an hour to spare. I may as well go round the other way," he said to himself. And as that way led past the Church of Our Lady of Dolors, he paused. "I will just go in for a few minutes to pay my respects to Almighty God."

And at that very same time, in a little town far away, a lady in deep mourning was kneeling before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in an humble chapel, reciting her beads for her only child, from whom she had parted that day. "O Holy Mother of God, protect my boy in the hour of temptation!" she prayed.

The church was empty, otherwise an old man might have been seen stooping over a tearful boy and saying, as he touched his arm:

"Is not this my young fellow-traveller of this afternoon?"

The boy looked up, startled and surprised. Yes, it was the good old gentleman who had been in the railway coach that was speaking, and who added kindly:

"Are you already so very homesick?"

Alfred stood up quickly, anxious to acknowledge his fault.

"O sir, I am ashamed to look you in the face; for I must confess that the rosary was mine!"

"I knew that all the time," his interlocutor replied. "I saw how it fell out of your pocket onto the seat."

"Yes; my mother gave it to me just as I started, and bade me never lose it; and now I am—oh, so sorry that those—those—"

"Say 'those blackguards' at once."

"That they should have it, and scoff at it,"

"Well, I am glad that at least you regret having lost your beads through human respect. For the future I should advise you to remember Our Lord's words about casting pearls before swine, and what He said about those who are ashamed to confess Him before men."

Thereupon he put his hand in his pocket and took out the missing rosary. Never did starving beggar hold out his hand more eagerly, more gratefully for a gold piece than Alfred did for his lost beads.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY MANNIX.

XII.—ON THE ROAD ONCE MORE.

Steffan sat on the side of his bed, reflecting. It was not likely that the imposition he had practised upon the liveryman would be discovered until sufficient time had elapsed for the return of the horse and wagon. He had purposely given a wrong direction to Murphy: several days must elapse before he could be traced. He thought their chances were good for a week in this little mining town. By that time they would have money enough to take a railway journey. If he could only give a false clue, and get the children out of reach of any one who might institute a search for them, he believed all would go well.

He really felt relieved at having got rid of the team; although he had hoped to sell it a little farther on, and put the money in his pocket. But luck had been against him in the Briggs matter, and he must needs accept the consequences. It may, however, have been a blessing in disguise, reasoned the showman; some one would have recognized the team sooner or later. He had a sanguine disposition, on the whole; and began to augur glorious things for

the future, as he pictured to himself the generosity of his compatriots as they showered coin upon himself and his young companions when they saw the dances and heard the songs of their native land.

Louis and Rose sat near the window, silently looking out. They had exchanged but few words with Steffan since the occurrence of the morning.

"Louis," he said pleasantly, "no doubt you think it a little queer that I spoke of you as 'my children' to that fellow Briggs. But I had to do it. He might have found us out, if I hadn't, and taken you back. You wouldn't like to go back, Rose; would you?"

"No, sir," replied the child at once. "At least, I never want to be separated from Louis."

"And you never shall be—now," said Steffan.

Louis did not speak. His gaze was riveted on the top of a hill not far away, beyond which lay the little grey house, from which it seemed to him they had been absent a very long time, though this was only the third day of their journey. Already in the heart of the boy many doubts and misgivings were forming themselves. He feared that Steffan was not at all what he had represented himself to be.

But the voice of Rose, hopeful and positive as she answered the question of Steffan, set his thoughts in a new train. At all risks they must remain together. If he should return, Father Garyo would be certain to separate them,—and, he acknowledged, with good reason. Then Rose would die of grief; she had said so, and he knew Rose. She would weep and bemoan herself to death. When that happened he would be alone,—entirely alone! No: they would go on; they must stay with Steffan, with whom they could earn money; and perhaps—no, *certainly*—they would find Florian.

"Are you satisfied, Louis?" asked

Steffan, seeing that the boy did not speak. He was a little afraid of Louis.

"Yes," rejoined Louis, slowly, "I am satisfied. It is a pity you had to lose the horse and wagon, isn't it?"

"Well—in a way, yes," said Steffan. "But I should have had to sell it, and one never gets much for anything when people know you *have* to sell. We'll travel by rail after this."

Louis silently resumed his survey of the mountain-top.

"You think it's all right, my saying you kids belonged to me, don't you?" inquired Steffan again.

"Well, no," responded the boy. "I suppose you could hardly have helped it, though. I can't see much excuse for ever telling stories. That's what father used to say."

"When you get to be as old as I am, and have been knocked about the world as roughly, you'll say there isn't much excuse for *ever* telling the truth," said Steffan, with a harsh laugh. "Anyway, you had better let it stand as it is, my boy. Everybody here thinks now you belong to me, and we'll travel better that way. It's the only safe thing to do. Don't say anything to the contrary."

"No, sir," replied the boy, feeling that with every step he was progressing farther on the path of deceit.

"There's the supper bell!" exclaimed Steffan. "I think we'd better go down."

When supper was over, the trio went upstairs to don their costumes for the evening. It was quite dark as they descended the narrow stairway and passed through a rear door into the street, as it was called,—though it was really a rough road, thick with dust in dry weather, and a slough of mud when it rained. As they made their way to the place where the entertainment was to be held, they could see groups of men, in red or grey flannel shirts and overalls, gathered about the doors of various saloons.

The "hall," which consisted of a long, low shed in the rear of one of these saloons, but which the stage-performers entered by a backdoor, was filled with men when they arrived. There were not more than twenty women in the audience; but as yet, at least, everybody was quiet and orderly. The men were all smoking, and it was through a dense cloud that the children peered into the assembly as they mounted the stage. Rose at once began to cough violently, and some one among the audience cried out:

"Open the windows! That little chick can't stand this air."

A dozen men instantly sprang to their feet. The windows were lowered; and by the time the trio had played three or four Hungarian dances, the atmosphere was clear enough for singing.

It was a good performance, though the children's voices sounded somewhat thin beside that of Steffan. But the songs were those that the listeners had heard beyond the seas, in the home of their childhood, from the lips of the mothers they were never again to behold; and a more sympathetic or appreciative audience no singers ever had. Men wiped their eyes and cleared their throats, and called out for their favorites, as they had done on the evenings when Louis and Rose had sung in the Square.

And when at last Steffan, thinking they had done enough for one evening, sent them down with two new shining tin plates to collect whatever their listeners might be kind enough to give them, the response was very generous. He had previously told them not to speak anything but Hungarian, if they should be questioned; thinking in this way to excite further sympathy from their hearers. They were moderately well acquainted with the language, which their father had taught them, and were quite able to reply to whatever remarks were addressed to them. The

general impression among the audience was that they had but recently come from Hungary, as they seemed to speak no English; and one man called out to Steffan, who was conversing at the other side of the hall:

"How comes it, brother, that you speak English so well and your children not at all?"

"I have just brought them over," he replied. "They have not yet learned it. When they are here as long as you and I they will speak as well."

"I do not doubt it," said the other. "But I only hope they will not lose our songs."

"No, they will not," answered Steffan. "It is with them that we must earn our bread."

It may or may not have been lucky for Steffan that the hotel-keeper was not present. He had heard the children speaking English that morning. The morals of the community, however, were not such as to deprecate the telling of a few lies, if a little more money were to be made by it; and the chances are he would have considered the tactics of Steffan as worthy of imitation rather than censure.

When the collection had been taken up and emptied into Steffan's pockets, he again mounted the platform and announced that there would be an entertainment on the two following evenings.

"Let's have a dance Saturday!" cried some one in the audience.

"Yes, after the concert," put in another. "We'll pay you well."

"All right!" said Steffan. "We wish to please you, as you have already been very generous with us."

When he counted the money on his return to the inn, he found it amounted to twenty-five dollars.

"Not so bad!" he chuckled. "Half of this belongs to you, kids; but I'll take care of it for you. Each one pays his own expenses, of course. Now go

to bed and sleep well, so that you may be fresh for to-morrow evening."

The next morning Steffan purchased some cheap literature, which he took to the room and gave the children to read, in order to keep them occupied. He did not wish them to go abroad, fearing that they were not far enough from home to elude discovery.

The day passed wearily enough for Louis, but Rose slept a good deal. When night came, the entertainment of the evening previous was repeated, with some changes in the programme. The enthusiasm was even greater than the night before; there were many women present, and not a few children. It was difficult, and to Louis very odious, to be obliged to keep up the fiction of being unable to speak English. But they did not betray themselves; and Steffan, in high good humor, treated them to ice-cream and cakes after the performance was over. That night he counted thirty-five dollars, some of which he lost playing cards after the children had gone to bed. But he recovered his losses later, and retired to rest at four o'clock in the morning, with a gain of twenty dollars in his pocket.

He took the children for a drive next day, and informed them that they would leave the town sometime on Sunday, by the short railroad that conveyed the miners to and from the large town where the corporation had its plants and offices. Every day they remained increased the danger of discovery, and he wanted to move on.

But their departure took place somewhat sooner than he had anticipated. That night, while the dance was in progress, and the tired brother and sister, clouds of dust penetrating their eyes and nostrils, were longing for the time when they should be released from their now painful task, Steffan, marching up and down the stage as he played the violin, saw a tall form pass through the entrance. It was that of a man

with snow-white hair and venerable features, accompanied by another man, short, fat and florid, in whom the kidnapper immediately recognized Father Garyo and the stableman, Murphy.

"The game is up!" he said to himself; and then, with his usual quickness of mind, summoned his wits to his aid.

It seemed to him that, rather than make a disturbance, the priest would await the close of the dance before presenting himself; and Steffan hoped to gain time by a device which flashed across his fertile mind.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he announced, as the perspiring couples paused from their joyous labor, "we have prepared a little treat for you, in acknowledgment of your kindness. We will make a change in our costumes, and you will at once recognize something which will recall to you our native land."

Then, leading the children by the hands, he retired to the dressing-room.

"Hasten!" he said in a whisper. "Come away from here at once. Father Garyo is in the audience!"

"Now—without getting our clothes?" asked Louis.

"Yes, now—at once! You have your music and I have mine. That is all we need. Come!"

And, thrusting them before him, they passed quickly into the dark road, and were soon toiling wearily over the hills through the silence and desolation of midnight.

(To be continued.)

Bell Screeds.

Upon a bell made in the fifteenth century is engraved this quaint verse:

When I ryng, God's prayers syng;
When I toule, pray heart and soule.

Another bell used before the Blessed Sacrament has this inscription:

I, sweetly tolling, men do call
To taste on meat that feeds the soul.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A committee of English bishops is considering the question of a uniform hymn-book for the use of Catholics in England.

—A copy of the fourth quarto edition of Shakespeare's "Richard III." sold in London the other day for the respectable sum of \$8,750. The copy is said to contain five autographs of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.

—Blessed J.-M.-B. Vianney has been made the subject of a notable poetic work by Father Longhay, S. J. The poem is in the form of an oratorio; and when a competent artist is found, as one certainly will be, to write a congruous musical score, the *Curé of Ars* will be fittingly glorified by the most expressive of the fine arts, music wedded to immortal song.

—A series of handbooks for the Catholic clergy, similar to the excellent one for Anglican parsons, edited by A. W. Robinson, B. D., and published by Longmans, Green & Co., is announced. The volumes will be issued, under the editorship of Mgr. Canon Ward and the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J., by the same publishing house. We hope the form of the first series will be followed.

—The French journal, *Le Soleil*, remarks that M. Combes' thesis on "The Psychology of St. Thomas Aquinas," which sold a few years ago for ten cents, has now attained the respectable price of five dollars. The new edition is in large octavo form and makes a book of 528 pages. It bears the date 1860, when the discredited politician was a professor of logic and a Catholic.

—"Notes on Christian Doctrine," by the Most Rev. Edward G. Bagshawe, D. D., is a capital presentation of the doctrines of the Church, with excellent suggestions for preachers and catechists. It is a book of special merit, as every reader will discover. It deserves to be better known. We are delighted to notice that a second edition has just been issued by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

—"The House of Cards," a novel by John Heigh, has a title which, in the memory of the present writer, has a connotation of flimsiness, instability, and general unsoundness. No such metaphorical meaning, however, is attached to the phrase as here employed. It is merely the equivalent of "the Cards family." While not particularly lucid in its opening pages, the story improves in style and interest as it proceeds; and one grows to like the "sometime Major U. S. V." who does the telling of it. The John Heigh who figures as the author on its title-page is suspected by some to be Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; by others, Mr. James Lane Allen is

thought to be the owner of the pseudonym. Whether he be either or neither, John Heigh has written a readable novel, with many a bright bit of epigrammatic philosophy to spice its pages. The Macmillan Company.

—It is gratifying to hear that the English Catholic Truth Society's Library for the Blind now contains over seventy volumes in Braille type—tales, biographies, devotional books, etc. Persons interested in such publications should communicate with the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.

—"A Gleaner's Sheaf," compiled by an Ursuline nun, is an excellent collection of pious thoughts in prose and verse. We are glad to see such names as Cardinal Newman and Bishop Hedley among the authors cited. The concluding selection is St. Augustine's favorite ejaculation: "Say to my soul, I am thy Salvation." R. & T. Washbourne and Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The Stanislaus Julien prize (\$500) for the current year has been awarded by the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres to Father Leo Wiegner, S. J., for his work, "The Rudiments of Chinese Speaking." It is consoling to know that France's scholars, if not her rulers, recognize and appreciate the service which French missionaries are constantly rendering to their country.

—"A Child's Influence," by Madame Cecilia, published by R. & T. Washbourne, is a taking little drama in three acts, requiring seven characters and little change of scenery. It is a tenderly pathetic play, the central idea of which is the influence exerted on a sorrow-worn heart by an amiable, unspoiled child. Another play which we can heartily recommend to schools and societies is "Clotilde of France," adapted from "Ierne of Armorica," by the Ursulines of St. Teresa, New Rochelle, New York.

—The contents of the initial number of the *New York Review* will be sure to interest every reader to whom such a periodical appeals. It begins brilliantly. "The Spirit of Newman's Apologetics," by Wilfrid Ward, and "Catholicity and Free Thought," by George Fonsegrive, the leading articles, are of special value and timeliness. The other papers are hardly less important. Father Gigot's "Studies on the Synoptic Gospels," and "Recent Views on Biblical Inspiration," by Dr. Driscoll, are first instalments of what promise to be exceptionally informing articles. Both of these writers have already done excellent work in their chosen field. The notes and book reviews are competent and of present interest. Our best

wish for this new review is that it may maintain the standard set for itself in the initial number. It is intended to be "A Journal of the Ancient Faith and Modern Thought." We shall look to it for a solution of new problems and such a restatement of theological positions as scientific and historical research have demanded.

—From the American Book Co. we have received three suggestive text-books for the little folks: "Nature Study," by F. Overton; "Half Hours with the Lower Animals," by C. F. Holder; and "David Copperfield" and "Oliver Twist," retold by A. D. Severance. Other new schoolbooks (published by Ginn & Co.) are "The Story of Columbus and Magellan," by T. B. Lawler; and "Short Studies from American History," by A. F. Blaisdell. Both are attractively published and should be valuable adjuncts in the class-room.

—"Specimen Letters," selected and edited by Messrs. A. S. Cook and A. R. Benham, of the Yale faculty, and published by Ginn & Co., will be especially welcome to teachers who have felt the difficulty of restoring the art of letter-writing to its old place in the school curriculum. There is a splendid variety, the letters including such writers as Addison and Pope, Swift and Gray, Franklin and Walpole, Lamb and Southey, Stevenson and Lowell. The examples given should teach the charm of naturalness in letters, and this alone commends the 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.

"Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev.

Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.

"The House of Cards." John Heigh. \$1.50.

"The Transplanting of Tessie." Mary T. Waggonman. 60 cts.

"The Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.

"The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. 50 cts.

"The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.

"The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.

"The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.

"The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.

"The Lodestar." Sidney R. Kennedy. \$1.50.

"Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.

"Beyond Chance of Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. \$1.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. \$1 25.

"The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr." Rev. James J. McGovern. \$5.

"Holy Confidence." Father Rogacci, S. J. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Eugene Smyth, of the archdiocese of New York.

Mr. Jesse Zane, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Charles Michel, Charleston, S. C.; Miss Johanna Hogan, Denver, Colo.; Mr. Conrad Lind, Huntington, Ind.; Miss Frances Carroll, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Kuhn, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Johanna Murphy, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. J. A. Gunshanan, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Catherine Sullivan, S. Braintree, Mass.; Mr. J. Kneffler, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. William Cotter, Mr. Richard Mooney and Miss Ellen Lawlor, Derby, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Herr, Toledo, Ohio; Hon. John Mulkey, Metropolis, Ill.; Mrs. C. McLaughlin, Providence, R. I.; Mr. J. B. Richard, Danielson, Conn.; and Mrs. Arthur Salmons, Bridgeport, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the seminary at Harar, E. Africa:

J. F., \$10.

Father Stroebele's mission boat:

J. R., \$5; G. H. R., \$2.

Three poor missionaries:

F. S. H., \$30; E. S., \$3; F. Mc., \$3; D. D., \$10.

The leper priest at Mandalay, Burma:

"Subscriber," \$5; R. C., \$5; poor widow, \$5; E. J. B., \$1; A. M. D., \$5; L. A. D., \$3; S. M. M., \$1; M. H. N., \$5; Mrs. J. S. M'C., \$1; B. H., \$2.



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 29, 1905.

NO. 5.

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

Hymn to Mary.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

WHAT shall we bring thee, sweet Mother of Jesus?

What shall we place on thy dear altar-shrine?
Flowers the fairest our bright earth can offer,
See, dearest Mother, already are thine!

Lilies that breathe of the heart's pure intention,
Roses that tell of our love, have been laid;
Lips can not utter and hearts can not summon
Else that would please thee, blest Mother and Maid.

Hear, then, O Mary, our voices repeating
All thy rare glory the ages have told!
Fresh from our hearts springs the glorious greeting,
Breathed from the lips of the Angel of old:

Hail, full of grace, gentle Mother of Jesus!
Hail, full of grace; for Our Lord is with thee,—
Purest and best of the maids of creation,
Chosen the Saviour's dear Mother to be!

Bless all thy children, O beautiful Mother;
Guide us and guard us till death comes; and then
Show us thy glory in heaven, sweet Mother,—
Show us the face of our Saviour. Amen!

Santiago.

BY AUGUSTO F. VILLEGAS.*

HOW fruitless are the efforts of historians to separate the true from the false in the deeds of remote ages! What matters it, for instance, whether Tubal or Tarsis or another was the founder of Iberia? or that the history of Florinda is fiction? Who knows for certain whether the exploits of Bernardo of Carpio are true or fictitious? What do

we gain by knowing? At the end of a thousand years, even true history appears legendary. And still I think that legends are truer than history. This is not paradoxical. The legend is the work of the people; if they misrepresent facts in exterior features, they do not necessarily falsify them in essential points. It is true that neither Ferdinand Gonzalez nor Cid Roderick was such as romances and poems depict him; but can we not recognize that popular fancy has made them symbols which typify all the characteristics and warlike virtues of the Spanish chiefs of the Middle Ages? In this sense, the poem of the Cid and that of Gonzalez are truer than the chronicles which were written under the monarchical power.

To believe implicitly in the traditions and legends which exist in Spain, and particularly in Galicia, in regard to San Yago, or St. James, would be absurd. Yet, through the fictitious details and marvels with which the simple faith of the people have adorned these legends, we can perceive the spiritual feeling of the Spaniards at the time of the Conquest. I shall try to relate briefly a résumé of the legend of St. James, leaving it to the reader to separate the true from the false.

We are told that St. James the Greater, son of Zebedee, the poor fisherman of Bethsaida, after preaching the Gospel in Judea and Samaria, decided to spread the good word among the towns of the Spanish Peninsula, and he accom-

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by U. S. M.

plished it in this way. Accompanied by several of his disciples, he embarked at Joppa (now called Jaffa), crossed the Mediterranean and disembarked at Carthagenæ. Preaching from town to town, and frequently suffering severe persecution, he travelled to Iliberis (to-day called Granada), traversed Andalusia, visited Toledo, penetrated into Portugal, and arrived at Galicia. According to appearances, Galicia was the land of his choice; and Iria Flavia, on the beautiful Arosa River, was his favorite residence.

There is no doubt that St. James' eloquence, which had caused him to be surnamed Son of Thunder, was the means of converting many people in Galicia. The Apostle could not, however, remain long among his beloved Galicians. The persecutions which the young Church was suffering in the Orient demanded his presence there; and, abandoning Spain, he went to Palestine, preaching to the people the word of the Gospel, vigorously attacking the Scribes and Pharisees, converting to Christianity some of his most hardened persecutors, and receiving in the end the crown of martyrdom, by being beheaded on the 25th of March, in the year of Our Lord 44.

The body of the saint was left by his persecutors as food for the vultures; but his disciples hastened to secure it, and, remembering the Apostle's great love for Galicia, they decided to remove the remains to Iria Flavia. From the port of Jaffa, where formerly St. James had embarked for Spain, his disciples now departed with his body. It was a frail bark in which they sailed, but God protected them against the perils of the sea; and so it was that, without any mishaps, they arrived at the Arosa River on the 25th of July, landing with the sacred relics at a beach called La Barca. For a long time a stone in the form of a boat could be seen near the church of Santiago, in remem-

brance of the boat which carried the Apostle across the sea. There was also a stone column, which the people of the country called Pedron, in which, according to tradition, was deposited the body of the saint, and to which the boat was moored. The followers of the saint buried their beloved master in a place called Liberum Donum, nearly eight miles from the Pedron.

As many as eight centuries succeeded these events before the advent of Alfonso the Chaste to the Spanish throne. Spain had passed under Roman rule, the invasion of the barbarians, the Visigothian monarchy, and the Saracenic conquest. Of the sepulchre of St. James no one had any recollection. The church which was built on the ground called Liberum Donum (corrupted into Libredon) was destroyed, and on its ruins was a dense tangled growth of shrubs and underbrush. Tradition says that such was the case when Theodore, Archbishop of the See of Iria Flavia, in the reign of Alfonso the Chaste, was told by some of his diocesan flock that mysterious lights could be seen in the night in the grove of the Libredon, and that there could be heard beautiful singing, which, no doubt, announced some celestial miracle.

Archbishop Theodore went to the spot; and, after preparing himself by prayers and fasting, discovered the tomb of the Apostle. No less rejoiced than the Archbishop at the good news, the King, accompanied by several prelates and wealthy men, went to pray at the tomb of the saint, and ordered a church to be built there, extending the diocese of the Archbishop three miles. Such was the origin of Compostela,—later on called the city of Santiago.

The news of the miraculous discovery of the sepulchre of the Apostle spread not only through Spain but also to the remotest Christian countries; and from all parts, in the garb of pilgrims, came princes, priests, nobles, peasants,

and rude men of arms. Adorned with shells and carrying in their hands gnarled staffs, they followed the road to Compostela; some of them doing severe penance, others anxious to pray before the sacred relics, all of them moved by the sincere faith which accomplished the prodigies of the Middle Ages. The trip was a hazardous one. To reach the Iria Flavia, the pilgrims were obliged to expose themselves to the mercy of the sea, or traverse a long road through dense forests, crossing precipitous torrents, climbing mountainous heights, risking the attacks of the Moors who occupied a large part of the Peninsula, or exposing themselves to the robbers who infested the routes.

The pilgrims wore shells sewed on their robes and hats. The origin which tradition attributes to this custom is a curious one. It is said that a Moorish nobleman was travelling on a stormy night along the wild Galician coast, toward the castle where his wife was awaiting him, when his horse became frightened and both horse and rider fell into the sea. At this minute the small boat which contained the remains of the Apostle came ploughing the waves; under the keel of the frail bark the waves were lulled, and the terrific wind as it touched the sail became a soft breeze. Sustained by a miraculous strength, the knight was able to reach the shore, where the bark arrived as well; and, attributing his preservation to the holy relics, he adorned his person with shells which he found on the beach, as a proof of his miraculous escape and in remembrance of it.

This is a digression, but we shall return now to the origin and growth of Santiago. As a historian has very aptly said, Christian Europe, without realizing it, has constructed a city around a tomb. Various calamities fell on Santiago. First, the fierce Normans entered it with fire and sword; after that, Almanzar conquered and sacked

the city, despoiling the temple, and forcing the Christians to carry the bells on their shoulders to Cordoba, to serve as lamps in the Grand Mosque of the Occident. In spite of this, Santiago was spreading; and the magnanimity of the kings, together with the alms and donations of the pilgrims and the zeal of the clergy, not only enlarged the church and adorned it with wonderful things, like the Portal of Glory, but also contributed to the growth of the city, enriching it with numerous public buildings and churches, with magnificent monuments, inns, and hospitals. The ancient town, which in the ninth century contained not more than four hundred inhabitants, in the fourteenth century was the first city of Galicia.

At that time they began to celebrate the Feast of St. James on the 24th and 25th of July. It was a sight to behold the multitude of devout pilgrims, composed principally of the peasantry of different countries, wending their way in groups to the "Cross of the Harapos," to change their old robes of sackcloth for the new ones adorned with shells with which the city presented them. The nave of the cathedral was occupied by the faithful, and filled with fragrant fumes from the incensories; troops of noblemen were there, with their beautiful standards representing the different nationalities; public dances and banquets were given; and above all this animated picture the bells of the churches pealed forth wildly, mingling their tones with the music of the oboes and flageolets and the noise of the fireworks.

Six centuries have passed since then. True it is that the faith has cooled; that now the pilgrim does not don a robe covered with shells to prostrate himself before the sepulchre of the Apostle, nor believe that the Road of St. James is marked in the heavens by the Milky Way. To-day the soldier does not invoke the name of the saint

with the glorious cry of *Santiago, cierra, a España!* Neither does he believe that the patron of Spain can be seen riding in the clouds on a milk-white horse. But the peasants of Galicia, nevertheless, gather joyfully in holiday dress to celebrate the feast of Santiago. Still further, the pious custom attracts not a few tourists; and last year Alfonso the Thirteenth, as in olden times Alfonso the Chaste, Alfonso the Great, and so many other monarchs have done, prostrated himself before the sepulchre of the saint, thus showing reverence to the faith of the city and to the glory of his country.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVIII.—(Continued.)

SUDDENLY Miss Tabitha heard the latch of the gate click, a quick step upon the garden path, and the voice of Leonora talking in a light, pleasant strain to Mary Jane. The happy ring in her voice, that something which love and happiness alone can impart, smote upon the spinster with a feeling akin to terror. Was this another injustice which she was about to commit in the sight of high Heaven? Yet the conjecture did not in any wise change her purpose. That was inflexibly fixed. Better, she thought, to sacrifice Leonora than to sacrifice them all; the more so as her niece's marriage would in any case be prevented should Eben Knox carry out his purpose. The Brethertons would see in Leonora—or so Tabitha fancied—a proximate cause of misfortune to their family, and the near relative of one who was implicated in the crime.

Miss Tabitha was, in her own way, fond of the girl, but there was little real sympathy between them. Their

natures touched, so to say, at no vital point; and the difference of religion, which Tabitha resented, had no doubt a controlling influence in the matter. She was proud of her niece, admired her beauty, and even loved her. The girl's company had been a great solace to her loneliness. In the ordinary course of affairs, if she had not been involved in this strange, dark tangle, she would have gloried in Leonora's success, and would, after the manner of maiden aunts, have unquestionably indulged in the gentle pastime of matchmaking.

The shadow of Eben Knox had been darkly projected across her path, though for years she had been lulled into a false security by the manager's holding his peace. The coming of young Mr. Bretherton had disturbed this fictitious calm, and his instantaneous attraction toward her niece had been as the spark which caused the ignition of that inflammable material which had lain darkly in the gloom of the mill-house. As matters stood, whatever of tenderness or loyalty belonged to Miss Tabitha's nature had early centred round the Brethertons, and for them she was prepared to make almost any sacrifice.

Hearing Leonora's approach, Tabitha rose from her knees and seated herself mechanically beside the hearth, where scarcely a spark remained. So pinched, so gray, so haggard did she appear, with the drawn, strained look about her eyes, that Leonora, catching the gleam of lamplight upon her aunt's face, started. She herself formed as complete an antithesis as possible to her aged relative. Her plain, perfectly fitting costume was eminently becoming; her cheeks were glowing with a delicate, peach-like bloom, the result of her walk. Her eyes were softly shadowed by a gravity which seemed the reflex of that Benediction whereat she had assisted in the deep peace of the convent chapel; yet there was in their depths a light of

that earthly happiness, which played in the smile about her lips and warmed the whole countenance into an expression intensely human, entirely lovable.

She had been in consultation at the convent with the old chaplain, whom she had known since her childhood; and he had given her advice which had been as exceedingly palatable as it was wise and just. He had strongly urged upon her the advisability of marrying young Mr. Bretherton. In his opinion, there was no good or sufficient reason against the match; and he warned her that, at the outset of a young man's career, such a disappointment as would be her refusal often resulted disastrously. He was convinced that the Governor and Mrs. Bretherton were far too good Christians to entertain any serious opposition to a match desirable in every way save that of worldly expediency.

All the way homeward, under the darkened trees, in the deep gloom of the autumn twilight, she had indulged in a long, happy reverie, whereof the central figure had been tall, erect and vigorous, with a brown-tinted, clear-cut face, a chin showing character and determination, and eyes full of fire and intelligence. In short, she had been thinking of young Mr. Bretherton, and of that answer which she must now give him. She was convinced that this time it should be a favorable one; for, after all, what could life offer to either of them in comparison to their love? It was not the futile fancy often dignified by that name, but an affection founded on sympathy and early association, and sanctioned by both reason and faith. Theirs was a love destined not to pass away like the breath of a summer breeze, but to ripen and deepen in the course of years. They could each attain their full growth only in each other's society.

Hence Leonora was convinced that she would be a good match for Jim

Bretherton in a far higher sense than that of the conventional phrase. He might marry an heiress or a woman of fashion and never grow or develop in any sense. Her aspirations for him were of the highest. She wanted him, in loving her, to be at his best; and she knew that she could charm, interest, delight him as it was not likely any other woman would ever be able to do. This was an intuitive conviction which had nothing to do with vanity; and it added to her personality, when in her lover's society, a rare and subtle attraction.

As for herself, it did not require a very searching analysis to determine that the young heir of the Manor had been, during all these years, almost as vital a part of her life as the air she breathed. She had loved Millbrook for his sake. When she had been absent, she had returned thither gladly and with a warm, living interest in itself and all its surroundings. This, she knew now, had had its origin in the garden at Rose Cottage, when she had played and quarrelled with the young gentleman from the Manor. It was his personality which had lent beauty to Millbrook and its homely surroundings even when he was far away, and, manlike, careless to some extent of all that he had left behind. But scarcely had he returned to the familiar scenes when that mysterious attraction had seized upon him, and he had unconsciously turned toward Rose Cottage in search of some lost sweetness.

Having fully realized these things, and having fully given herself up to the prospect of happiness opening before her, she had been altogether heedless of the cheerless darkness of the evening, the howling wind and the spectral trees. Entering the cottage, she had found her aunt crouching over the dying embers with a helpless, bewildered look upon a face which had grown suddenly aged,

Leonora, vaguely reproaching herself for neglect, hastened forward to see what could be done with the fire, which she presently stirred into a cheerful blaze. She turned up the lamp, drew the curtains, and restored the room to some semblance of its ordinary life and colors; after which she hastened to the kitchen to hurry Mary Jane with the tea, since Aunt Tabitha so evidently needed to be revived. She thought that the old lady was merely chilled and depressed. She began to have other thoughts about the matter, however, during the course of a chat with Mary Jane,—a chat which lasted during the interval of preparing tea.

"Mr. Craft, he come to see your aunt," began the garrulous hand-maiden. "But Mr. Knox from the mill, he was in there first. I never was so scared in my life as when I opened that parlor door and seen him settin' there, for all the world like the scarecrow over to Sim Todd's field. I just let a screech out of me, and Miss Tabithy told me to go out, and I ran. She looked kinder scared of him, too; most everyone is, I guess."

"Poor Mr. Knox! He's harmless enough, I dare say," Leonora replied carelessly. "But I do wish, Mary Jane, you had put a log on the fire instead of screeching and running away. Aunt Tabitha looks as if she'd had a chill."

"She ain't got no chill," Mary Jane argued. "She always looks like that when he's round. And I couldn't put any wood on the fire when Miss Tabithy told me to go out. Anyway, I'm scared of him, I am."

Leonora laughed. Laughter came readily, she was so very happy.

"You have a strong imagination, Mary Jane," she said, while she went on delicately browning the muffins.

Mary Jane made the toast, and gave an occasional stir to a savory mince of mutton which was simmering over the fire. She put a fresh piece of bread

upon the toasting-fork, while her face, scorched in the heat of the coal fire, glowed crimson; then she gazed at Leonora, and asked abruptly:

"You ain't ever thinkin' of marryin' Mr. Knox?"

"Marrying Mr. Knox?" exclaimed Leonora. "Oh, no, indeed! But how did you ever come to think of such a thing?"

"There was some talk about it down to Jackson's store the other night. Tommy Briggs and Reuben Jackson, they were most wild when they heard of it; and Miss Spencer gave Mr. Venn, the butcher, the worst dressin' you ever heard, because he said it would be a mighty good thing for you, Miss Lenora,—that you could have lots of good butcher's meat."

Leonora laughed again.

"How very absurd, ridiculous!" she said, half vexed.

"He's comin' here after you,—everyone can see that; and he's awful fond of you."

Leonora shuddered; the thought was distasteful.

"Everyone says," Mary Jane continued, "that you're goin' to marry him for his money."

"I shan't marry him or any one else for money!" exclaimed Leonora, hotly.

"Folks say," Mary Jane persisted, "that young Mr. Bretherton likes you a lot, too; and I guess any one could see that with half an eye when you and him was doin' them picters together. And he did look awful handsome, he did!"

Leonora listened with smiling eyes. Vividly before her came those mimic scenes upon the stage, and the strain of "Amaryllis" seemed to sound in her ears; but she only observed lightly:

"What a lot of things folks say!"

"Most say that you like him, too," ventured the audacious Mary Jane.

"Who runs may read," thought Leonora; but aloud she remarked:

"'Folks' seem very busy with me and my affairs."

"Yes," said Mary Jane, in perfectly good faith; "and they say it's a mortal pity for Miss Tabithy to let Mr. Knox come round here and have the chance to say that he's goin' to marry you."

"He *never* said so!" exclaimed Miss Chandler, aghast.

"I guess he just did. There was a man come over from Nashua the other day and he told Reuben Jackson so, and Reube pretty nigh kicked the feller out of the shop. But Dave heard Mr. Knox tellin' lots of men, that come to the mill from the country round, that he was goin' to be married pretty soon to the handsomest girl in Millbrook."

"Of course he thinks *his* girl the handsomest," said Leonora, intent on the muffins; "but, whoever she may be, her name is not Chandler."

"He said it was," persisted Mary Jane. "Dave heard him tellin' folks that he was goin' to marry the niece of old Miss Brown over to Rose Cottage."

Leonora's face flushed with indignation, and there was a thoughtful look in her eyes; but she answered lightly:

"Either Mr. Knox or Dave was drawing the long bow that time."

"Dave wasn't!" Mary Jane declared. "And I know one thing, Miss Lenora,—that if I had a beau like young Mr. Bretherton, I wouldn't have that horrid Mr. Knox comin' round, and I'd tell Miss Tabithy so, flat to her face."

"Mary Jane risen in revolt!" cried Leonora, with eyes full of laughter.

She did not like the girl's allusions to Jim Bretherton; but in her present happy mood—fitting into her naturally genial humor, which wished well to all mankind,—she hesitated to rebuke Mary Jane's forwardness, especially as she knew that it was actuated by a genuine, if clumsily expressed, good will. In that glow at the heart which possessed her at thought of her good

fortune, she was disposed to be lenient with everyone.

"You shouldn't be too hard on Mr. Knox," she observed. "You must remember he is your beau's 'boss,'—isn't that the word? By the way, when are you and Dave thinking of getting married?"

Mary Jane giggled shamefacedly but delightedly, as she answered:

"Pshaw, Miss Lenora! I ain't goin' to get married this long time."

"Oh, Dave will have something to say to that! He seems very fond of you."

Mary Jane's face could not get any redder, because of the unnatural hue it had already assumed from the stove; but a smile of radiant content overspread her visage. For her life was brighter and her duties less onerous because of that lank and freckled stripling who at morning and evening paused for a few half-shamefaced words with her at the gate.

The shadows of the kitchen, mingling with the firelight, flickered and played upon the two girls, so widely differing in every particular, and yet made akin by a touch of nature.

Leonora had just finished brewing the tea, which she always did herself; and she hurried Mary Jane.

"If that toast is ready," she directed, "you had better bring in everything. I know poor Aunt Tabitha is in need of a good cup of tea to cheer her up."

Leonora passed into the sitting-room, with her shining face and her glow of happiness, which seemed to bring with it a visible light. Aunt Tabitha saw and resented this happiness as a distinct menace to those plans which she had formed; but it nevertheless had an effect upon her. It improved the moral atmosphere of the room, and, together with the viands, hot and tempting, which were presently put upon the table, somewhat aroused the hapless lady from her slough of despond.

Bernard Pendrel's Sacrifice.

BY MARY CROSS.

THOUGH he was not exactly an old man, popular opinion had placed Sir Anthony Pendrel in the ranks of confirmed bachelors; and when, some few years before the date of this narrative, he had brought the widow and the only son of his younger brother to live with him at the manor, it was generally understood that he had thereby "settled the succession," and fixed upon his heir; and everyone agreed that young Bernard Pendrel's lines had fallen in pleasant places.

The quaint Tudor mansion, which had figured in many a picture and served as the "locale" of many a historical romance, lay bathed in the rosy incense of a summer evening; cut deep above the portal were the Pendrel arms and motto, draped in immemorial ivy; the many windows flashed back the lingering light.

From the long green slope of lawn and the shelter of a spreading oak tree, Bernard surveyed the old house, loving its every stone, its every tradition; whilst a pretty girl, dressed in the extreme of fashion, who occupied a basket-chair near him, studied his clear-cut profile and handsome head with a complacent air of proprietorship. It was so seldom, in her experience, that good looks and a full purse went together that she felt herself a specially favored child of Fortune in being engaged to a young man who had both, and who would probably prove a sufficiently obedient husband.

Near the little tea table Mrs. Pendrel, white-haired and stately, fanned herself in serene contentment.

"A penny for your thoughts, Bernard!" said the girl suddenly.

"Alas, you don't intend that munificent offer to be accepted!" said he. "It

is only your ostentatious way of letting me know that you have a penny."

"And that is only your evasive way of declining to tell me your thoughts. Do you know that a habit of abstraction is growing upon you? I'd rather you did not brood over your secret crimes in my presence. It is anything but complimentary."

"If you are so severe, Hilda, I shall faint."

"Simpson will soon revive you with the hose," said she, glancing toward the distant figure of the gardener amidst fragrant, flowering bushes.

The sound of the spraying water on the leaves was cool and refreshing; roses and lavender yielded tribute to the soft breeze; there was a cloud of birds in the sky; and a minute point of light expanding into the evening star.

The clash of a gate, a quick, decided step that gradually drew nearer and nearer, and then Sir Anthony came in sight; and the peaceful scene, the happy united group were broken up forever.

Sir Anthony was handsome and upright still, with keen blue eyes and an obstinate mouth, a line between his brows indicating a tendency to frown. He was obviously in an ill humor; and Mrs. Pendrel looked at him with some trepidation, knowing the cyclonic nature of his "tempers." He accepted a cup of tea from Hilda's fair hand, but set it down untasted.

"What is this I hear about you, Bernard?" he began brusquely. "Is it true that you are in the habit of going to the Roman Catholic chapel?"

"I have been there rather frequently of late," confessed Bernard, at which Hilda's color rose. How stupid of him to offend his uncle, on whose favor so much depended!

"What on earth took you there?" demanded Sir Anthony, who, like Queen Elizabeth, meddled with no man's conscience but prohibited every religion

except his own. "Is the mummery so very entertaining?"

"Apropos of entertainments, we must go to that concert on Thursday," struck in Mrs. Pendrel, in the feeble hope of effecting a change of subject; but Sir Anthony waved the transparent device aside.

"I'll trouble Bernard to answer my question," he said. "I am anxious to know why he went into the chapel, in the first place."

"It was very simple," replied Bernard, to whom his mother's distressed face appealed. "I was near the chapel one day, and met two children going to their father's grave with flowers. They were crying, and I tried to comfort them, and went with them whilst they arranged their little crosses on the humble grassy mound. Then they knelt down and prayed for their father's eternal rest. On every gravestone I read the inscription, 'Of your charity, pray for the soul'; and I realized for the first time that I belonged to a church which does not sanction my praying for the dead, however near and dear. I could not, like those children, ask God to have mercy on the soul of my father. The contrast between their belief and practice and my own struck me painfully, and I went into the chapel to see if there were other points of difference as striking, and—"

"For my part, I am not so conceited as to imagine that my dear and dead ones can't get into heaven without my prayers," interrupted Sir Anthony, sharply. "My good lad, priests invented purgatory to fill their own pockets, not to comfort the bereaved or benefit the dead."

Bernard laughed in spite of himself.

"The doctrine is a dismal failure with Father O'Grady, then. When I called on him, he was dining off hard-boiled eggs and watery cocoa; and, if I may so say without irreverence, his

garments and his furniture indicate the Catholic veneration for relics rather than anything else—"

Sir Anthony's eyes flashed an interruption.

"You called on Father O'Grady!" he exclaimed.

"Well," said Bernard, "I thought he was the proper person to apply to for an explanation of what I did not understand in Catholicism."

Sir Anthony abandoned his angry cross-examination, and surveyed his nephew in silence for some moments.

"Now, look here, Bernard!" he then said. "I am a plain man, and say what I mean without equivocation or mental reservation. I leave that sort of thing to priests. Plainly, then, if there is any more coquetting with Rome, you must find a home elsewhere. If your reverend friends have marked you down as the heir to a fine old property, they may meet with disappointment. These estates are not entailed, and I will take good care that no Romanist gets hold of them. I am sure you understand me?"

He bowed to Hilda and went indoors, followed by Mrs. Pendrel.

Hilda turned upon her lover angrily.

"How can you be so unnecessarily provoking, so wilfully misleading?" she demanded. "To vex Sir Anthony like that! As if you had any intention of going over to Rome!"

"I must go where God calls me, dear," he answered gently. "I have been waging a spiritual warfare long enough. And it has come to this—that for me it is either Rome or nothing, Catholicism or sheer unbelief. How can one believe that the God who careth for the falling of a sparrow had so little regard for His human creatures' souls that He abandoned them for centuries to a false teacher, left them for generation after generation to the sole guidance of an erring church? If Rome is not the true Church of God, there is no God."

"I can't argue," said Hilda, pettishly; "but I think that if you must change your religion, you might choose a more—respectable one than Romanism. Mamma says that all the beggars and charwomen and scavengers are Romanists."

"But St. Peter had a boat of his own, otherwise what an ungentle beginning of Christianity!" smiled Bernard.

"I am perfectly serious," said the girl, "because this is a serious matter. If you offend Sir Anthony, he will wash his hands of you; and I certainly will not marry either a Romanist or a poor man. It is only fair to tell you that; I don't hold myself quite as cheaply as you seem to think."

"Hilda, don't be so unkind!" he pleaded; but the pretty face hardened more and more.

"Unless you give me your word of honor that you don't intend to be both wicked and foolish, you may consider our engagement at an end," she said hotly. "Please don't say anything at all, if you will not say what I wish."

A carriage swept up to take the young lady home; and Bernard, white and silent, handed her into it, and watched it whirl away, his lips quivering. A thunderstorm had come and gone, with no smallest cloud beforehand to prepare him for it.

Sir Anthony and Mrs. Pendrel were going out to dinner; consequently Bernard, to his relief and satisfaction, had the evening to himself, to face the position in undisturbed solitude. For he recognized the crisis, and knew that his final choice must be made, his irrevocable decision be taken with little or no delay. What should it be?

He shut himself into the library to think out the problem, and began a deliberate pacing of the long room, full of books, and grave bronze busts of mighty thinkers. Must he give up this lovely home, his fair betrothed, be estranged from his mother and his

kindred, for what might, after all, be a delusion? And even if Catholicism were the truth, and for him the way and the life, might he not temporize a little,—remain as he was in the hope that Sir Anthony's prejudices would eventually be overcome? But this night his soul might be required of him! Yet, why should he offend his hasty but kindly uncle, grieve his widowed mother, wound the heart of the girl who had promised to be his wife? Could it really be right thus to hurt and distress his dear ones,—to purchase his own peace of mind at the cost of wrecking theirs? He wavered before the subtle temptation. How easily he could bring back the sunshine to Hilda's and his mother's face! How easily regain Sir Anthony's favor! A few simple words, a promise, and all would be well. He would write to Hilda, and tell her that she was dearer to him than—than what? Than Truth?

His troubled eyes rested on an old-fashioned glass case protecting a time-worn volume. He had never before given it any special attention; now to break, though only momentarily, the chain of agonizing thoughts, he consulted the carefully compiled catalogue for information as to the old book, and found this record: "Breviary. Belonged Bernard Pendrel, S. J., executed in 1581 for high treason. Account of trial, sentence and execution in folio 30." Then followed a detailed description of the Breviary.

Bernard's interest was aroused. What manner of man had this, his namesake, been? He found the folio mentioned, learning from it that Father Bernard Pendrel's treason had consisted of being a priest, and exercising the duties of his sacred office. He had spent his life in ministering to his afflicted flock, and in keeping alight the lamp of faith; he had died, spurning every temptation to apostasy, breathing under the very knife of the executioner

the holiest Name, saluting with his last breath his glorious Queen and Mother as Gabriel had saluted her long ago.

Bernard's veins ran fire. This man, this hero, had been of his blood, of his race. After the Revolution, the Pendrels had "conformed," he knew; weak, degenerate descendants of martyrs, preferring to please the creature rather than the Creator, though the martyr-priest had shown them which was the better. To-night it seemed to Bernard as if that dead hand stretched itself from the grave in solemn warning; as if the long-silent voice rang across the centuries with its sublime renunciation of earthly things, its triumphant proclamation of Christ Crucified, reminding him that the disciples of such a Master are called to Calvary, not to Thabor; and the young man, falling on his knees, besought the great company of confessors and martyrs to help him along the narrow path, so that he too, at its ending, might hear the grand "Well done!"

"You have pleased yourself, knowing the consequences, Bernard," said Sir Anthony, a week later, when Bernard had announced his intention of being received into the Catholic Church without delay. "You can't complain that you were not aware of what they would be. I may be a heretic, but I am also a man of my word, and I meant what I said to you when we first spoke on this subject."

"I understand," Bernard answered quietly. Like the Son of Man, he had not whereon to lay his head; but he knew that kind old Father O'Grady would shelter him for a day or two at least. "Believe me, uncle, I am not thankless or ungrateful—"

"O my dear fellow, spare yourself the trouble of making fine speeches! They are thrown away on me, and won't alter my decision in the slightest.

Does Hilda Denison know? What does she say about it?"

"She has returned my ring, and declined to see me again."

"Sensible girl! Well, Bernard, I have only this to say to you—that I shall not visit your folly and wickedness on your mother. Her home is here as long as she pleases. I am glad that her annuity is so secured to her that neither priest nor priestling can cajole her out of it."

"God bless you for your kindness to her, uncle!" said Bernard, fervently.

Sir Anthony declined his outstretched hand, uttering a cold "Good-bye!" and Bernard left the room for the harder parting with his mother. He had been prepared for all this; he had gone through it all beforehand in tortured imagination; but the reality was infinitely more hard and bitter. He felt as though his very heart were being torn out.

Stern and pale and reproachful was Mrs. Pendrel's face as he stood before her.

"This is a blow you might have spared me, Bernard," she said.

"Dearest mother, what can I do?"

"Break my heart, it would seem. But you will come back to us, you poor, deluded boy! You will come back, sick and sorry and humiliated. Do not be too sure of Anthony's forgiveness, however."

"Bless me, mother, before I leave you!" he said, kneeling before her with streaming eyes.

"How can I, when you are denying God and forsaking His truths? But I will pray for you; and when you come back to us, repentant and ashamed, I will bless you." Laying her hand upon his head, she cried aloud: "O Heavenly Father, have mercy on this poor, misguided soul! Give him grace and give me grace to do in all things Thy will, and Thine only!"

To that prayer Bernard answered with a heartfelt "Amen."

Once his nephew had left the manor and then the little town, Sir Anthony drove over to Hilda Denison's residence, finding her at home and alone.

"Mother is out paying calls," she explained; "but I hope she will return before you go, Sir Anthony. She would be so sorry to miss you."

"Thank you!" said he. "Look here, child! I scarcely know what to say to you, I am so indignant and ashamed. That ass, Bernard!"

Hilda held her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I beg your pardon!" observed Sir Anthony, reddening. "I am a clown, and should not have mentioned his name. But he isn't worth your tears."

"O Sir Anthony, I am not crying about him! It is because I am so sorry for you! To be treated with such base ingratitude!"

"You are an angel! I shall get over his conduct, no doubt; and so will you. You are young, and there must be sunshine in store for you."

Hilda fingered a corner of her handkerchief coily, looking at the ground as she answered:

"As far as I am concerned, there is not much 'getting over it' necessary. I was mistaken in my feelings for Bernard; and even if this had not happened, I should have released him from his engagement, because—because I found I did not care for him very much, after all."

"Did he know this?" asked Sir Anthony, when he had regained the breath of which the young lady's confession had momentarily deprived him.

"No. He didn't turn to Romanism or consolation, Sir Anthony,—if that is what you fear."

"Well! I used to wish that I stood in his shoes. One never knows," said Sir Anthony, shaking his head.

"That you stood in his shoes?" she echoed sharply.

"My dear young lady, don't be

offended. My admiration—my more than admiration—for you will not be obtruded now any more than it was when I envied him. I am too painfully aware of my deficiencies, my shortcomings—"

"Sir Anthony! What a game of cross-purposes we have been playing at! I thought you only tolerated poor, silly, frivolous me for Bernard's sake!"

"And—and—what? Is it I you really care for?" he stammered eagerly.

"For whom else could I?" she softly whispered.

Ten years had come and gone; and, as far as Sir Anthony and Hilda were concerned, Bernard had ceased to exist. That he had entered the English College at Rome and been ordained priest, and had since returned to England, his uncle had indirectly learned; but mention of him at Pendrel was prohibited. Sir Anthony rejoiced in the possession of a son and heir, and a bright young daughter, and was as happy as a man could be who had been married for his money by a wilful and selfish girl. Not long after his marriage, Mrs. Pendrel had left the manor, the bride objecting to her presence there; but Sir Anthony had provided her with another home.

And now for him had come the end of all earthly things. A chill, a sudden, short, severe illness, and he lay gasping away his life, a uniformed nurse doing the little that could be done to relieve his sufferings. At intervals Hilda and her mother came into the room, recognizing that the end was near.

On the last of these occasions Sir Anthony opened his eyes and fixed them in pitiful appeal on his wife, craving for help and comfort none there could give him. His mind had travelled back across the years to the times when his nephew, gentle and loving, had been with him; and perchance he dimly discerned that in losing

him, he had lost the purest and most gracious influence that had stirred his life. Very clearly he remembered the evening when their estrangement had begun, and how mildly the young man had answered his angry questions. He remembered the explanation of how he had first been drawn toward the Catholic Church—through prayer, prayer for the dead. So foolish, so vain, so superstitious it had seemed then; but now—

"Who will pray for my soul?" he sighed.

Hilda bent over him.

"What is it, Anthony?" she asked.

"I am dying!" he said.

"Oh, no, Anthony! You will soon be better," she replied soothingly. "Nurse thinks so, and Dr. Brown is quite pleased with the progress you are making. Don't worry yourself, dear!"

"I am dying!" he repeated. "Hilda, will you ask Bernard—"

"Ask Bernard what?" she said, abandoning her well-meant but futile, foolish attempt to deceive him as to his condition.

"Of his charity, to pray for my soul," gasped Anthony.

He spoke no more; a little while, and he had been called to render an account of his stewardship.

There had been some delay in sending for Mrs. Pendrel; and when she arrived, all was over.

To the inmates of the manor, indeed, the death seemed to have happened quite a long time ago. Mrs. Pendrel found the young widow and her mother occupied with milliners and dressmakers; Mrs. Denison trying to settle the vital question whether the children's mourning should be all black, or whether, considering their youth, a little white might not be introduced by way of "relief"; whilst the mother submitted to the poisoning of a series of crape and lisse bonnets on her fair hair, finding a difficulty in selecting one

that really did become her. Locked in a room upstairs, the dead man lay alone; and the world—his little world where he had been supreme master—went smoothly on without him.

"Did Anthony mention me?" Mrs. Pendrel inquired, in a pause of the voluble *modiste's* discourse.

"Oh, yes!" said Hilda, sweetly. "And Bernard too."

"What did he say about Bernard?"

"Say? Oh, that we were to ask Bernard to pray for his soul! So unlike poor Anthony, wasn't it?"

"A sick fancy. He was wandering in his mind, poor man!" observed Mrs. Denison, apologetically for Anthony.

"Was the rector with him?" Mrs. Pendrel asked Hilda.

"N—no. Anthony didn't ask for him. We hadn't time to send for him. It was all so sudden, we never thought—" she had recourse to her handkerchief.

"Don't distress the poor child with questions, dear Mrs. Pendrel!" said Mrs. Denison. "Have you ordered your mourning yet? It is quite a mercy that we must attend to these melancholy duties, isn't it? They prevent us from giving ourselves up to useless grief, don't they? So unchristian to fret, too, I think!"

Mrs. Pendrel sought the nurse, who had not yet left the manor.

"You were with Sir Anthony when he died, I believe?" she said. "Possibly you heard him mention his nephew Bernard. If so, what were his exact words?"

The nurse repeated them. They were ringing in Mrs. Pendrel's ears as she gazed on the rigid face of the dead. How less than nothing were the things of earth to him now! How little anything mattered but to have sought first the kingdom of God and His justice!

In a mean street of a populous city was a humble church with the presby-

tery beside it. Day and night there were noise and clamor about it,—the clang of hammers in foundry and workshop, the roar of furnaces, the shrill cries of children, the scolding of wrangling housewives, the hoarse laughter of men in the glittering drink shop at the corner. Smoke and soot and dust contended for supremacy; odors of fish and hot grease issued from the tall, dingy “model” lodging-house towering above the grime.

The church doors were open, and the poor congregation were streaming in,—poorly-clad, toil-tired men and women, ragged children, “the wandering beggar weary-foot”; all sorts and conditions but the well-to-do and richly clothed, with one exception.

This was a lady who entered with the crowd, in the hesitating manner of one to whom all the surroundings were strange. She took refuge behind a pillar, whence, however, she could see the altar, on which many candles were burning. The service began, but she was like a person who has not learned to read looking at a printed book. She did not understand; she knew not what meant that taking down and raising up of the gleaming monstrance, whilst the whole people bent in awe and devotion. But near her was a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, and that she did understand; knowing that it represented a Mother who had loved her Son as never other mother did, who had given Him up to death for the life of the world.

Then a voice that she knew and that thrilled her to her heart rang through the church in the divine praises: “Blessed be God! Blessed be His holy Name!”

Gradually the congregation melted away, and the edifice was almost deserted. The priest reappeared, no longer in his vestments, but wearing a worn and faded cassock. He came down the aisle to the confessional;

and the unseen watcher distinctly saw the refined, beautiful face, the sensitive mouth, the touches of grey in the clustering hair, the slight droop of the shoulders telling of fatigue.

He was intercepted first by a woman with a shawl over her head, and a “Could ye spare a minute, yer reverence, plaze?” then by a crippled lad; to whom succeeded a sullen-looking man with two dirty children, who was at length swept aside by a fussy elderly maiden. To each tale of woe or want or grievance the priest listened with unchanging patience and interest; comforting, counselling, warning. He retired then to the confessional, round which a few penitents were waiting.

So, to dwell in a stifling slum, surrounded by sin and sorrow, poverty and care, at the beck and call of the lame, the halt, and the blind, the uncouth and uncultured, he had given up wealth and ease and leisure, social pleasures, “sweet sights and sounds, soft speech, and willing service”! What religion but that truly of God could enable a man so far to conquer human nature, to make and to persevere in such a sacrifice?

The last penitent departed; and the priest emerged, turning out the lights as he advanced, until none were left but one that glimmered redly before the Tabernacle. There he knelt with arms extended in the form of a cross, the rays of the sanctuary lamp falling on his face, “which then was as an angel’s.”

At the sacristy door the strange lady awaited him.

“Bernard!”

“Mother!”

He drew her into the little room, and they wept in each other’s arms.

“Bless me, though I would not bless you!” she sobbed. “Bless and forgive! For now I know God’s will, and I come to you, His priest, to learn how I may save my soul.”

"My own dearest mother!" he murmured, in his heart a very rapture of thanksgiving for this answer to his daily prayer for her.

"Anthony is dead," she told him at length; "and his last words were: 'Ask Bernard of his charity to pray for my soul.'"

"God grant him eternal rest!" exclaimed the priest, deeply moved.

A Visit to the Curé of Ars.

ONE of the most distinguished priests of Paris, Canon Lenfant, renowned alike for his eloquence and zeal—he devotes his life to missions in the most crowded districts of the capital and its suburbs,—relates his visit to the Curé of Ars with a freshness of emotion that can not fail to impress every reader.

..

The beatification of John Baptist Mary Vianney recalls one of the sweetest and most cherished memories of my life. The 8th of May, 1859, four months before the death of the holy man, while on a pilgrimage from Paris to La Salette, I stopped at Villefranche-sur-Saône, some miles from Ars. A spacious coach which awaited the travellers, or rather pilgrims, that arrived by the railway was at once crammed. At first all were silent, each one restraining the emotion that increased as we neared the desired spot. After some time, however, a few words were spoken, and the conversation soon became general, the subject naturally being Ars. None of us had as yet had the privilege of contemplating the venerable features of the servant of God, as we were all going to Ars for the first time.

At the farther end of the conveyance sat a young fellow of about twenty, whose legs were crippled. He was on crutches, and was going to ask the

good priest to cure him. Beside him sat a lady in deep mourning, who had recently lost her husband and her only son. She wished to pour out her two-fold sorrow into the bosom of the man of God and find solace in her trial. Among the rest were perhaps some sinners in quest of peace of conscience. Thus, every trouble, every disease of heart, soul, or body, sought relief from this great servant of God.

In the midst of this quiet conversation, carried on less to divert our minds than to diminish the length of the road, we reached Ars. A poor village, a humble church with a tiny square in front of it, was all that was to be seen. Here was the famous spot, the abode of such exalted virtue that the very atmosphere seemed redolent of piety. Here a hundred thousand pilgrims came every year from all parts of France and even from other countries of Europe.

At the outset of his pastorate, the humble priest, in order to discourage visitors, had persuaded his parishioners to keep no inn or restaurant; but five hotels soon had to be built, and even these were far from sufficient to accommodate the ever-increasing throng. On our arrival, the hotels were all full, so each traveller set out to look for shelter. As for me, Providence led me to an old woman, full of faith and that primitive simplicity seldom met with nowadays. Her name was Mademoiselle Lharicotière, and she consented to furnish me with board and lodging for the moderate sum of two and a half francs per day.

Having settled this business, my next care was to go to the church. As an ecclesiastic (I was tonsured), I knelt at the foot of the altar, as near as possible to the sacristy which the Curé was about to enter to confess the men.

He soon appeared, came quite close to me, and knelt down to adore the

Blessed Sacrament. In spite of the deep emotion that set my heart fluttering, in spite of the feeling of reverence that kept my head bowed down, I was able to cast a glance at the venerable countenance that attracted the eyes of the whole world. Long, white locks fell upon his shoulders; his forehead was bare; his cheeks were sunken from privations and years; his eyes were lovingly fixed upon the Tabernacle. What a beautiful face! Notwithstanding the furrows and wrinkles, the effect of age and suffering, it was radiant with an incomparable freshness. All the virtues that adorned his pure soul were reflected in his countenance, and gave it a truly heavenly expression.

After a somewhat protracted prayer, he rose and proceeded toward the vestry. I hurried after him; and, unable to restrain my pent-up feelings, I threw myself at his feet, incapable of speech. He kindly raised me up, and then spoke to my ear, in the sacred privacy of confession, some of those sentences that seemed to fall straight from heaven. Oh, never shall I forget these communings, all too short, yet long afterward re-echoing in my soul! I shall always keep, as a precious relic, the little medal of Saint Philomena that his hand placed in mine, and that I wear night and day attached to my scapular. After having obtained permission to serve his Mass during my stay at Ars, I retired, and another came to draw from that wonderful heart the consolations and help he needed.

The next morning, at half-past six, the Curé offered the Holy Sacrifice. Needless to say, I attended the appointment punctually. Oh, how often since I have been a priest, since I, too, have had the happiness of saying Mass, have I recalled that radiant, transfigured face, those melting eyes fixed upon the divine Host! With what humility he repeated the words, *Domine, non sum dignus!* With what reverence he received the

body and blood of Jesus Christ! Faith and divine love issued from his hands, his eyes, his lips; he seemed forgetful of earth.

The same day, after a frugal meal at my lodging-house, I witnessed a touching and wonderful sight. The Curé, at his usual hour, crossed the village to go to the church. As soon as he appeared, strangers, drawn up in line on each side of the road, exclaimed: "Here is the saint!" And instantly everybody rushed out to see him, gathering around him, and so pressing him on all sides as to impede his walking. Little children were placed under his hand for a blessing; men and women knelt before him to implore the same favor; he had to touch medals and other pious objects; and each visitor endeavored to catch a word, a look, a smile. Even thus passed our Saviour through the villages of Judea and Galilee, scattering benefits as He went about doing good.

Some hours later, while taking a walk through the country, I saw a young woman, with an infant, coming up to me. Her face was beaming, and, unable to contain the joy that overflowed her heart, she cried out: "*O Monsieur l'Abbé*, how happy I am to have come a long distance to see *Monsieur le Curé d'Ars!* He is a saint. My baby was blind. I carried it to him yesterday; he bade me make a novena to Saint Philomena; this is only the second day and my child can see!" On my return, I told the miracle to my old hostess, who replied: "You are surprised, *Monsieur l'Abbé!* Ah, we about here are well accustomed to miracles! Our Curé works some every day. If I were told he had raised to life all the dead in the parish graveyard, I should not be at all surprised."

She spoke only of the visible wonders; but who could reckon the thousands of invisible marvels seen by the angels above,—hopeless conversions, sudden

relief from spiritual anguish apparently incurable, effulgent and instantaneous light to discern a vocation or disentangle the most intricate affairs! He saw into the past, read the future, discovered the inmost secrets of the soul,—*omnia prospiciens*. God indeed rendered His saint marvellous, the wonder-worker of the nineteenth century.

I stayed at Ars three days, on each of which I had the happiness of serving the Mass of the holy Curé. This honor I obtained by dint of gentle entreaties, though I was merely a clerical student, and the privilege was often denied to dignitaries of the Church and other high personages. When at last I had to wrench myself from that hallowed place and return to Villefranche, it seemed to me that all I had seen and heard there was a dream that had carried me into heaven.

On arriving at the steamboat wharf whence I was to sail for Lyons, I perceived the cripple, my fellow-traveller in the coach three days before. He was actually running about the quay, and seemed almost crazy with joy and gratitude. The saint had cured him; he had left his crutches in the chapel of Saint Philomena at Ars.

To a Cistercian Monk.

BY BENJAMIN COCKER.

I SOUGHT my inspiration among the haunts of men,
Where women love and painters dream and poets
dip their pen;
'Mid princes, priests and sages, I looked in vain to
find
The spark of that diviner flame my soul might
share in kind.
But, sorrowing, I ceased my quest; and, hurrying
by them all,
I found it in a monk who prayed behind a cloister
wall.

NEW MELLERAY ABBEY,
Feast of the Ascension, 1905.

An Imperial Philanthropist.

AMONG the most popular members of the great House of Hapsburg was the late Archduke Joseph, who devoted much of his time and a considerable part of his revenues to humanitarian pursuits. The admirable Fire Brigade organization of which Hungary is justly proud is due to his high patronage and active personal supervision. The Archduke, as president of this life-saving association, followed closely every improvement in the implements and working system of foreign fire companies, and published interesting appreciations of the same.

His interest was first drawn to the subject by witnessing a terrible conflagration in Vienna, for the extinguishing of which his own regiment had been requisitioned. The Emperor Francis Joseph was himself present, and, on catching sight of his cousin, he called out: "If you and your soldiers can not help us, the street is doomed!" The inmates had been rescued, but the roofs of the burning buildings threatened to ignite those adjoining, when the Archduke dashed forward at the head of a group of picked men, and hewed down the smoking rafters. Two of his companions never came out again, and he himself escaped only at the price of severe burns and contusions.

From this time forward Archduke Joseph gave his attention to the amelioration and augmentation of the fire brigades in Austro-Hungary. In the latter country especially, since he was bound to it by particular ties of birth, residence, and association, his work was crowned with success. Hungarian noblemen followed his example in becoming members of the fire brigades in their districts; so that it has come to pass in this land—mediæval in so many other respects—that the grade of

officer in a life-saving institution is as creditable as that in one whose object is the destruction of life.

The military knowledge which Archduke Joseph had acquired as Chief Commander of the Houved troops was useful in the organization of his new, peaceful army. The perfection of the branch in his own domain at Alcsuth was due to his personal training; and his office of commander was no sinecure, for he frequently led the rescue party when fire broke out in the neighboring villages.

The Archduke's predilection for the Romany race, misrepresented by the thoughtless as a fad, was based on the loftiest motives of humanity. He believed in the possibility of civilizing these wandering tribes, in whom he discovered many noble qualities. Sometimes he travelled with them for several days, sleeping in the gipsy tents and partaking of their food. He studied their language, which he spoke with facility, and of which he endeavored to compile a grammar. Of their manners, customs and history, he has left an interesting account, which throws a precious light on the probable origin of these banished sons of Pharaoh. The friendly relations of "the gipsy Archduke" with the Hungarian Tsigans, it will be remembered, once stood him in good stead during the war with Prussia.

Besides contributing to literature, Archduke Joseph compiled an extensive treatise on the medicinal properties of common herbs; and here he had precious aids in his wife and second daughter, both of whom shared his interest in botanical researches. His eldest daughter, married to the Pretender to the throne of France, is protectress of many benevolent institutions in France as well as in Hungary. She often visits Paris, where the representatives of the old régime crowd around her, to the great discomfiture of

the Combes and Company, who have not yet seen their way to passing a law for her exclusion. The Duchess of Orleans has extended a helping hand to many of the persecuted communities which Republican "Liberty and Fraternity" have forced to leave their native soil.

Archduke Joseph's only surviving son bids fair to be his worthy successor in benevolent undertakings. He has a numerous family, so that there is little danger of the extinction of this noble line, the Fourth in the Hapsburg descent. The death of his elder brother, who was accidentally killed in the hunting field, was the most cruel loss Archduke Joseph had to sustain; but both parents accepted the blow with that resignation which characterizes the believers in another and better life.

The deceased Archduke was an exemplary Christian, most exact in the fulfilment of his religious obligations. He heard Mass daily; and, with his wife, the kind and charitable Archduchess Clotilde, took the keenest interest in the well-being of the people on his estates. The schools which they encouraged were those of a practical tendency, calculated to impart a knowledge of the everyday facts concerning the material necessities of life; but whenever a special talent manifested itself, the Archduke undertook the responsibility of the pupil's higher education. Even this cursory glance at his life will explain why Hungary mourns to-day in the death of Archduke Joseph the loss of a public benefactor. *R. I. P.* B. H.

ANYTHING which makes religion its second object, makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers Him no place.

—*Ruskin.*

Religious Emotionalism vs. Religious Influence.

THE current number of the *Dublin Review* contains the third, and concluding, article of Father Birt, O. S. B., on "Religious Influences in London." As our readers may remember from a former reference in these columns, these articles are in the nature of an extensive review of the voluminous study of London life made by Mr. Charles Booth. Like each of its predecessors, this last paper of Father Birt's contains much that is interesting to all students of sociology, and more that is thought-provoking to those who regard religion as the only solid basis on which the superstructure of society can be reared. We purpose reproducing here some paragraphs which will well repay reading.

Of one matter as to which Catholic opinion is not everywhere uniform, Father Birt says:

There should be no reasonable refusal to acknowledge that, merely as a philanthropic or social institution, the Salvation Army has done and is doing a real work, good in its way and within certain limits. . . . But, notwithstanding material and numerical progress, it lives by appeal to the elementary emotions. The evidence available concerning it, of which there is plenty, all points downward: loss of spirituality is succeeded by emotionalism, tending to degenerate into sensuousness. It is of the earth, earthy. Upheld as it is by the personality of its remarkable originator, it may safely be prophesied that after his death it will sooner or later split into sections, and its present power and hold over that section of the masses to which it appeals will in consequence dwindle. Within recent years signs have not been wanting that the dangers of a split have been very real. . . .

Just what a close student of this phase of religious emotionalism has come to think of it is thus summarized:

The general result, therefore, may be summed up in one sentence. In Mr. Booth's mature opinion, the Salvation Army "is now of little importance as a religious influence, but has turned toward its 'social wing' the marvellous energies and powers of organization, and the

devoted work it commands." Mr. Booth agrees with us Catholics that as a religious force it is an illusion; and, referring to the fine centre possessed by this body in Clapton, is compelled to admit, notwithstanding much active work in progress there, that "with them, no less, and perhaps even more, than with all the rest, it is their own religious life that is spun and woven; and what they would persuade themselves and others to believe as to their religious work in the world, and its influence as a Gospel deliverance, is but part of an extraordinary illusion which begins to stand unveiled before us."

Of the perennially flourishing drink evil, the *Review* writer has this to say:

The evil of drink, though undoubtedly less than it was some years ago, nevertheless still cries aloud for remedy, and all denominations have in a certain sense united in a crusade against it. We have our League of the Cross; and outside the Church every parish or congregation has its Band of Hope, its Lodge of Good Templars, or similar institution, pledged to wage relentless war against this curse of the country. The success attained may vary, but the efforts are untiring. While we can not but thankfully recognize the earnestness of those who direct this struggle against the demon of drink, we are perforce led to realize that danger lies even in these attempts to "serve the brethren." Though temperance, wisely preached, is capable of effecting untold good, its advocates too frequently let zeal outrun discretion, and, in consequence, as often as not only succeed in repelling where their sole aim is to attract. Mr. Booth has clearly grasped this fact, and endorses the opinion of a certain missionary who stated to him that "totalitarians do not help temperance reform by looking down on those who take alcohol—regarding total abstinence as a kind of gospel."

Another danger besets these temperance societies which has been already noticed in connection with Bible classes: the tendency to make them take the place of a church, and thus to multiply sects. In such circumstances it is useful to bear in mind Mr. Booth's excellent remarks on the subject of temperance work: "Christian people are not agreed," he remarks, "as to the best cure [for the evil of drink]; and a religious mind no more implies total abstinence (though it may imply sobriety) than either sobriety or total abstinence implies a religious mind. The disconnection between these societies and religion is shown by the fact that they differ hardly at all, whatever the flag they fly. Low Church or High, Protestant, Nonconformist or Roman Catholic, or mission of whatever type,—all employ much the same methods in seeking to deal with the same evil, and all equally fail."

The meagre attendance at church services is a burning question in this country not less than in England; and it is interesting to read on the subject Mr. Booth's views quoted by Father Birt:

"Dress is a common and perfectly sincere excuse; but it is only an excuse. The effort after a decent life, which would lead men or women to attend some place of worship voluntarily, never stumbles over this obstacle. . . . So, too, the ordinary habits of the people—the late lying in bed on Sunday mornings, etc., etc.,—are pointed to as obstacles to church-going. But time is found for all these things by those who do go to church, except the last hour or two in bed of a morning.

"That there is at bottom nothing in the question of dress, nor in poverty generally, to interfere with church-going, is shown conclusively by the Roman Catholic churches, whose people include the very poorest. Large numbers of every class attend Mass. For the very poor, as for the well-to-do among Catholics, this is a religious duty; and though they sort themselves more or less according to class in the hour at which they come, all are ready to enter and kneel down together in the House of God. But amongst Protestants, as regards the laboring classes, church-going is rarely attained, except with the very poor in connection with relief; and then it is "only the women who come." "Such an admission," comments Father Birt, "vitiates the value of the act: the motive is not the worship of God, an act of religion, but merely a low, if not hypocritical, form of cadging."

One conclusion that is forced upon the attentive reader of this exhaustive review of the volumes dealing with religious influences in London life, is that the spirit of which Catholicism is very commonly accused really belongs to the sects; is typical, not of the Church, but of "the churches." These latter, it would appear from the multiplied evidence gathered by an unbiassed inquirer, subsist and thrive on *emotionalism* as almost their only diet. As we had occasion to point out not long ago, in differentiating the Catholic mission and the Protestant revival, such emotionalism as does exist among Catholic worshipers is based upon the bed-rock of definite dogmas, and is merely ephemeral, not normal or habitual.

Additions to the Mass.

REFERRING to the prayers which Leo XIII. ordered to be said after Mass—prayers to which Pius X. has lately made an addition,—a correspondent of the London *Tablet* expresses some thoughts which we are confident must have occurred to a great many other persons, although no one, perhaps, has ever ventured to open his mind on the subject to the public. With due respect to ecclesiastical authority, as well as deep reverence for the Holy Sacrifice, he declares that "this addition—this change—has created a difficulty for some Catholics, and tends to lessen the attraction which many outside of the Church found in the dramatic unity and symmetry of the public worship of the Mass."

It was Carlyle, we believe, who, after witnessing the celebration of Low Mass in a Continental church, said: "I have come to the conclusion that the Mass is the greatest thing in the world." That was many years ago, when it was the general practice for the priest to leave the altar immediately after the last Gospel. The addition of prayers in the vernacular—prayers which have no reference to the Holy Sacrifice—is calculated, we feel sure, to detract from its solemnity in the eyes of outsiders.

The difficulty of which the *Tablet* correspondent complains is twofold. In the case of one who has received Holy Communion and who is engaged in making thanksgiving, there is an interruption, a distraction. The prayers after Mass unavoidably divert the attention of the communicant from what he should be doing with all possible diligence. If one has not communicated, one still likes to leave the church with the thought of having heard Mass, not merely with that of having said prayers in common.

Besides, the *Ite Missa est* is the signal for departure, though the Gospel of St. John follows it. Says the correspondent whom we have quoted:

"I and many others, being weak brethren, feel the distraction to which those added prayers give occasion; and would desire to come from the church when the priest dismisses us with his blessing, with the fragrance, the memory of the Holy Mass fresh and vivid in our minds, and undisturbed by anything, even by other pious thoughts. Would our bishops have compassion on us and represent our difficulties? I know that many pious souls are restless, carried away no doubt by zeal, ever seeking new outlets, inventing new devotions, petitioning for new indulgences. I have no desire to restrain them in other matters; but the Holy Mass—I should like to think of it as I first knew it in my childhood; and wish that I had it now as it was then, when my heart was young and fervent."

We confess to being among the "weak brethren" ourselves; and we hope to see the day when the addition of a single word to the Mass—after the Gospel of St. John of course—will be strictly prohibited by Papal authority the world over. More frequent use of the beautiful Prayers for Various Purposes at the end of the Missal would be the result. It is our conviction that if the Holy Father were informed of the feelings of many of the faithful, lay and clerical, regarding additions to the Mass, such action on his part would not long be delayed.

LET us bear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will overpay by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Notes and Remarks.

The Kingdom of Belgium has just celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its independence, having been until 1830 a part of the Netherlands. This little Catholic nation is now one of the most prosperous in the world. Its total population is estimated at about seven millions, though the area of the country is only 11,373 square miles. The surplus of births over deaths in 1903 was 73,626. The Catholic faith is professed by nearly the entire population of Belgium. The Protestants number only 10,000, and there are considerably less than half that many Jews. Of churches and chapels, schools of all grades, convents and charitable institutions, there is no end. Each of the six dioceses into which the kingdom is divided has its own ecclesiastical seminary; and there are, besides, ten smaller seminaries. The Catholic University of Louvain, with its five "faculties," or branches of study, has an enrolment of 1431 students. There are universities also at Brussels, Ghent, and Liege. The Diamond Jubilee celebration in Belgium was in thanksgiving for its peace, progress, and prosperity. On the 21st inst., by order of the hierarchy, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches of the kingdom.

The threatened depopulation of France by what has come to be known as race suicide is said to be the greatest worry of French economists. "What is to become of the Republic in a few years more?" they are asking; and well they may. In spite of all means that have been employed to remedy the evil, the population of the country remains stationary. Mr. Thornwell Haynes, United States Consul at Rouen, furnishes some painfully interesting statistics on this subject. One hundred years ago France had 26 per cent of

the population of Europe, now she has only 11 per cent of it. The number of families possessing the average number of children (five) is 584,582, whereas 1,808,839 possess none at all, and 2,379,259 only two. In assigning causes for this state of things, economists contend that the heavy taxation in France militates not only against marriages but against the raising of families. Mr. Haynes mentions neglect of religious practices and beliefs as the "first and foremost cause." He declares that "the deterioration in the birth rate is not manifest in localities where the people are most faithful to religious teachings."

While the moral and legal right of workingmen to strike is generally conceded as a sociological principle, the circumstances under which that right is exercised may materially change the nature of the action and very properly alienate from the strikers the sympathy of the general public. When, for instance, some seven hundred ice delivery men in New York chose—not deliberately, let us hope—for their striking time a day on which the thermometer registered from 95 to 100 degrees of heat, and deaths in consequence were numerous, it is not strange that their act called forth very general condemnation. The sympathy which they look for from others should have been extended by them to the sufferers whose distress their strike aggravated.

An interesting Catholic mission of which one hears only infrequently is that of Reykjavik, in Iceland. There is something of the pathetic in the statement of Father Servaes, the resident priest, who informs the *Missions Catholiques* about the restricted number of Catholics, the one Catholic church on the island with seating accommodation for three hundred, the

school under the control of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the hospital which these same religious have recently been obliged to give up to lay management. Pathetic, because for five centuries and a half—from 1000 A.D. to 1550 A.D.—Iceland was a Catholic country. Fifty poems in honor of Mary Immaculate published there are still extant; and old chronicles mention many shrines of pilgrimages, among others that of Our Lady of Hofsstadur, near Skaga Fjördr.

In 1550 the head of the last Catholic bishop was stricken off by the Reformers, and for three and a half centuries no Catholic priest dared land upon the island. About 1858 a French missionary priest, Father Boudoin, made an attempt to turn the Icelanders to the faith of their ancestors. He remained in the country sixteen years without being able to exercise any external function of his ministry; and only in 1874, the date of a new constitution, did he receive permission to open a public chapel. Two years later he died, and for twenty years longer Iceland was abandoned to itself. In 1892, when Leo XIII. made the mission of Denmark and Iceland a Vicariate Apostolic, with Mgr. Von Euch as its spiritual head, Iceland did not contain a single Catholic: all its inhabitants were Lutherans. The conditions now are improved; and, a start having been made, the Catholicizing of the people will, we doubt not, go on apace. Father Servaes bespeaks from the readers of the *Missions* the charity of a material alms, and of a "little prayer, not less indispensable for the full success of our difficult work."

In view of the fact that many persons take Ernst Haeckel and his "Riddle of the Universe" very seriously, it may be well to state that this writer, far from ranking as a "high authority" in Germany, is the laughing-stock of

savants there. He is regarded simply as a mountebank or fanatic who appeals to the mob. Having no scholarly reputation to lose, and assured that his disciples will never know the difference, he is reckless in his utterances and dogmatic to the last degree. "The Riddle of the Universe," translated into English by an apostate priest, is trash, whatever half-educated infidels and scoffers may say of it.

Dr. Hirsch, whose ready opinions carry weight with a large class of persons outside of his own denomination, is another overrated celebrity. Like the late Col. Ingersoll, he is witty and eloquent,—anything but scholarly, according to the *Chicago Israelite*, which says:

We owe it to the public and to the Jewish ministry to place in their true light the pretensions of this misleader.... It is in the interest of American Judaism that whatever ascendancy Dr. Hirsch's brilliant talents may have given him over impressionable minds, should be counterpoised by such demonstrations as we have reluctantly undertaken of his utter unreliability.

We are at a loss to understand why persons should be disturbed by the utterances of such men as Haeckel and Hirsch.

An important paper on our duty to the imprisoned, by the Rev. Aloysius Fish, O. M. C., was read at the annual convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies of Pennsylvania, recently held at Scranton. Having been engaged in prison work for several years, Father Fish knows whereof he speaks; and his experience has a practical value, not only for priests who may be called upon to serve as chaplains in public institutions, but for Catholic laymen as well. Father Fish says:

I have made a careful investigation of the status of the priest in the prisons. While I have found in a few instances outright bigotry, in most cases the priest is allowed access to Catholic inmates, and is not hampered in his spiritual service to them. However, the policy of our public penal institutions depends greatly upon the personality

of the head officials. Some of these, under misinterpretation of their broad duties to the inmates, or under the impulse of personal narrowness of mind, make the priest feel that, while they will not exclude him from the precincts of the institution, he is regarded as a meddling interloper. Under such conditions it is easily conceivable that the Catholic inmates must suffer neglect. The priest is not a politician and has no strong political affiliations. He is easily intimidated by the veiled opposition to his presence, and the result is that he faces these unpleasant conditions only when it is absolutely necessary.

Here is the great opportunity for the Catholic laity. In all our States there are Catholics of prominence and even of political power. Why must they be so negligent of the needs of their fellow-Catholics in durance that they do not use their influence to have these conditions mitigated? Much—in fact, all—could be done by such men without arousing fanatical antagonism. The heads and managers of our penal institutions are ignorant of what we Catholics regard as our imperative needs; they do not feel obliged to go out of their ordinary routine to make provision for us, if we are not enough interested to go asking it of them. A mere word from some one that can meet them on equal ground is often sufficient to enlighten them and to lead them to throw down all barriers to intercourse between priest and prisoner. Even where bigotry is prevalent, this amelioration can be brought about through quiet and peaceful discussion better than by public battling. This regard as one of your duties, you men of the Federation; see to it that as far as your influence goes, both in State, county and city penal and correctional institutions, there be no hindrances to the full exercise of their faith by those in prison,—that the priest be made to feel that he is at least a welcome visitor.

Propos of the recent discussions concerning "tainted money"—discussions which it regards as a healthy indication of an awakening public conscience,—*Printer's Ink* pertinently remarks: "But if consistency is a jewel, it would be well if some of the newspapers that have joined in the hue and cry against tainted money would examine the dollar in their own tills with a view to discovering if all the coin that passes over their counters can honestly be classed as clean."

The reference is to certain kinds of advertisements "which every magazine

and some newspapers refuse to accept"; and while it is admitted that the moral tone of the advertising columns in the daily press is much better than it was a decade ago, it is correctly held that there is still room for improvement. That *Printer's Ink's* ideas as to moral or immoral advertising are not especially prudish is clear from the certificate of cleanliness which by implication it grants above to "every magazine,"—a certificate which would certainly not be signed by all discriminating moralists; so one may estimate the nefariousness of the so-called "medical" advertisement by its vigorous denunciation thereof:

If the money acquired by unfair methods in trade is "tainted," what term is strong enough to apply to the unspeakably filthy lucre wrung by misrepresentation and chicanery from the ignorant and unfortunate,—doubly unfortunate in that they have no one but themselves to blame for their condition?

Recent investigations conducted by inspectors from the Post Office Department have disclosed the fact that so many "specialists" are purely and simply defrauding quacks, that one is almost justified in declaring the presumption to be against the honesty and skill of the advertising doctor. Reputable physicians do not use such spectacular methods of securing patients; and reputable periodicals should eliminate from their columns all advertisements of this suspicious nature.

Another bugaboo of the pessimistic native American is rapidly losing its power to terrify. The immigration into this country of large numbers of the "decadent Latin races" was not long ago denounced, in all the moods and tenses of hysterical patriotism, as a danger seriously menacing the morality and social order of the republic. The Portuguese belong to one of those pestiferous Latin races; yet here is what the Boston *Herald*, quoted in the

Pilot, has to say of that class of immigrants to Southeastern Massachusetts:

No nationality represented in this commonwealth has so wonderful a crime record as have the Portuguese. Among the thousands of them that are here, arrests for crime, committed either on person or property, are almost unknown. If all of the rest of the people of Massachusetts were as free from criminal offences as are our citizens of Portuguese birth, we could probably shut up as useless nine-tenths of our correctionary and penal institutions. Clearly, a class of population such as this has something to say in its defence.

Equally clearly, the Church of which this class are consistent members has something to urge in behalf of her beneficent influence on the morals of the land. The ultimate fact is that the more of the solidly Catholic, among the Latin races, who take up their residence in these United States, the better will be the outlook for the moral, social, and financial integrity of the America of the future.

Some one has found the following minute in the parish book of St. Bartholomew, in the city of London, for 1643: "Read an ordinance for the demolition of superstition and idolatrous things both in the church and without, where it was ordered that the three letters in the pulpit-cloth, I. H. S., should be put out." And in the accounts for the same year this entry occurs: "Pd to the imbroderer for taking I. H. S. out of the pulpit-cloth, and imbrodered same again with other work, twenty shillings, besides five shillings he allowed me for the old stuff." Of curious interest, these items are also quite significant. They throw a white light on what the ancestors of Anglo-Catholics considered superstition and idolatry.

Under the heading, "Books that have Helped Me," we occasionally find a list of works the early reading of which has given a decided bent to the career of a youth subsequently notable in the domain of literature, science, art, or

the more prosaic field of commercial endeavor. As a "book that made me," might the late Mother Catherine Aurelie, of St. Hyacinth, Canada, have appropriately referred to Father Faber's "The Precious Blood." Her perusal of a French translation of that well-known work gave definite shape and a distinctive name to the religious institute of which she became the foundress—the Order of the Precious Blood. A mystic of the Middle Ages, set down amid the materialistic environments of the nineteenth century, Mother Catherine was a striking exemplification of the fact that the contemplative life is not at all incompatible with sanity of judgment and practicality of aim and purpose. Approved by the Holy See nine years ago, the Order of the Precious Blood, notwithstanding the rigor and austerity of its rule, at present counts as many as eleven convents in Canada, this country, and Cuba. A model of every Christian virtue, and a servant of God exceptionally privileged in matters spiritual, Mother Catherine recently closed a truly beneficent career by a most edifying death. *R. I. P.*

We have frequently commented on the fact that when Frenchmen are practical Catholics at all, the probability is that they are eminently robust ones. Our conviction on this point has just been strengthened by the perusal of a notable letter, contributed to the *Vérité Française* by Vice-Admiral de Cuverville, Senator of Finisterre. Writing of the renewal of France's consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, this frankly religious officer notes that in many dioceses of France there is becoming established the custom of consecrating one day a week to the reparation of injuries done to Our Lord, and the preparation of His social reign. Quoting the prayer to the Sacred Heart, recited in common

at the family hearth, for this purpose, the Admiral adds:

This is an example to be followed. What better resolution can we take, at this period of national supplication, than that of conforming henceforward to a practice which will be the best of preparations for the act of allegiance on the part of Catholic electors, and which will be, for all, a striking affirmation of *the rights of God*?

Here evidently is one French Catholic who has the courage of his convictions, and who would think it as pusillanimous to truckle to the infidels and Masons who rule France as to give the order "about ship" and flee from his country's enemy upon the ocean.

It is the irony of fate that just when the world at large is taking off its cap to salute the self-glorified pseudo-scientist, the inner circle of really eminent savants has got through the process of weighing him in the balance and finding him wanting. During the past few months we have read a number of eulogistic reviews of Haeckel's works, contributed probably to the publications in which they appeared by critics as competent to discuss the questions involved as was Arthur Pendennis at the outset of his literary career. And we have felt like mailing to each such critic the following appreciation of Haeckel, from the pen of Sir Oliver Lodge:

He is, as it were, a surviving voice from the middle of the nineteenth century. He represents, in clear and eloquent fashion, opinions which then were prevalent among many leaders of thought,—opinions which they themselves, in many cases, and their successors still more, lived to outgrow; so that, by this time, Professor Haeckel's voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness,—not as the pioneer of an advancing army, but as the despairing shout of a standard bearer, still bold and unflinching, but abandoned by the retreating ranks of his comrades, as they march to new orders in a fresh direction....If a man of science seeks to dogmatize concerning the Emotions and the Will, and asserts that he can reduce them to atomic forces and motions, he is exhibiting the smallness of his conceptions, and gibbeting himself as a laughing-stock to future generations.

Notable New Books.

Historical Criticism and the Old Testament. By PÈRE J. M. Lagrange, O. P. Translated by the Rev. Edward Myers, M. A. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

Father Lagrange's lectures, in the well-fitting English dress which his translator has given them, make excellent reading for Biblical students generally, and constitute exceptionally valuable material for the youthful Catholic student in particular. The author's world-wide reputation as a sound Catholic critic, the quasi-authoritativeness incidental to his position as a member of the Biblical Commission founded by Leo XIII., and the timeliness of the topics handled both in the lectures proper and in the appendix ("Jesus Christ and New Testament Criticism"), combine to make the present volume a very welcome addition to recent Biblical studies.

The titles of the different lectures sufficiently indicate the scope of the work. They are six in number: Biblical Criticism and the Dogmas of the Church, Doctrinal Development in the Old Testament, The Idea of Inspiration as Found in the Bible, Historical Criticism and Science, Historical Character of the Civil Laws of the Israelites, and On Primitive History. The translator notes that, as these discourses were delivered to the ecclesiastical students of a Catholic university, the lecturer was entitled to assume, in the matter of terminology, much that would call for fuller explanation before a more popular audience. Notwithstanding this intimation, the general Catholic reader may be honestly advised to procure the work; he will derive undoubted profit from its studious perusal.

A Story of Fifty Years. From the Annals of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, 1855-1905. With Illustrations. THE AVE MARIA.

Any one who is familiar with the ways of Almighty God in regard to the souls of those for whom He has destined some special mission, will not deny that, at the time when and place where they are most needed, He endows certain spirits with the necessary qualifications, and in His merciful and loving Providence lifts up their hands, strengthens their feet, and fits their shoulders for the burthens He has decreed them to bear. This is particularly true of religious Orders and Congregations, the beginnings of all of which have been distinguished by several remarkable characteristics—viz., hardship, suffering, poverty, petty trials and opposition.

The history of the Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross does not differ in these particulars from others who have walked over

thorns to the heights of perfection. There is to-day in the United States, we presume, no Congregation more flourishing, more progressive, more in conformity with the modern religious spirit—which combines superior education and culture with that piety which, though always old, is perennially new,—than that of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

When Father Edward Sorin, of venerated memory, laid, in 1842, the foundation of the Holy Cross in America, he already counted on the assistance of the Sisters of his Order, who arrived the year following. At that time Father Sorin was the acknowledged superior of the community of Sisters as well as his own, and both were under the supervision of a common mother-house in France. It was not until a number of years had elapsed that the Sisters were made independent. But before this was accomplished they were obliged to pass through deep waters, which served only to purify and renew them as a second baptism.

To a cousin of James G. Blaine, Mother Angela Gillespie, whose name was a household word among Catholics during and after the Civil War, the Congregation is indebted for much that stands for progress and prosperity. She was, in the truest sense of the word, a valiant woman, a mistress of affairs, a pioneer of charity, a teacher unsurpassed, and a Christian unafraid.

All this and more the reader will find in the clear, succinct and comprehensive narrative, told by a member of the Congregation, in the book just published as a memorial of the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Ballads of a Country Boy. By Seumas MacManus. Gill & Co.

In "Ballads of a Country Boy" the versatile Mr. MacManus has laid up a pleasant surprise for those who know him only as the sober and veracious historian of the fairies of Donegal, or as the author of that charming Irish idyll, "A Lad of the O'Friel's." He has not, of course, abandoned the MacManus country; for the atmosphere of these poems is the Donegal atmosphere; and, indeed, with the exception of some tender and pathetic pieces that are clearly autobiographical, this volume may be described as the lyric side of the life which the author has already shown in its romantic and playful aspects. There are patriotic songs and bird songs and nature songs, and songs of sadness, and of love that is wholesome and pure,—a large gamut with never a note out of harmony with the character of the Irish peasant whose life he projects.

One is glad to miss in the work of Mr. MacManus the yearning after paganism so unpleasantly familiar in the writings of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. George Moore. The spirit of

reverence, of faith, of Christian resignation in the presence of keen human grief, the pure affection and the strong spirituality of these Ballads are in fine contrast to the erotic tendencies that her best friends have been grieved to find in some of the modern spokesmen of Holy Ireland. The author has the true Keltic instinct for the music of words, his technique is good, and the soft lights of fancy—a drab sort of fancy that is not essentially Irish—play freely on his themes. His first volume of verse is auspicious and will strengthen the popularity of Mr. MacManus among lovers of sincere and healthful literature.

By What Authority? By Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Brothers.

While the secular historical novel has had, for the past decade or so, a vogue that has resulted in a multiplicity of "yore-and-gore" fiction books, Catholic historical tales have not become so numerous as to outwear their welcome. The present volume, however, would deserve recognition even were the class to which it belongs notably larger than it is. "By What Authority?" is a story of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and, incidentally, a masterly exposition of the religious problems that convulsed England in the early years of the Reformation. The varying fortunes of the Maxwells and the Norrises, with those of the courtiers, Protestant prelates and rectors, proscribed Jesuit priests and Catholic laymen associated with them, is deeply interesting, and withal so full of local color and so conformable to the recorded history of the period treated as to raise the book far above the plane of ordinary fiction and entitle it to the consideration bestowed upon authentic annals.

The novel is a long one—the narrative taking 558 pages in the telling,—but few readers will complain that it has been unduly extended or that its bulk has been increased by the reprehensible practice of padding. Irish readers, however, will quite naturally resent the tone in which the natives of Erin are referred to. Cultured English readers, too, will notice faults of style that mar some of the pages, notably the first two or three. But, after all, "the story's the thing"; and this particular story is one which we take pleasure in commending.

The Ridingle Boys. By David Bearne, S. J. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

Father Bearne writes delightful English, and we have no doubt that much of his popularity among young folks—and young-hearted old folks, too,—is due to his gift of literary style. Better than most of his contemporary rivals in the field of juvenile literature, he knows "how to say" the abundant good things that impress him as worthy of being said. This new book of his has to do with a number of the characters

who figured in his former "Ridingle Stories"—a circumstance of itself an incentive to procure it,—and with additional personages quite as interesting and as cleverly delineated. These Ridingle boys are genuinely Catholic young fellows; not "goody-goody" monstrosities, but active, healthy, mischievous, occasionally naughty (and subsequently repentant) little men, whom it is a pleasure to know even at second-hand. No better book for our Catholic young folk has appeared for a long while; and the touch of novelty which our American boys will discover in the games and pastimes indulged in by young Britishers will give to it additional charm. The illustrations are plentiful and good.

Elizabeth Seton. Her Life and Work. By Agnes Sadlier. D. and J. Sadlier & Co.

This charming life of the foundress of the American Sisters of Charity is not merely an interesting and edifying biography: it is a valuable addition to the history of the Church's development in these United States. The story of the sixteen or seventeen years between Mother Seton's conversion to the true faith in 1805 and her saintly death in 1821 is intimately connected with movements that meant much for the rise and progress of Catholicism; and her association with such eminent churchmen as Archbishop Carroll and Bishop Cheverus illumines the narrative with side-lights for which the lover of America's ecclesiastical history will be grateful.

Miss Sadlier has done her work in a loving and reverential spirit; and "the Sisters of Charity in the United States, who are leading that holy life of which Elizabeth Seton was so perfect an exemplar," to whom she respectfully dedicates the book, have reason to rejoice in that their foundress has had the good fortune to find so capable and sympathetic a biographer. The work contains about a dozen excellent illustrations. It is well printed and bound. An attractive volume to place on the shelves of every private or public library.

Daughters of the Faith. By Eliza O'B. Lummis. The Knickerbocker Press.

These are indeed "Serious Thoughts for Catholic Women," and every chapter carries with it a lesson, timely and of utmost importance. "The Daughters of the Faith" should be found in every parish of every town; and there is no doubt that, if this association were thus spread, an immediate change in conditions would be noticeable. Miss Lummis sets forth in this little book the needs of the times and the dangers that threaten society, at the same time suggesting ways and means to stem the current of evil. The work can not be too highly recommended to Catholic women, young and old.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



"When Mother Wants it So."

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

ALWAYS obey your mother, child;
And do it quickly too,
Nor argue as to why or when,
As naughty children do.
It is enough that she should speak,
And bid you stay or go;
It is enough, though sometimes hard,
That mother wants it so.

She has lived twice, three times your years,
Her toils are all for you;
Sooner would she lay down her life
Than ever bid you do
What is not wise, what is not best.
Obey, then—be not slow,—
Sure that the task is never ill
When mother wants it so.

Be thoughtful of her every wish,
Be gentle, sweet and kind;
Nowhere on earth so true a friend
As mother will you find.
O be her help, her joy, her pride,
As she is yours, you know,—
Obedient to her slightest wish,
Because she loves you so!

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XIII.—STRANDED IN THE DESERT.

FOUR months later, three worn and weary travellers were dropped from the Santa Fé train at a station in the heart of the desert, because their tickets would not carry them any farther.

Steffan had so often travelled 'on his luck,' and the sympathies of the public had so frequently been enlisted on behalf of the children who were with him, that he had come to rely

upon them as a kind of passport on their journeys. But this time they had fallen in with a conductor who, while compassionating the brother and sister, turned a deaf ear to all entreaties of Steffan. He had been deceived, he maintained; he had not known that Dos Arboles was in the heart of the desert, but had thought it a flourishing town. The conductor shook his head sceptically.

"You should have informed yourself positively of that," he answered. "You say you have travelled all over the United States."

"I have never been West before," said Steffan. "I don't know anything about it."

Louis and Rose had long ago learned to be silent, to hide their feelings, to go where they were driven, to follow when Steffan led. They had been wanderers since the night they had fled from Father Garyo and his companion. Before many days had elapsed they had learned the bitter truth about Steffan: that he was an impostor and a kidnapper.

They had been hungry and footsore, tired and homesick; yet they had never made an effort to free themselves from the yoke under which they had been ignorantly, yet voluntarily, placed. Steffan had taken care to watch them; he never allowed them to speak to anybody in English, until the time came when the Hungarian element was absent from the towns they visited.

After Steffan had admitted that the Hungarian troubadours were a fiction, he made no effort to keep up any pretence of an ultimate destination. They gave their performances wherever they could, generally on the streets, from which they were often driven. In such

cases, Steffan, fearing arrest, would move on to the next town, sometimes on the cars, sometimes in a wagon, and often on foot.

More than once it had occurred to Louis to escape; but the farther they got away from home, the more he realized how difficult it would be to return. They were helpless, without resources; he feared they might be arrested as vagrants, and he and Rose probably separated; and any hardship or privation was preferable to that. Moreover, Louis felt ashamed to go back. He fully comprehended what a mistake he had made, and how ungrateful his conduct must seem to the only friends they had in the world.

The hope of finding their brother was the only one that now animated the children, and the only thing which kept them from giving way to despair. Naturally submissive and docile, they bore their wrongs patiently. The fiery flashes of little Rose had long ago subsided. During the present journey something like anticipation had arisen in their minds.

After many halts and delays, they were nearing California. As the train puffed away and disappeared in the distance, they looked about them. Besides the station, a few frame houses, weather-stained and rickety, comprised the town. One of these was a dwelling, a sort of annex to the station; the other was a saloon. About midway between the track and the horizon—at least so it appeared to the unfamiliar eyes now gazing upon it—a stretch of water gleamed in the late afternoon sun. Here and there upon the immense arid plain appeared a number of sheds, which the trio imagined to be shelters for horses. But they were in reality Indian dwellings; for Dos Arboles was an Indian village,—if such a widely-scattered collection of dwellings can with propriety be called a village.

The children's belongings consisted

of two shabby telescope baskets and their musical instruments. Steffan carried an old-fashioned leather bag.

"Lift the grips and come right into the station," said Steffan. "The sun is terribly hot here."

Wearily Louis obeyed him, Rose dragging on behind.

"Where you going?" inquired the station master, who was also the telegraph operator.

"We don't know," replied Steffan.

"Don't know?" exclaimed the man.

"Well, we are bound for California," continued Steffan. "But we've been fooled in our tickets and put off here. Thought this was a town."

"So it is,—an Indian town."

"No white people?"

"No steady residents except my wife and me, and the saloon-keeper and his boy. This is a freight station, and a passenger too. Once in a while they come over from the mines and from some of the ranches to take the cars here. To-morrow night we'll have 'a plenty of 'em.'"

"I'm a showman," said Steffan.

"This your show?" the station master asked pitifully, looking at the white, pinched faces of the two children.

"We have good music and we can sing," answered Steffan. "Will they like that?"

"I guess so. Anything for a change. They're good-hearted fellows, though a bit rough. They'll help you onward all right."

"Where can we stay?" asked Steffan.

The man looked about him.

"We've got only one room and a little kitchen. But there's plenty of empty shacks round, where you can sleep. And my wife will be glad to give you a bite, if you'll play for her. She's very fond of music."

At this moment a woman appeared at the door between the office and the dwelling. Her skin was brown and parched like that of an Indian. She

was very neat and clean, and smiled pleasantly at the two children.

"Bless my soul, you look awfully tired, dearies!" she said. "Who are they, Pike?"

"Stranded," replied her husband. "Got anything for them to eat?"

"Oh, yes! Are you hungry, children?"

"Yes, ma'am," came timidly from two pairs of lips.

"Come right in here, then."

"May I go too?" asked Steffan.

"Certainly, certainly! You are all three welcome," answered the woman.

In a few moments she had prepared a simple but appetizing meal. The table was covered with white oilcloth; a bunch of nasturtiums standing in a glass vase in the middle lent a touch of taste and refinement to everything.

"Your own children?" inquired the woman, after they had risen from the table.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply.

"Mother dead?"

"Long ago."

"What a pity! A hard life you must have, I am sure!"

"Sometimes,—not always. The kids like it; they're used to it."

The kind-hearted woman looked at them doubtfully. The children went to the window. Suddenly the sun, during the last hour a ball of red fire on the horizon, dropped behind the mountains. It was almost dark.

"The land of no twilight," said the station master. "It will be cooler now."

"Let us go over to the lake," said Louis to Rose. "The water looks so clear and fresh."

"How far away do you suppose it is?" asked the station master.

"Maybe half a mile," answered Louis.

"Half a mile!" exclaimed the man, with a laugh. "It's well on to six miles, that lake. That's the deception of the desert. If you'll give us a little music first, we'll walk round after a while—or my wife will, for I can't leave

the place,—and find you a couple of shacks for sleeping. We've got two or three mattresses we'll lend you."

Steffan brought in the music; but then proposed that they play outside, as it was so warm. The audience was augmented by the saloon-keeper and his assistant, who came out at the first sound of the music. Everybody pronounced it excellent, unusual, and sure to attract a crowd and draw considerable money.

(To be continued.)

The Warning of the Birds.

The death of Archduke Joseph of Hungary recalls a story which, though often repeated, may be new to some of our young folk. During the war which he waged with Prussia, his troops had on one occasion encamped on the outskirts of a forest, and had lain down for the night, when one of the sentries sent word to the Archduke that a soldier insisted on speaking with him. When admitted, the man proved to be a gipsy, of whose people the good Archduke had been a warm friend and benefactor. The soldier hastily warned him, in gipsy dialect, that the enemy was stealing upon the camp.

"How can you know this?" asked the Archduke. "The outposts have given no warning."

"Because they see nothing," returned the gipsy. "But remark the flocks of birds on the wing, all flying south. Birds do not fly at night unless something disturbs them. Nothing but the passage of some great body through the woods—for there is no fire—could cause them to desert in such numbers."

"It is well, my son. We will see to it," said the Archduke; and he roused the camp and got everything in readiness. An hour later began the engagement with the hostile forces that had meant to surprise the camp.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Van Bree's Second Mass, arranged for four mixed voices, and Mass of the Holy Rosary, by Alphonse Cary, both in accordance with the decrees of the S. C. R., are among the late publications of J. Fischer & Brother, agents for Cary & Co., London.

—We welcome an American edition of Paul Bourget's great novel, "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." It is published by Messrs. Scribner's Sons. The purpose of this powerful book is to show the evils entailed by any departure from the strictest monogamous standard, and this purpose is carried out with wondrous vigor and subtlety.

—"Home Songs," by Genevieve Irons, is a collection of forty-six lyrics, "chiefly concerning holy things." With much to recommend them in the matter of graceful fancies, elevating thought, and devotional atmosphere, these songs have the additional merit of exceptionally correct versification. Published, as a paper-covered booklet, by Burns & Oates, Ltd.

—A new edition of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's very readable work, "The Tragedy of Fotheringay," has been published by Sands & Co. Interest in Mary Queen of Scots knows no waning, even though the books bearing on her life and death form no inconsiderable library. The material in the present account of the last few months of Queen Mary's life is taken from the Journal of D. Bourgoing, physician to the royal prisoner, and from documents not generally cited in historical works.

—While there was much to praise in Sir Horace Plunkett's "Ireland in the New Century," there were also certain criticisms which necessarily challenged vigorous dissent on the part of Irish Catholics. Sir Horace, for instance, insisted that their Catholic faith was one of the great sources of Irishmen's economic shortcomings. The Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, in "Catholicity and Progress in Ireland," effectively disposes of that particular fallacy, and of a good many more that are devoutly believed by superficial students of Ireland and the Irish question.

—Sundry newspaper correspondents have been commenting recently on Scott's misquotation of Wordsworth's lines: "The swan on still St. Mary's lake Float double, swan and shadow," and some of them seem to think that Sir Walter's "Swan upon St. Mary's lake" was too unimportant a change to merit remark. As a matter of fact, the change was condemnable for two reasons. In the first place, the epithet "still" suggests the mirror-like surface which alone could provide the

double floating; and, in the second, the "swan upon" is a rhyme not intended in the scheme of the stanza, and hence a distinct fault of technique. Wordsworth had every right to object to the modified line.

—B. Herder has published a second edition of "The Mysteries of the Holy Rosary." It consists of an explanation of this devotion and a series of meditations on the mysteries of Our Lady's chaplet. A summary of the indulgences granted at various times by the Sovereign Pontiffs is also given.

—It will be good news to the great mass of our readers to learn that the scholarly Benedictine historian, Dom Gasquet, has just published, through Messrs. Bell & Sons, another valuable work, "Henry III. and the Church." It is an illuminative volume, and deals most satisfactorily with a difficult period in politico-ecclesiastical history. We shall review it later on.

—"Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse" is the title of an attractive little volume in white and gold, published for Eliza L. M. Mulcahy by the John Murphy Co. The title poem is a rhymed narrative of some thirteen hundred lines, for the most part iambic tetrameter. The "Fragments" are short lyrics, about forty in number, upon a variety of topics and emotions. Many of Mrs. Mulcahy's lines are so good, and much of her work shows such dainty fancy, that one regrets the occasional instances of faulty rhymes, misplaced accent, and generally defective technique. More careful proof-reading would have eliminated a number of errors for which the author will be held responsible. The average Catholic reader will derive both pleasure and instruction from what Mrs. Mulcahy modestly calls her "Simple Message."

—Writing in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, Henry Dwight Sedgewick thus differentiates three varieties of the reading mob: "The proletarian reading mob, which reads dime novels; the lower bourgeois reading mob, which reads the novels of Albert Ross, E. P. Roe, and the like; and the upper bourgeois reading mob, which reads Winston Churchill, Charles Major, Thomas Dixon, Jr., . . . and others." Mr. Sedgewick makes no specific mention of Maurice Hewlett; but if questioned, would probably place him in the Winston Churchill class,—unless, indeed, he has read Mr. Hewlett's latest novel, "The Fool Errant," in which case he might well consign him to the dime novelists' section. "The Fool Errant" is an unwholesome story, and an artistically untruthful one as well, inasmuch as

its author presents as types characters that, if they ever existed at all, were not typical, but distinctly exceptional, representations of their class. Fra Palamone, for instance, is no truer a picture of the average eighteenth-century Italian friar than is Jesse James of the average nineteenth-century American gentleman.

—L'Abbé Hippolyte Hemmer, of the clergy of Paris, contributed recently to *La Quinzaine* a very interesting study entitled, "Reflections on the Situation of the Church in France at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century." Many readers of his work having expressed the hope of seeing it more widespread than the magazine in whose pages it appeared, he has brought out a reproduction in the form of a brochure, with the title *Politique Religieuse et Separation*. (Alphonse Picard et Fils, 82 Rue Bonaparte, Paris.) These thoughtful pages are replete with illuminative statements of present conditions and the logical consequences derivative therefrom. They are vibrant with the note of actuality and show scant courtesy to the reactionary spirit; and, while taking account of existing difficulties and coming trials, are by no means pessimistic. L'Abbé Hemmer's study should prove of real utility to the thinkers in Catholic France, and it will undoubtedly attract the sustained interest of cultured readers everywhere.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time 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.

- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.
- "A Story of Fifty Years." \$1, net.
- "The Ridingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. 75 cts., net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Mulcahy. \$1, net.

- "Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.
- "The House of Cards." John Heigh. \$1.50.
- "The Transplanting of Tessie." Mary T. Waggonman. 60 cts.
- "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.
- "The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. 50 cts.
- "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.
- "The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.
- "The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.
- "The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.
- "Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.
- "Beyond Chance of Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. \$1.50.
- "Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. A. Huttmacher, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Richard Brennan, archdiocese of San Francisco; and Rev. Owen Walsh, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Liguori, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Berchmans, Order of Mercy; Sister Alice Teresa, Order of Mt. Carmel; and Mother M. Sabina, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. George De Ville, of Canton, Ohio; Mrs. H. V. Winslow, Martinez, Cal.; Catherine Garrity, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Edward Claeys, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Flora Lawler, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Schoniwald, St. Helena, Cal.; Mr. David Supple, Holliston, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Welch, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. A. McDonald, Alexandria, Canada; Mrs. Eliza McEvilly, Montreal, Canada; and Mr. M. Steele, St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I.

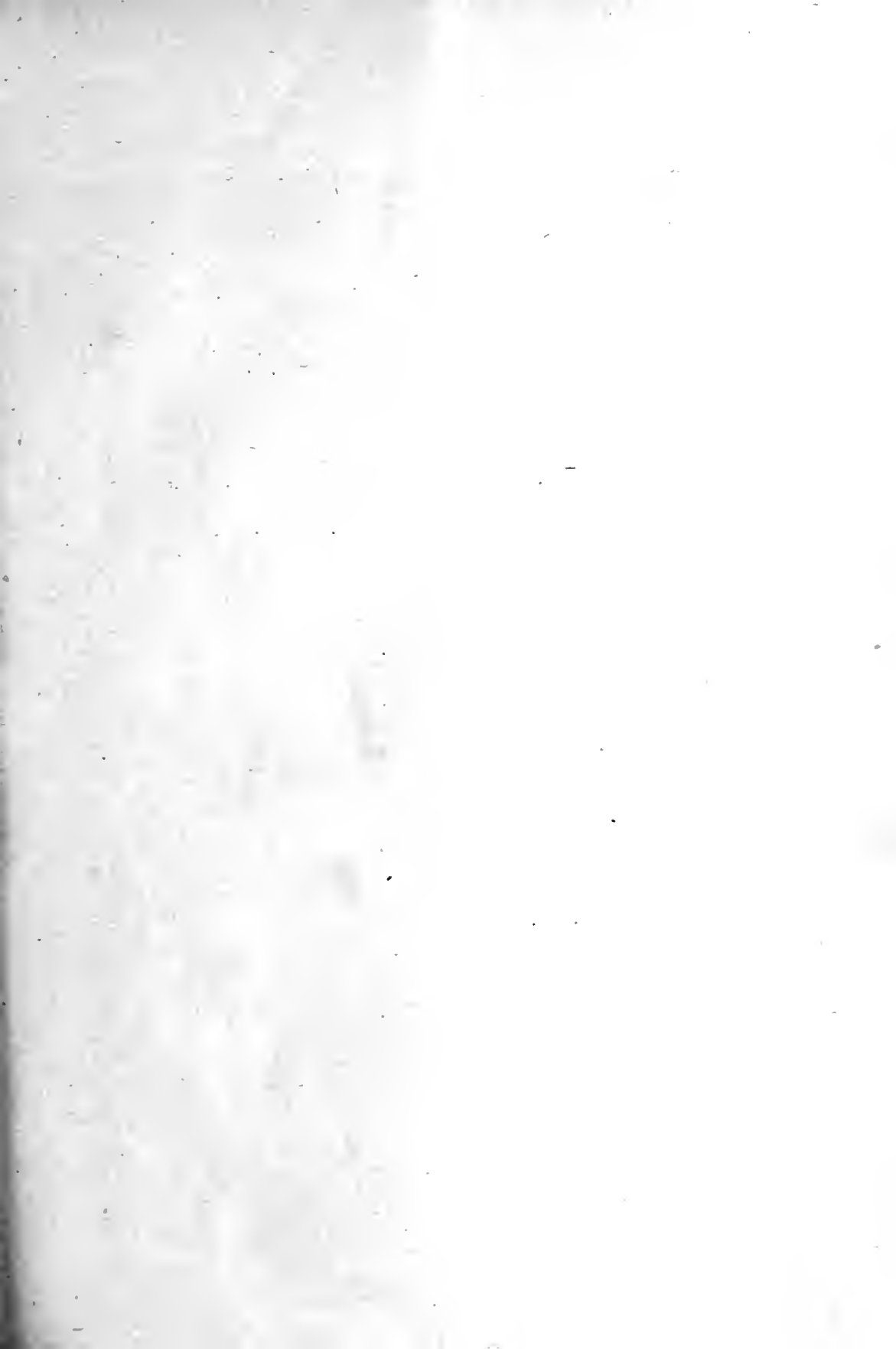
Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." The Chinese missions: J. J. C., \$1.

The lepers of the archdiocese of Tokio: B. J. M., \$1.50; Brooklyn, \$1.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: Friends, \$4; P. H. A., \$1; Mgr. O'R., \$14.55; C. P. A., \$2.





LA VIERGE AUX LYS.
(Bouguereau.)



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 5, 1905.

NO. 6.

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

Our Lady of the Snow.

BY S. M. R.

Sum nivis semita solis pedibus Dei.

—Apocryphal Gospels.

O PATH of whiteness for the feet of God,
O path wherein Divinity hath trod!
No stain of earth did thy fair body know,
Thou whiter than Mt. Selmon's trackless snow.
Thy crystal beauty blended with the tide
That poured for us from Christ's spear-riven side.
Transformed of Love, God's path of virgin snow,
Thou art the channel whence all blessings flow.
O Mother-Maid, O Heart of purity,
Be thou our way to thy dear Son and thee!

The First Priest in Korea.

BY DOM MATERNUS SPITZ, O. S. B.



HERE lies in the Far East a small peninsula which juts out between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan, and stretches southward below the maritime province of Siberia and Chinese or Russian Manchuria. In the native tongue of its inhabitants it bears the highly poetical name of Choson, or the "Land of the Morning Calm," whilst to outsiders it is known under the name of Korea. For centuries this peninsula was the shuttlecock among the nations, till its "white-coated, white-trousered, and white-socked" inhabitants introduced the strictest enclosure ever known in the political

history of the world,—a policy of isolation, by which no foreigner was allowed under pain of death to enter the kingdom. Rightly, therefore, was the "Land of the Morning Calm" styled the "forbidden bridge between China and Japan" and the "Hermit Kingdom of the Far East."

But where neither merchant, nor traveller, neither geographer nor scientist had penetrated, Catholic missionaries made their way, and the Church found her faithful children—her martyrs and confessors and virgins—ready to shed their blood rather than stain the white garment of holy chastity, or soil their souls by taking part in pagan superstitions which they had renounced in the waters of regeneration. Whether considered, indeed, in its beginning and development or in its maintenance, progress, and present condition, Korea, which for a century has been the symbol of persecution and martyrdom, furnishes the most wonderful chapter of missionary history.

Korea is the blood-stained chapter, the living martyrology, in the annals of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century; for her whole history is written in blood, every date is marked by a martyrdom, every detail describes a scene of torture, a dungeon or an execution, during the four periods of terrible persecution which had been raging from 1784 to 1794, from 1794 to 1801, from 1801 to 1831, and from 1831 to 1884. Her first neophyte was a martyr, her first Chinese apostle

was a martyr, her first native priest was a martyr, her first bishop was a martyr, her first European missionaries were all martyrs. It is to the first priest who entered the Hermit Kingdom of Korea, the Chinese priest Father Jacob Tsiu, that we wish to draw the attention of the reader.*

It was in the year 1784 that the morning star of salvation began to dawn in the "Land of the Morning Calm," when, through the influence of two young *literati*, Peter Seng-hun-i Ly and John Baptist Piek, recent converts to the Catholic Faith, the first seed of Christianity was sown in Korea. They gathered round them their friends and relatives—most of whom belonged to the leading families of the nobility and to the educated classes,—held religious conferences, and compared the Christian dogmas with the vague doctrines of Buddhism, and thus formed in a short time a nucleus of fervent lay apostles such as Xavier Kouen Ilsini, Ambrose Kouen, Louis Gonzaga Tanoueni, Matthias and John Tsoi, etc. For ten years, in spite of much persecution, these heroic lay workers carried on the labors of the apostolate and of evangelization.

Over and over again the Korean neophytes had applied to Bishop Alexander de Govea of Peking, earnestly begging of him to send them a priest. But when year after year their prayer remained unanswered, they at last went so far as to assume episcopal and sacerdotal functions, in order to give to the Korean Church at any rate an exterior sign of a hierarchy. Ignorant of the sacerdotal character, these neophytes undoubtedly acted in good faith, till doubts arose in their minds

about the validity of their orders and their sacramental administrations. They gave up their assumed dignities, and sent Paul Iun and John Baptist U to the Chinese capital with the request that the Bishop should send a priest to Korea. Mgr. de Govea promised to do so, and dispatched Padre Toão de Remedios early in 1791. Padre Toão was unable, however, to set his foot on the soil of the "Land of the Morning Calm," because the Korean messengers who were to have led him across the frontier did not appear, on account of a new persecution which had just broken out in that year.

For ten years (1784-1794) the Korean Church had grown up without the exterior help of a pastor; and after these ten years of an apostolate which had been carried out by fervent laymen, we find martyrs, confessors, and virgins; and, in spite of persecution and apostasy, a flock of 4000 fervent Christians, without a priest, without any sacraments except that of baptism, without the Holy Sacrifice,—without any spiritual help and support in the days of trials and doubts, in life or death. Divine Providence, however, had been watching over the destinies of the infant Church in Korea and sent her help in due time.

In 1793 two Korean envoys, Paul Iun and Sabas Tsi, arrived again in Peking to solicit the help of Bishop de Govea. As Padre Toão de Remedios had died in the meantime, his Lordship chose for this purpose a young Chinese priest, only twenty-four years old, whom Portuguese records call P. Tayme Vellozo. His proper name, however, is Jacob Tsiu, and he was born at Su-tcheu, in the province of Kiang-nan. His sincere piety, his profound learning in both Chinese and ecclesiastical science and literature, as well as his prudence, his Korean-like features, and his adaptability to all the different circumstances of life, induced the Bishop to select

* Padre Gregorio de Cespedez, who accompanied the Japanese General Augustino Arimandono Konishe, to Korea in 1593 acted only as a military chaplain to the Japanese troops, although he made a few converts among the pagan Koreans.

him for the important position; and subsequent events proved that this choice was a good one.

Empowered with all the ordinary and extraordinary faculties, and fortified with the blessing of the Bishop, Father Tsiu left the capital of the "Celestials in the flowery Middle Kingdom" in the month of February, 1794, and after a journey of twenty days arrived at the frontier of Korea. Owing to the recent persecution, however, the guards stationed along the frontiers were on the lookout, and every traveller, native or foreigner, was liable to the minutest scrutiny before he was able to cross the passes between Pien-men and Ei-tsiu, the last and first villages respectively of China and Korea. Father Tsiu had, therefore, to wait for a favorable opportunity and he lingered for ten weary months, which were, however, well spent. At the request of Bishop de Govea, he visited the Christians scattered along the frontiers of China, Mongolia and Manchuria, and administered to them the spiritual consolations of our holy religion.

In December Father Tsiu returned to Pien-men, where to his surprise he found the Korean envoy Sabas Tsi, who had been sent by the Korean Christians to conduct their pastor across the frontier into the land of Choson, or Korea. After having exchanged his Chinese dress for the many-folded white Korean coat and the large Korean white trousers, and having laid aside the Chinese pigtail and arranged his hair into the well-known Korean top-knot, Father Tsin crossed the frontier river Apno in the cold winter night of December 23, 1794, and arrived safely in the Korean village of Ei-tsiu, where several native Christians were waiting to receive him and to conduct him to Han-yang, or Seoul, the capital of the country.

He arrived there in the beginning of January, 1795, and was heartily wel-

comed by the Christians as a "God-sent angel from heaven." The capital, with its large population, seemed to Father Tsiu to be the safest place of refuge, as it was not so easy to detect a stranger among the crowd; and, in order to avoid all suspicion, he took up his abode in the house of Matthias Tsoi, one of the leading members of the Catholic flock in the capital, who lived opposite the royal palace.

Father Tsiu began his apostolic career by studying the native language, in order to converse more easily with the ordinary classes of people, as only the *literati* and the better conditioned classes spoke Chinese. Then he began his instructions to the catechumens who were about to receive baptism, and preached a series of mission sermons to prepare the neophytes of longer standing for the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, of which they had been deprived since the introduction of Christianity by the lay apostles. On Holy Saturday, 1795, Father Tsiu baptized the first throng, consisting of a large number of adult catechumens, gave instructions to others, and spent the afternoon hearing the confessions of the hitherto shepherdless flock. One can imagine the joy of both the zealous pastor and his fervent neophytes when on Easter Sunday was offered up the first Holy Mass ever celebrated on the blood-stained soil of Korea. On that occasion the greater number of Catholics, residing in Seoul, assisted and made their First Communion.

Day by day new Christians came into the capital from the outlying districts, to visit their pastor in his hiding-place, and to receive from him the blessings and consolations of our holy religion. As the number of catechumens increased, the pastor, absorbed in his apostolic work, nearly forgot his dangerous position in the Hermit Kingdom, and one day the sudden appearance of the

Korean police reminded him that he was on forbidden ground. It was on June 27, 1795, that the pursuivants broke into the house of Matthias Tsoi to arrest Father Tsiu. The police were led by a young nobleman, Han-yeng-ik-i, who had outwardly embraced Christianity, apparently for the sole purpose of coming into contact with the priest and his followers, and betraying them both. But the Christians had become aware of his treacherous plans, and warned Father Tsiu in good time. His generous host Matthias Tsoi saved the priest's life by sacrificing his own.

On the arrival of the police, he arranged his hair according to the fashion of foreigners and went to meet them. They put him into chains and dragged him before the tribunal, where to their amazement they found that they had the wrong man; for the features of the priest were altogether different from those of his host. Father Tsiu wore a long black beard, whilst Matthias was deprived of any such ornament. Excited and furious that their prey should have escaped, the pursuivants let their anger loose on Tsoi. Together with Paul Iun and Sabas Tsi, who had brought the priest into the country, he was thrown into the prison. As no torture or cruelty was able to force a single syllable from the lips of these three confessors as to the whereabouts of Father Tsiu, they were condemned, and put to death together on June 28, 1795, their lifeless bodies being thrown into the river.

In the meantime Father Tsiu found a new hiding-place in the house of a noble lady, Columba Kang, who had been received into the one true fold of Christ a few weeks before, and who henceforth became the priest's powerful protectress as well as his most zealous helper in his apostolic work. Her husband, a low-minded pagan of loose manners, had abandoned her on account of her conversion, and she lived with

her mother in the capital. Columba managed to conceal the priest even from the servants living in the house. Besides, the laws and customs of Korea made this abode the safest place of security. As Columba belonged to the nobility, her house was exempt from all police supervision. No authority was allowed to enter the house of a noble man or lady under pain of death, unless there was a special royal license for this purpose. The circumstance that Columba's husband had left her, made Father Tsiu's shelter still safer. Thus the zealous pastor was well secured from "the eyes of the law," so that even many Catholics, residing in Seoul, did not know of his hiding-place. Only the principal leaders of the Christians and the fathers of families were allowed to see him from time to time, and to them he gave the necessary instructions for the guidance of others.

The six years which Father Tsiu spent in this hiding-place were far from being unfruitful. During the day he wrote down his instructions and sermons, which the catechists had to read to the assembled congregations, and composed or translated devotional books for the use of catechumens, catechists and neophytes. At night he instructed the catechumens, administered the sacraments, advised and strengthened the Christians, who came to him to find solace and comfort in their trials. From time to time he left his hiding-place to undertake throughout the provinces of the kingdom longer journeys, during which as a rule he always stayed with the families of martyrs.

As the life of the missionary was at the mercy of the numerous spies who constantly pursued him, Father Tsiu was unable to communicate freely with his flock; so he founded the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, or Mieng-to, whose members obliged themselves to propagate the Catholic religion among their relatives and friends and to

facilitate the communications between the pastor and his flock. Father Tsiu placed at the head of this confraternity Augustine Tieng-Yack-tsiung, a member of one of the noblest families of Seoul, a leader of the *literati*, who meantime played an important rôle at the royal court. Father Tsiu laid down the rules, appointed the place and subject for the discussions, and sometimes conducted the meetings of the Confraternity from his hiding-place. Truly this state of things in the Church of Korea in the eighteenth century reminds one forcibly of the Church in the Catacombs in the earlier centuries of Christianity.

The description of Father Tsiu's character, zeal and energy, as given by his faithful, devoted children is most touching. They praise the edifying life he led, his mortification, his exceeding condescension and mildness, his prudence and discretion; they note his ascetic features, and especially his deep learning, of which his many writings afford ample proof. Through his influence and saintly life he abolished many abuses which as yet had not been rooted out, or had crept in again; and during the six years of his apostolate he increased the number of Christians from 4000 to 10,000.

The King of Korea, Tsieng-tsong-tai-wang, was favorably disposed toward Christianity; for he was well aware that even many members of the royal house as well as other noble families had embraced the religion of Christ; and to attack these would have resulted very seriously for him. The Queen-Regent, Kien-Tieng-siun-i, however, went hand in hand with the enemies of the Christians. Scarcely, therefore, had the King breathed his last in 1800, when edicts were published for the utter annihilation of the "new religion."

The year 1801 will be ever memorable in the history of the Church of the Hermit Kingdom. During that

year Christianity in Korea bought its citizenship into the Church by its own blood and by the blood of its children. Kim Il-Siun-i, an apostate, became the Judas among his faithful brethren, and delivered many Christians into the hands of the persecutors. Among the martyrs who were beheaded in that year we find some of the first disciples of Seng-hun-i and Piek-i, and many of the zealous lay apostles who helped Father Tsiu in his vineyard; among others John and Thomas Tsiu, Augustine Tieng, Ambrose Kouen, Louis Gonzaga Tanoueni, and Peter Seng-hun-i himself, "the first baptized Christian and the herald of the faith in Korea."

The persecutors had in view only to get at the leader of the Christians, and numerous Catholics were arrested in order to procure information of the whereabouts of the priest, whose position became more dangerous day by day. Thinking that his withdrawal for a time would stop the persecution, Father Tsiu resolved to leave the country. He actually quitted Seoul and had gone as far as Ei-tsiu, the frontier village of Korea, when suddenly he changed his mind and returned to Seoul, in order to deliver himself into the hands of the authorities.

One of Columba Kang's servants had in the meantime betrayed the secret that she was sheltering the priest; so she was arrested and tortured by order of the Queen-Regent. Columba confessed that the priest had been in her house; but that, as she had been absent for a considerable period, she knew nothing of his whereabouts at the present time. At once new edicts were circulated throughout the length and breadth of the "Land of the Morning Calm," promising high rewards to those who would aid in arresting the "Chinese priest" and send him to Seoul.

Father Tsiu, as we have stated, had already returned to the capital. Early in the morning of April 28, 1801, he

left his hiding-place, went straight to the "Kuem-pee," the great prison for state criminals, and presented himself to the guards, saying: "I am the stranger, the head of the new religion, for whom you are looking in every corner of the kingdom." Startled at this unexpected announcement, but glad at having the much-desired prey at last in their hands, the guards put him into chains and dragged him before the judges. To the question of one of them why he came to Korea, Father Tsiu replied: "The only motive that guided me was to preach the true religion of Jesus Christ and to save the souls of these poor people of Korea." He declined, however, to answer any further questions about the places and families he had visited; he made, instead, an eloquent apology in defence of the Catholic religion, and handed over a written apology to the authorities, wherein he denied that the Christians were traitors to their country.

But although Father Tsiu was a Chinese subject, and as such exempt from Korean laws and law courts, according to treaties concluded between China and Korea, the Queen condemned him to death. After having been tortured and bastinadoed, the heroic confessor was dragged outside the city gates to a place which hitherto had been destined for the execution of state criminals. When he arrived there and saw the large crowd of people that had gathered, he said in a loud voice: "I die for the religion of the Lord of Heaven. Woe to you, ye men of Korea! Within ten years your kingdom will be afflicted by many misfortunes, and then you will remember my name." After these words his ears were pierced by arrows, and the martyr priest was carried three times round the place of execution. Then he was placed in the centre, and, kneeling, received from each soldier a blow with the sword, at the command of the military mandarin, who was

charged by the Queen to see that her orders were executed with regard to Father Tsiu.

Thus died the first priest of the martyr Church of Korea, at the age of thirty-two years, at four o'clock in the afternoon of May 31 (feast of the Blessed Trinity), 1801. Three hundred of his faithful children in Seoul followed in the footsteps of their pastor and laid down their lives for their religion. Among them was his kind protectress, Columba Kang, who was beheaded on July 3, of the same year. For five days and nights the severed head of the martyred missionary was suspended over the gates of Seoul, whilst his lifeless body was exposed. A company of soldiers had to guard the place, lest the Christians should steal the remains of their beloved pastor. Moreover, to deceive them with regard to his last resting-place, the mandarin changed his plans and buried the remains in a different spot from the one originally intended; and thus the resting-place of the precious relics of the first martyr priest of Korea is unknown. His memory, however, has been kept alive during the long years of persecution, and to this day is venerated by the faithful children of the martyr Church, to whom, in the days of trials and triumph, his heroic life and death have given new strength, life and vigor.

READ the lives of saints. There have been saints of all ages, all ranks, all conditions. Many retained baptismal innocence, others had been great sinners. They were subject to the same passions, habits and temptations as ourselves, and sometimes to greater,—that is, they had as many or more obstacles to surmount. And it is remarkable that the Church never won more saints than in those first ages when the profession of Christianity was a pledge of martyrdom.—*Grou's "Maxims."*

Aunt Norine's Prayer-Book.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.

"**A**ND to my dearly beloved niece and goddaughter, Marian Morton, I leave my old prayer-book—'St. Vincent's Manual,'—that has given me comfort and help in my sorrow for fifty years; asking that she will sometimes make the Stations of the Cross for my departed soul."

A faint but irrepressible smile flickered around the grave group of mourners as the dry voice of Lawyer Banning read out these words.

Mrs. Marian Morton's face flushed slightly, but she gave no other sign. Aunt Norine had been cruelly disappointed in her, she knew,—disappointed by her mixed marriage, her careless, indifferent life, the irreligious education of her children; but she had expected no such stinging public rebuke as this. Her old prayer-book—Aunt Norine's old prayer-book—to *her*, when she had not been within a church for half a dozen years! Legacies, memorials, bequests to all the other nieces and nephews; and to her, who had once been the best beloved of all, only this!

But the pride which had always been her bitter strength helped Marian Morton to sit calm and unmoved, save for the rising flush on her cheek, while the final terms of the rich Miss Norine Parker's will were read aloud to the mourners, listening with ill-concealed eagerness.

"And all the residue of my estate, not otherwise given or bequeathed, I leave in trust to the pastor of St. Margaret's Church, to be held for the term of ten years, when, with all rentals and interest accruing therefrom, said residue shall be used for the erection of an Orphans' Home in St. Margaret's parish."

The words fell like a chill upon the breathless listeners. Parker's Hill, with all its fair outstanding land, to become an Orphans' Home, when at least five and thirty of Aunt Norine's blood kin had been in a state of hopeful expectancy for the last forty-eight hours! But there were none to dispute Aunt Norine's will in death, as there had been none to defy it in life; none but the dark-haired woman who had broken passionately away from her hold and rule fifteen years ago, and to whom the prayer-book had been left to-day.

Aunt Norine had been calm and clear-headed to the last, as everyone knew. Parker's Farm with its wide, well-tilled acres stretching down to the willow-girdled river, its "great house" with its polished floors and glittering windows, its silver and china and linen presses attesting to its old mistress' watchful care, bore witness that Miss Norine's "faculty" had never failed. Was not the pantry key under her pillow, the spoons counted by her bedside, her silver hair wrapped carefully in its buckle curl-papers, on the very night she had been found, with her worn rosary clasped in her withered fingers, placidly sleeping her last sleep.

Yet, though Aunt Norine had proved her lawful right to have her will and way unto the end, gossiping tongues were busy that evening as the mourners scattered over the sunset hills; and the prospective Orphans' Home received scant approval even from the most charitable.

"It's her own flesh and blood she might have thought of first," said Cousin Jane Parker, sharply. "There's my own Mary Ann drudging away in the kitchen,—she that would be made outright by the few years' schooling a mite of that same Orphans' Home would have given her!"

"And our Henry, with his weak back and lame leg,—it would have been

nothing more than Christian charity to give a bit of a lift to him instead of strangers that she will never see," said Mrs. Almira Brown, bitterly.

"Hem! an Orphans' Home!" growled Uncle Josiah Gwynn. "It's easy seen who was at the bottom of that. Priest and parson are all alike. Once they get the grip of a poor dying fool's purse-strings, blood and kin may starve on all that's left. Norine Parker may have been queer and set, in her ways, but she was a kind woman at heart. It was a hard blow her dead hand gave Marian Morton this day, and the priest was behind it, sure!"

"I beg your pardon!" said a quick, crisp voice; and little Lawyer Norris, who was making his brisk way to the evening train, broke sharply into the conversation. "Though it isn't in the line of business, I really must put in a disclaimer here. I can assure you all that Father Morris was as ignorant of the terms of the will as any of you. It was drawn up three years ago, before he became pastor of St. Margaret's; and he is both surprised and troubled at the responsibility placed upon him."

But while all other tongues were thus busily discussing the event of the day, one woman was walking homeward without word or sign of the fierce storm raging in her breast. She held her legacy in a reluctant hand,—the old brown prayer-book, with its silver corners, its graven clasp. Its touch seemed to sting her like a serpent's fang.

Pride, anger, disappointment, mortification, remorse, swelled the tempest of passion in her heart. Something in Aunt Norine's manner at their last meeting had led her to think, to hope, that the past had been forgiven, that the old woman's heart had softened to her wandering, wayward child of long ago. The old brown prayer-book seemed a hideous mockery of her hopes and dreams. She felt she hated it,—hated it and her, the dead woman who

had given her this cruel, pitiless public blow. For all knew the sore need in which she stood, despite her defiant strength; all knew that the man she had married against Aunt Norine's will lay crippled and helpless; that the gaunt wolf of Poverty stood at the door of her home.

For a moment she stood at the bend of the river, almost yielding to the angry impulse to fling her legacy into the blue depths beneath. But she could not,—it seemed as if she dared not; even now the old prayer-book was a holy thing to her. She knew its story: she had heard it from Aunt Norine's lips in those far-off days when she had learned forgotten lessons of faith, hope and love at her knee.

The old book had been the gift of one whose early death had changed the world to Aunt Norine; whose betrothal ring had bound her as faithfully as the unspoken marriage vow; for whom she had made the Way of the Cross daily for fifty years. She could not fling Aunt Norine's prayer-book away; but her husband must not see, must not hear of it. It would rouse him into demoniac fury, she knew. Hurrying home, she thrust it into an old bureau drawer, out of sight, out of reach, out of memory—as she bitterly resolved—forever.

II.

"Push me closer to the window, mother; so I can breathe. It is so hot, so close, so crowded here! All last night I was dreaming of the woods and the fields and the river. I thought I heard the splash of the water under the old willows. Oh, how cool and green they looked after these high brick walls!"

And the speaker, a frail girl of seventeen, looked wearily out on the unlovely rows of chimneys and housetops blurring the blazing stretch of the August sky.

"We will take a day on the boat

when you are better, Milly," answered the mother, whose gaunt, haggard face was sadly changed from that of the Marian Morton of old.

The last seven years had been a sore struggle. Her husband had died, and she had come with Milly and the little boys to this great factory town for work. But misfortunes had followed her thick and fast. The mills had shut down, and Milly's health had given way. Now the children were running wild in the court of the crowded tenement house, while up in the close little room under the roof she and Death were making a fight for her darling's life.

"When I'm better!" the girl repeated sadly. "Do you think that I'll ever be better, mother dear? What did the doctor say last night?"

And she lifted her hollow, wistful eyes to her mother's face.

"That this weather was hard on you, Milly."

"Yes, and that I was failing fast," the girl continued. "I heard him,—the poor doctor is not too careful in his speech. That means I am dying mother."

"No, no, no, my Milly!"—the words came with a hoarse, passionate sob. "Don't say that, darling! You are only weak and ill and discouraged. Don't let the doctor's careless words frighten you, dear."

"I—I can't help it," answered the girl, with a shiver. "When I think of it, mother,—the awful darkness, the blank into which I can not see! Dying! What does dying mean? Where do we go, what do we find? If I only knew,—if I only knew!"

"Milly darling, don't talk, don't think like that!" pleaded the wretched mother.

"I must, I must! We never went to church or Sunday-school, because, I suppose, papa and you didn't agree which was right. It has been such hard work to live that we never thought

of what it was—to die. But now, mother,—I'd like to know something, to believe something; to feel there was some One to pity, to care for me, in this strange darkness, where I must go all alone,—all alone!"

"Milly, Milly, don't!" pleaded the mother, despairingly.

"You won't mind hearing it now," continued the sick girl. "Long ago, when I was a child, I used to steal off to the little chapel at home—St. Margaret's. I knew that father would be angry, he used to say such dreadful things about Catholics; so I never told. It was so beautiful, mother,—the lights, the flowers, the music, the little boys in their red and white gowns, the priest in his shining robes! Once I saw old Aunt Norine kneeling near the altar, and I stole up to her; she patted my curly head and made me kneel down at her side. Then she took me home with her, and gave me cherries from the tree that shaded her porch. Oh, what a beautiful porch it was, with the red roses climbing over its white pillars, and the cool breeze blowing up from the river below!"

And the speaker sank back among her pillows with a long, wistful sigh.

The mother set her strong lips together in a hard, thin line. She could have cried out in her pain as Milly spoke. The old porch, the old home, the beautiful, blessed life, that had been hers in the long ago, for which her child was hungering, body and soul! All night long the memory lingered, rising like the desert mirage before the dying traveller's despairing eyes. All night long, while Milly tossed restlessly in delirium, raving of flowing waters and waving trees, the sword seemed turning in the mother's heart.

The lamp burned low in the close little chamber; the hoarse cries of drunken revellers came from the street below. In the strange, dead hour that follows midnight, Milly started up,

panting and wide-eyed, struggling for breath.

"I am afraid," came the piteous, gasping cry,— "I am afraid to go out in the darkness! Help me, mother,— help me—to die!"

And then, at last, Marian Morton called her little boy from his wretched pallet and bade him go find a priest.

Father Maurice came at once,—a white-haired old man, with kind, dim eyes and gentle voice.

"My child is dying!" was the greeting of the haggard woman who met him at the threshold. "It is God's just judgment on me. I have robbed her of faith, of hope, of heaven. She is dying unbaptized!"

"May God forgive you, my daughter!" was the pitying answer; and Father Maurice stepped to the bed where the dying girl lay struggling in fear and agony, took her icy hand, and whispered words of comfort and hope.

In a little while the waters of regeneration were poured upon Milly's pale brow; and when the grey dawn trembled in the narrow window, the young soul went forth, spotless in its baptismal innocence, into the radiance of Eternal Light.

III.

Five days later a crushed and humbled penitent knelt before Father Maurice's altar. Penniless, homeless, heart-broken Marian Morton bowed at last in sorrow and submission at the feet of her God.

Her few little household goods had been taken by her creditors; her boys were to go to the asylum on the morrow; Milly lay, her weary hands folded on her breast, in a nameless grave; yet for the first time in long, bitter years her mother's proud, restless heart was at peace.

The "Stations" had been the penance fitly imposed by her confessor; and, with Aunt Norine's prayer-book—that had been cast out from the bureau

drawer when her furniture was sold,— Marian Morton prepared to make the Way of the Cross.

The tarnished clasp of the old prayer-book was stiff with rust; but, once unfastened, the pages, still stained with Aunt Norine's tears, fell open at a touch. Pressed close within the yellow leaves, as if marking the old lady's favorite devotion, was a folded sheet of paper.

"My beloved niece and goddaughter, Marian Morton," were the words that started out before the mourner's tear-dimmed eyes; bringing with them bitter, remorseful memories of that summer evening long ago when the old prayer-book had been flung aside, unopened, scorned, all its lessons of faith and hope and love forgotten.

Wondering, she read on, even there at the foot of the altar, bewildered, confused, breathless. What did they mean, these cramped lines, witnessed, attested, signed the week before Aunt Norine's death?

That by this late deed of gift the old home was hers; that porch and roses, trees and river, all that her dying child had craved, all that would have given health and life, had been within her hold, her touch, these long, cruel years; that all that the pastor of St. Margaret's held in trust, this yellowing bit of paper made her own. And Milly, whose childlike touch had softened the old woman's heart,—Milly had died parching for cool waters, pining for the breeze and bloom held in the old prayer-book's rusting clasp!

Gasping and panting, the wretched mother started to her feet in remorseful agony. But aisle and pillar seemed to reel around her, and she fell fainting and senseless, Aunt Norine's legacy clasped at last in her icy hand.

A gentle white-haired woman sits on the rose-wreathed porch, and listens to the rippling flow of the willow-girdled

river. The shout of her happy boys comes from meadow and stream, and the wide halls of Aunt Norine's old home echo with song and music and laughter. Life is still full of duty and love to the mistress of the great house, whose doors are open to the needy, the sorrowful, the sinful of every rank and age and race.

But one spot on Mrs. Morton's wide, beautiful grounds is kept sacred from all intrusion. A high trellis covered by clambering roses guards its approach. And far down by the river-shore the drooping willows sweep a spotless pedestal, on which a slender marble figure is poised as if for upward flight. The inscription below reads simply:

MILLY,
WHO DIED AUGUST 4, 18—.
MEA MAXIMA CULPA.

And the low ripple of the river seems always to echo the penitent words that are the burden of Marian Morton's prayer by night and day: *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*

Sheaves.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

O SOUL, let us ingather to the heart
Some growth of Summer's field, ere bloom
depart;
Nay, not the grain: only the quiet of grass,
The herb of Peace with balm for all who pass!

And let us hoard in vaults of memory
Some golden spoil of Summer's orchard tree;
Nay, not the fruit: only the bough wind-stirred,
With its light burden of the singing bird.

And in the mind, before the Summer goes,
Let us store up some beauty of the rose;
Nay, not the leaves: only the scent whose breath
No worm can touch or mad wind spill to death.

Soul, let us garner for our Winter need
Some crowning harvest, ere the Summer speed;
Nay, not the sun: trust only of the clod,
And hope of yet another Spring of God.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXIX.—AUNT AND NIECE.

WHEN tea was over, the aunt and niece returned to the sitting-room. Leonora trimmed the lamp, drew the curtains, and stirred the fire, preparatory to taking a seat beside her aunt. It was on her mind to disclose to Miss Tabitha the approaching visit of Jim Bretherton, who, once he should hear Leonora's decision, intended to have a formal interview with his old friend at Rose Cottage.

"Aunt Tabitha," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that—that Jim wants to marry me—"

Miss Tabitha interrupted her with an abruptness that was startling.

"By 'Jim' I presume you mean young Mr. Bretherton?"

"Yes," assented Leonora, smiling at Miss Tabitha's formal tone; "but I don't think it will be necessary in future to give him so ceremonious a title."

"Your future," cried Aunt Tabitha, speaking with unwonted energy, "can have no connection with his!"

"I think you must have misunderstood," Leonora said gently, her eyes still fixed in happy reverie upon the fire. "Young Mr. Bretherton wants to marry me, and I—I am willing."

"Willing! I should think so!" rejoined the spinster, in angry scorn. "Willing! Why, you should be the proudest girl in the State of Massachussetts, that a Bretherton of the manor should have chosen you!"

Leonora laughed. She had imbibed just sufficient of her aunt's notions—of the notions which permeated Millbrook over and above its otherwise frankly democratic spirit—to be pleased at the idea. All her life long she had been accustomed to regard this family with

something of traditional reverence; and she believed that they centred in themselves and their connections all that was of social or conventional importance, with whatsoever was aristocratic, ancestral, or dignified in the neighborhood. In her wider knowledge of the world, she knew this to be a weakness; but she was not insensible to its value, nor indisposed to affix it as a halo to that young hero who had, separately and individually, however, captivated her imagination and won her heart.

"But," continued Miss Tabitha, "though it is an honor which you could not have expected, and though the young gentleman himself is all that might be looked for in his father's son, such a marriage is impossible."

Leonora looked at her aunt half in surprise, half in amusement.

"I think," she said, "there are two excellent reasons which make it very possible indeed. One is that he, Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton, has asked me in marriage; and the other is that I, Leonora Chandler, have made up my mind to consent."

"It would be a miserable match for a Bretherton!" retorted Miss Tabitha.

"Jim thinks otherwise."

"Oh, no matter what he thinks! It is just a young man's fancy, which he will be very likely to get over; and his people can not in their hearts approve of such an alliance."

"I should think," said Leonora, "that the Brethertons, of all people, could afford once in a while to please themselves. They are not on their social promotion, nor anxious to support a fictitious gentility by advantageous marriages."

She spoke with some heat, and with a certain unconscious pride in the connection.

"No matter what you say, Leonora," observed Aunt Tabitha, an angry light coming into her faded eyes and a grow-

ing asperity into her tone, "I consider that it was a great misfortune for young Mr. Bretherton ever to have seen you. On that very first day you began with your airs and graces to attract him. I saw it all, and noticed how you gradually led him on, and played off Lord Aylward against him. You made up your mind from the very first to secure him."

Leonora was astounded at the accusation, and felt both sore and aggrieved, though she could not help laughing, too.

"Why, aunt," she cried, "you are crediting me with a sort of second-sight and a whole lot of clever scheming, of which I assure you I am quite innocent! It was altogether by chance that Jim and I fell in love with each other."

Tabitha, conscious of her own injustice, stung by remorse at the unhappiness she was to cause these two unoffending young people, and goaded by the persecution of Eben Knox into a harshness wholly foreign to her character, now lashed herself into genuine anger. After the manner of weak natures, she hurled bitter words and utterly undeserved taunts at the head of her niece, to whom hitherto she had been uniformly kind and considerate. In fact, as Leonora remembered her, she had ever been prim and precise of speech, strict and somewhat finical as to the proprieties, but never in the slightest degree harsh or abusive.

"You have acted," said the aunt, "as a shameless coquette, luring on this young gentleman, whom you knew to be wealthy and to be in every respect your social superior. Upon the evening of the Marriage Tableaux, by disposing of Lord Aylward just in time, you so contrived as to set all Millbrook talking about you and young Mr. Bretherton. He was aware of the conclusions that would be drawn. He has a high sense of honor, and, carried

away by the impulse of the moment, he made you an offer of marriage."

Leonora bent her head as a flower might in a biting blast, and her cheek reddened as if she had received a blow; for in this fierce invective was much that was particularly abhorrent to her delicate and refined nature. A vague alarm seized upon her. What if this suggestion thrown out by her aunt were, in a measure at least, true! What if, in the generous ardor of his nature and his chivalrous regard for his old playmate, Jim Bretherton had thrown himself into the breach! It would have been, she thought, highly characteristic. Nevertheless, there were certain words and glances employed by the whilom Marquis de Beauregard which could scarcely have been simulated. There was an ardor which never had its origin in any generosity, however exalted. She recalled them now for her comfort. A woman's intuition is not readily deceived; and she knew that then, and on various other occasions, Jim Bretherton had sought her society and had spoken as he did from the one supreme motive of genuine affection.

In this proud consciousness, therefore, she raised her head and regarded Aunt Tabitha steadily, while the latter said:

"You need not sit glowering at me. I am telling the plain truth, with which everyone in Millbrook will agree. Your own common-sense ought to tell you that a young gentleman of his exceptional advantages should make a brilliant match."

"He is the best judge of that himself," Leonora replied coldly; "and I do not think we need discuss the subject any further."

Miss Tabitha, taken aback by this rejoinder, sat and watched her niece with eager, furtive eyes. Then, suddenly lowering her voice to a whisper, and speaking with a rapid, agitated utterance, she changed the form of attack.

"If you persist in accepting this offer

of marriage," she went on, "you will bring disgrace upon an honorable name; you will raise a scandal that will set the whole country talking; you will drag the dead out of their graves and bring misfortune upon us all."

Leonora gazed anxiously at her aunt, fearing that possibly her mind had become unsettled. She remembered other vague hints which the old lady had dropped upon this subject, for which she appeared to have a veritable mania. The pinched, haggard face, however, while it betokened indeed distress and anxiety, gave no hint of insanity.

Like a sudden ray of light, there came to the girl the memory of the visit of Eben Knox and the reflections which Mary Jane had made thereon. The handmaiden, with the almost preternatural sagacity of her class in penetrating mysteries, had declared that Miss Tabitha was "scared" of the manager, and always looked half dead when he had been at the Cottage.

It at once occurred to Leonora, who was endowed with singularly clear perceptions, that Eben Knox must be in some way the cause of her aunt's singular behavior. It seemed probable that he was in possession of some knowledge which in her aunt's opinion could not be made public without disastrous results. The dark secret—if secret there was—must unquestionably be connected with the sinister master of the mill. The doubt remained, of course, whether it was really of such tragic import, or whether Eben Knox had been playing upon a woman's fears.

If he had not—if Miss Tabitha spoke truth, and if her objections to the match did not, after all, lie in her exaggerated and servile respect for the Brethertons, then Leonora felt that it behooved her to be careful lest, in the sunlight of her own happiness, she should cast a dark shadow across her lover's path. She felt for the first time

the responsibility so often attached to that deepest mystery of life, loving and being loved. And now for evermore, for good or for evil, another personality, another destiny, was woven inextricably into the warp and woof of her own existence.

"Aunt Tabitha," she said at last, "I wish you would speak plainly once for all. Far better for everyone if you had so spoken long before. These enigmatical sayings may mean much or they may mean nothing at all."

"Oh," groaned Miss Tabitha, "I can not tell you any more than this—that you will save untold misery if you will only give up the idea of marrying Mr. Bretherton and—and—"

She paused. It required some courage to broach again that subject which Leonora had declared to be hateful, and which would be more hateful than ever in view of her present happiness.

"The easiest way out of all our troubles—would—would be," she faltered, "to marry Eben Knox."

"Marry Eben Knox,—that detestable man!" cried Leonora. "How can you speak of such a thing, aunt!"

"He loves you," argued Miss Tabitha, feebly; "he has spent his whole life in amassing wealth for you. He will make any sacrifice for your sake,—live anywhere, do anything you please."

Leonora shuddered as the figure of the manager rose before her in contrast to that other figure.

"I told you once before, aunt," she said, "that I hated to think he had dared to love me, to pursue me with his odious attentions. His wealth tempts me no more than the dust upon the road. I would rather earn my own living all the days of my life. One thing is certain—that, whatever I do or leave undone, I will *never* marry Eben Knox!"

Miss Tabitha, looking at the girl's clear, strong face, and noting the resolution there, broke down into a passion of weeping. She murmured

words, half-supplicatory, half-accusatory, with a manner and in a tone which were almost senile; for it seemed as if in the course of that afternoon she had suddenly grown aged. The sixty odd years which she had hitherto worn so gracefully had suddenly closed about her, as that Nessus garment of the fable. In her own pain and bewilderment, and smarting yet with a sense of injury from her aunt's unjust accusations, Leonora was, nevertheless, filled with the deepest pity at sight of that frail, worn form, and the face so lined and seamed by distress and terror.

"Before I take any step in the matter, Aunt Tabitha," she said, as soon as the old woman's grief had somewhat subsided, "it is only fair that I should know what this secret really is."

"No, no!" cried her aunt, terror-stricken at the very idea. "You can not know,—you must never know! It is to prevent that secret from ever being known that I bid you give up the one man and marry the other."

In the abject fear with which the notion of Leonora's learning the secret had inspired her, Tabitha seemed as if she would have fallen to the floor. Leonora, observing her tottering, replaced her securely in the chair, propping her up with cushions and putting a footstool to her feet. All other thoughts were swallowed up in a measureless compassion for this forlorn old woman who had been, after her fashion, a mother to Leonora's youth.

"Never mind now!" she said, in a voice with which she might have addressed a frightened child. "You shall tell me just what you please; and for the rest, we shall see what can be done."

There was a strength about the girl which somehow inspired the miserable aunt. It was the strength of character and resolution, and likewise that force which is frequently seen in the pure of

heart, as if in a literal sense they see God, and are thus sustained in the most cruel emergencies.

Tabitha, soothed and comforted, peered at her niece out of dim, wistful, faded eyes; and of her own accord she returned to the subject.

"Do you love him very much?" she inquired.

"I don't think it would be possible to love him a little," Leonora answered gravely.

"Then," moaned the aunt, "you will never be able to give him up; and when I think of the living and the dead, it almost drives me crazy."

"Aunt Tabitha," said Leonora, "if it is really necessary, I shall be able to give him up."

"And, oh," wailed the spinster, "it is such a pity! I wish—oh, I wish that young Mr. Bretherton had never come home from England, or at least that he had never seen you!"

"Whatever happens," Leonora said in a low voice, "I shall never wish that."

"But what is the use—what is the use, when to have seen and known him will only make you both miserable?"

Leonora did not answer. She had her own thoughts upon this matter, and just then they "lay too deep for words." She tried, indeed, to lead the subject away into other channels; but long silences fell between them, when it was evident that the thoughts of both were busy with the one engrossing topic.

Just before bedtime, Leonora, laying a hand upon each of her aunt's shoulders and looking in her face, asked:

"You are sure, aunt, that all these fears of yours are not exaggerated and that my marriage with—with young Mr. Bretherton will really cause injury to him and to his family?"

"Yes, yes, I am sure!" Tabitha answered, with a strained, hurried eagerness.

Leonora said no more, but, with a

quick movement of pity, stooped and kissed her aunt.

Next day, at breakfast, she announced that she was going over to the convent to make a three days' retreat, and that her aunt need not be anxious in the meantime. She also dispatched a note to Jim Bretherton, briefly stating her intention; and he, though regretting the delay, thought her action perfectly natural before coming to an important decision.

(To be continued.)

The New Play at Oberammergau.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

AS the Bavarian Highlands are to be throughout this summer the resort of many American tourists, perhaps some of these and their friends at home may be interested in the particulars of the *Kreuzschule*, or "The School of the Cross," which is the production in the great Passion Play Theatre at Oberammergau. There are to be altogether eighteen performances of the sacred drama, the first having taken place on June 4, the last being announced for September 17.

The *Kreuzschule*, or "David and Christ," was first acted in the year 1825, and once again in 1875, when it was witnessed by the German Emperor Friedrich Wilhelm. This year, however, the drama will be presented in a new version, which has been published by the villagers of Oberammergau, and will shortly appear in an English translation. It is the work of the gifted poet, Canon Joseph Hecker, Preacher to the Court of Munich, and has proved to be a production of high artistic merit. The music accompanying the drama—the choruses in Greek style, the psalms and commentaries—has been composed by Professor Wilhelm Muller of Munich,

and is said to be of extreme beauty.

The play itself consists of seven acts, dealing with the triumphs and sorrows of David the King. After the grand overture, the leader of the chorus—one of the most impressive personages of the Oberammergau stage—delivers the prologue. Attired in white and gold, he represents a high-priest of the divine revelation during the interval between the first promise of Christ's act of redemption and its fulfilment on Mount Calvary. The prologue traces the growth and waning light of prophecy, and indicates the fashion in which David foreshadowed the life of Christ. After this the curtain of the middle stage opens upon the first tableau, which represents the birth of Christ. There are nine of these tableaux, with hymns and commentaries; and in them will be used the same costumes and scenic effects as in the last Passion Play.

The seven acts of the *Kreuzschule* deal with the early life of David: his anointing by the Prophet Samuel; the war with the Philistines and his combat and triumph over Goliath; the persecutions of the jealous King Saul; the defeat of the Israelites at Gilboa; the tragic deaths of Saul and Jonathan, and David's march upon Jerusalem; the rebellion of Absalom; David's flight from Jerusalem, and his triumphant return.

The nine tableaux represent respectively: the birth of Christ, His baptism, His victory over the temptation of the devil, His escape from stoning by the Jews, His entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, the Carrying of the Cross, and the Crucifixion.

From this *scenario* it will be seen that this season's visitors to Oberammergau will witness in the *Kreuzschule* all the principal and salient features of the Passion Play: the same tableaux, the same actors and choristers, amid the same impressive surroundings of the beautiful Bavarian mountains.

The Blessing of Church Bells.

A UNIQUE liturgical function, the impressiveness of which is doubtless enhanced by the comparative infrequency of its occurrence, is the blessing of a church bell. As summer is the season usually chosen for the ceremony, and as the process of the benediction is perhaps less familiar to the rank and file of Catholics than are most other liturgical rites, a brief description thereof may impress our readers as not untimely.

It may be well to premise that the use of bells in Catholic churches dates back, at least, to the sixth century. St. Gregory of Tours, who died in 595, tells us that there were bells in his church; and Benedict XIV., one of the most learned Popes, has written thus on the subject: "This much alone is certain—that bells were used in the West earlier than in the East; and that the first mention of them is found in the life of St. Columbanus (the great Irish Apostle of the Franks), where the saint and his monks are described as rising about midnight, at the sound of the church bell, and repairing to the church for prayer." As St. Columbanus was born about 566, it will be seen that there is strong ground for believing that the Church of St. Patrick in Ireland was among the first, if not the very first, to introduce the bell into her religious service. The antiquarian O'Curry, indeed, assures us that St. Patrick himself not only erected but cast bells. One of these is still preserved in Belfast, kept in a case or shrine of brass, enriched with gems and with gold and silver filigree. It is called *Clog-an-cadhachta Phatraic*, or the bell of St. Patrick's Will.

As for the blessing of the bell, a function reserved for bishops, or for priests specifically named by them for the purpose, it is often called the

bell's baptism. The reason is simple enough. It is not, of course, that any sacrament is administered, as only reasonable beings may receive sacraments; but the ceremonies which go to constitute the full liturgical blessing are somewhat analogous to those of baptism. The bell to be blessed has, for instance, a godfather and godmother, who are commonly those who have contributed most generously to its purchase, and who usually give it a saint's name to distinguish it from others, and to place it in some fashion under the saint's protection. Much as a catechumen, it is admitted to the ranks of the faithful.

After the name has been given, the bell is washed with a mixture of salt and water just blessed, and then consecrated with the holy oils of the Church, to designate the Holy Spirit penetrating the hearts of the faithful whom the bell is henceforward to call to worship. One of the prayers recited during this part of the ceremony is to the effect that "as often as the faithful hear it sound, they may experience an increase of devotion in their hearts; that, as they hearken to its summons to assemble here, they may be freed from the temptation of the Evil One, and follow the blessed teaching of the Christian Faith. Finally, that as its sweet tones fall upon our ears, faith and hope and love may grow strong in our hearts."

Having made, with the holy oil for the sick, seven crosses outside the bell, and four with chrism inside, saying each time, "May this signal be blessed and consecrated, O Lord, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In honor of St. N. Peace be to thee,"—the bishop takes off his mitre and prays as follows:

O almighty and eternal God, who before the ark of the covenant didst by the sound of trumpets cause to fall down the stone walls which surrounded the army of the enemy, do

Thou pour down a heavenly blessing upon this bell: that before its sound may be driven far away the fiery darts of the enemy, the striking of thunderbolts, the fall of stones, the ruin of tempests; so that when they are asked in the prophet's words, "What ailed thee, O sea, that thou didst flee?" they may answer in their retreating movement, with the Jordan stream: "At the presence of the Lord the earth was moved; at the presence of the God of Jacob, who turned the rock into pools of water, and the stony hill into fountains of water." Not to us, therefore, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name give glory for Thy mercy sake; that when the present vessel is touched, like the other vessels of the altar, with sacred chrism, anointed with holy oil, whoever assemble at its sound may be free from all temptations of the enemy, and ever follow the teaching of Catholic faith. Through our Lord, etc.

The interior of the bell is next incensed, the thurible being placed underneath it, so that it may be in some sort impregnated with the fragrant perfumes. The Church would have us understand thereby that those who hear the bell's tones should spread around them the "sweet odor of Jesus Christ." The prayer which follows the incensing is, like that already quoted, so typical of the congruity always notable in liturgical rites that we give it entire:

O Almighty Ruler, Christ, as when, having taken our flesh, Thou wert sleeping in the ship and a sudden storm disturbed the sea, which was instantly allayed upon Thy waking and giving a word of command, do Thou graciously help the wants of Thy people. Spread over this bell the dew of the Holy Spirit, that the enemy of all good may ever flee before its sound; the Christian people be invited to profess their faith; the hostile army be scared away; and Thy people, in obedience to its call, be strengthened in the Lord; and may the Holy Spirit, charmed as by David's harp, come down from on high. And as when Samuel was offering up a sucking lamb as a holocaust to the king of the eternal empire, the thunder of the skies drove back the crowd of his assailants, so, whilst the sound of this vessel travels through the clouds, may the bands of angels save the assembly of Thy Church; may Thy eternal protection preserve the fruits, the minds and bodies of those who believe in Thee. Through Thee, O Christ Jesus, who with the Father, etc.

Finally, the bishop, with the god-father and godmother, rings the bell, causing three strokes, as if to give it its mission,—a great and noble mission, mentioned in these verses:

*Laudo Deum verum, populum voco, congrego
clerum,*

Defunctos ploro, fugo fulmina, festa decoro.

“My function is to praise God, to call the people, to convoke the clergy, to bewail the dead, to ward off lightning, to enhance the solemnity of feasts.”

Another Latin hexameter, often used as an inscription for a church bell, has been translated:

I call the living, I bewail the dead,

I dispel the thunder that broods o'erhead.

Yet another version, by an oldtime rhymester, runs:

To call the fold to church in time,

We chime.

When joy and mirth are on the wing,

We ring.

When men lament a departed soul,

We toll.

The bell is the voice of God and the voice of man. “It is suspended,” says a modern French writer, “this messenger from on high, above our heads at the entrance of the temple which it dominates, with the office of transmitting to earth the orders of heaven. Interpreter of the divine will, it invites to prayer, announces the preaching of the Gospel, sounds the prelude of the Sacrifice, intones the canticle of praise and adoration. Oh, how it stirs up souls when, suddenly breaking the silence of creation, it throws its powerful voice over towns and villages! For it has tones for everybody, and in its unique voice each one finds what suits him best. It resounds in the ear of the sinner as a warning and a threat; yet while it awakens remorse in the soul of the guilty, it fills the hearts of the just with joy and consolation.... The voice of God, the bell is likewise the voice of man, of the Christian people whose homage and whose vows it carries up

to heaven.... In this harmonious concert one seems to hear the united voices of a whole parish, gathered together on Sunday morning to celebrate the holy mysteries and sing the praises of the Lord.”*

The intimate association of the church bell with all the joys and sorrows of Catholic life has often been dwelt upon, but seldom more effectively than by Bishop Higgins, of the diocese of Rockhampton, Australia, on the occasion of the blessing, a few months ago, of a new bell for his cathedral. The Bishop said in part:

When the happy bride comes in gladness to this cathedral on her bright marriage day, to assume the responsibilities of the marriage state, and to give to her future husband the pledge of the undivided affections of her young heart and the unswerving fealty of her life, a joyous peal will ring out, announcing that two lives have been made one and two hearts made happy through the blessing of God and the efficacy of a great sacrament. Again, when the press of declining years comes to be felt, when sorrow has disturbed the happiness of the Christian home and the shadow of the grave overcasts the bright path of life; when the sick or the infirm are lying on that bed from which they are not destined to rise again; when the mistakes of the past, the doubts of the present, the uncertainty of the future, and the terrors of God's judgment are crowding in on the distracted brain, the solemn toll of your cathedral bell will go forth to all the parish, supplicating a prayer for a brother or sister in the agony of dissolution. And, lastly, when the dreaded issue does come, when the departing soul has taken its flight from the casement of the body, and when the lifeless remains are carried to the cathedral or conveyed in mournful silence to their last resting-place in your cemetery, the tones of your cathedral bell will ring out in solemn dirge: *Plango defunctos*—I bewail the dead. I lament that another member of the flock has been called to his account; and I implore the charity of your prayers in his behalf, remembering that “it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.”

Thus the voice of your bell will, like the voice of your guardian angel, mingle with your joys and your sorrows, ever seeking to temper the gaiety of the one and the despondency of the other by the wholesome reminder that both came from

* Mgr. Freppel.

God, or are permitted by Him, and that they should be received with the equanimity of mind which is always begotten of our faith in the inspired words of St. Paul: "Everything worketh unto good for those who love God." Allow me, then, in conclusion, to ask you to recognize the important part which your cathedral bell is destined to play in the guidance of your future footsteps, in reminding you of your various religious duties and urging you to fulfil them. Allow me, in the second place, to impress upon you the importance of hearkening to its monitory voice, which will always exercise so direct an influence over the great issue of this life, the salvation of our souls.

Religion in Russia.

"THE religion of the Russians," says a recent traveller,* "is really a revelation of medieval devotion; and in the great ceremonies, the processions, the pilgrimages, we see a picture of what faith was in Western Europe at the time of Peter the Hermit."

How far this dictum is true would be difficult to say; for, although the outward practices of religion play a great part in the life and thoughts of the people, and are observed with the utmost care, a living, vivifying faith seems absent from their hearts. A visit to one of the great centres of pilgrimage will perhaps give an insight into the place which religion, as represented by the Orthodox (State) Church, occupies in the Russian social system.

After Kiev, Moscow is considered the most holy city in Russia; it is said to contain over a thousand churches, besides chapels and shrines innumerable. The sacred miraculous images are numerous, and are regarded with great veneration by the people. The most famous of all is the celebrated Iberian Virgin, a copy, executed in 1648, of a much older image preserved in Mount Atlas. No good Orthodox

Russian ever passes it without doffing his hat and crossing himself, and every day large numbers of people enter the chapel to pray before the sacred picture. Whenever the Tsar comes to Moscow, before entering the Kremlin he visits this shrine. One may see the most important people in the land doing homage there and kissing the *icon*,—generals in full uniform, councillors of State, noblemen and noblewomen of the highest rank, wealthy merchants, besides crowds of humbler folk.

The Virgin's figure is adorned with a crown of brilliants and quantities of pearls and precious stones, including some of great size; the remainder of the picture being covered with the usual silver plaques. Every day it is taken from the chapel and placed in a large closed coach drawn by six black horses, four abreast and two in front. Inside, opposite the image, sit two priests in full vestments. Priests and coachmen and footmen are always bareheaded, whatever the weather. It is carried to the houses of people who are dangerously sick (provided they can pay the fee of fifty roubles, about twenty dollars), or to hallow by its presence the ceremony of inaugurating new buildings. When the coach drives past, people prostrate themselves before it, touching the ground with their foreheads. The *icon* is a source of large income to the church, not only through the fees paid when it is sent for, but also through the offerings of those who worship at the shrine.

The Russian clergy are divided into two classes: the white or secular, and the black or regular clergy. The white clergy are permitted, or rather compelled, to marry before ordination; but if their wife should die, they can not remarry. The attitude of the Russian peasant toward the village priest is not one of respect and esteem. Too often the priest is indifferent to

* Luigi Villari, "Russia under the Great Shadow." 1905.

the moral and material condition of his flock; he is wretchedly poor, and must add to the insufficient income afforded by the glebe lands by the fees he charges for all his services. For these there is no fixed tariff, and the bargaining which results does not conduce to his popularity.

The black clergy, the monks, enjoy the monopoly of all ecclesiastical preferment; the episcopate is recruited from their ranks exclusively. They are bound to celibacy, have no missions, and possess great wealth; for they own land and receive enormous sums as offerings from the faithful.

The most interesting of Russian monasteries are the *lavry* of Kiev and Troitsa. A *lavra* is a monastery which is also the residence of a metropolitan, and includes an ecclesiastical seminary. Most of the great monasteries have the appearance of fortresses. That of Kiev, with its white-walled buildings and gilded domes, is on the outskirts of the city. A massive, vaulted gateway leads into the monastery enclosure; immediately beyond, opens out a vast courtyard, surrounded by a number of buildings—churches and chapels, schools and colleges, printing presses, the residences of ecclesiastics, and inns.

At the time of the great festivals (July 15 and August 15) many of the poorer pilgrims camp out in this enclosure, and are fed free of charge; but the monastery derives a considerable income from the entertainment of pilgrims of the higher class. Many ladies of rank and fashion and men of high position make pilgrimages to Kiev as a religious duty. Peasants will tramp hundreds or thousands of miles on foot to visit the famous shrines; for Kiev is now one of the chief pilgrimages of the world, and its popularity is increasing, the number of pilgrims amounting to over a million per annum.

There are several churches in the *lavra*, of which the principal is the

Cathedral of the Assumption, a most imposing structure, with an elaborate façade and seven domes, some gilded, others painted blue and adorned with gold stars. The interior is very rich and gorgeous; it is full of valuable reliquaries and *icons*, the most highly venerated of these, representing Our Lady with the Divine Child, being of genuine Byzantine workmanship. The chief attraction of Kiev, however, and the goal of all the pilgrims, are the subterranean grottoes, or catacombs, where, in a series of niches carved out of the rock, repose the bodies of various saints who have lived and died in the monastery.

The *lavra* of Troitsa is chiefly remarkable for its collection of jewels and precious ornaments, many of which adorn the images and shrines of the saints. There are such quantities of these treasures, travellers inform us, that their value can hardly be realized; whole boxes are filled with precious stones, embroideries are covered with costly pearls, and the number of gold and silver vessels is enormous.

"The national character of the so-called Orthodox faith has been confirmed by the fact that throughout Russia's history nearly all her wars have been waged against enemies belonging to a different faith—Mohammedan Tartars and Turks, Lutheran Germans and Swedes, Catholic Poles and pagan tribes. The three great monasteries of Moscow, Kiev and Troitsa were rallying points for the nation in its wars; they were the repositories of the national standards as well as of the sacred images and relics. This, to some extent, explains the hold which the church has on the popular mind, and at the same time the feeling of horror with which the average Russian regards apostasy from the Orthodox Church. It is almost equivalent to betrayal of one's country, and is punished with all the severity of the law."

The Stone of La Salette.

MOST Catholics are aware of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin, on September 19, 1846, to a little boy and girl, Maximin Giraud and Mélanie Calvat, shepherds of La Salette. The children related their threefold vision, and the facts soon became the subject of public interest and edification.

Ecclesiastical authority is always prudently slow in admitting visions or extraordinary apparitions. So the Bishop of Grenoble, Mgr. de Bruillard (in whose diocese La Salette lies), permitted a whole year to go by before taking measures to assure himself of the truth of the repeated and unvarying declarations of the little shepherds.

On this memorable occasion, the Bishop intended making, incognito, a private inquiry as to what had occurred a year previously. He was accompanied by his secretary and a friend, an eminent artist. After a personal and private interview with the favored children, he and his secretary visited, on the mountain, the scene of the apparition.

The painter in the meantime took the likenesses of the young shepherds. His sketch being finished, he joined the episcopal party; and, before leaving the place with them, he stooped down to gather some wild flowers as a souvenir. As he did so, his heel struck a stone that was half buried in the mossy ground. When he picked it up, the Bishop exclaimed:

"Well, here is our friend, Monsieur G., who is reputed to be something of an *esprit fort*, actually taking away with him a stone as a relic,—perchance a *holy* relic!"

The artist made no reply to this teasing, but put the stone in his pocket. On arriving at his home in Grenoble, he took water and a brush and cleansed the stone of the adhering earth and

moss. To his great astonishment, he perceived on its surface, to the left, a large S, and beside it a draped figure of the Blessed Virgin crowned with a diadem, and kneeling before a cross surmounted by something like a heart in the midst of flames.

The painter's first thought was that he must be dreaming or in a state of hallucination. Summoning several members of his family to examine the signs on the stone, he found, however, that all saw what he saw. He subsequently showed the stone to many fellow-artists and friends, and all agreed that the figures were not due to human handicraft, but were a marvel of nature. Bishops, archbishops, magistrates and connoisseurs examined the stone, and all pronounced it a rare curiosity.

The newspapers were not slow in describing it. A picture of the stone was shown to King Louis Philippe, who ordered the Procureur du Roi (Attorney General) and several mineralogists to scrutinize the find, and send him a report after examination. All were unanimous in declaring the stone a marvellous work of nature.

Charles Albert, king of Piedmont, for whom Monsieur Jules G. had painted portraits and other pictures, offered a large sum of money for the Stone of La Salette; but the artist refused to part with it, saying that he looked upon it as a sacred relic and wished to bequeath it to his children.

It is the son-in-law of Monsieur Jules G., himself an eminent painter, who vouches for the truth of the foregoing statement.

It would not have sufficed, in order to bring out and impress on us the idea that God is man, had His Mother been an ordinary person. A mother without a home in the Church, without dignity, without gifts, would have been, as far as the defence of the Incarnation goes, no mother at all.—*Newman*.

Notes and Remarks.

Not long ago the Dean of Westminster delivered a series of sermons on Inspiration, and about the same time the Bishop of Birmingham was preaching on Miracles. In view of the indisputable fact that both Anglican divines were simply availing themselves of that cardinal Protestant privilege, "private interpretation" or "private judgment," one fails to see why either of them should be accused of heterodoxy. Yet accused they were, as witness this resolution:

That the Council of the Church Association deplores the mischievous activity with which certain dignitaries of the Church of England are busily trying to disseminate broadcast among uninstructed or half-educated-people (who are obviously incompetent to discriminate or to judge of such matters) their various conflicting theories, put forth with rash and reckless heedlessness, as to the alleged human origin and fallibility of God's Word written, and the unreality of certain of the miracles of Scripture; and they greatly regret that the bishops do not appear to be taking steps to counteract such rationalistic utterances, or to exclude from the ministry of the Church of England persons who thus wantonly distract and distress the minds of the weaker brethren, and are fast destroying among the young all reverence for the Sacred Scriptures, and enfeebling that fear of God which is the beginning of all true wisdom.

If this plea of the Church Association council is available for anything, it avails to prove the absolute correctness of Rome in excommunicating the original so-called Reformers who were guilty of much the same "mischievous activity" as the Dean and the Bishop above-mentioned.

One of the problems confronting a good many parents about this season of the year is the impatience of boyhood, the undue eagerness on the part of their adolescent sons to enjoy the privileges and even assume the responsibilities of manhood. The average twentieth-century boy of fifteen or

sixteen is in altogether too great a hurry to become a man. He is inclined to chafe at the idea of continued dependence on his parents, resents the plan of his any longer attending school or college, chafes at the salutary discipline to which such attendance subjects him, and not infrequently becomes importunate in his appeals to be allowed 'to strike out for himself,' and partially at least earn his own living. Exceptional cases apart, the worst service the well-to-do father can render such a boy is to accede to his request—to allow him to act as his own immature judgment dictates. Youths of sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen imperatively need protection against themselves; and, as the law considers them infants until they attain the age of twenty-one, they may well await that epoch before judging themselves emancipated from parental control.

In our day and country, the father who is both able and willing to give his son the advantage of a liberal education will as a rule be making no mistake if he disregards the boy's disinclination and insists upon his attending the secondary school, academy, college, or university. Nine times out of ten, if not always, the son, when his manhood really dawns, will be grateful for the paternal firmness which kept him from pursuing the foolish fancies and unripe likings of earlier years.

A wrong impression conveyed by reviewers of "Model Factories and Villages" is removed, we are glad to notice, by the author himself, in a letter to the *Athenæum*. Mr. Meakin writes:

I should not like it to be inferred... that I was in any way opposed to trades unions, whether in America or elsewhere. Personally, I believe that they are rich in possibilities, and might under wise guidance do even more good than they have done, with fewer mistakes. It is their development on right lines that I advocate: in the promotion and guarantee of efficiency in the worker, so that they may be able to secure

the highest possible return for labor under the best conditions. He is no true friend who fails to warn them of the evil of curbing the efficient or stirring up strife where mutual co-operation would produce so much better results. There is no reason why any worker should not join in the general movement for improving his or her class.

Strife between laborers and employers is likely to continue until the latter come to share the conviction of Mr. Meakin—that trades unions are here to stay, and that mutual co-operation is not only wise but imperative.

From "Scottish Reminiscences," by Sir Archibald Geikie, we learn that the Catholic Faith, which once prevailed universally over Scotland, still keeps a foothold on some of the islands, particularly Barra, Benbecula and South Uist, and in certain districts of the mainland. In Eigg about half of the population is still Catholic, the other half being divided between the Established and Free Churches. Sir Archibald says that in the West Highlands there seems to be little or no antagonism between Catholics and Protestants. Of the Scottish priests our author speaks highly, referring to them as men of superior education, broad sympathies, and polished manners. Sir Archibald has sojourned in every part of North Britain, and for sixty years has mingled with all classes of its inhabitants. He will be remembered as an eminent geologist.

Of late years temperance workers, as well as the majority of medical men, have given more than a little credence to the theory that the addiction to alcoholic stimulants, originally a habit reformable by an effort of the will, becomes in its ultimate development a disease over which the will has practically little, if any, control. The physical rather than the moral treatment of confirmed drunkards has been a distinctive feature of the total abstinence

movement during the past decade. The number and variety of the "cures" alleged to be effective in destroying the appetite for strong drink can leave small doubt that, though many of them are probably worthless, some few at least are genuine remedies. The evidence adduced in favor of several, indeed, is sufficient to overcome the most rooted incredulity. In this connection there is much of interest in the following paragraph from a popular magazine:

There is but one sure cure for the drinking disease or habit, and that is the simplest of all. The cure consists in eating fruits. That will cure the worst case of inebriety that ever afflicted a person. The two tastes are at deadly enmity with each other, and there is no room for both of them in the same human constitution. One will certainly destroy the other.

The reader who is familiar with the comparative records, for sobriety, of the Northern and Southern European nations may discover in the foregoing statement one reason why the fruit-eating populations of the South are so much more temperate. In the meantime, eating fruit is commendable on other grounds than its effectiveness as a cure for the drinking evil, and the habit is accordingly well worth while encouraging.

While "the most remarkable and deliberate insult ever flung at a representative body in this city," is possibly an overcolored characterization of the failure of the New York papers to give any adequate account of the Catholic educational meeting recently held in Carnegie Hall, the most moderate of men will perforce admit that this neglect on the part of the metropolitan press was notable enough to provoke comment, and indefensible enough to justify indignant censure. The percentage of Catholics in the population of New York is sufficiently large, and the proportion of Catholics among the readers and advertisers who patronize the daily papers sufficiently great, to warrant the

press committee of the meeting in question in believing that the report sent to the different journals would be accepted, at least in condensed form, as legitimate and interesting news. That it was practically ignored by the generality of the dailies, and minimized almost to the vanishing point by the few who mentioned the matter at all, is a genuine grievance; and Catholics of the metropolis, and beyond, have every right to resent it.

The elementary principle of contracts, *do ut des*, should suffice to point out the proper solution of the difficulty. Let Catholic advertisers and readers withdraw their patronage from the discriminating sheets. An easily aroused commotion in the business office of the average New York daily will speedily modify the action of the city editor of the paper. There is no journal in New York strong enough deliberately to antagonize by far the largest body of Christians within its limits—if the said body will assert itself as it legitimately may, and, in the present case, certainly should.

The system of wireless telegraphy invented by the Rev. Joseph Murgas, of the diocese of Scranton, has been tested by expert telegraphers, and, though not entirely perfected, pronounced a complete success. Musical notes are employed to represent the dots and dashes of the Morse system. It is claimed that the new system can be operated with much less power than is required by those now in use. According to press dispatches, the first message sent over the wire—between Wilkesbarre and Scranton, Pa.—by Father Murgas was this, "Thank God for His blessings!"

While one class of Americans are pointing to the daily increasing stock of scandals in the government service, in city administrations, in large corpora-

tions, and in individual lives, as a more than sufficient warrant for the most pessimistic views concerning the country's future, others are hailing the public condemnation of such scandals, their investigation, and the punishment of the criminals involved, as the best possible reason for optimism. There is probably exaggeration on both sides. Given Augean stables at all, the herculean task of cleansing them is, of course, to be encouraged and applauded; but their very existence, in the first place, presupposes a condition that by no stretch of the imagination can be styled admirable. And it is an unwarrantable assumption to hold that all periods in the republic's life have been as corrupt, as full of "graft" and speculation, as is the present one.

In the "Roman News" of a recent issue of the *Annales Catholiques*, we find the interesting statement that "among the private audiences given by the Holy Father last month was that of a Hollandish writer and critic, Mr. Denis O'Donovay, with whom the Pope discussed the Catholic situation in Australia, and more particularly in Queensland, to which colony Mr. O'Donovay has often been sent on special missions." The item would be less notable, perhaps, if the last syllable of the writer's name were written "van" instead of "vay," and if his nationality were given as Irish instead of Dutch. But the O would still need to be done away with.

The quasi-unanimity with which the American press has emphasized the sacrifice made by Mr. Root in giving up a very remunerative law practice in order to accept the secretaryship of State with its relatively insignificant salary of eight thousand dollars, is illuminative as to the average publicist's ideals. From the tenor of the

newspaper comments on the incident, one would imagine that Our Lord's interrogation, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" has been superseded by this twentieth-century inquiry, "Of what avail are posts of honor, influence, and public utility, if enormous salaries are not attached thereto?" In any case, our press' moralizing on the subject would seem to justify the application to Americans of Newman's estimate of Englishmen:

Contemplate the objects of this people's praise, survey their standards, ponder their ideas and judgments, and then tell me whether it is not most evident, from their very notion of the desirable and the excellent, that greatness and goodness and sanctity and sublimity and truth are unknown to them; and that they not only do not pursue, but do not even admire, those high attributes of the Divine Nature. *This* is what I am insisting on,—not what they actually do or what they are, but what they revere, what they adore, what their gods are. Their god is mammon. I do not mean to say that all seek to be wealthy, but that all bow down before wealth. Wealth is that to which the multitude of men pay an instinctive homage. They measure happiness by wealth, and by wealth they measure respectability. Numbers, I say, there are who never dream that they shall ever be rich themselves, but who still at the sight of wealth feel an involuntary reverence and awe, just as if a rich man must be a good man.

Now that the prolonged strike of the Chicago teamsters has been terminated, the average Chicago citizen probably rejoices that the abuse and taunts of a number of his city's papers did not goad Mayor Dunne into calling upon the Governor of Illinois for the assistance of the State militia in putting an end to the trouble. Regrettable as is the financial loss to employers and strikers, still more deplorable as is the loss of life incidental to the crisis, one need not be a very sagacious philosopher to understand that the advent of the troops into the streets of Chicago would almost certainly have

resulted in a far more grievous loss of both kinds. It is cheap criticism to denounce as pusillanimity the conservative action of a cool-headed public man in an important civic crisis,—and there were a goodly number of cheap critics in the Western metropolis during June and July.

Renewed efforts are being made to promote the beatification of the Venerable Father Gonsalvo Silveira, S. J., the proto-missionary and martyr of Southern Africa in the sixteenth century. The Hon. A. Wilmot, acting Governor of Mozambique, who has the Cause greatly at heart, and has done more, perhaps, than any one else to revive interest in it, expresses the hope that within three years from this time Father Silveira will be canonically decreed a martyr, and that his beatification will take place. All the bishops of Southern Africa have petitioned the Holy See to this effect.

We are often asked for information to refute calumnies against the clergy and laity of Mexico, on whose ignorance, bigotry, etc., a certain class of Protestant journals still continue to harp, in spite of all that has been written in praise and defence of the Mexicans by authors and travellers like Mr. Charles Lummis and Mr. F. R. Guernsey, both of whom are non-Catholics. Our correspondents are again referred to these writers. The latter, in a communication to the Boston *Herald* from Morelia, the capital of Michoacan, says:

As in all strongly Catholic towns in Mexico, there is general courtesy.... Politeness, consideration for one's fellows, results, one must think, from leisure, from a habit of reverence, and a good heart. I have noticed in all the so-called clerical towns how well-bred are the people, and how kindly their ways with the stranger within their gates. We may bring here new creeds, new formulas, but we shall never be able to improve on the fine old manners inherited from generations of devout people trained to obedience and reverence.



Our Lady's Rival Blossoms. .

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

IN the garden of Heaven, one day long ago,
As Our Lady, with angels surrounded,
Passed down through bright alleys where, row
upon row,

The fairest of flowers abounded,
Each bloom bent its head with a tremulous thrill
Of love and of worship beseeching,
And two of their number set forth with good-will
Their claims to the Virgin's esteeming.

Said the Lily: "I think you'll agree I'm most blest;
For, like her, of all flowers I'm purest."—

"Nay, nay!" said the Rose: "it is love that's the
test;

And, like her, of men's love I'm the surest."
Then each held its peace; for Our Lady returned,
And, full gently the blossoms detaching,
Laid them both on her breast; and, lo! neither
then yearned

For success in its rival o'ermatching.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS MARY E. MANNIX.

XIV.—A DAY IN THE DESERT.

PIKE (the station master at Dos Arboles) did not trouble himself to tell the strangers that the empty shacks toward which they were being directed had been vacated by the death of their former residents. Among some Indian tribes it is the custom to burn everything belonging to those who die, even the wigwams in which they had lived. Probably it would not have made any difference if he had told them this; but he was a very kind-hearted man, and did not wish to alarm the little ones unnecessarily. He saw from the first that their lines were cast in hard places.

There were two shacks quite close together; and in a few moments a fat boy arrived carrying two mattresses. He was the saloon-keeper's assistant, a good-natured fellow. He also brought pillows and blankets. And the poor, tired children were soon enjoying a refreshing sleep.

At early dawn they awoke and sat up, amazed at the beauty of the sky, which seemed to touch the tops of the far-away mountains. Steffan was not there. They arose, and hand in hand walked over to a group of dwellings lying close together. The backs of these brush-houses were toward them. As they neared the front, they saw that they were occupied by Indians boiling their morning coffee. Louis and Rose were not afraid, though they had never been so close to Indians before. Both men and women smiled on them very pleasantly; but the little children, shy and bright-eyed, shrank away.

A brackish well stood at some distance, a bucket and gourd on a large stone near it.

"Shall we take a drink?" asked Louis, as Rose peered over the edge of the well, which was not deep.

She hesitated. At that moment a young man attired in red shirt and overalls came out from a shack near by, which stood a little apart from the others. He seemed entirely different from the dirty, if kindly, groups they had just been observing. His large, intelligent eyes beamed kindly upon them.

"Drink if you wish, youngsters," he said in excellent English. "The water has just been drawn, and the gourd is a new one."

So saying he filled the gourd and presented it to Rose, who drank eagerly. Louis did the same.

"You are the show people?" asked the young Indian.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"From the East?"

"From Pennsylvania."

"I have lived there. I went to the Carlisle school."

"You!" exclaimed Louis.

"Yes, I," answered the Indian, with an amused smile.

"How long?"

"Four years."

"Did you like it?"

"Very much."

"Then, why—why—"

"Why am I here?"

"Yes," faltered Louis.

"Because I like it better."

"Better than Carlisle?"

"It is a free life. It is my own,—I belong to myself here."

"What do you do? How do you earn your living?"

"Oh, I work a few days on the road—or over near the foothills—on ranches! Then I loaf a few weeks. And I am happy."

Louis looked mystified.

"You can't understand it?" asked the Indian.

"No," replied the boy.

"And you? Pike said last night that you go about singing and playing. Bah! I would hate that,—making myself a show!"

"So do we."

"Why, then—oh, but you must! Your father takes you."

"Yes," rejoined Louis.

"And you will always live here?" asked Rose.

"Always, I hope," said the young man. "I am an Indian."

"But it is such a dull, dreary place!" said Louis.

"To me it is the grandest place in the world."

"So terribly warm!"

"I love the heat."

"And no trees."

"I can always go to them, if I want them. The railroad will take me anywhere."

"But what do you eat?" inquired Louis.

"What white people eat. Before the railroads came, the Indians did not live as they do now. They ate roots and beans. You see that tree?"

"Yes," said Louis. It was one of two, solitary and conspicuous in that arid region.

"It is the honey mesquite. Sometimes it grows forty feet high. The beans are good. They dry them for winter, and make flour out of them. We have other beans too. We have roots that we broil over live coals; they taste something like meat. You see the cactus plants all about?"

"Yes," said Louis.

"The fruit of some—the prickly pear—is delicious. Its juice is good to drink. On yonder lake there is a kind of fly, and the Indians gather the grubs which are cast up on the shore. They grind them in a mortar and make a delicious bread of it."

Louis made a gesture of disgust. The Indian laughed.

"Why is it worse than eating meat?" he asked.

"Perhaps it isn't worse," rejoined the boy; "but it seems so."

"Insects, reptiles, chuckawallas,—all are very good," continued the Indian, teasingly. "Chuckawalla,—that's my name,—my Indian name."

"What does it mean?"

"It means lizard. They gave it to me because I could take such long, quick steps without making the least noise."

"Can you do it yet?" asked Rose, timidly.

"See if I can," said the Indian, gliding rapidly past them, and then returning after he had covered a few yards.

"Fine!" exclaimed Louis. "You look as though you are walking on the air, and you do not make a sound."

"They called me Sam at Carlisle, but I like Chuckawalla better," said the Indian.

"Do you live by yourself in there?" asked Rose.

"Yes; but soon I shall be married—to a young girl who was also at the Carlisle school."

"Is she here now?" asked Louis. "I would like to see her."

"No," replied Chuckawalla. "She is cooking over at one of the ranches. When she has a hundred dollars we shall marry."

It seemed to the brother and sister that the proper thing would have been for the prospective husband to earn the money to set up housekeeping; but they did not say so.

"You see," continued Chuckawalla, divining their thoughts, "she wants to build a wooden house to live in, and I am going to let her do it. She is very nice. Do you want to look in my shack?"

"Yes," said the children.

"Isn't it pretty fair?" remarked the Indian, drawing aside two canvas curtains that hung in front of the entrance. It was larger than any they had seen, had a board floor, and was very clean.

"Yes, it is nice," said Louis.

Just then Steffan stepped up.

"You're a fine specimen of an Indian," he said. "Can you dance?"

"No," answered Chuckawalla, tersely.

"Eat snakes?"

"This is my house," said the Indian. "Go out of it!"

Steffan was taken aback.

The Indian's eyes flashed; he seemed transformed into the savage whom Louis had often read of but never seen. Then his glance fell upon the children.

"I won't hurt you on account of these," he said; pointing to Louis and Rose. "They can't be yours: they're too fine."

"They *are* mine," rejoined Steffan, as he edged away.

"Come now, youngsters, or you'll be kidnapped. This buck would cut you up and eat you in five minutes."

"They know better," said the Indian. "They're not in the least afraid of me, but *you* are."

He made a gesture as if to strike Steffan, who hurried away. The children followed, casting backward glances. Chuckawalla flashed smiles upon them as far as he could see them. But the morning, which had looked so fair, seemed dull and hot now; the sun was beaming fiercely down upon the earth; the sky began to look brassy.

"This is a beastly place!" said Steffan, as he strode toward the station. "I wish we could get out of it on the morning train. What were you saying to that Indian brute?"

"Oh, not much!" answered Louis, a little sullenly.

He had anticipated some further acquaintance with Chuckawalla, whom he had found interesting; but he felt now that he would not be allowed to speak to him again. For the first time since Steffan had had them in his power, the boy felt like making an effort to get away from him. The life they were obliged to lead was becoming intolerable, and he fancied that Rose grew thinner every day.

"Did you say anything about not being my kids?" asked Steffan.

"No, we did not," replied Louis.

"See here!" cried the man. "I can have you two put in an orphan asylum any time I like. So behave yourselves, and don't peach. I've staked a good deal on doing well in California this winter, and I depend on you to help me." Then, changing his tone, he added: "If we do all right, you can go back in the spring, if you want to; but don't you dare say a word while you're with me, or I'll fix you!"

Sadly and slowly they went in to breakfast. The morning seemed endless;

but about three o'clock the train passed again; making a break in the dull, hot hours. Several cowboys alighted, and presently more began to arrive on horseback. Large tables with food and drink were set out in the back-room of the saloon. By six o'clock the place was full.

When the rough, coarse, profane men saw the little musicians, now attired in their troubadour costume, each and all had a kindly word for them. Beer flowed freely, and oaths were scattered thickly; but when the performance began, the children found an attentive and admiring audience. There was no need to pass the hat around: coins were showered upon the stage, and at midnight Steffan found himself richer by fifty dollars.

Tired and sleepy, the children once more sought their refuge of the night before. At four o'clock they were roused by Steffan. Hurriedly packing their belongings, they snatched a bite of breakfast, and when the train arrived were ready to go. Louis was glad to see that Steffan handed a couple of silver dollars to Mrs. Pike. All bade them a friendly good-bye, wished them luck, and in a few moments they were again traversing the desert.

"We'll be in California to-night," said Steffan.

(To be continued.)

August.

In the old Roman days the month of August was called Sextilis, and was the sixth month of the year. It had only twenty-nine days, but when Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar he added one more. The Emperor Augustus gave the month his own name; and, regarding it as a lucky period for him, stole a day from February and added it to August, making the number thirty-one.

Gem Lore.

II.—EMERALDS.

The lovely green gem called the emerald is especially associated with the memory of our Blessed Lord; for early legends connected with the Holy Grail—the cup used at the Last Supper—declared that it was formed of a perfect emerald of great size. The Holy Grail, as many of our young people must be aware, was sought by the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table; but, as it was invisible to the eyes of all save those who had kept their lives and thoughts free from the slightest stain, only one or two ever gazed upon the precious relic, whose brilliance was so dazzling that it shone in the dark like a small sun.

Another tradition concerning the emerald points to as great a contrast with the foregoing as can well be imagined. It is said that the foul and cruel Emperor Nero witnessed the bloody scenes in the arena through an eyeglass made of an emerald, and declared that the green light added to his pleasure when the Christian martyrs were thrown to the lions.

Before the Spaniards went to South America, it was supposed that Egypt and Burmah contained the only emerald mines of any size in the world; but the conquerors of Peru set the imaginations of all Europe aflame with their wonderful tales of the green gems they had found, and with the specimens they took home to prove their words.

The favorite goddess of the Peruvians was Esmerelda, who was supposed to have her home inside an emerald as large as an ostrich egg; and hundred-weights of similar stones were placed at her feet by the credulous worshippers. These gems naturally fell into the hands of the conquerors of the land, and many of them found their way to Europe.

It is almost impossible to find a perfect emerald, and this has given rise to the saying, "As rare as an emerald without a flaw." When first taken from the mines, emeralds are brittle, but become hard by exposure to the air. The most desired ones are of a dark green color, and are usually set in connection with diamonds,—an arrangement which is thought to add to their brilliancy.

The emerald is said to have a beneficent effect upon the eyesight, and it is well known that professional cutters of this stone are seldom troubled with faults of vision. This doubtless arises from the fact that green is of all colors the most soothing to the eyes.

As far back as history goes we read of the emerald; and it is mentioned in the Bible: "Emerald, purple, and embroidered work, fine linen, agate and coral."

Oriental nations venerate as well as love this stone; but, singularly enough, they are in the habit of mutilating fine specimens by carving them or engraving upon them. Sometimes they string them on wire and use them as nose ornaments.

The ancients dedicated the emerald to Mercury, the swift-footed. They believed that if a serpent gazed upon one, it was at once stricken blind. They also had an idea that it would reveal the inconstancy of lovers by changing its color.

There are two theories advanced to account for the bestowal upon Ireland of the name "Emerald Isle." Between these you may choose as suits you best. Some say that when Henry II. became possessed, as part of his dominion, of the island of Erin, Pope Adrian sent him a fine emerald ring, along with his congratulations. But I prefer to think that beautiful Ireland owes its familiar name to the green verdure which has made it the Emerald Isle of the Sea. The emerald should surely be the gem

adopted by the sons and daughters of St. Patrick.

There is no precious stone more easily counterfeited than the emerald, and many travellers have been deceived by a peculiar species of green jasper which successfully imitates the genuine gem. The famous green emerald pillars of Tyre were probably jasper, if not common green glass.

There are several historical emeralds worthy of mention here. There was, for instance, the stone in the ring belonging to Polycrates of Samos. The jealous Amasis, King of Egypt, induced him to throw it into the sea, as a sacrifice to the gods; but the next day it was found in the stomach of a fish in the palace kitchen. Amasis became alarmed, and would have nothing more to do with the rival he had tried to despoil. Polycrates lost his good fortune with his ring, and soon after met with a terrible death.

There was in the crown of the Blessed Virgin in the cathedral of Toledo, in Spain, a most magnificent emerald; but one day a marshal of victorious France, while being shown the treasures of the building, coolly twisted the gem out of its setting and put it in his pocket.

Napoleon the Great was very fond of this species of stone, and wore a ring with an emerald setting that was taken from the tomb of Charlemagne.

A Noble Palace and Park.

Versailles, the most magnificent of the world's palaces, has surrounding it what used to be, and probably still is, the largest of the world's parks. Two hundred millions of dollars were expended on buildings and grounds. The park is fifty miles in circumference. Versailles is situated twelve miles out of Paris, and is unused at present except as a showplace.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A literary journal of some reputation in a review of the recently published "Letters of St. Catherine of Siena" remarks that she "committed many miracles." It might have been added that the Saint also perpetrated many good works and was addicted to numerous virtues.

—"The Blessed Virgin and All the Company of the Saints" is the surprising title of a new book for Anglican readers, from the pen of a Church of England dignitary. We learn that this work contains little or nothing which would be likely to jar on Catholic susceptibilities.

—The August number of *Chamber's Journal* contains an article, with several facsimiles, on "Shakespeare's Autographs," by Mr. W. Roberts. It deals chronologically with all the various autographs which have any sort of claim to rank as genuine.

—Messrs. Bell have issued a cheaper edition of Abbot Gasquet's learned work, "The Eve of the Reformation." It makes a handsome volume of more than four hundred pages, well printed and bound. An excellent index enhances the value of this book, which should be in every library worthy of the name.

—We learn that the new series of handbooks for Catholic priests and students, to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co., will be called "The Westminster Library." "The Holy Eucharist," by Bishop Hedley; "The Catholic Calendar," by Father Thurston, S. J.; "The Holy Scriptures: their Origin, Authority, and Interpretation," by Dr. Barry, will be among the earliest volumes.

—In what is, typographically, a model pamphlet of fifty-three pages, John T. Creagh treats of "Bishop Doane vs. The Catholic Church, in the Matter of Remarriages after Divorce." Part of the work has already appeared in the *Catholic World*; but even those who have read that part will unfeignedly enjoy this fuller and more completely triumphant refutation of Bishop Doane's ill-advised charges. The Protestant prelate is clearly shown to have "demonstrated his ignorance of Catholic law and life and theology." It is to be devoutly hoped that every reader of the Bishop's article in the *North American Review* may have, and embrace, the opportunity of leisurely perusing this excellent argument.

—Bishop Spalding has said that "a genuine book is a mirror in which we behold our proper countenance." In "The Christian Maiden," a creditable translation from the German of the Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap., by members of the young ladies' sodality, Holy

Trinity Church, Boston, the reader will find a veritable treasury of ennobling thoughts—a true image of the beauty of soul which every Child of Mary should reflect. This booklet is well published by the Angel Guardian Press.

—Many practical counsels and wise hints for fathers and mothers concerning the training and education of their children will be found in a pamphlet entitled "Talks with Parents," by the Rev. D. V. Phalen. The subjects touched upon are all of importance, and the style of the writer is simple and direct. We hope this brochure may have many readers. Printed by the McAlpine Publishing Co., Halifax, N. S.

—From the Carmelite Convent, Boston, we have received a little book of meditations which breathes the spirit of prayer. "The Cenacle" is the title of this aid to a retreat in preparation for Pentecost. It is so arranged, however, as to be helpful and inspiring at any time. The work is a translation from the French; and that it has been well received by religious everywhere is evident from the fact that there are translations also in German, French, Flemish and Italian.

—Many readers will be interested to know that the translation—the first to be made in English—of St. Thomas' great work, the "Summa Contra Gentiles," undertaken by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., and to be issued soon by Messrs. Burns & Oates, is not a mere compendium. Although some chapters have been shortened by the omission of arguments invalidated by modern discoveries in science, "special care has been taken that the brain of the book and all its characteristic features shall be preserved." The "Summa Contra Gentiles" is a cyclopaedia of philosophy and theology as taught by St. Thomas Aquinas; its object is to show that the Christian Faith is not in conflict with reason.

—"What text-books of history would you recommend?" is a question frequently asked of us. Alas! good text-books by Catholic authors are few and far between, and most others are partisan. Fortunately, the restricted use of such books in teaching or studying is far less general nowadays than it used to be. Good reference works, of which there are many, should be familiar to Catholic teachers and students,—especially, of course, to those attending courses in secular institutions. We will mention a few useful books: Janssen's "History," Parson's "Studies" and "Lies and Errors of History," Dom Gasquet's "Eve of the Reformation," etc., Montalembert's "Monks of the West," Newman's historical essays, Gairdner's historical works, Dr.

Shahan's "Middle Ages," etc., Lingard's History of England; Summer School Essays, Vols. I. and II., Pastor's "History of the Popes," "Christian Schools and Scholars," Birrell's historical essays, "Literary, Scientific and Political Views of Dr. Brownson." This list might be extended indefinitely. Works like the "Cambridge Modern History" and "The Historians' History" should not be used without books of rebuttal on the same shelf; better, on the shelf below,—nearer to hand. The best refutation of the errors and extravagances of historical writers, Catholic or non-Catholic, by the way, is often to be found in reviews and magazines. It remains to be said that every careful student should have an index of his own. One need not be the possessor of a book to know its general contents. Nowadays most historical works are provided with an adequate index, thus immediately putting the student on the track of desired information. Another point for young students to remember is that the titles of many books convey no idea of the richness of their contents. "The Eve of the Reformation," for instance, besides illuminative studies on subjects like Erasmus, "The Printed English Bible," etc., contains a great amount of miscellaneous lore. "Christian Schools and Scholars," too, is a mine of information for which one might search in vain elsewhere, at least among books printed in English. A surprise is in store for young students who will examine the general index of Dr. Brownson's writings.

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 Cenacle." 54 cts.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.
- "Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sadlier. \$1, net.
- "Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.
- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.
- "A Story of Fifty Years." \$1, net.

- "The Ridingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Mulcahy. \$1, net.
- "Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.
- "The House of Cards." John Heigh. \$1.50.
- "The Transplanting of Tessie." Mary T. Wagganman. 60 cts.
- "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.
- "The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schmucker, C. S. C. 50 cts.
- "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.
- "The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.
- "The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.
- "The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.
- "Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.
- "Beyond Chance or Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. \$1.50.
- "Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.
- "The Lodestar." Sidney R. Kennedy. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Thomas Kinkad, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Denis Sullivan, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Alphonsus Hild, C.S.S.R.

Brother Eberhard, of the Franciscan Brothers. Mother Teresa (Dolphin), of the Order of Mt. Carmel; Sisters Wigberta, Jerome, and Claudipe, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Bridget, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. E. W. Nash, of Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Margaret Green, New York; Miss Mary Loughran and Mrs. Mary Haverty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Zeppersfeld, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Henry Ditter, North Yakima, Washington; Mr. James Casey, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Lennon, Circleville, Ohio; Mr. John Belton, Belmont, England; and Mr. J. P. Ingenhutt, Minneapolis, Minn.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 12, 1905.

NO. 7.

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

Young Roses.

BY MARION MUIR.

I HAVE a secret in my heart
I long, my dear, to share with thine,
If I could find a tongue apart,
Not all of earth, nor quite divine.

I seek a language sweet and soft,
No lip but mine has ever known,
Since all our phrases, used too oft,
Have lost the magic once their own.

Such music must the summer airs
Sigh to the lily's soul when first,
Half conscious of the charm she wears,
She quits the sheath where she was nursed,

And shyly stands in morning's ray,
Sweet in triumphal purity;
So let the flowers I send to-day
My fondest dream's announcement be.

"Our Lady's Island" and Its Founder.

BY J. B. CULLEN.



APPLY, the spirit of Gaelic Revival which has latterly taken so remarkable a hold on the enthusiasm of the Irish race all over the world—wherever the Gael has found a home—is not without effect in creating a deep and salutary interest in the study of the religious history of the mother-land, its literature, its antiquities and sacred traditions. It is investing many storied scenes scattered throughout the old country with a fascination which is

rapidly spreading among literary students and others, all anxious to gather something concerning the buried past, the forgotten story of the ruined memorials which stand like silent witnesses of the Faith amid the grassy graveyards of Holy Ireland. To this influence we may, in great measure, attribute the zeal and interest with which so many scholars are devoting themselves to the study of the ancient annals, and bringing to light the fuller history of many of those sacred shrines, whose origin came to be quite forgotten, but to whose crumbling walls traditional veneration, throughout the silent centuries, has fondly clung. After the glorious heritage of Faith, Ireland possesses no more precious heirlooms than those ivied ruins, round which so many traditions of her fidelity and sufferings are entwined.

One of these venerable sanctuaries—"The Shrine of Our Lady's Island," in the county Wexford,—one of the oldest in the old land, is the subject of the present sketch. Beyond the conjectures which its name suggests, and the popular veneration with which succeeding generations have regarded the spot, little in the way of its authentic history has been known, or, at least so far, been written of.

The scene of this pilgrimage place is situated in the Barony of North, South Wexford, some ten miles from the county town. It is one of the few, if not the only one, of the special shrines of our Blessed Lady whose history

and traditions extend back almost to the days of St. Patrick himself. The situation of the spot is particularly beautiful. Embosomed in the waters of a tideless lake, the little island, with its singular group of ruins, is one of the most picturesque places of the kind in the country. The immediate surroundings of the locality lend many historic attractions to the scene; for it was in this district that the Norman invaders first set foothold in Ireland, marking their progress, as they pushed their conquests farther and farther, by the erection of those feudal castles which still abound in this part of the country. These military structures form so distinctive a feature in the landscape of South Wexford that the district may well be styled the Castile of Ireland.

The Lake of Togher—for so it was called in former days—is about three miles in length, its lesser breadth being about half a mile. It contains two small islets—Inish and “Our Lady’s Island.” The latter comprises some twelve acres, and is connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway,—the pilgrim path of olden times, leading to the much frequented shrine, the ruins of which still exist in the little cemetery, where many generations coveted to sleep their last beneath the hallowed shadows of “Mary’s Chapel.”

The shrine of Our Lady’s Island dates from the earlier part of the sixth century; its founder, St. Abban, being one of the most remarkable saints of the ancient Irish Church. Through the apostolic labors of this holy man it was that the southeastern district of Ireland received Christianity. He is still venerated as the Celtic patron of South Wexford.

St. Abban was born about the year 441. His father was King of Leinster, his mother a princess of Ulster—or Dalriadia, as it was then called. When the child was old enough to leave his

mother’s arms, he delighted in being brought to the church; and later on, when he could go there alone, the little boy would often be seen at the foot of the altar rapt in prayer, as the annalist quaintly tells us, *quasi senex*—“like an old man.”

As Abban grew in years, parents and friends alike marvelled at the holiness, purity, and perfection that shone in his character. The nobles of his father’s court, little dreaming of what God had designed, often expressed their admiration of the boy, and looked forward hopefully to the time when Abban would assume the sceptre and crown of his royal race. In the annals of the early saints we seldom read of so manifest a vocation to the religious life at so tender an age; for we are informed that Abban was but twelve years old when he renounced his claim to his inheritance and presented himself for admission at the monastery door of Begerin Island. It is needless to say the venerable abbot, his uncle, who had already predicted the future glory of the saint, received the boy with open arms.

Begerin held at that time a foremost place among the schools of Ireland. Situated on the seaboard, its monastery counted on its rolls many scholars from the opposite shores of Britain and the northern parts of the Continent. The chronicles of these far-off times tell us that, so great was the fame of Ibar’s school that within the limited area of the island—only some three and twenty acres—it housed as many as three thousand students! Among this vast assemblage, so remarkable was Abban’s progress in the attainment of religious and secular knowledge, and so high his reputation for sanctity, that his biographers describe him as a “star of unrivalled brilliancy.” On the death of Ibar, in the year 500, Abban was unanimously chosen to succeed his venerable kinsman in the abbacy of the monastery.

Thrice during his career as a member of the community of Begerin, we are told, Abban visited Rome; and it was on the occasion of his third pilgrimage to the Eternal City that he received episcopal consecration, and was commissioned on his return to Ireland to preach and instruct wheresoever he willed over the whole island. Hitherto his labors had been restricted to the administration of the monastery and school over which he presided.

In fulfilment of the mission entrusted to him, St. Abban, on his homeward journey, did not direct his course, as on former occasions, to the coast of his native territory. On the contrary, we find he landed on the very opposite side of Ireland, on the shores of Galway. Here he founded three monasteries in the Plain of Trindi. From Connaught he directed his steps toward South Munster, where he established nine religious houses, chiefly in the present counties of Cork and Kerry. The next scenes of the saint's labors were the districts of Fermyn (Fermoy) and Ely O'Fogarty, North Munster. In this latter territory Abban garnered an abundant harvest of souls. Fain would he have spent his remaining days among this grateful people; nay, in the midst of them he even longed to find the "place of his resurrection." One day, when this desire took more than usual possession of his soul, it is told that his Guardian Spirit in a vision appeared to him and said: "Thy wish may not be fulfilled; for in thy native Leinster God has ordained thou shalt find thy everlasting sleep. Therefore shalt thou depart hence."

With a heart full of sorrow, he soon afterward bade farewell to his faithful flock—who were loathe to let him go,—and proceeded to the plains of North Meath, where he built a cell long known as Kill-Abbain. But not even here was he to rest; for when his work was completed, the angel's

voice was heard once more, bidding him to depart. "Proceed," the angel said, "to the territory of Ky-Kisellagh; and in the place where at sundown you shall hear the Vesper songs of prayer, there shall your resurrection be. From that abode you shall go forth to found many more monasteries, for your years have yet long to run."

In obedience to the heavenly admonition, Abban, with some chosen disciples, again moved on, journeying over hill and valley, until one evening he reached a spot, almost central in the present county of Wexford, where the air seemed suddenly filled with the music of heavenly choirs. At once the sainted pilgrim fell upon his knees, saying, "At last here shall I rest!" This spot, where St. Abban built his first monastery in the county Wexford, was subsequently called Maghernuidhe, or "The Plain of Prayer." It became the parent house of the seven monasteries which he founded in his native kingdom of Kinsellagh. Nevertheless, although it was to be the place of his resurrection, and the grassy sward of its cemetery contains the relics of St. Abban, Maghernuidhe never attained the lasting celebrity which through all the centuries clung to the monasteries of New Ross and of Our Lady's Island. In these alone, of his many foundations in the present county Wexford, may we say that tradition has preserved the name of St. Abban. They were known respectively in the days of their founder as Ros-mic-Truin and Fionmagh.

The former became his *Magnum Monasterium*, beside the waters of the River Barrow. From the advantages of its situation, there soon grew up around it a town, which in the Middle Ages came to be one of the most flourishing centres of commerce in Ireland—the present New Ross. The island sanctuary of the saint, first called Fionmagh, or the "Field of Light," lay some thirty miles distant, in the

south of Kinsellagh. Both monasteries were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin,—which dedication is preserved to the present day in the nomenclature of the parishes in which they existed.

From his successive visits to the great centre of Eternal Truth during a period fraught with such eventful circumstances in the history of the Church, we may not marvel that our Irish saint became inflamed with enthusiasm to spread still more among his native race a fuller knowledge of the doctrines and teachings of the Faith, to the elucidation of which the Fathers of the Church were then so strenuously devoting their labors. In referring to the work which crowned the latter part of St. Abban's life—when he forsook the cloister for a career of missionary activity,—we can not fail to regard him as a zealous promoter, a hardy pioneer, of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God among the people of Ireland. Under the special blessing of Divine Providence, the preservation of the Faith is mainly due to the devotion to our Blessed Lady which our people were thus taught, in those early times, to foster in their hearts and homes, and hand on as a treasured inheritance to their posterity.

In the records left us of St. Abban's life, all the annalists agree as to the extraordinary length of days vouchsafed him by Almighty God. Like many others of the Irish saints, he was forewarned of the time of his death. Full of hope in the happiness that awaited him, he began, as his end drew nigh, ardently to prepare for his everlasting pilgrimage. His last years were spent in the Great Monastery he had founded beside the River Barrow. Here he set everything in order; and, having appointed his successor, the venerable abbot bade farewell to his beloved flock. He then withdrew to Maghernuidhe—"The Place of his Resurrection." Summoning the guardians of his several

monasteries; he gave them his parting instructions, and told them the date of his death. After a life favored by extraordinary miracles, and fruitful of many blessings to the venerable Church of which he was so bright an ornament, St. Abban entered into his reward on the 27th of October, probably in the year 567, at an age far exceeding a hundred years. His last resting-place is now the village of Adamstown.

Of this great saint, one of the most illustrious in the long calendar of Ireland, scarcely more than the name is generally known. The change of language, and the consequent change of local names, served to obliterate his memory in almost all the places of which at one time he was the honored patron.

But to return to the story of Our Lady's Island. In the annals of Father Colgan, the ecclesiastical historian of Ireland, we are told that St. Abban's monastery of Lough Togher was styled Fionmagh, as previously stated; but, from its special dedication to the Blessed Virgin, its original name was soon forgotten, and the sacred spot came henceforward, and in after centuries, to be known as Our Lady's Island.

August 15, the festival of our Blessed Lady's Assumption, is the feast-day, or "pattern," of the island. This fact is very remarkable, from the historical coincidence of its dedication with the time in which St. Abban lived. It was one of the four Byzantine festivals; and, till the twelfth century, only those four were kept with solemn observances. The Assumption is the most ancient festival of Our Lady, according to Alban Butler and other writers; and thus was observed in the East and West before the sixth century. The original name of the feast was the *Dormitio*, or "Sleep of the Blessed Virgin."

Readers acquainted with the monastic records of Ireland are aware that the early monasteries of the country were of Columban institution,—that is, their

inmates followed the Rule of St. Patrick and St. Columba, the more complete and practical development of which is accredited to the latter saint. About the eleventh century the successors of the early Irish monks, in conformity with the wishes of the Church, adopted the constitutions laid down by St. Augustin for the guidance of religious, assuming the title of "Regular Canons." Hence it was that in the records of the Middle Ages the monastery of Our Lady's Island is referred to as a house of the Austin Canons.

Doubtless from the days of its saintly founder, the shrine was venerated on account of its special sanctity, and the miraculous favors granted there through the intercession of the Mother of God. Its celebrity, however, reached the zenith of its sacred fame as a pilgrimage-place in mediæval times. In those days, it is recorded, votaries thronged from all parts, even from lands far beyond the seas, to pay the tribute of their devotion at the famous Irish shrine of the Madonna. Notwithstanding the troubles of the Reformation, pilgrimages continued to be made to it without interruption till the time of Cromwell. In 1649, this ruthless conqueror, in an unexpected attack, wrought havoc and desolation on the scene consecrated by so many hallowed traditions. At the hands of his soldiers, many of the religious and the faithful people are said to have suffered death at the point of the sword.

Tradition has it that this sacrilegious event took place on a Sunday, during the celebration of the divine mysteries. Taken unawares, the terrified congregation tried to escape; but communication between the island and the mainland was cut off by the assailants. With remarkable presence of mind, as the story is related, the little acolyte who was attending the priest at Mass hastily snatched the crucifix and consecrated vessels from the altar, and,

passing through the sacristy, rushed to the shore, where he cast the sacred treasures into the lake, that they might be saved from profanation. For his heroic effort the boy received the crown of martyrdom; for just as he had completed his task he was perceived by the soldiery and shot dead.*

Despite the ruin that befell the island sanctuary, and the dispersing of its religious who had so long guarded the shrine of Our Lady, the vandalism of Cromwell did not put an end to the pilgrimage. Amidst weal and woe the Irish heart lovingly clung to the spot consecrated by the penance and prayer of so many generations. For more than a hundred years after its destruction, the roofless and crumbling chapel continued to be visited on Our Lady's festivals by crowds of devout clients, coming still to offer their homage and seek the intercession of Mary at her desolate altar. The Penal Laws, prohibiting pilgrimages in general, had but little effect in this part of Ireland, but seem only to have enhanced the attraction of the shrine of Our Lady's Island. Year after year pilgrims continued to frequent it with increasing devotion, if increase were possible. The severity of the penitential exercises performed by the faithful on those occasions may well recall the fervor and self-denial of the primitive Christians.

The following extract from an unpublished manuscript lying before me, dated 1684, is interesting. The writer, by no means favorable in his comments upon Catholicity, and is supposed to have been a veteran of Cromwell's army, refers to the pilgrimage as follows:

"In the Lough of Togher is an island

* A few years ago in a season of unusual drought, when the waters of the lake had fallen very low, a crucifix of ancient workmanship was found on the beach by some children at play. The relic was at once brought to the parish priest, who had it admirably restored. It may now be seen on the altar of Our Lady in the parochial church on the mainland close by.

called Our Lady's Island, containing about twelve acres of land, in former times of ignorance highly esteemed and accounted holy. And to this day the natives (persons of honor as well as others) in abundance from remote parts of the kingdom doe with great devotion goe on pilgrimages thither, and there goe barefooted round the island, in the water....But some great sinners goe on their knees in the water, and some that are greater sinners yett goe round the island three times. This I have seen, as alsoe I have seen persons of noe mean degree leave their hose and shoes in Wexford and goe barefooted in dirty weather to this island, which is eight miles (distant). And having done their pennance, make their offering in the chappell and return to Wexford in the same posture. This abundance of people (not the wisest) doe every year towards the end of summer; but the chiefest and most meritorious time is between the two Lady Days, August 15 and September 8."

This custom lasted down to almost a century ago, when the practice of making public pilgrimages was generally abandoned in Ireland. Among the faithful of the island parish the veneration of Our Lady of the Assumption, however, has never waned. The 15th of August is yearly celebrated as a festival of speecial devotion, when the site of the olden shrine is reverently visited in solemn procession. A beautiful Gothic church now raises its tapering spire amid the mainland village, on the borders of the lake. Through the zeal of the present pastor, a votive altar was erected on the point of the island, in commemoration of the Jubilee of the Holy Year, 1900. Above it stands a beautiful figure of the Assumption, thus perpetuating the glorious prerogative of the Mother of God, which St. Abban proclaimed and preached on this self-same scene almost fourteen hundred years ago.

The Spot of Dreams.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

GR^EAT joy and great trepidation were upon the school of Conrad the painter, in the old city by the Rhine. His pupils were to furnish designs for one of the cathedral windows—an honor above words, where only artists of note competed,—and it was clearly stated, that the cartoon accepted must equal theirs in beauty and dignity. High ran the fire of emulation, and hot and long were the discussions at night in the inns where the apprentice painters congregated.

Conrad numbered among his scholars almost all the art-promise of the country; and now Julius, now Otto, now Albert was the name applauded. Had you asked Conrad himself, he would have told you, with clear eyes that had no guile in them, that he hoped the boy Hans would get the window; adding, with religious discretion, that the prize must, however, go always to the best. Among the fellow-students there was a doubt whether Hans would compete at all. They were accustomed to look upon him as a child, and a child he certainly was at heart. How could he expect—he who was nothing but a dreamer—to measure himself with them, the designers, the anatomists, the profoundly versed in composition? The attempt could be only idle. True, argued another, he would certainly fail; but his love for Holy Mary was likely to lead him to the attempt where she was to be the subject, even if strength to achieve should be wanting.

Hans passed by their open-air tables as they spoke,—a rather tall youth, slender, with the soft hair of childhood touching ear and neck under the round brown cap. He smiled, greeting them, but would not sit. Often he had said

he did not like their tankards; and they had answered, mocking, he was not past the taste of milk. Better than the *platz* he loved the long, lone country roads in the twilight, the lines of poplars against the fading rose, the delicate breeze that scarcely spoke. There was, at the edge of the woods, a chapel dedicated to the Queen of Angels, and here he came almost every night, bringing wild flowers in his hands. Then he would lie on his back in the grass outside the sanctuary, and wait for the stars to appear. That was Hans' wooing,—the Blessed Virgin Mary and God's stars. No wonder Conrad said the lad had the soul of a poet.

Yet Hans made large demands upon his master's patience. He was dreamy, he was impractical; he had a great way of saying to all demands: "To-morrow." That very day he had said it again. The designs were coming in fast, and Conrad had turned to the boy sharply and asked for his.

"To-morrow, sir," stammered the culprit.

"I would swear you have not even begun it!"

"I had not the idea."

"The idea, you son of mischief, when you have the shape of the window and know you must fill that simple shape with an Assumption! What more idea would you like to have?"

"I would like much, sir, to have an idea of the Assumption."

The wizened old teacher lifted hands in despair. And Hans, much perturbed, betook himself to the saying of Hail Marys. It was the only fount of inspiration he had never known to fail.

He was sad as he lay down that night in the grass behind the chapel. But the wild-apple boughs swayed gently above him; between them the sister stars pierced into the velvet blue, and the crescent moon stole silvery into view at the last glow of the horizon. Ere he knew it, they had lulled him to

sleep. And then the boy Hans had an extraordinary dream.

He was lying in the selfsame spot, made fresh and beautiful in springtime, at the selfsame gloaming hour; and into that mysterious twilight scene, where the trail of red had been, grew a wondrous clear color like the mist and flame of opal. A Woman with a face of joy unspeakable stood in the glory; while, at the edge of the light, angelic forms wheeled round her; from the shadowy meadow ascended incense of countless flowers,—Hans had never guessed how the generous spot ran over with them; and the pulses of viols, beating in some rare melody, cadenced a song the sense of which he understood, though it was only the inarticulate throbbing of stringed instruments swelling to one grand choral: *Assumpta est Maria in cœlum: gaudent angeli, laudantes benedicunt Dominum!*

Hans awakened through excess of happiness, and went stumbling home, half blind, half dazed. The road was intensely still, the heavens powdered with stars. He took a tallow dip and scratched a design—a mere blot with web-like lines. How he hated to do it! How impossible it would be for him ever to paint what he had seen! How his hand would deflower it! But *she* had given it to him, and so he must do his best.

On the morrow he did not go abroad. All that day, all the next, he worked in his little bare room, scarce taking food, unconscious if there was still any material world around him. All he knew was that he had seen in sleep, smiling upon him, a face he could wait for until he should be dead. Strange perfumes crossed the air as he labored,—the flowers, he thought, of that wondrous meadow. He smiled pityingly at the pot of geraniums, the pot of basil on his window-sill. The old woman with whom the student lodged wondered what strange thing the boy

was trying to sing over his drawing in that close-shut room. But he traced a scroll at the base and wrote, feeling some agony of denudation in the words: *Assumpta est*. . . . He threw down the pencil when he came to her name.

The design was placed upon Conrad's easel the third day. The old man drew his breath sharply when he saw it, and looked about for the boy; but Hans had fled. Days elapsed before he returned; and then it seemed to the master he was sad, but neither spoke of the cartoon. A week later one of the judges meeting the painter on the street congratulated him warmly.

Conrad's gladness had been ready long before, and now beamed out of him.

"Ah! My Hans?" he chuckled.

"Nay, good master: Ludwig has it."

"Ludwig? *Gott im himmel!* You have given it to Ludwig?"

"It was closely contested. But we do not like the yellow tone of Hans'; it admits too much light, and he ignores some of the main laws of glaziery. The whole figure would have to be rehandled."

Conrad's head fell. He had not thought of the leading himself. He could well see how the lad would overlook it. And Ludwig had got the window. Loyally the old man tried to be glad, to be impartial, but the angry tears stung his eyes; for he knew what quality of vision was in the design of Hans the dreamer, and Ludwig's natural tendency was toward the painting of hams and melons. Ludwig's cartoon was very careful, even elaborate. From life, with much correctness, he had drawn Katrina, the innkeeper's daughter, in a blue dress and with her plump chin upturned. It was well composed and true to nature. Conrad had seen Madonnas done like this before. But even that color-feat of the boy Hans' painting, in the sweat of his brow, the mist and fire of the opal for Saint Mary's

glory,—even that had told against him. It admitted too much light.

Conrad called the lad to him softly, and told him as one tells of a death. He got no answer, and asked Hans what he thought.

"Think, sir? I think it very natural. The work in it is execrable. But I did my best."

And with that he went back to paint in the background of Conrad's "Holy Family." Full soon he heard that the prize had gone to Ludwig and his stout wench in the fairing robe. It did not affect him very much; his whole soul had craved a share of work and glory in that stupendous Gothic structure he called in his heart's heart the "spot of dreams"; but, since that was denied him, he did not care who was preferred. The sorrow that went deepest with him—and it did go to the core and the marrow—was that his Lady had refused his service. If she had had any pleasure in him, she would have let him work for her. He had thought that she indeed had helped him in his trouble; but, if she forsook him now, then he had been in error from the first.

Lonely the boy wandered out to the Chapel of Angels, but he found no solace. His Lady and Mistress had repulsed his love. He came in the moonlight to the minster, where day by day mallet and chisel rang, and joyous workmen crowded the scaffoldings stark in the blue. The flying arches sprang upward; everywhere the carven stone blossomed into flower and figure; and here, in the nether shadow, stood he, Hans, who was an orphan, whom God had made an artist, but who never would have a share in that. "Perhaps," he said to himself,—“perhaps I am not worthy to work for her.” And so he went home, with his head low and his face white with pain in the moonlight. After that the old town and the school of Conrad saw the lad no more.

Loud was the laughter when it was found that this child of dreams could be smitten with a jealousy of success so intolerable and unforgiving that it drove him from friends and land. Conrad, who best knew the boy's sensitiveness, could but agree that disappointment and humiliation had proved too much for him. At heart he did not wonder that Hans would not endure the seeing of Ludwig's subject preferred. It was gall to his own soul. But the years passed and no tidings came from the wanderer.

Hans himself travelled on foot to the Netherlands and France and Italy, studying everywhere as he went. Once and again he found a patron. Twice he set forth as a pilgrim to the holy spots of Palestine; and at length, having won fame in the art-loving communes of Italy, he decided that this should be his home. From Bergamo a letter went to Conrad the painter; it brought no answer, and the writer realized it must be too late. Then he turned back resolutely to the painting of Madonnas. By these Giovanni d'Alemagna had his greatest fame; though he was also an architect of no mean acquirements, and his designs were frequently prized above those of native draughtsmen.

So his skill grew and grew; and to everything he touched, a peculiar grace of inimitable beauty was imparted. His was the artistry of the soul and eye and hand. And he had grown bluff and jovial. But there was one subject he could not speak of, and that was his boyhood's "spot of dreams." Sometimes he would close his eyes and think about it. He had built cathedrals himself since that; but there was one from which, as a lad, he had been excluded, and the old wound would not heal. Travellers occasionally brought him, in scraps, tales of the solemnity and magnificence of that place.

One day the ineradicable desire of

land and tongue, the passion of homesickness often stifled, laid its spell so potently upon the aged painter, he undertook the long, difficult journey for the first time. He could remember, as he passed them smiling, the clear river, the meadows breaking into strata of blue blossom or whitening with lilies of the valley. He could smile at the recollection of the boy Hans, so simple, so deadly in earnest, so tragie-full of childish and unchildish sorrows. There was the window in the grey, gabled street,—no more geraniums or basil at the sill, but still the window of that most foolish, perhaps lovable boy. There, shrunk surely and weather-stained, the house where Conrad the painter had lived and held his school.

And then the old man Giovanni d'Alemagna—old as Conrad himself by this time—picked out of his memory the old way to the minster. Miles away he had seen it: an arrow of gold first, a steeple above the haze; next a toy carving, gem-like upon the city. Then at the walls he lost it. And here he was at the door! His breast tightened in the grip of that old, old pain, smoothed almost into silence. The moonlight seemed to have come back over buttress and scaffoldings. Strange how this caught his breath! Strange how beneath the noble arch his limbs seemed to weaken!

A canon hastening to Office paused in the portal.

"You are weary, sir. Come within and be seated."

"Not weary. This spot, not seen since childhood, moves me."

"Ah, no wonder! Was it completed,—the carvings, the stained glass?"

"Almost completed. I mind me, when I left the city, the scholars of Conrad were making a design."

"For a window? You are keen of memory, sir. It is sixty years, if I err not."

"They pass quickly. Ludwig of Bremen,—is his window set?"

"Long since,—though, indeed, not Ludwig's. His was so badly injured in the firing it went perforce to the ash-heap. And, as the poor youth died soon after, Conrad pressed forward another design. There was some trouble about it at the time. I do not quite recall the circumstances. The Conrad school were a turbulent element, but Conrad put it to them by vote. It is a very beautiful window, whoever may have been the author."

A bell hastened the speaker toward the inner shadow, and the traveller turned away. He had a dread and a fear to enter. To-morrow perhaps, but not to-night,—not with the old regret so acute and so bitter on him. So not even Ludwig had got it! Poor Ludwig, dead at twenty! Katrina must have married some one else. How idly he, Hans, could wonder about it! How dispassionately! Much of the sharpness of life must have lost its edge. And Conrad had proposed a new cartoon! Whose? The old man's artistic honesty was above false dealing or favoritism. The scholar he commended would be his best. There was Otto, whose coloring was so luminous; and Adolf, who drew so very well. Were they dead too? How old he must be himself, if, of the canon's predecessors, it was the grand-sire knew the Conrad school!

The painter slept that night at a hostelry where the old names evoked no memories; but French merchants with silk, and Flemish merchants with goldware, made the house noisy.

The Angelus chimes, winging like startled birds from the cathedral tower, wakened the pilgrim at first blush of morning. He rose more feeble than of wont, aged perhaps with half a century of memories thrust upon him, half a century of changes weighting his mind. He would go now, in the dawn of the new day, fresh from slumber, and enter bravely. Was he so sensitive still?

It caught his breath, this silence, so

vast and solemn, where in the cool hollows had echoed hammering and the voices of masons. Yet how his soul soared and expanded, to embrace at a glance the whole wide genius of the spot! Long he paused before he could advance one step. The color was toned already to a beginning of sober richness. A new decoration, of which he had never thought, was added in sculptured tombs. Here, Herman, the bishop who confirmed him. There, the great lady whose charities had been a byword. Yonder, the Count Palatine, the most warlike man of his day. Were they all dead? The whole life of the splendid, populous city lying in the aisles now, or low before the altar, with its effigied features worn by strangers' feet!

Tremulous and stunned, the old man staggered forward. Why was he left? His course must be long finished, if they had all completed theirs. Suddenly the organ pealed forth in thunder and gigantic flutings, swelled to an anthem, glad, triumphant. The music lifted him, bore him forward; his heart beat faster. Life must still be worth living, for he still answered to the song of hope.

Then Giovanni d'Alemagna paused, incredulous. Nothing had prepared him for this. The stained glass in the aisles was rich, subdued, tempering the outer brilliance; but in the eastern apse shone out a window that was a flame. The opal shafts of sunrise volleyed through it,—a great golden window stemming the flood of dawn behind it; and in the midst of it Mary Virgin, ascending heavenward. She was so beautiful, Hans, who had made her, could recognize his dream.

Peace and Joy.

WHO works for God without surcease,
Though wearied ever, knoweth peace;
Whose time congenial tasks employ
For God, he knoweth peace and joy.

A. B.

Julie de Chateaubriand.

(*Madame de Farcy de Montavalon.*)

BY LUCIE MORTON.

I.

DOUBTLESS, the mass of people who have read that sublime work, the "Genius of Christianity," are ignorant of the motive which urged Chateaubriand to write it. It was when he was in exile in London that he received the following letter, written after her imprisonment at Rennes, during the great Revolution in France, by his sister Julie, of whose life we propose to give a short sketch:

"SAINT-SERVAN, July 1, 1798.

"DEAR:—We have just lost the best of mothers. I grieve to inform you of this fatal blow. When you cease to be the object of our solicitude, we shall have ceased to live. If you knew how many tears your errors had caused our venerable mother to shed, how deplorable those errors appear to all who think and profess, not piety, but even reason,—if you knew all this, perhaps it would help to open your eyes, to induce you to give up writing; and if Heaven, moved by our prayers, permitted us to meet again, you would find in the midst of us all, the comparative happiness one is allowed on earth. You would give us that happiness; for there is none for us, so long as you are not with us and we have cause to be anxious as to your fate."

The "errors" to which Julie alludes were the open sentiments of irreligion which Chateaubriand had indulged in for some years, and the publication of his sceptical work, the "Essai," when he had apparently lost his faith. Filled with remorse at having embittered the last days of his mother's life, he could put an end to his distress only by the thought that he might make some reparation for his first work by means

of a great religious one. This was the origin of the "Genius of Christianity." We quote the words written by Chateaubriand himself, and appearing as a preface to the first edition of his magnificent work of reparation:

"My religious feelings have not always been the same as they are to-day. Although I admitted the necessity of religion and admired Christianity, I, however, misjudged facts. Struck by abuses that I saw in certain institutions, and the bad lives of some who called themselves Christians, I fell into sophism and declamation. I could perhaps throw the blame of my fault upon my youth, the frenzy of the times, or the society I was in the habit of frequenting; but I prefer to blame myself alone. I can not excuse that which is inexcusable. I will only describe the means adopted by a merciful Providence to lead me back to my faith.

"My mother, after having been imprisoned, at the age of seventy-two, in the cells where she saw so many of her children perish, died at last on a miserable pallet, to which the misfortunes she had undergone had brought her. The remembrance of my errors filled her last days with great sorrow, and before she died she charged my sister to recall me to the religion in which I had been brought up. My sister sent me word of my mother's last message. When the letter reached me from across the seas, my sister herself lived no longer! She also had died from the effects of her imprisonment. These two voices coming to me from the silence of the grave—the dead interpreter of the dead,—struck me forcibly. I became a Christian. I admit that I did not submit to any great supernatural light,—my conviction came from my heart. 'I wept and believed.'"

Julie Agathe, third daughter of René de Chateaubriand, Comte de Combourg, and Dame Pauline Bédée de la Bouétar-

dais, was born in the town of Saint-Malo, in 1765. Both her parents were excellent Christians, but of very different characters. Monsieur de Chateaubriand was a gloomy, taciturn man, to outward appearances harsh and unsympathetic; while his wife at the beginning of her married life was full of energy, amiability, and wit. Clever and resourceful as she was, the lonely life she was forced to lead beside a man whose temperament was so strangely antagonistic to her own, little by little repressed the vivacity of her nature, so that by the time her youngest son, the famous writer, was born, she was a reserved and rather melancholy woman.

At the birth of her third daughter Julie, however, her really affectionate nature was as yet unchanged. Julie was from her birth a most fascinating and lovely little person; and although she was much petted by her mother, she was always sweet-tempered and obedient; virtues that are somewhat rare, as a rule, in very clever, precocious children. Her beauty and engaging manners were the delight of everyone who saw her; and it is not to be wondered at that Madame de Chateaubriand openly showed her predilection for her intelligent little daughter, and that she was never tired of hearing her praises sung.

Julie, from her babyhood, had always taken great delight in her religion; and at the age of eleven made her First Communion, being prepared for this great event of her life by a community of Ursuline nuns with whom she spent six months. The rest of her education was completed at home, where she remained until she was eighteen years old. At this time her beauty was really remarkable; this, combined with her brilliant wit and the cleverness of her conversation, soon attracted a host of admirers. She had a great gift for poetry, while her passion for reading

was freely indulged in. She had also a wonderfully quick and retentive memory.

Shortly after her eighteenth birthday, she married Monsieur Annibal Farcy de Montavalon, a captain in Condé's regiment, who admired not only the remarkable beauty and talent of his wife but her sweet and gentle disposition. After the wedding, which took place at the Château of Combours, the young couple went to live at Fougères, a small town in Brittany, where Julie's two elder sisters, Madame de Marigny and Madame de Québriac, were already settled. It was certainly not the most lively place for one accustomed to be looked upon as the embodiment of wit and *entrain*; and, as Julie heartily detested the country, she often made excuses to go to Paris.

On one occasion, after having been in indifferent health for some time, she made the excuse of being under a celebrated doctor, a pretext for staying several months there, and persuaded her sister Lucile to go with her. We get a glimpse of her from her brother's "Memoirs"; for Chateaubriand, happening to come to Paris about the same time, stayed with his sister, and he gives an account of her appearance and the life she led, in the following words:

"When I saw my sister Julie again in Paris, she was in all the pomp of worldliness; she appeared covered with those flowers, adorned with those necklaces, veiled in those scented fabrics which St. Clement forbade the early Christian ladies. St. Basil wishes the middle of the night to be for the solitary what the morning is for others, so that he may profit by the silence of nature. Midnight was the hour at which Julie went to parties, where her verses, which she recited with marvellous euphony, formed the principal attraction. Julie was incomparably more handsome than Lucile. She had soft blue eyes and

dark hair, which she wore plaited or in large waves. Her hands and arms, models of whiteness and shape, added, by their graceful movements, something yet more charming to her already charming figure. She was brilliant, lively; laughed much but without affectation, and when she was merry showed teeth like pearls."

At this period of her life, Julie thought of nothing but pleasure and enjoyment; and her influence over others was so great that they were easily led by her example into the indulgence of all sorts of frivolity and luxury. We have hardly any details of these first years of her married life; but we know that in the middle of the most fashionable and empty career she began to experience a feeling of dissatisfaction and ennui. At first she paid no attention to these feelings, but plunged deeper into gaiety and dissipation.

During these years she had not actually given up her religion, but she had neglected it; and when one day she was seized with a sudden illness, and endeavored to return to her early impressions of faith, she realized with horror that her mind, instead of being filled with sentiments of piety, was powerless to rest upon any subject but poetry; while her head was filled with nothing but romances and novels. She said to herself, in despair: "Perhaps I am going to appear before Almighty God very soon, and will have to render an account of my life. What shall I reply? *Je ne sais que des vers!*—"I know nothing but poetry!"' This thought struck her so forcibly, and the dissatisfied feelings she had before experienced increased to such an extent, that she very soon began to get more and more disgusted with the fashionable life she was leading.

Madame de Farcy had not one of those characters that recoil from difficulties: she had a noble and generous soul, and was determined that her

repentance should not be half-hearted. She gave herself up entirely to changing her life. Those who had the happiness of knowing her intimately were witnesses of the sacrifices she made, and of the graces and spiritual consolation sent her for her courageous self-immolation. After having accomplished certain painful and humiliating sacrifices, for which she felt beforehand an almost insurmountable repugnance, she found herself, much to her surprise, asking herself, at the time she performed them, why she did not feel the repugnance any longer.

Among the occupations that she had loved most passionately, were reading and writing poetry; she had devoted the greater part of her life to literary works, many of which showed signs of genius. She now began to have anxieties and scruples on this point,—scruples that can be understood only by those who know the attachment an author feels for his work when he is convinced of its real merit.

One day, when alone in the country—a prey to these haunting thoughts, and pursued by a secret uneasiness that she was endeavoring to stifle in her heart,—she was walking feverishly through the woods near her home, disputing with the grace working in her soul, and trying to defend her own position. She argued to herself: "Writing poetry is no crime. It attacks neither religion nor morals. I can write poetry and serve God at the same time."

Still, in spite of her reasoning, she found it impossible to secure peace of mind. She felt she could never be happy, and that something within her was urging her to sacrifice a taste which had governed her to such an extent that, to indulge in it, she had neglected everyone of her duties. After fighting with herself for three days, during which she passed through a state of most cruel agitation, she made up her mind to refuse nothing to God. She went home, and, taking all her

manuscripts and papers, threw them into the fire; not sparing even a certain work which was almost completed, and to which, she said, she clung with the most ridiculous conceit.

From this day until the end of her life, by quite a special grace bestowed upon her in return for her generous sacrifice, she never again, she declared, experienced for a single moment the desire of writing poetry. At the same time she denied herself almost entirely the pleasure of reading poems, and occupied herself for the future with those duties for which until then she had felt the greatest distaste; astonishing herself at being able almost to forget, as it were, the things which formerly she thought she could never live without.

There are one or two of her letters—written to friends whom she tried to influence before she made this last great sacrifice—which reveal the fact that, although she thought of very little else than poetry and worldly things, she had moments when the early teaching of her childhood was not quite forgotten. To a friend who found great difficulty in confession she wrote:

“When I prepare myself for confession, after having examined my conscience, I try to find a verse, or a few words in the Psalms or elsewhere, upon which I can meditate; or, if I do not find this, I spend the time before entering the confessional in begging Our Lord to make me really sorry for my sins. I repeat to myself over and over again: ‘O my God, touch my heart!’ After this I go directly to confession, and I feel that I am as well prepared as if I had *felt* my heart filled with the greatest sorrow. You think you are not really sorry for your sins because you do not *feel* a great sorrow. You want to shed tears, and experience a great feeling of grief; and then you think that your repentance is more real, and you feel much pleased with yourself; but perhaps God is not pleased.”

Later she wrote to the same person: “Like you, I could not make up my mind to go to Holy Communion after my general confession; it took me more than three days to decide, and then I approached the altar in tears, not of contrition but of fear. I felt in a dreadful state of mind, and the only thought that comforted me was that I was acting from obedience. Well, since that day I have received such wonderful graces that I am absolutely certain Almighty God has forgiven me.”

The regular and wise rule which Madame de Farcy drew up for herself, after making the sacrifices we have mentioned, was practised with severe exactitude; but, although she tried to encourage others to lead a more perfect life, she never advised, at first, anything more than what was useful or absolutely indispensable in order to avoid evil.

“Once,” says a friend of hers, “when I refused to lend a certain person some books, I remember feeling afraid of the raillery this refusal would be sure to bring upon me. But after Julie pointed out that I could not possibly allow others to read what I myself disapproved of, she told me that she also had been much blamed and annoyed by persons who had been accustomed to borrow all kinds of books from her library, and that she defended herself with only this reply: ‘*No, I will not lend my books any longer!*’ And she repeated these words over and over again, until at last her resolution became so well known that people despaired of ever making her change her mind.”

“There is nothing else to be done than to speak with firmness, in order to stop this sort of persecution,” said Madame de Farcy. “If you let your peace of mind rest on the opinion of others, you will never be happy. Everyone discussed me when I was in society; and, although I have left it, persons still concern themselves about me. You


will never be able to do good unless you know how to place yourself above what people say; besides this, you are creating phantoms to frighten yourself with. Perhaps people don't make such fun of you as you imagine. And even if they do treat you as a stupid, narrow-minded woman, what does it matter? Would you not be glad to suffer something for Almighty God and see yourself treated like the saints, who thought it an honor to suffer calumnies and reproaches for their Divine Lord?"

(To be continued.)

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXX.—MISS TABITHA HAS VISITORS.

 DURING those days of Leonora's absence at the convent, Miss Tabitha had visitors, the first of whom, it may as well be stated at once, was Jesse Craft. He had been prevented, the day previous, from calling upon his neighbor by the presence of Eben Knox; but he was bent on carrying out his purpose. It was the first manœuvre in his war upon "pizon snakes."

It was a bright, beautiful day for the season; and Miss Tabitha, arraying herself in her fur-lined mantle and bonnet with nodding plumes, went forth to take a stroll about the garden. Jesse Craft at once took advantage of this circumstance. Talking in the open air was much more in consonance with his ordinary habits than mounting the steps of the cottage and ringing at the door bell. He thrust his head through the gap between the sunflower stalks, standing in the frosty air, withered and as it were dismantled, bereft of their midsummer glory, yet forever associated with that romance of childhood which had culminated in the love affair now agitating all Millbrook.

"Good-day to you, Mistress Tabithy!"

said Jesse Craft. "This is bright sort of weather for the season, I reckon."

"Yes," answered Miss Tabitha, "it is bright."

She spoke in an abstracted fashion, as if she were scarcely heeding what had been said; and for the first time the old man noticed how much the spinster had aged. Despite the bravery of her bonnet, with its ribbons and feathers, she appeared almost decrepit.

"There's been an east wind of late," Craft remarked, "and I guess it's brought you a touch of rheumatics."

"You're altogether mistaken!" said Miss Tabitha, hastily. "I have never had rheumatics in my life."

"You're powerful lucky, ma'am," responded Jesse. "There's few reaches your age or mine without a touch of that complaint."

This mention of age was an offence which caused Miss Tabitha to forget for the moment all other grievances. She glared at her neighbor, elevating her nose, and tossing her head so that the feathers in her bonnet danced.

"I came to wait on you yesterday," the old man resumed; "but you were engaged."

"I had a visitor," Tabitha faltered, remembering that grim personage and his mission.

"So Mary Jane told me; and says I to myself, 'One's enough at a time.'"

Miss Tabitha made no response, and the old man continued:

"'Pears to me, Miss Tabithy, you're low-sperited these latter days; and it seems unnatural, too, jest when things is lookin' up for Miss Lenora. 'Tain't every girl could bring down sich big game first shot."

Miss Tabitha made a brave effort to assume her former lofty manner.

"Mr. Craft," she said, "you are talking in riddles."

"Riddles sich as most folks can guess. I reckon the whole of Millbrook's got the answer by this time. Miss Lenora

played for high stakes and won. Yes, siree, she's flattened out the whole of Thorneycroft, beaten them all hollow. It's jest this way, to my mind. The young man come home cocksure of himself. He walks down street to Rose Cottage, and he's struck all of a heap at sight of Lenora. He's a bright feller, son of a bright father, and he knows a good thing when he sees it."

Miss Tabitha no longer had the heart to resent her neighbor's reference to the Governor's "luminosity." She only gazed in a helpless, bewildered fashion at the garrulous old man.

"He see'd at a glance," continued Craft, "that girls like Lenora don't grow on every bush. I guess he was shot right through the heart that first day. But he didn't give in. He played round with his own feelin's, as you might see a boy play with a kite before he sends it up. I suspicion, anyhow, that he let the Britisher have his fling, seein' that he was first in the field, and badly hurt too. Once he was carried off the field, then the Governor's son went in to win."

While Jesse Craft thus sketched out, graphically, as he had seen it, that little drama of love and romance which had centred about Rose Cottage, Miss Tabitha still looked at him, painfully conscious of those darker elements of tragedy which had entered therein and formed a fateful background. The old man began to chuckle, as he resumed his reflections:

"After that the fun began. 'Twas as good as a play. Many a time I laughed, settin' on them steps of mine, when Lenora was talkin' to Bretherton in the garden. My eyes! how she sauced him once or twice out there! She didn't waste no powder of that kind on the other chap: she knew he'd blow himself up all in good time. That made me suspicion that Lenora was hit herself. Womenfolk don't commonly sauce a man unless there's something

to it; and it was natural, seein' that the Governor's son is as clean and well set up and handsome a young man as there is from here to Californy."

Hapless Aunt Tabitha was only too ready to agree with this statement. In her eyes there was no one to equal young Mr. Bretherton.

"He didn't mind her sauce any. He gave back honey for vinegar every time. He ain't bright for nothin'. I reckon he could wheedle most any woman, if he'd a mind to, with that tongue of his and that powerful winnin' way he's got."

"The Brethertons all have it," sighed Miss Tabitha,—“from father to son, in every generation. That's what I was afraid of from the first."

"Well, there ain't no harm done. Lenora played frost and snow; and, except for that night she threwed him the rose—nomination night it was—she didn't never encourage him, until the time of them picters up at the Manor. After that 'twas all up with them both. I says to myself: 'She can't ever play the freezin' game no more.' And as for the young man—well, he didn't make no bargain. 'Twas like General Grant's terms to the South—unconditional surrender. From that night on, I knew they were booked for each other in the log-book up yonder."

The old man's eyes sought the sky and there was no conscious irreverence in the familiar allusion. As Tabitha did not speak, he went on:

"A beautiful thing, too; though I recollect that, in the shortsighted way of human critters, I tried to warn Miss Lenora off, sayin' that a violet can't live the life of a hollyhock, and more of the same sort of tall speechifyin'. Lenora jest smiled when I said that—she's got the most tarnation fetchin' smile I ever seen on a human face,—and there was a deep down look in her eyes, as if she'd a heap of fine thoughts behind there. And my warnin' was

jest about as much heeded as the wind's whistlin'."

Tabitha was meanwhile absorbed in her own thoughts, which were certainly chaotic. At one moment she was elated by the picture, which the talkative old man conjured up, of Jim Bretherton at her niece's feet, and she had visions of a wedding which should electrify Millbrook and set Thorneycroft wild with envy. She seemed to see thereafter Leonora, the wife of one Bretherton, the daughter-in-law of another, the future mistress of the Manor, dispensing a gracious hospitality from her own house, — that handsome house, a few miles distant from Millbrook, which Jim Bretherton had inherited, with a splendid property, from his uncle.

The remembrance of this inheritance set Miss Tabitha shuddering again, as she remembered that it had come to its present owner from Reverdy the prodigal; and Reverdy had inherited it in turn from his cousin, Evrard Lennon. Oh, the pity of it all! Oh, the bitter crop which had resulted from those wild oats which Reverdy, handsome, gay and generous, had sown! Thorns and briars, which were proving sore to many feet, had indeed grown up from that evil sowing; while the wild, undisciplined, if kindly and generous, youth had merged, as is often the case, into the unprincipled, unscrupulous middle age of the dulled conscience and the callous heart. One thing, however, became clear to her bewildered mind — that this talk about her niece and the Governor's son must be stopped and at once.

"You are altogether mistaken, Mr. Craft," she said, when she realized that the old man had come to a stop. "Leonora can never marry young Mr. Bretherton."

"What will you bet?" cried Jesse Craft. "I'm willin' to put up my money instanter."

"I never bet," answered Miss Tabitha, aggrieved at the suggestion, and eyeing her neighbor coldly.

"'Tain't too late to begin," said Jesse Craft; "and I'll lay my bottom dollar that that young man takes Lenora for his wife within a twelve-month. And I ain't often mistaken in these matters, battered old hulk as you see me."

"I tell you," declared Tabitha, "that such a marriage is impossible. Apart from my niece's preference altogether, the young gentleman from the Manor must remember that he is a Bretherton, and marry accordingly."

"Fiddlesticks!" roared Jesse Craft. "A Bretherton is a man like another. He dies and is buried, which proves him common clay. He eats and he drinks, he loves and he marries; and if he don't marry the woman he wants to, he's a poor critter. What's the use of his wealth and his big house, if he's got to mate with a woman who has naught but cash down to recommend her? If a young feller's got to let a rare piece of chiny like Lenora slip through his hands because he's a Bretherton, then I say it would be a darned sight better for him if he'd been some other man that could marry as he likes."

In his angry vehemence, the old man snatched off his ancient "plug-hat," only to draw it viciously down upon his head again.

"Look at the Britisher!" he cried. "He don't care a continental about all that rubbish. He's man enough to choose his own goods; and if the Governor's son was the pesky sort of feller you try to make him out, why, he wouldn't be fit to blacken the other's shoes."

At this Miss Tabitha flared up indignantly, and burst into an angry vindication of her young idol, in whom just now she had centred all the traditions of the past. She concluded,

however, by declaring that her niece would never consent.

"Won't she, though?" retorted Craft. "Let me tell you, ma'am, that she ain't far from consentin' at the present moment. Mark my words, she's got a head on her shoulders, and she knows a good article when she sees one. She ain't goin' to let a sweetheart of that sort slip jest for beans."

"I think," said Tabitha, nervously, "that it is a great deal more likely Leonora will marry Mr. Knox."

"Marry Mr. Knox!" repeated the old man, thrusting aside the sunflower stalks with an energy which threatened to leave another gap in the prim row. "Marry a sarpent, if ever there was one that riz up on two legs! Marry a pizon snake out of the marshes! I'd a tarnation sight sooner see Lenora under the earth with the grass green above her head."

He stopped, thinking possibly of that other grave in the heart of the Green Mountains, whereof he had spoken to Lord Aylward.

"Mr. Knox," declared Miss Tabitha, sententiously, "could give her a comfortable home."

"The other could do as much, I reckon," sniffed the old man. "But where does the sarpent propose to locate a wife? Down thar?"—he motioned, as he spoke, with his thumb toward the mill-house.

"Not at all!" replied Miss Tabitha, swelling with importance. "He would permit my niece to choose her own dwelling, upon the Thorneycroft Road or elsewhere—in Boston, in New York, even in Europe."

"Is that so?" said Jesse Craft, ironically. "But wherever that house may be, it will have one pestiferous drawback. It will be inhabited by vermin, infested by a pizon snake."

"Your epithets are vulgar and most offensive," remonstrated Miss Tabitha.

"Be they? Well, if I was to let fly

and tell my innermost thoughts of that thar manager, they'd be vulgärer still, and don't you forget it!"

"My niece is poor," Miss Tabitha explained. "What I have dies with me. It is necessary that she should marry a man who is able to maintain her."

"I reckon the Governor's son can do that. She ain't likely to come to starvation in his company."

"I have told you," said Miss Tabitha, vehemently, "and I tell you again, that Leonora can never marry young Mr. Bretherton."

"If that be so—and, mind you, I'm far from believin' it,—what's the matter with the other chap? The Britisher's a man, every inch of him; and he's prepared to keep his wife, I calculate, in first-rate style."

"Lord Aylward is also out of the question," answered Miss Tabitha, not without a secret gratification at being enabled to dispose thus of a peer of the British realm. "My niece declined to receive his attentions, and the young gentleman very properly withdrew."

"He didn't withdraw very far, and I reckon Lenora could whistle him back mighty quick, if she had a mind to."

Miss Tabitha glared, speechless, at the intolerable vulgarity of the picture thus presented to her imagination.

"So don't you try, Miss Tabithy, for to work that racket. Don't you ever go for to force Lenora into marryin' the sarpent, whatever crotchet you've got into your head. If such a thing was to happen, Millbrook would drum him out of the town, or tar and feather him, sure as fate. Why, the mill itself wouldn't be safe."

The old man's words and the accompanying gestures were so emphatic that Tabitha was frightened. Millbrook's public sentiment, if once thoroughly roused, might have disagreeable results. It certainly would be most unpleasant to face, and the poor lady felt as if she were between two fires.

Jesse Craft observed the agitation, the fear, the helpless bewilderment in the spinster's face; and he added:

"Look here, Miss Tabithy! If Knox has been tryin' to bulldoze you, or to scare you in any way whatever, you jest let me know. I'm here, and there's one or two others along with me; and we'll make it tarnation hot for that thar serpent. I suspicion that he's got hold of some piece of information that's not for your welfare to be published."

The old man lowered his voice; and Miss Tabitha turned a shade paler.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "There is nothing in my life which I should wish to conceal."

This was undeniably true, so far as her own life was concerned; but it was most certainly an equivocation as regarded that secret history of another with which she had become involved, and which had, so to say, seared her conscience and her heart.

"Well," observed Jesse Craft, slowly, suffering his eyes to wander at will over the landscape—anywhere rather than at Miss Tabitha,—“in my experience of human nature, thar's many things in the lives of folks that don't bear publication. Sometimes thar's secrets where they seems quite unlikely to be. As often as not, they're terrifyin' mostly to the imagination. Now, if Knox has got hold of anything of the kind, jest you remember that you've got me and you've got the Britisher and you've got the Governor's son,—three men, I take it, that don't care a continental about his secrets. We can be trusted to keep secrets, and to make the serpent keep them too.”

Her neighbor's perspicacity and his near approach to the actual truth frightened Miss Tabitha more than anything that had yet been said, so that great drops of cold perspiration stood out upon her forehead. But she felt withal a grain of comfort in the

assurance of the support in an emergency of three such doughty champions. Unhappily, it was, as she believed, an emergency wherein they could not be of much use.

At that juncture the garden gate clicked, and, to Miss Tabitha's consternation, there stood Lord Aylward.

"Don't," she whispered, casting an imploring glance at Craft,—“don't say a word to him!”

"About the secret?" queried the old man, shrewdly.

"About anything."

"Well, I won't say a word instanter; but I may as well tell you that this here lord and I are engaged in a conspiracy—yes, ma'am, a bony-fidy conspiracy,—a war on pizon snakes."

So saying, he turned away, with a wave of his hand and a cheery greeting to Lord Aylward, who advanced to where Miss Tabitha stood.

The feathers in the old lady's bonnet shook, in her agitation; her hands trembled, her lips quivered. But she made a valiant effort to receive her guest with due ceremony, and to conceal her late emotion. She murmured that any friend of the Brethertons, and especially Lord Aylward, was always welcome at Rose Cottage. The young man was accustomed to her formal manner, and had a very friendly feeling toward the spinster.

It was not without emotion, indeed, that Lord Aylward found himself thus again in that little garden, and recalled the brief but delightful moments which he had spent in these calm and pastoral precincts. Tabitha inquired if he would prefer to go indoors. He negatived the proposal; but, at his suggestion, the spinster consented to take a chair upon the porch. The young man found her sadly altered since the afternoon when he had first seen her seated there in that selfsame spot, in the glory of her best taffeta gown and lace shawl.

An Important though Tardy Service.

IT was high time for some competent Catholic publicist to undertake a refutation of the intemperate assertions of the late Lord Acton, and to show that, with all his learning, he lacked the judicial quality so essential in the historian. His unworthy and unfounded accusation against St. Pius V.—that he commissioned an assassin to take the life of Queen Elizabeth—was indeed refuted a year or so ago by the Bishop of Limerick; but in the London *Tablet* of July 15 we find the first adequate notice, by a Catholic writer, of the “Cambridge Modern History,” of which Lord Acton was the originator, and with which the name of the distinguished professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, with all its authority, is forever associated.

The reviewer is the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J.; and it is to be hoped that he will not lay aside his pen until the last of the more striking examples of the extravagance of the Cambridge professor's anti-Roman bias has been dealt with. It will be easy to show—and this should have been done long ago, but better late than not at all—that Protestant as well as Catholic historians, not less learned if less renowned than the late Lord Acton, do not share many of the views which he propounded with so much confidence.

Three burning questions of history are touched upon in Father Thurston's article—Cardinal Wolsey's connection with the divorce of Henry VIII., the premeditation of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the connection of the Pope with the plots to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. In his introduction to the discussion of these topics, Father Thurston remarks:

When, on the appearance of each successive volume of the “Cambridge Modern History,” we hear regrets renewed that the accomplished

scholar with whom the scheme originated did not live to superintend its progress and contribute to its pages, a doubt may also arise whether the work under its founder's sole direction would have gained quite so much as is commonly supposed. There would have been more unity of purpose perhaps, but not necessarily a more truthful presentment of the entangled past. That judicial quality of mind which a period of religious strife imperatively postulates in its historian, does not seem to have been conspicuously possessed by the late Lord Acton.

Decidedly not. It is a fortunate circumstance that one question in which a Pope is intimately concerned was treated by Dr. Gairdner, though a Protestant, rather than by Lord Acton, whose anti-Roman bias is no less evident in published articles than in his letters to Miss Gladstone. If this great Englishman had what is called an open mind, evidence of the fact is not abundant. It would seem that he could never rid himself of the prejudices which he imbibed from Dr. Döllinger. The downward course of that unfortunate scholar—the beginning of his opposition to the Papacy—was in so small a thing, it is said, as Pius IX.'s refusal to grant him a dispensation from the obligation of reciting the Breviary. It was with something like sternness, we have been told, that the Pope said to him: ‘Your soul needs prayer more than the Church needs your services.’ It was an evil day for Lord Acton when he came under the influence of Dr. Döllinger.

In our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and still more how we withhold our admiration from great excellences because they are mingled with rough faults.—*Ruskin*.

THERE are few small things more exasperating than the early bird with the worm of conceit in his bill.

—*Aldrich*.

Notes and Remarks.

It may be a long time before peace is declared between Russia and Japan; indeed the energy with which both countries are prosecuting hostilities would seem to indicate that nothing save destruction is contemplated by either side. On the other hand, the presence in this country of Sergius Witte, who is spoken of as Russia's foremost diplomatist, and of Baron Komura, a trusted and influential statesman of Japan, and the further fact that both of these representatives speak admiringly, not only of the United States, which held out the olive branch, but of their foes, are in themselves an augury of peace, for the conclusion of which all who appreciate the horrors of war will offer earnest prayers. It should not be forgotten that in our day as well as in Biblical times "alarms of war" are warnings, and war itself the vengeance of God.

The published writings of Dr. Sterrett, professor of philosophy in The George Washington University, have won him a high place among Protestant scholars in this country. He ranks with men like Dr. Briggs and Dr. Starbuck; and, like them, he makes open profession of Christian doctrines which lesser lights among sectarian divines are wont to question or deny. There is much in Dr. Sterrett's latest book ("The Freedom of Authority: Essays in Apologetics") to which, as Dr. Fox—in a review of it contributed to the current *Catholic World*—remarks, Catholics must strongly demur; but on the shibboleth, "Back to the primitive Gospel," and on the question of the adjustment between science and religious idea, Dr. Sterrett writes like a Catholic apologist. Let us quote:

Vital, progressive, missionary, and educating Christianity always has had, and always must

have, a body. It must be an organized body, with polity, creed, and cult,—external, objective, secular, if you will, in form,—a kingdom of heaven *on earth*, not in heaven. It is not something invisible and merely heavenly. To fault ecclesiastical Christianity is to fault Christianity for living rather than for dying among men; for existing to preserve, maintain, and transmit the Gospel.... We can not return to primitive Christianity. We can not Judaize ourselves, put ourselves into the states of consciousness of the early disciples. For better or worse, our consciousness is that of the modern world, into which Greek and Roman and Germanic elements have entered.

There is no call for any age-long religion to abdicate its specific work at the bidding of the scientific culture of any age. She can stand boldly and firmly on the vantage-ground of centuries of beneficent results. Only so far as her interpretation of the religious life has become interwoven with views of a less adequate scientific description of the physical world, does she need to readjust herself to the new views; and then not hastily, nor until the new scientific view is firmly established.

In the case of a great many persons, acquaintance with Christianity begins at the sixteenth century; but Dr. Sterrett is too well informed not to know that the Catholic Church is the only "age-long" form of Christianity. Nor does one of his scholarship need to be told that the sound conservatism for which he contends is a characteristic of Catholic apologists the world over.

The current issue of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* contains a paper of exceptional interest, not only to priests and physicians whom it specifically concerns, but to the Catholic laity as well. It is an account of Father Ferreres' treatise on "The Symptoms of Death as a Condition for Administering the Last Sacraments." The *Review* prefaces the treatise, a translation of which it is publishing, with an introduction detailing its scope and conclusions. The most salient of these latter is that, for some time after the moment ordinarily held to be that of death, there is "latent life." We quote, "In cases of sudden death, the period of latent life probably continues *for some time*"

first symptoms of decomposition set in. It may be assumed that, in the case of those who die of a long sickness, there is a remnant of life after apparent death has set in: (a) for at least half an hour, and probably (b) for a considerably longer period." The practical consequences are obvious. In the first place, the Last Sacraments may and should be administered as long as there is a reasonable doubt, however slight, as to whether a person is alive or dead; and this doubt may exist even though the bystanders declare that the patient has been dead for half an hour. And, in the second place, prayers for the *dying* may and should be continued even when the last sigh has been heard or what was apparently the last breath has been noticed.

It will strengthen one's belief in Father Ferreres' conclusions to learn that the Medico-Pharmaceutical Society of SS. Cosmas and Damian, a learned Catholic body of Barcelona, after a full discussion of the subject, formulated this proposition: "It may be accepted as a general thesis that the death of a person does not occur at the instant judged, according to popular notions, to be the last, but some time after."

The death of the Most Reverend Th. Andrew Melizan, O. M. I., Archbishop of Colombo, has plunged the island of Ceylon into heartfelt mourning. Judging from the tributes of the secular press of Ceylon, the deceased prelate was a personality not less cordially admired and esteemed by his non-Catholic fellow-citizens than sincerely beloved by his own flock. A strenuous missionary priest from the age of twenty-four, he was consecrated bishop when only thirty-five, and for the past quarter of a century he expended himself in building up the ecclesiastical, educational and charitable institutions of Ceylon. Archbishop Melizan was the tenth of sixteen children born to a worthy French

couple of Marseilles. Three of his nine brothers entered, as he did, the religious priesthood. The whole life of this distinguished missionary was singularly beautiful and saintly; and his death was so far pathetic that it occurred at Toulouse, in his native France, instead of at Colombo, the "home" where he had hoped to pass away. Another valiant soldier of the Cross has graduated into the ranks of the Church Triumphant. *R. I. P.*

The only true learning, according to a modern essayist, is to know better that which we already know. No adult Catholic needs to be informed that he is under solemn obligation to avoid giving scandal; but a great many do not fully realize the extent of their influence for good. As the greatest stumbling-block to unbelievers is the bad example of those whose conduct is at variance with their creed, on the other hand the example of those who live up to their religion is its most striking recommendation and its most convincing defence. The editor of the *Northwest Review* expresses on this subject some excellent thoughts, which deserve to be quoted in full. He says:

Non-Catholics are sometimes sorely puzzled by the actions of some of their neighbors who profess to be Catholics. These non-Catholics may not be good-living people themselves, they may understand very little of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, but they know at least that Catholics are expected to lead good lives. The religion they profess requires this; and when a Catholic falls short of what even those who profess no religion attain, these latter are often shocked.

There is, of course, a vast difference between natural morality and the supernatural virtues that the Christian aims to practise. This does not mean that natural virtue is to be neglected, or that its importance is lessened by the fact that the Christian aims at something higher. The practice of the natural virtues is a part of the complete Christian life which all are bound to attain, as far as possible.

Our Catholic people too often forget that good may be accomplished by good example.

We speak not here of avoiding bad example. The Catholic who is unfaithful to the teaching of his religion, who publicly disregards his obligations as a Christian and as a citizen, is the greatest stumbling-block to those outside the Church. They point to him as a reason for their attitude toward the Church; and, though their reasoning is faulty, it is hard to give a satisfactory reply to it. One bad Catholic can do more harm than a dozen bad non-Catholics. They make no profession of being good: he professes a religion that requires virtue, and his example is the worst on that account.

But it is the ordinary Catholic who often fails to grasp the opportunities that are within his reach for doing good among his fellows. Perhaps he is not aware of his influence, and he thinks little of his power of good example over others. Yet it is by the little acts of everyday life that non-Catholics are impressed. The practice of virtue because it is required is, of course, of the first importance; but the setting of good example to others should not be forgotten.

The teachings of the Church may convince men who can be induced to consider them, but the Church to-day is largely judged by the lives of individual Catholics. Non-Catholics estimate her power for good by what she has been able to do with those who accept her teaching.

As an instance of how a categorical conclusion may be drawn from insufficient premises, it is worth while to quote, in juxtaposition, two news items clipped the other day from exchanges published as far apart as Paris and New York. Says the *Annales Catholiques*: "Pius X. has sent to the Czar an autograph letter, in which he expressed his great satisfaction at the invitation addressed by Nicholas II. to the Catholic bishops, requesting these prelates to formulate their wishes as to measures to be introduced in favor of the Church. His Holiness also thanked the Czar for the ukase according freedom of worship, and stated his hope that a new era of peace and tranquillity for the Church in Russia was about to open." To the partisans of Russia in the present war, that statement, taken by itself, would probably prove "confirmation strong as Holy Writ" of the belief that Pius X.'s sympathies are all on the

side of Russia. Yet an equally premature conclusion, in the directly opposite sense, might be deduced from this item in the *Literary Digest*: "Pope Pius X. has sent a personal letter to the Mikado of Japan, conveying the thanks of the Roman Church to Japan for the latter's attitude toward the Roman Catholic missionaries in Manchuria. The letter has reference to territory where, when Russia was in the ascendant, missionaries were made to feel acutely the opposition of the Greek Church."

The real fact is, of course, that the Sovereign Pontiff's attitude toward both Japan and Russia is that of a strict non-partisan, a friendly neutral who admires the good and condemns the bad on each side, and courteously and gratefully acknowledges the favors received from either power.

We have heard Catholic apologists of the public schools condemn the Catholic press for censuring the prevalence in those schools of pedagogical fads and the consequent neglect of educational fundamentals, while our own parochial schools are equally fond of the fads referred to. The points of these critics are not well taken. So long as Catholics are obliged to support the public school system, they have an indisputable right to protest against the waste of their money, whether or not their own children are directly affected. As for the statement that the purely ornamental is as common in parochial as in public schools, we believe it to be entirely unwarranted. The fads are to be condemned wherever they be found, whether in public grammar school, Brothers' academy, or Sisters' convent.

Writing of the celebrated African missionary and explorer, Mgr. Roy, who gave up his mission work in 1896 to become superior-general of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, Mr. V. Groffier observes: "The first time I

had the honor of meeting the eminent Bishop, his recent ascent of the African Himalayas naturally furnished the topic of conversation, and I of course expatiated on the prowess that would assuredly make him envied by all mountain climbers. 'But I intend,' he gravely assured me, 'to do better than that.'—'Really, Monseigneur, you desire to mount higher than five thousand metres [about 16,400 feet]?'—'Decidedly.'—'In a balloon, I presume?'—'No.'—'May I, without indiscretion, ask you where?'—'You may.'—'In Asia?'—'No.'—'In America?'—'No.'—'Well, then, *what* ascent do you purpose making, Monseigneur?'—'To heaven,' was the smiling reply."

Judging from the comments of the secular press all over the country, Charles J. Bonaparte appears to be measuring up to the standard of a thoroughly competent and very generally popular Secretary of War. While nothing calling for the exercise of especially statesmanlike qualities has yet occurred in his department during his brief sojourn in office, his public utterances on several topics give promise of a most satisfactory administration; and the manner in which he conducts the forthcoming investigation of the recent gunboat disaster on the Pacific coast will, we feel confident, confirm the common belief in his honesty, ability, and exceptional efficiency as a public servant. As a member of the Cabinet, Mr. Bonaparte is where we had long hoped to see him.

One of the most flourishing of the numerous outlying missions in the diocese of Fargo, North Dakota, is a settlement of German Russians, all devout Catholics, eighteen miles from Mandan. The earnest piety of these hardy pioneers, as well as the remarkable prosperity of their colony, is admired even by non-Catholics. The

newspaper published at Mandan, North Dakota, pays the following tribute:

One hundred and twenty teams by actual count, conveying on an average of five persons to each team, represents the attendance at church on Sunday last. This we are told is about the average weekly attendance, but on special occasions the attendance is much larger. We believe there is no other community in the State of North Dakota, of equal population, that can begin to show as good a church attendance. This may or may not explain the highly prosperous condition of the people of this neighborhood, but the fact stands out prominently that the people in this vicinity are more prosperous than most of the newly-settled portions of our State. They have been favored with rains when other sections suffered from drought; and when many places complained of too much rain, this neighborhood was blessed with about the correct amount. Further, this settlement has never had a crop failure since the first settlers located there; and from that day to this they have been a very consistent church-going people.

It will be seen that "about the correct amount of rain" is only one of many temporal blessings which these good settlers obtain through the intercession of St. Anthony, to whom their church is dedicated.

The late Mother-General of the Good Shepherd nuns had attained the venerable age of eighty-two years, nearly sixty of which were passed in religion. The development of the community under her wise and zealous administration was remarkable: it numbers at present upward of two hundred and fifty establishments in countries as far apart as India and Ireland. During her term of office, Mother Verger visited every one of these houses, leaving to each another memory like that of the holy foundress of the Order, the Venerable Mother Pelletier. A woman of extraordinary energy and administrative ability, Mother Verger was as much admired by seculars as she was venerated and beloved by her spiritual children. In the chapel of the mother-house in Angers, beside the tomb of Mother Pelletier, she awaits the resurrection of the just.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Legend of the Edelweiss.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

THERE came a friar to my cottage door,
And a tiny flower in his hand he bore;
It was plucked afar, from the snow and the ice,—
Men called it the beautiful edelweiss;
The purest blossom in all the land,
For it came straight down from Our Lady's hand.
Know you the legend? The words are sweet;
Listen, my children, while I repeat.
This is the story the good friar told,
As I drew him in from the wind and the cold.

Our Lady spins in the heart of the Sun:
White, white are the skeins that her hands have spun;

For her lambs are pastured in Paradise,
Their eyes like the stars of the edelweiss.
Her hands grew weary, her wheel fell fast,
And a bit of the wool through the ether passed.
And so I found in the snow and the ice
This dainty bloom of the edelweiss.
Fresh and fair from Our Lady's hand,
O snow-white bloom from the mystic land!

Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

V.—DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.



ISCONSOLATE Belle, her books open before her, gazed idly out of the window. The weather was warm, and she was wishing that she had prepared for the meeting in the cool morning hours, as Bessie and the boys had done. These early birds had caught the worm, in this instance represented by a long drive; and were now bowling along some pleasant country road, with probably not one compassionate thought for their unhappy sister.

"There! I'm not going to fuss over this history any longer!" she exclaimed. "I would rather do as I please than win fifty prizes, and I do wish that no one had ever heard of those old heroes."

"Hear! hear!" cried a deep voice from the doorway. "What a desperate damsel!"

"*Desperate* is just the word, Captain Morris. Won't you let me off with a description of the battle of Lepanto?"

"What! Not content even with despising my prizes and abusing my heroes? Oh, yes, I heard all you said just now! Well, being a generous old fellow, I'll grant your wish; though I shouldn't, for I have a piece of news to tell when the meeting is over that will make you smile."

"I knew you had another jolly plan. You always do such lovely things!"

So Belle set to work with a will; and before long the rest of the party returned.

"We're going to disturb the venerable ghost of Don John of Austria to-day, are we not?" asked Captain Morris.

"It's been haunting me ever since the last meeting," replied Frank. "I didn't have any peace until I finished my 'researches' this morning."

"After which it rattled its bones in my neighborhood," added Belle. "Really, we are a most afflicted family. But Captain Morris has some good news to tell us, so let us hurry Don John as much as possible."

"The greatest deed of that hero's life," said the Captain, "was the overthrow of the Turks at Lepanto; and as I have made special arrangements with a certain member of this party for a description of the famous battle, she may now begin."

The "certain member" beamed upon the company and began:

"The Turks, who for centuries had been the bitter enemy of Christendom, determined to gain the island of Cyprus, which belonged to Venice. The Christian powers just as firmly opposed them; and the Pope, St. Pius V., decided that the only chance of victory lay in forming a league. So Spain, Venice, and the Papal States combined forces and sent a fleet to the Mediterranean. The Pope placed Don John of Austria in command, presenting to him the expedition's banner which bore the figure of Our Lord, and extending his benediction to all the soldiers. At last they reached the Gulf of Lepanto; and, at a signal, the thousands of soldiers knelt to beg God's blessing. Suddenly a cannon was fired by the Turks. The Christians responded, and for nearly six hours the balls whizzed without a pause. The Turks had many advantages over the Christians in the number of ships and soldiers; and, besides, they were fighting in waters which they knew. So fierce was the bombarding from the Turkish fleet that some of the men on Don John's ship grew fearful. He, however, rushed on deck with a crucifix, and, pointing to the figure of Christ, said: 'Conquer His enemy! For His sake keep to your posts!' Again they showed fear; and Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote,' who was wounded in this battle, wanted to throw them overboard; but Don John stimulated their courage by promising rewards and complete freedom to the galley slaves, if they won the battle. When the day was over, victory in the greatest naval conflict of the century belonged to the Christians.

"At the very moment the Turks surrendered, the Pope, away off in his palace in Rome, amazed his secretaries by crying out to them: 'Let us give thanks to God! Our army is victorious!'

There was wild rejoicing throughout the Christian world; and, as a perpetual thanksgiving, the Holy Father established the feast of the Holy Rosary, and added a new invocation to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin: 'Help of Christians, pray for us!'"

"Now, Frank," said the Captain, "see if you can imitate your sister's brilliant recital in telling us of the revolt of the Netherlands."

"Don John," began Frank, with unwonted vivacity, "was the brother of Philip II. of Spain, whose last words were that he wished he had been a lay-brother, devoted to God in some religious Order, rather than ruler of the most splendid empire in the world. Through life this King was always devoted to the interests of the Catholic religion."

"He reigned during a very trying time," observed the Captain; "and we must remember when reading of those days that whatever were Philip's faults, his principles were right. It was his duty, as a Catholic sovereign who loved the ancient Faith founded by Jesus Christ, to do all in his power to prevent the false creed of Luther and his followers from making inroads into his dominions. The heresies did find adherents in the Netherlands—a portion of Philip's vast possessions,—and he found it harder to reduce the inhabitants to submission than had his father, the Emperor Charles V.; for Philip's manners were not affable. The Dutch were different in every way from the Spanish, and began to clamor for a stadtholder, or governor, chosen from among themselves. But here, Frank, you were to tell us all this."

"It's much easier to listen, thank you!" replied that indolent lad; but he was compelled to take his turn.

"Margaret of Parma, Philip's sister, finally received the office," he said; "but she was not equal to it, for the country was in a state of turmoil. The Protestants increased in numbers

and openly insulted the Catholics. A band of heretics, known as the 'Wild Beggars' destroyed the statues and sacred vessels in all the churches and convents. At Antwerp, two days after the celebration of the feast of the Assumption, a furious mob desecrated the magnificent cathedral, and then passed on to murder the priests and nuns in the towns near by. The 'Sea Beggars' were another division of these rioters who plundered the churches in the coast towns. Their banner bore the words, 'Sooner Turkish than Popish.' The Duchess of Parma was unable to resist them, so she resigned her office."

"Who succeeded her, Bessie?" asked Captain Morris.

"Requesens, a famous soldier and statesman. He won the people's confidence, and was very successful in governing them. The Southern Dutch in large numbers returned to the Catholic Faith, and heresy was confined to Holland and the surrounding provinces. But in the midst of his power, Requesens died."

"He was another Catholic hero," said the Captain. "And we should also mention the son of Margaret of Parma, Alexander Farnese, a school-mate of Don John. He was one of the best generals of his time, and a brave champion of Catholic rights."

"After the death of Requesens," continued Bessie, "the regiment with which he had garrisoned the Netherlands revolted. Only Requesens' wonderful command had kept them in order; and now that he was gone they rebelled, for Philip had no money to pay them. This mutiny is known as the 'Spanish Fury.' While this was going on, and the King was choosing a new stadtholder, the Protestant states drew up the Pacification of Ghent, which united the Netherlands against Spanish power. But the Catholics in the south refused to join, because the Prince of Orange, leader of the Protestants, had openly

given up his Faith. Come, George, it's time for you to say something!"

"Well, it seems that Philip selected as governor Don John, who travelled to his post through France disguised as a Moorish slave. His new subjects received him kindly, but soon turned against him when he wouldn't agree to accept the Ghent treaty, which favored the spread of heresy. The question was finally decided in the battle of Gembloux, in which Alexander Farnese and his troops helped Don John to gain a victory. But even this triumph didn't promise any further success; and soon afterward the hero, ill and disheartened, died. Alexander Farnese succeeded to his office."

As George ceased speaking, Bessie and Belle were discovered with their books put away, impatient to hear the secret.

"It may not please you at all," said the Captain.

"Oh, it will!" sang a chorus.

"Well, then, one of my friends has offered me the use of his house boat for the summer, and I hereby dedicate it to the Studious Four for a clubhouse."

Don John's valiant deeds immediately subsided into the past, and four enthusiastic souls began to live in the future, beholding with enraptured eyes delightful visions of their own happy selves floating over bright, rippling waters beneath summer skies.

Ancient Glass.

It used to be a modern boast that the ancients had nothing deserving the name of glass; that any substances at all resembling it were mere clumsy substitutes therefor. In Pompeii, however, buried by the ashes of Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago, excavators broke into a room full of glass. There was ground-glass, window-glass, cut-glass, and colored glass of every variety. So the boast proved untrue,

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XV.—A HALTING PLACE.

When Louis and Rose first caught sight of the high peaks of San Jacinto, their train was winding like a serpent through the Colorado desert. Yucca, Spanish bayonets, and century plants, set on the edge of this arid land, appeared to rise, with all kinds of cacti, from the heat, which was so palpable that it seemed like a smoke ascending from the hot, white earth. And then, the desert passed, the pungent scent of sagebrush still in their nostrils, they began to come upon little patches of vivid green, garden spots, flowery places, cottages half hidden by vines, which told them they were once more nearing the haunts of civilization.

And still the peaks of San Jacinto kept guard over all, with the dark tamarack forests on their sides looking so gloomy, so mysterious; yet so cool, so inviting. Here also were pines from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, and branching almost from the ground. This is the home of the coulter pine, which bears the largest cones in the world, weighing sometimes ten or twelve pounds. Here, too, are giant oaks. But, at the great distance which intervened, the different species of trees seemed all alike, save for a slight difference in coloring; and in the rose of the evening sunset, they looked incomparably lovely.

Steffan had been gleaning all the information he could from the conductor. The news he received, however, was not encouraging. Strenuous laws had recently been enacted by the State Legislature regarding tramps and vagabonds, said the conductor, with a glance at the travel-stained trio; they were likely to be arrested, not only in Cecilia, the first town ahead of

them, but also in the adjacent towns.

"But we are neither tramps nor vagabonds," protested Steffan. "We earn our living in a decent, legitimate way, and should not be prevented from doing so. I call it rank tyranny."

"It may be that," rejoined the conductor, again glancing compassionately at the sad-eyed children at the other end of the car. "But it seems to me it is rather tyrannical and unjust to a couple of kids like those over yonder, to drag them round from place to place as you are doing."

"I can do what I please with my own,"—said Steffan, angrily.

"I don't know about that," was the response. "Not if you don't do what's right, Mister, whether they are yours or not."

"I'd like to get down into Mexico; that's my objective point," continued Steffan. "I'm told there's a harvest to be gathered there."

"That country is full of musicians already," said the conductor. "You may, however, be able to give them something different from their own. Why don't you try to fall in with some travelling troupe? You ought to be able without any trouble, if your children are as bright as you say."

"That's what I want to do," replied Steffan, eagerly. "Think I'll have a chance hereabouts?"

"Don't know," said the conductor, laconically. "Want to try your luck at Cecilia? We'll be there in half an hour."

"Guess I will," said Steffan; and he stepped forward to tell the children to be ready.

As the Overland steamed out of Cecilia, leaving them on the platform, Steffan, said:

"Look here, kids. Don't speak any English from this time on. It pays better when folks think we're foreigners just come over. They like curiosities. Go in and sit down in the station while I look round."

They obeyed listlessly.

Steffan was not gone long.

"I've rented a tent," he said when he returned. "It's cheaper. I guess we'll just have to go up and down the streets here, playing and singing. I don't know but what that will be the best way to do, till we get to Mexico."

"Are we going to Mexico?" asked Louis, in surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Steffan, couldn't we stay in the United States?" said Louis. "I am sure we shall never find Florian in Mexico."

"Florian be hanged!" cried Steffan, angrily. "Like as not, the fellow is dead long ago. You'll never find him in this world. Better make up your minds to be as bright and cheerful as you can; and when we get to Mexico we can join some troupe and make lots of money. They don't know anything about Hungarian music down there, and they'll like it. We've *got* to do something to get us out of this hard luck."

"But," pleaded Louis, "we have made a good deal of money, haven't we? Where does it all go to?"

It was the truth. They *had* taken in a considerable amount of money since the day they left home. They had been badly housed and fed, their clothes were becoming ragged, yet there seemed to be no money.

Louis was not aware that Steffan was a gambler, staking every cent he could appropriate on chances that were nearly always against him. And if he occasionally won, he would risk his games over and over, always losing in the end. But this took place in the midnight hours, after the children had gone to rest.

"Where does it all go to?" answered Steffan. "I call that rich,—a few dimes and nickels the days we perform, to keep three persons! And the days we're travelling from one place to another, when we're not earning anything? I

suppose you've forgotten all about them. If I wasn't chained down by you two kids, I could get a good berth in a band any day of my life."

Then up spoke little Rose.

"Oh, do take it then, Mr. Steffan!" she said. "Take it, and let us go. We can go back,—can't we, Louis?"

"Not if I know it," interposed Steffan before Louis had time to reply. "You won't catch me deserting you kids. First thing you know, if I did, you'd be put in the orphan asylum or reform school. No, kids. Soon as we earn enough to send you both back decently, with twenty-two dollars to spare, as you had when we started, I'll be willing to send you back, but not before."

The threat of orphan asylum or reform school was enough to quiet Rose. Louis thought it likely that if he complained to the authorities, they would release them from the power of Steffan; and he would have taken steps to do this if it had not been for the hope of finding his brother,—a hope he could not abandon.

He had long had a picture in his mind of what would take place. A public square, perhaps a fountain—though they had not seen either since they left home,—a crowd gathered about listening to the music, and then suddenly a man stepping forward from the throng—Florian, his beloved brother! He never doubted that he would recognize him at once. Those features were imprinted on his memory,—he could never forget them. This hope it was that kept him alive.

"Come on," said Steffan, shouldering his own luggage, and leaving the children to carry theirs as best they could.

The tent was not far away, on the outskirts of the little town. It had been occupied by the men of a construction camp, who expected to return to it in a few days. It was comfortable and clean, with appliances for cooking; and the children were pleased to find such

a refuge. Steffan, who still had some money, went over to the grocery and got materials for a meal. There was a mattress on the floor of the tent, and two cots besides.

"Get a bit of a nap," he said; "and I'll take a few winks myself."

But the children found it too hot to sleep, as the sun beat down fiercely on the tent. Attiring themselves in their Hungarian costumes, they went and sat under a tree. When Steffan came out, also in costume, they all set forth.

They were soon in the heart of the small town, prettily surrounded by flourishing gardens and small lemon groves. The little children, daintily dressed in afternoon garb, followed them up and down the street; while their mothers came to the doors with small coin, which they graciously deposited in Louis' cap.

When the trio had exhausted the residence portion of the town, they sought the shop district, comprising only a couple of blocks. Here they received an ovation; but as they were about to enter a confectionery, where some ladies were seated taking ice-cream, a policeman laid his hand on Steffan's shoulder.

"See here, fellow," he said, not unkindly, "you'll have to get out of here, or find some other way of making a living. There's a law in Cecilia against people of your kind. I'll give you till the next train to make tracks for some other place; though I don't think you'll find a town in this part of the State where they'll allow you to stay."

"It's a shame!" answered Steffan. "A man's got to live; and, if he isn't a thief, he ought to be allowed to live the best way he can,—the only way he knows."

"Maybe so," said the policeman. "But that's how we have it here, and you've got to obey the law. Why don't you hire the hall, if you want to give an entertainment?"

"It doesn't pay to do that," said Steffan. "Come, kids: we'll be moving. What time does the next train pass?"

"The Overland?"

"Anything that will take us nearer Mexico."

"You mean Lower California. You'll have to go way round and have a lot of chink to reach Mexico proper."

"Yes, I guess that is what I mean," rejoined Steffan, who was totally ignorant of the geographical lines in that part of the country. "I want to get under the jurisdiction of Mexico."

"You do? Very well. You take the Overland, then. That will land you in Los Angeles; and from there you can go down to San Diego, and you'll have just seventeen miles more to travel until you reach the boundary."

"Hard lines!" said Steffan, motioning the children to follow him.

Turning again to the policeman, he asked:

"When can we get the train?"

"Not before to-morrow morning."

"All right! We'll have to wait, I suppose," answered Steffan. "It's too bad a poor man can't be allowed to make an honest living," he grumbled, as once more, with the children, he sought the shelter of the tent.

(To be continued.)

Expensive Poetry.

Poetry has not generally a very great market value, but the Venetians paid for the following lines, written by Marco San Nazaro and translated by John Evedyn, the sum of six thousand golden crowns, because of their eulogizing the Queen City of the Adriatic:

Neptune saw Venice in the Adria stand
Firm as a rock and all the sea command.
"Think'st thou, O Jove," said he, "Rome's walls
exceed?
Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tiber best, view both, and you will say,
That men did those, gods these foundations lay."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Under the heading "A Great Iniquity," Count Tolstoi contributes to the London *Times* a lengthy article on the Land Question. He declares that Henry George was right, and predicts that the Russian people will yet abolish landed property.

—Biographies of Cardinals Newman, Manning and Vaughan are announced by the English press as in course of preparation, though the Life most eagerly expected may not appear for two or three years. It will be from the pen of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the biographer of Wiseman. Father William H. Kent, of the Oblates of St. Charles, is writing the new authorized Life of Manning, which is promised for the end of the year. It will be followed by the Life of Vaughan, the author of which is not named.

—The action of the Sovereign Pontiff in conferring the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology on the Rev. Herman J. Heuser, professor in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., and editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* and the *Dolphin*, will be hailed by the entire priesthood of the United States with genuine satisfaction. Few honorary distinctions nowadays are so thoroughly merited as that which has come to the scholarly, versatile and indefatigable teacher and writer, whom innumerable friends had already styled "Doctor" Heuser.

—The honor of a seat in the Académie Française has been awarded to M. Étienne Larny, widely known as a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and at present editor of *Le Correspondant*, the organ of what is known as the progressive Catholic party in France. For many years past he has been a valiant defender of the rights of the Church against political opponents, meriting to be called "the lay Nuncio" on account of being a *persona grata* to the Vatican during the last years of Leo XIII. M. Larny fills the vacancy created by Guillaume, the sculptor's, death.

—A sentence worth quoting, indeed worthy of being written in letters of gold for lasting remembrance, occurs in the concluding paragraph of an extended book notice appearing in the London *Tablet* for July 22. After bestowing generous praise on a posthumous volume of privately printed memoirs by James George Edwards, M. A., formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford, the reviewer remarks: "There is much in this remarkable work with which a Catholic reader can not agree. The author was not in a position to understand and appreciate Catholic doctrines and practices. . . . At the same time, his language

elsewhere . . . makes it clear that his mistakes are not the result of narrow Protestant prejudice. *The false sentence is not due to any injustice in the judge, but to the want of satisfactory evidence.*" We have no fondness for italics, but here the use of them is demanded.

—The approaching seventh centenary of the "conversion" of St. Francis of Assisi gives the attribute of timeliness to a brochure by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.,—"The Teaching of St. Francis of Assisi and its Latest Interpreters." Containing the substance of two lectures recently delivered before the Catholic Summer School, the pamphlet is a distinctly interesting commentary on the increasing volume of Franciscan literature.

—"The Pioneer Forecasters of Hurricanes," by the Rev. Walter M. Drum, S. J., is an informative pamphlet, in which tardy justice is meted out to the Jesuit Fathers of the observatory of Belén, in Havana. When the United States Weather Bureau, shortly after the Spanish-American war, established a branch office in Havana, the omniscient American reporter indulged as usual in derogatory comments on the meteorological methods previously obtaining in the city. The present publication triumphantly demonstrates that the critic "excogitated his facts," as often happens.

—St. Paschal Baylon has justly been called "the Saint of the Eucharist." Pope Leo XIII. in his Apostolic Letter, *Providentissimus Deus*, declared and constituted him "the special heavenly protector of all Eucharistic congresses and societies." We cordially welcome an English Life of this Saint (adapted from the French of the Very Rev. Father Louis-Antoine de Porrentruy), by Father Oswald Staniforth, O. M. Cap. The little book is interesting from cover to cover. It will undoubtedly increase the fire of Eucharistic love in faithful hearts, and quicken the dying embers in such as are lukewarm.

—In connection with a short biographical sketch (begun in our pages this week) of Chateaubriand's favorite sister, a reproachful letter from whom, written after the death of their mother, led to his conversion, the following estimate of the author of the "Genius of Christianity," by Dr. William Barry, will be read with interest. It occurs in an article, based upon Mr. George Saintsbury's "History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe," contributed to the *Quarterly Review*:

To Chateaubriand our Professor is absolutely just—an achievement far from easy when we reflect on M. le Vicomte's "pose" in front of his looking-glass and think of him as the French Byron. He was, however, great in

his day; and is greater in ours, if we measure him by the influence he has exerted on style, criticism, and even religion; for he struck all these chords to effect, as a virtuoso indeed, theatrically; yet we never know when the spirit will not seize and ravish him out of affectation into the third heaven. Dislike the man as we may, his "Génie du Christianisme" was on us by its recognition of history; by the range and depth of insight which vindicate, not so much the Middle Age, as Milton and all romance, from Neo-Classic prejudice; and by its new language, instinct with life, colored, sonorous, melancholy, the finest rhetoric since Bossuet, in a key more modern. "Les Martyrs" and the rest are steeped in literary hues, but Nature is always striking in to remind us of the unfeignable deeps, the infinite horizons, until we learn that books are but pages in its all-encompassing volume. The artificial in trappings and gesture remains; it is no longer the whole. If ever the "grand style," which Matthew Arnold found so seldom, went with judgment of writings and of literary ideas, it did so in the magnificent bravuras of this Breton Catholic. To all succeeding Romantics he is ancestor; his rhythms are echoed in George Sand, Gautier, and above all in Flaubert. His flag was carried into battle by Victor Hugo. So late as 1865 his not too friendly critic, Sainte-Beuve, declared that he "was greater than any man of our age," but that it was an age of decadence. "An Epicurean," he defined him to be, "enhanced by the notion of honor, plumed with imagination." So we may leave him, with "René" and "Atala" to serve as models which, by their very form, were destructive of Neo-Classic pedantry.

Admirers of Chateaubriand's masterpiece will be gratified to know that by authorities like Dr. Barry and Mr. Saintsbury the Breton author is placed among the leading lights of literature.

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 Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.
- "The Cenacle." 54 cts.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.
- "Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sadlier. \$1, net.
- "Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.
- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.
- "A Story of Fifty Years." \$1, net.
- "The Ridingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.

- "The House of Cards." John Heigh. \$1.50.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Mulcahy. \$1, net.
- "Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.
- "The Transplanting of Tessie." Mary T. Waggonman. 60 cts.
- "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.
- "The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. 50 cts.
- "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.
- "The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.
- "The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.
- "The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.
- "Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.
- "Beyond Chance or Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. \$1.50.
- "Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.
- "The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Burns, of the diocese of Sacramento; and Rev. William Ollmert, C. S. C.

Brother Nicholas, of the Christian Brothers.

Sister M. Cecilia, of the Order of St. Dominic; Sister M. Rose (Crowley), Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Teresa, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Charles, Sisters of the Incarnate Word; and Sister Leonie, Congregation of the Holy Ghost.

Mr. William Glass, of Sedalia, Mo.; Mr. J. W. Orme and Mr. Thomas Smith, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Richard Gleeson, Galena, Ill.; Mrs. P. M. Groome, Montreal, Canada; Mr. George Atherton, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Katherine Eichenlaub, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mrs. John Larken, N. Adams, Mass.; Mr. Michael Phelan, W. Becket, Mass.; Mrs. Anna Gilchrist, New York; Mr. Alfonse Schmitt, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. C. W. Sullivan, Torrington, Conn.; and Mr. J. B. Emery, Boston, Mass.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 19, 1905.

NO. 8.

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

Remember, Mother!

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

I.

REMEMBER, remember, O Virgin Mary!
That never in vain did the wanderer seek
Thy strength and comfort and holy guidance
When tempest-worn and spent and weak;
That never ascended the wail of anguish,
Commingled with sorrow's despairing moan,
From the noisome earth, through the clouds of
darkness,
Without finding balm at thy radiant throne.

II.

Remember, remember, O Virgin Mary!
And list to a voice that is weak and faint:
I have strayed far out on the sinful ocean
With its waves of passion beyond restraint;
And now, with a heart that is robed in anguish,
O Mother of Pity, to thee I come!
My eyes are dim with their ceaseless weeping,
My feet are weary, my hands are numb.

III.

Remember, remember, O Virgin Mary!
Through the deepening shadows I send my
plea:
Guide of the Wanderer, Hope of the Mourning,
Pray to the Child of thy heart for me,
That His tender grace may calm the waters
And pierce the gloom of the gathering night,
And lead me back to that Port of Beauty
Where His mercy shines with a fadeless light.

WHAT shall bring you forward in
the narrow way, if you live in the
world, but the thought and patronage
of Mary? What shall seal your senses,
what shall tranquillize your heart,
when sights and sounds of danger are
around you, but Mary?—*Newman.*

Julie de Chateaubriand.

(*Madame de Farcy de Montavalon.*)

BY LUCIE MORTON.

II.

AS we have seen, it was not with-
out much noble self-sacrifice
on her part that Madame
de Farcy arrived at the con-
quest of herself; and it is useful to
observe how circumstances, apparently
unimportant in themselves, contributed
to strengthen her faith, and at the
same time to lead her upward to
higher paths of holiness. "After I had
determined to lead a better life," she
narrates, "I was often very much per-
turbed over choosing my ribbons; first
wanting to mortify myself and wear
blue, and then, not having the courage
to deny myself, taking the pink one,
which suited me so much better." After
suffering many scruples on account of
what she called her terrible vanity, she
at last mentioned it to her confessor,
who at once forbade her to vex herself
over such trifles.

No sooner, indeed, had Julie begun to
experience the sweetness of her close
union with God, than she gave herself
up, with the full consent of her director,
to the practice of the most complete
self-sacrifice, and did all in her power
to show her friends the wisdom of her
choice. Very soon no one would have
recognized the elegant society lady
of former years. Dressed in a plain
black or brown dress of some woollen

material, over which she wore in winter a cape of shabby fur, and in summer a plain little one of black silk, such as was then generally worn by maid-servants; her boots cheap and clumsy; her beautiful hair dressed, not untidily, but in a style that showed her utter disregard for her own personal appearance,—this brilliant woman, so admired in the past for her exquisite taste in dress, expiated at the age of thirty the luxury and fastidious over-refinement of her life at twenty.

By the constant and painful fasts and mortifications she practised, she reduced herself to a state of extreme emaciation; but she could never destroy the charm of her personality or the sweetness and fascination of her smile. To her friends it seemed that, as her features became more and more sharpened, her beauty was only increased by her spiritual happiness.

She had a wonderful control over her affections, but toward her parents and relatives she was always the same joyous, unselfish creature. Her parents idolized her, and could hardly bear her to be separated from them. At home she wore the same old clothes, and practised, in spite of their tearful remonstrances, the same mortifications. Her wonderful gift of eloquence, and her fresh and sparkling wit were a source of never-failing delight and amusement to them. Qualities apparently contradictory were found in her character. She was frank and at the same time prudent; reserved yet ostensibly as open as the day; and she combined the most solid common-sense with an imagination extraordinarily vivid and poetic.

During the early part of her married life, when she was entirely taken up with her taste for literature, she had seemed always perfectly devoid of any business capacity; and nothing was more astonishing than the rare insight she showed, after her conversion, into

the most complicated matters of law and property. A certain lawyer, indeed, at that time one of the leading jurists of France, expressed his admiration for her powers in no measured terms.

She had placed herself under the spiritual direction of the Abbé Le Forestier, who later on, during the Revolution, was known as the "Father of the Fatherless." In order to sustain her fervor, perhaps indeed to moderate it, he put her successively under the care of two good and holy nuns, to whom she confided all her aspirations, and under whom she set herself pitilessly to renounce all that she felt was in any way keeping her back from greater union with Almighty God. She repeated constantly to them: *Il faut que je m'ôteigne*,—"I must extinguish myself."

Strange as it may seem, instead of repelling others by her austere and penitential life, she began to exercise an enormous influence over everyone she met. What extraordinary changes she was able to bring about in the hearts of others! Those whose natures were most selfish, most narrow, most egoistical, seemed to melt in spite of themselves, and to find that they were being irresistibly led toward a higher life. Julie admitted no obstacle in her endeavors to help others; the fascination of her character, the fire and poetry of her mind, the warmth of her feelings, and the tender seduction of her words, were all employed in the sole aim of gaining souls to God. What did it matter whether the persons were stupid, unattractive or vulgar? It only made her more anxious to help them.

Madame de Farey had been married in 1783, so that the years of public peace had been short. Now the country was full of disquieting rumors; and the civil disturbances which were so constantly taking place foretold, one after another, the terrible upheaval

that unhappy France was about to undergo.

Julie's early married life had been most happy; and if, even between the best and dearest of friends, characters and tastes are not always similar, Monsieur de Farcy never lost his admiration and respect for his charming and gifted wife. Their union had been blessed by the birth of a daughter, of whom we shall have occasion to speak later on.

When the Revolution broke out, Monsieur de Farcy was obliged to fly from France, on account of the part he had taken for the King and the Church; and while separated from her husband, Julie used to reproach herself, as though they were sins, with some very small faults that she had been careless in correcting. In order to atone for what she called her "wickedness," she occupied herself unceasingly in accelerating his return. "He will be surprised to find an obedient wife when he comes back to me," she used humbly to say to those who might have known what she unjustly called her caprices.

After the land and furniture belonging to her husband were sold, she left Fougères and settled at Rennes, in order that her daughter might receive a good education. At Rennes she visited every day an old relative of her husband's, who was dying of a particularly horrible form of cancer; and she was able to do much toward alleviating the patient's sufferings.

It is not without some hesitation that we reveal a part of her life, hidden always from the world, and more to be admired than imitated; though she persisted in practising it in spite of the tearful entreaties and remonstrances of her parents and her friends.

She waged a continual war against herself, treating her body with the greatest austerity, without regard to her failing health. Frequently, during the most bitterly cold nights in winter,

she lay upon the ground, clad only in a hair-shirt. She fasted all the year round, measuring carefully the small amount of black bread and water she allowed herself daily. Many times no food passed her lips until late in the afternoon, and then she always chose the coarsest and that for which she felt a distaste. Thinly clad, sleeping on a hard bed, without curtains, and in a draughty attic, she labored unceasingly to mortify herself in every way possible. She curtailed the flight of her imagination; and, as a friend afterward expressed it, "she tried to make her outward appearance unattractive, with as much art as a fashionable beauty employs to adorn herself."

This unusual and extreme penitential spirit is by no means to be copied; for these extraordinary means to acquire holiness suit very few Christians. And yet how many among the few go astray, and take for the voice of Almighty God that which is nothing but illusion and the fruit of an excited and overheated imagination! Such holy and admirable severities of penance are consecrated (let us boldly admit, in spite of the ridicule of a century corrupted with atheism and vice) by the approval of the Church in all ages; but woe to those who, even in the practice of pious exercises, and in the light, apparently, of the noblest motives, let themselves be governed entirely by their own self-will!

Madame de Farcy communicated every day; and after the hours she employed in supervising the education of her daughter, divided the rest of her time between prayer and good works. She let no day pass without visiting and relieving the poor and suffering. She deprived herself of even the necessities of life for the benefit of the indigent; often giving away the morsel of bread she usually allowed herself, or sharing with the poor the fuel she ought to have burned in her own

room. She even carried it to them with her own hands.

Every Sunday she was accompanied by her daughter when she went to visit the sick, to whom she read some spiritual book, afterward explaining its meaning. She then inquired into, and took the liveliest interests in, all their joys and sorrows. She obtained occupation for those who were strong enough to work, nursed others, and helped in countless practical ways those who were too weak or ill to do anything for themselves.

"One day," her daughter Zoë relates, "mamma told me that we were going to see one of our relatives, who had once been very well off but who was now in a state of great destitution. My curiosity was aroused by this news, and I found the walk very long. When I saw the ladder up which we had to scramble in order to reach the wretched abode where this woman lived, I was almost in tears over the misery that some human beings have to endure. I was also wondering, as we approached the door, whether I must call the lady 'aunt' or 'cousin,' when, to my consternation, a woman covered with filthy rags, and with a low and cunning face, and a manner and tone of voice most offensive, got up and came toward us. Her appearance struck me dumb and everything about her made me shudder. Such was my curiosity, however, that I watched her very narrowly all the time she was speaking, to see if I could discover, by any chance, some trace or indication of good-breeding either in her features or deportment. At the end of half an hour I had still discovered none, and when we rose to leave I was quite vexed.

"The first question that I asked my mother, when we were out into the street again, was the name of this strange relative of ours, and to which side of the family she belonged. 'My

child,' she replied, 'that poor woman is, like us, a daughter of Adam and Eve, and we have fallen like her.' Never before had my pride received such a lesson."

Madame de Farcy, although possessing so sweet a disposition, was not always able to hide her irritation when she was interrupted in her prayers. "I, who loved receiving visitors," said her daughter, "was often afraid that they would be offended with her, and one day I remarked very crossly that I thought politeness was a part of charity. Instead of being vexed with me, my dear, good mother blamed herself, and asked me to make her a little sign in the future, if I ever noticed that she was not perfectly courteous to any one."

Although her time was so much taken up with different works of charity, Madame de Farcy did not neglect any of her duties, and never forgot to think about the future for her daughter. She settled her many business affairs with wonderful tact; and managed, after seeing all her husband's property sold by the Revolutionists, to save a small part of what had once been her marriage-portion. The lucidity with which she pressed her claim, and her absolutely straightforward statement of affairs, convinced the lawyers of her rights, and they granted her a certain sum of money.

Perhaps the greatest influence that Madame de Farcy exercised was over young girls. We will quote some of the advice she gave them, as it may perhaps help those who are in the same position. To one, who reproached herself for her inconstancy and tepidity in the service of God, she wrote:

"Never allow yourself to omit your usual prayers unless it is absolutely necessary; for example, on account of illness—or to do some work of charity. Never let discouragement, laziness or dissipation conquer you. Do you think

that this excuse, 'I don't feel inclined to do it,' will avail you anything in the eyes of Almighty God? You would not dream of making that excuse to one whom you loved and respected very much, would you? Remember that, however much you may feel disinclined to pray, God will receive your prayer with the kindness of a father, when He sees that you are trying to please Him."

To another, who found herself constrained and self-conscious when she met her director in the world, she said:

"You must have a childlike confidence in your confessor, and tell him all that passes in your mind. Go to confession regularly on the day fixed for you, and even if you should feel disinclined to do so. The most precious graces are conferred on obedience and regularity. When you meet your confessor in the world, treat him with the utmost frankness, and do not indulge in affected airs of constraint."

To the same girl she wrote on another occasion:

"Do not pay any attention to these false ideas you have of avoiding possible dangers by not going into society. Do as your parents wish you to do, accompany them, and dress yourself as they desire you to be dressed. It is very meritorious so long as you obey them, and avoid all thoughts of vanity and self-love, accepting with sweetness all the little humiliations you may meet with in the world. Believe me, they are gifts from Almighty God. A beautiful face or a great talent might have caused the loss of your soul. When you notice a person taking pleasure in your company, do not try to attract more attention, but remain as you were, perfectly simple and unaffected."

She warns her young friend to be on her guard against a morbid taste for solitude, and also gives her some sensible advice about friendships:

"You are quite wrong about the need

you say you feel of being alone. Believe me you are the worst companion for yourself; for in these hours of solitude the temper is very often soured, and the imagination frequently carries one away, so that one is led into indulging in dangerous thoughts, or into wasting one's time in idle dreaming. I am certain that the friendship and companionship of good girls is far better for you; and the unwillingness you show to be with others is only a sign of self-will and false virtue. But, let me warn you, choose your friend in this way: let her always be more pious than yourself, and let your affection for her be founded on true respect and not on a sentimental love.

"It is always a sign of false humility to speak either disparagingly or eulogistically about oneself. One of the most amiable social qualities is to appear always more occupied with others than with ourselves, endeavoring to make them happy. Do not be afraid of being under an obligation to a friend; only an ungenerous nature feels that gratitude is humiliating. If you enjoy doing little things for other people, then let them do the same for you; do not wound them by refusing to accept trifling services from their hands, or by appearing constrained and awkward until you have returned at once what little kindnesses they have been able to perform for you. Society has established a system of giving and taking, but great tact is required to do either delicately.

"Give up the idea you have that you are clever and witty; and remember that cleverness does not consist in raillery, or in that ultra-smart jargon which imposes upon the multitude. Never read any book which has not been approved of by a person whom you know to be really pious and who has a good judgment. Do not read a great many spiritual books at the same time. One book well meditated upon

will do you far more good than indiscriminate reading. Try to avoid that inconstancy of heart which makes you change from one week to another. You will never have peace of mind or be sure of your salvation, if you allow yourself to be overcome by all these scruples. Why should not that motive which made you pray, do penance, or obey yesterday, make you do the same to-day? God is always the same; He wants a *heart* not a *head* service. For the poor, have always a great compassion. Give what you can to them; and when you are unable to give any more, speak kindly to them and interest yourself in their affairs."

The Revolution was now rampant in France. Madame de Farcy was arrested in 1793, and, with her sister Lucile, imprisoned in the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Rennes, which had been seized and turned into a prison. She remained there for over a year, and was all the time a model of patience and courage to the other prisoners. When she heard their bitter complaints, she used to try to console them, and ask them to offer up their sufferings in expiation of the sins which had drawn down so terrible a punishment on France.

"But, Madame," objected a lady to whom she expressed this thought, "I have never taken part in any of these crimes. I have nothing to reproach myself with."—"Ah, dear Mariette," Madame de Farcy replied, "God forbid that I should ever imagine you capable of even thinking of such things! But I am speaking of your own particular sins. We can have no idea how the least sin offends Almighty God. What must it be when we remember the mortal sins that have been committed against Him? These are the sins which have drawn down upon us the just and terrible anger of God."

All the prisoners, whatever their rank or age, were the objects of her most

fervent tenderness. But, in persuading others to lead a better life, she always proposed to begin herself first, and showed her zeal not by preaching but by practising the virtues she upheld. She was not content with bearing patiently all the discomforts and inhuman treatment of the jailers, but tried in every way to mortify herself further. Being unable to say her prayers with sufficient recollection in the common dormitory, she used to go, at four o'clock in the morning, into an old granary, which was almost in the open air, and there she remained for hours upon her knees. Nothing caused her any distraction during these long hours, unless she was asked to do something for another; then she left at once and flew to the side of the invalid. One lady was very ill and obliged to take certain baths. Madame de Farcy drew and carried the water for them herself; and this task, far beyond her strength, undoubtedly shortened her life.

At the hour when all the prisoners were accustomed to meet, she was the life and soul of the company. Everyone was charmed with her sweetness, her wit, and her extreme good-nature; so that even those who were the least religiously inclined, and whom her own austerities might have repelled, never once said anything unkind. She hardly ever appeared at meals, but ate afterward what was left by the others, or what they had rejected. Several times she was discovered eating bread that was stale and mouldy; and when her friends expressed their surprise that she should eat what others had thrown away, she said, simply: "This would have been given to the poor, and I am in their place for the time being."

The granary in which she passed so many hours contained, by chance, a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had probably been overlooked and thrown into a corner. Julie's joy was great when she discovered it.

She made a little oratory, and took her companions there; so that the days consecrated specially to the service of God, became for many amongst the prisoners real days of devotion and prayer.

During her imprisonment she had managed to find a home for her little daughter, and was occasionally able to send her short notes. After her release, she cultivated assiduously the child's talents, and set herself to collect and save the *débris* of her fortune. She still continued her work for the poor; but her delicate constitution was so undermined by the penance and privation she had undergone, that her strength rapidly decreased.

(Conclusion next week.)

Three Spinsters and a Younger.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

SECUNDA says I may tell our little story about Tertia and the Younger, provided I am not discursive, and provided I make it smell of the sea. Conditions affirmative as well as negative,—the negative more easily fulfilled than the other. I will try not to be discursive, but I really must tell how I came to want to write it, and how Secunda came to give me her gracious permission to do so. And I *must* tell about all of us! Hence my title.

But how am I to make it smell of the sea? If it does, it will not smell of a big, billowed sea, leaping on a rock-bound coast; but of a stretch of blue-grey water, lapping to and from a long stretch of sand; a summer sea, with bathers, and of course, therefore, with bathing machines just above high watermark; a sea on which the rising sun poured every day his golden glory; a sea where the moon made the water laugh in lovely ripples; a sea that we all loved; a sea, too, by which Tertia

would often take lonely rambles that sometimes made Secunda and even me a little anxious, though we only once or so let her know it. After that once we contented ourselves by walking along at the other side of the sand-hills, and now and then going cautiously nigh enough to see her, and assuring ourselves that no harm was coming to her. For, you see, it was not in England that we were; if we had been, perhaps we need not have shadowed her in this way, because, as Hamlet says, we are all mad there. This went on for a week; then we gave it up.

Tertia is the chit. Secunda is almost old enough to be her mother, and I am almost old enough to be Secunda's. But that does not matter, says Tertia. Secunda and I had gone in double harness even before Secunda was quite grown up; and before Tertia's frocks came below her ankles, we were a team of three, all free, equal and fraternal. That's the way with moderns. Secunda and Tertia told me long ago in words, and keep reminding me in various ways, that I have got to be a modern. They decreed that I was not to be an old foggy; and they have been guarding, by jokes and chaff and sometimes by severer things, the avenues and approaches to Fogydome.

No, I was not to stoop; nor was I to get into habits such as elderly people sometimes acquired,—people who had no one who could venture on keeping them up to the mark. And yet Secunda's quick eyes have always seen where there was a risk of my becoming overtired; and her hands have often saved me from struggles with needlework that was growing to be a trial. But I am to have no difference made between the treatment of that chit, Tertia, and the treatment of me who need not say no chit am I, by Secunda; and no difference made by Tertia between the reverence due to my grey hairs, which

are sparse, and that befitting Secunda's red ones, which are abundant. Tertia is a very nice chit, and we meant her to have a good time of work and of play, when in stepped the Younker.

I must go back a little to explain. Secunda says she believes I am constructing my story so badly that no self-respecting editor will ever print it. Never mind! If that be the case, it must only lie in my desk.

Secunda and I first met at a Training College. I had idled away a good part of my life when my father died. He had not liked to speak of his affairs to mother and me; but in our quiet talks together, wherein we sometimes expressed to each other a certain little anxiety about what we called things in general, it never occurred to us that there might be cause for anxiety of a very grave nature indeed; yet when father died we found that there was nothing for us to live on but a small annuity of mother's, which she had been used to call her little charity fund. It seemed very bad to have to use it for our own support instead of giving it away; but we made it do for us both while I was trained for elementary teaching. I got a scholarship, however, and things began to be somewhat easier. Then I fell in with Secunda. She was a very small creature, with an outlook on life that was not so bright as—owing mostly, we think, to my mother—it afterward became.

Mother and I came into the possession of "the inheritance of our fathers" soon after this. It was not for some years, however, that Secunda received the Faith from which her parents had drifted away; but she always wanted to come "home." Her love for us, and her knowledge of our love for her, kept her, I think, longer from taking the final step than would otherwise have been the case; for she feared she might do it for our sakes rather than for her own. If ever there lived any one

absolutely sincere, that one was she.

Secunda and I were in about the same plight, so far as money went; but, without counting the big privilege, the greatest of all, I was infinitely better off than she, seeing that I had mother. My dear little mother loved her as I did. If I were certain that Secunda would not come in and look over me, I would say that mother and I could not help loving her, though she has her faults. I have put that in lest—

Before mother went where our love and our prayers followed her for the gifts of refreshment, light and peace, Secunda had been living with us for some time, and she and I had got work at the same school. Then Tertia turned up,—a tiny cousin of Secunda's. Her father had been left with the motherless baby, and had managed somehow or other to get her through her first two years. Then he had a good chance, as he thought, and was anxious to go to Australia. He said it was mostly for the child's sake. He asked Secunda to take five hundred pounds of his, with absolute control of it, and to make a home for his little child. He wished the child to be baptized and brought up a Catholic, and he asked mother to be her godmother. All that I knew at this time about Tertia's father was that he was a cousin of Secunda's. Before the matter of the baptism came up, Secunda said to mother and me:

"It will be dreadful to go."

"Dreadful to go!" said mother, and I echoed her echo. "And where may you be going, Miss Secunda?"

"To make a home for Jack's baby."

"And may I ask what Prima and I have done to you, that you are ambitious, if not of a motley coat (though I am not sure the motley coat might not be thrown in without extra charge), at least of a lodging apart from us? Couldn't you and Babs manage to

confine your gigantic forms within the limits of a bedroom and dressing room? I should imagine that a cot might get itself into the dressing room—”

“Yes, and you give up your room and spoil your night's rest!” Secunda interrupted,—and here I may say that Secunda still sometimes interrupts.

“Prima and I can share a room,” mother went on. “You and Babs are to have the bedroom with the dressing room. That's decided, and now we need not talk about it any more. We are all three going to be mothers to Babs.”

Mother had her way.

“Jack” sent home money from abroad before very long. But soon afterward there came word of his death; and then his will came, and we learned that he had already made a good deal; and he had left it in equal shares to Secunda, to his child, and to me. Why this was, I could not tell. It seemed a large sum of money to us; and of course I wanted to give up my portion, to which I could not see that I had the remotest claim. But Secunda said that Jack had always looked on me as her sister, and I could not say that I thought he was wrong in this; and mother thought it was all right.

As we were living together, things were very easy to arrange; and so we made our wills and left everything to Tertia, as we had begun to call little Elizabeth. Reverend Mother and Sister Margaret did not like our calling one another by what they called heathen names; so, when they were present, we tried to say Monica and Frances. It was mother who had called us Prima and Secunda; and it was she, as we told her, who was the guilty one in first saying Tertia. But they were her pet names for us, and I think the Holy Father himself would not mind our using them. And little mother is gone. Besides, I have seen Father James' eye

twinkle when Reverend Mother said something on the subject.

What about our future work? It was thought best that I, at all events, should give up teaching, and so have more time to be with mother and look after baby Tertia. Secunda went on for a year longer; for she loved teaching, and had always said she should wish to go on with it, even if she were ever to be independent of it as a means of livelihood.

But mother was called away almost before we had begun to realize that there was even a probability of her call's coming for a long time yet, though we knew she was far from strong. I am not going to say anything of how we felt when we had to live on without her. I don't think either Secunda or I should ever care to talk about that in what other people might perhaps one day read.

We held a council, and settled that we would go and live in the country,—the beautiful, open country, gorsy and heathery, and sandy-soily, near a convent school where Tertia would go by and by, Secunda and I teaching her in the meanwhile. But Secunda hatched plots with our new Reverend Mother. There were two schools at the convent already,—the convent that stood in its own grounds, not far from the great, breezy common: there was a boarding-school for gentlemen's daughters, and a day-school for the children of people living in the neighborhood. And nothing would do for Secunda but to arrange with Reverend Mother that there should be an elementary school, which Secunda was to set going, and for which she was to train a couple of Sisters. This kept Secunda as the working-woman of the family. She had always been vigorous and able to do ever so much outside of her teaching. Somehow, she has seemed to give more time to Tertia than I, though she *will* call me the “lady of leisure.” And she

takes the children for lovely Saturday walks; and she has got them to make a museum, and she has helped in all kinds of work, and pulled me along in a sort of trailer to her mental bicycle.

Now I must hurry on, and say that just as Tertia had grown up and was making the home happier than ever, the Younker appeared. Yes, the Younker appeared; and what are friends, not to say relatives, weighed in the balance with a Younker? No, I do not mean to say that Tertia neglected us, or even that we fancied she did. We have always professed to scorn sentiment; and, on the whole, probably have scorned it. Anyway, our relations with one another have been natural and wholesome. We have never thought of thinking ourselves slighted by one another; and we have never hesitated to give one another little knocks and bangs when they have appeared to be needful. Also, we have never hated duty, nor wished to see it swept away from the face of the earth, as some of our emancipated friends tell us would be a thing to be desired for the extreme betterment of the Race, with a big R.

No, Tertia did not neglect anybody or anything. But the Younker was in the foreground, that was all. And quite right, too. They were both honest, fearless sort of folk, and they had soon found out that they loved each other; and when they had found it out, they had settled that they would marry each other without any unnecessary delay. The Younker had a considerable holding not far from the country place where we had settled down, and Tertia's life in the future was to be mostly life on a farm. Tertia was very happy, and so were we; and everything was tending to the blissful termination of the engagement, when one evening Tertia came into the garden where Secunda and I were doing a little bit of weeding and tidying up, and said quietly:

"I have broken my engagement with Edward Young."

Secunda is not given to starting, but she started then, and held herself excused for having done so. And so did I. We said together:

"O Tertia, why?"

She looked very white and unlike herself as she took a hand of each of us,—in our excitement we all forgot those grubby gardening gloves. She answered:

"I can not tell you, dear things! And you must never ask me."

She stopped for a minute, and then went on:

"I may live with you always, may I not?"

"Always, always!" we exclaimed.

She kissed us both in a serious, repressed fashion, and went on:

"And I am going to ask you something which will be hard for you to do,—at least, to keep from doing. I want you not to talk to any one about it—not even to Father Dallas,—and as little as ever you can help to each other. I won't ask you to promise me, but I know you can trust me; and we all love one another, and you love me enough to try and do as I ask."

We cried together that night, Secunda and I. We are not given to weeping, but we wept then. And we did not say one word about Tertia, nor mention the Younker, nor in any way allude to him.

No one at the convent ever made any comment in our hearing; nor did Father Dallas, though somehow we gathered that he knew more than we did. And if we were sorry that Tertia felt that she could not tell us—or, rather, that she must not tell us,—we could not but be glad to think that the burden was not quite so heavy as an absolute silence would have made it. And it did not matter about anybody else—any outsiders, I mean,—and what they might think.

This was how we came to make a run into France. Tertia was brave, and she took up her study of different things, and her gardening, and made jests as of old, and went on long bicycle rides. She never met the Younker, we knew; for he had gone, we heard, to Norway. Secunda said one day:

"Prima, we are going to France. We'll go to one of those *plages* on the northeast coast. We must make her take a little change. She has got hardly a bit on her bones. This kind of thing won't do."

Secunda did something between shaking her head at Tertia's leanness, and nodding it as a seal to her own decision, or perhaps even in approval thereof.

In a few days we were off, bicycles and all. Secunda and Tertia had their bicycles; therefore, when the luggage, including Prima, was safely on the omnibus that met their train to take them to Dorn Plage, they rode on and Prima followed. As I'm Prima, what's the use of the third person? I was perched on the very top of the rather ramshackle bus, which had to be called by its full trisyllabic name by my comrades and me. We were to play the part of foreigners, though foreigners we were not, nor ever could be; for is it not a well-known fact that all nations, tribes and kindreds are foreigners, saving and excepting only the inhabitants of the United Kingdom?

The vehicle—does not the word smack of a newspaper paragraph?—was drawn by two fat horses unequally yoked together, so far as size and color went; one being big and white, the other small and bay; but both, as I have said, decidedly stout. There would have been room enough for my body on the driving seat beside the *cocher*; but there was a trunk in front, which made it inconvenient for any adult legs. So I mounted higher, though

Secunda and Tertia thought—or pretended they thought—the proceeding risky for one of my size. They left my years out of the question. But they both had climbed up with me, rather protectively, as I thought, to be near me should "anything have happened," whatever that might mean; and had to climb down they said, in more senses than one. Perhaps I was ungrateful.

There were glorious cornfields on either side of the road, and here and there the blue of the wild chicory, whose beauty first kindled Mr. Oliver's love for botany. And over the corn was blowing the life-giving and life-sustaining wind that came up fresh from the sea. Being away from the driving seat, I was fain to content myself with my own company. Not yet was the time—which indeed came in due season—for my mind to be enriched by Jean's information about things in general, and Jean Maistre in particular; and my imagination kindled by his romances, his many romances, of which Jean Maistre was the hero; and my gratitude for his kindly interest in me awakened by his questions as to whether I was a teacher (the profession, he was kind enough to tell me, was quite a good and honorable one, being one in which it was possible to make money), or a *rentière*, as any one who did not earn her living must be a *rentière*. Here I may say that my comrades are rude enough to tell me that I am very fond of talking to my neighbor at *table d'hôte* or elsewhere. But what care I? As Tennyson says, "Let them rave."

There was a halt in the village, and a few friendly stares from the natives thereof. As I had finished this sentence, Secunda, to whom I had been reading a little of my composition aloud, remarked:

"It might be as well to say of what country they were natives."

"Why, I am sure I have indicated that we were in France," I observed.

"You should be exact," resumed Secunda, who was in one of her critical moods. "You just now spoke of Jean's kindly interest in you, when you know perfectly well that it was the merest curiosity."

"Is thy servant a schoolmarm?" I answered.

After this Parthian shaft, I resumed my MS.; and, with a sort of chilling politeness, I said:

"I believe it is I who am writing this story."

"Yes, I believe it is," said Secunda. "Gwon, there's a dear!"

But I did not "gwon," because Tertia came in and carried off my tormentor, and I was left in peace.

On went the omnibus, with still those happy cornfields on either side, and patches of beet and chicory, all undivided by hedges or any kind of landmark. Between them and the road there were little ditches bordered with yarrow; and in the little ditches there were sedges, standing up tall and strong, bearing rich dark silky tassels of brown. And still there was the tawny gold of wheat, or the paler gold of oats, touched here and there with the brightness of the chicory blue.

Less than half an hour's drive would easily have brought the omnibus to its destination, but Jean had many stoppages. He had a parcel for one chalet, and papers for another; while at yet another there were queries to be answered as to whether the omnibus was or was not to meet the afternoon train. And of course there were smiles and bows and little compliments and a little chaff here and there. All these things took up time, and there was time in plenty. Blissful no hurry! Do people who live in an atmosphere of hurry know how delightful it is to have plenty of time? But perhaps,

indeed, it is only the people who do so live who thoroughly realize the joy of occasionally having leisure, when they go on their holidays. Nevertheless, the wife of a well-known schoolmaster once told me that her husband simply could never enjoy a moment of time unfilled. He always carried with him the fuss-and-flurry atmosphere.

But Secunda would say that I am getting into the atmosphere of a coming homily; so I had better stop. Only I can not help recalling the lady who once told me that she was so thankful for the Central Railway, *vulgo*, the Twopenny Tube, as she could now get to her committees, etc., as soon as it was possible to get to them. And I heard her without any sympathy. Besides, who knows how much savagely faster we may one day go?

The end of the drive came at last, as even an end unhurried must come; and the omnibus turned for the very last time, leaving at the right a grassy path which we grew to know well before we left the Plage. It led to a little village, whose church tower I saw every day from my bedroom window. Then came the narrowed way, gradually growing sandier and heavier till the omnibus fairly crawled. We saw the hotel of our destination straight in front of us for some little time before we attained thereto; its vari-colored tiles caught the light. On either side of the drive there were small chalets, with names which to us brutal (not *brutal*) English folk seemed sentimental, more or less. "A l'Avenue de la Plage" we thought might be all very well; but what of "Villa des Amis," and others of that ilk? The bicyclists had arrived some time before the "omnibusites," and were waiting to assist, or offer to assist, me in dismounting; an attention which was, I hope, politely, and I know firmly, declined.

All three of us were, of course, fain to run down to the sea before dinner;

so we saw the luggage taken down and went off through the little enclosure in front, where there were tables and chairs for the drinking of coffee. This one enclosure was adorned by a few poor transplanted firs, gradually browning in decay; for no trees grew there, sea-gods and wood-gods not being in charity mutual. Down the plank that lay on the sloping sand, off the plank, on, on, as the width of the low-tided beach revealed itself; down to the very edge of the surf? Nay, for there be little salt lakes and sweeps of water that lie between them and the sea, and there was not time to do what by and by was done—take off hosen and shoon, and walk or paddle through the little depths. So we had to content ourselves with the sight and breath of the sea, and for the rest wait and not long.

Our own little table at dinner. A fight as to whether Prima or Secunda was to have the seat fronting sea-scape and sky-scape. Fight altruistic, victory with Prima, but of course only temporarily; battles won by Secunda next day, and for a continuance. A way Secunda has.

(Conclusion next week.)

As We Find Him.

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

HOW shall we estimate the man we know?

What testimony give whene'er his name

Evokes in private groups unmeasured blame,
When acrid censure, dealing blow on blow,
Recounts his lapses of the long ago,

And swift-assenting voices loud proclaim

His lack of probity and truth and shame?

Shall we, because outnumbered, then forego
A protest frank? 'Twere cowardice most base,

If that our dealings with him bear not out
These diatribes,—to hold our peace, nor trace

His virtues which no candid foe may flout.

Though others deem our judgment sound or weak,
Of men, just as we find them, let us speak.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXI.—A MOVE IN THE CAMPAIGN.

NOW, in calling upon Miss Tabitha, Lord Aylward had in view very much the same purpose that had actuated Jesse Craft. He had heard, on the golf links at Thorneycroft, disquieting rumors which fitted in with what Jesse had previously stated. Miss Leonora's name had been coupled there with that of the mill-manager. In the stream of careless talk which filled up the pauses of the game, one of the young men had remarked that it seemed as if Millbrook was going to be treated to a surprise. It had been led to expect, after the tableaux at the Manor, that young Mr. Bretherton's engagement would be announced to Miss Tabitha's niece.

"Instead of which," the speaker concluded, "it seems as if the fickle fair one is about to bestow herself upon Knox at the mill."

Aylward was secretly boiling with indignation, both at the juxtaposition of names and at the tone in which the remarks were made. He stared hard at the youth, in elaborate tennis flannels, who had so delivered himself, and who had been possibly aggrieved upon some occasion by Leonora's unconscious fashion of looking over people's heads. The Englishman did not see, however, that it would mend matters for him to give utterance to the angry retort which trembled upon his lips. He was eminently sensible, and hence felt that such a procedure on his part would simply give rise to further talk. Nor was he precisely in a position to affirm or to deny anything.

A second speaker, toward whom Lord Aylward felt an instantaneous glow of gratitude, declared that in

his opinion it was an infernal shame for so pretty a girl as Miss Chandler to be yoked to a death's-head like Knox. The matter was somewhat hotly taken up; and the general verdict seemed to be that the elder Brethertons had, of course, interfered to prevent so undesirable a match for their son, and that the young girl was consoling herself with the manager.

Lord Aylward felt himself in an exceedingly awkward position; but he blurted out a few defiant sentences in praise of Leonora, whom he pronounced to be 'one of the most charming girls he had ever met, far and away too good for such a fellow as Knox.' He also expressed his entire disbelief in the rumor; and, though he did not directly touch upon Jim Bretherton or any member of the Bretherton household, he left a general impression upon the minds of many that the status of the affair was not at all as had been stated.

After that the interest became general in the "handicap match" for which the Thorneycroft players were practising. A club from Boston was coming up to contest a medal given by an enthusiastic member.

Lord Aylward took far less than his usual interest in the sport, and retired from the links as soon as was practicable. He felt perturbed and uneasy. He was indignant at the sentiments he had heard expressed concerning Leonora, and at the veiled laughter, jest, and polite witticisms, which covered a real bitterness. On his homeward way, he mentally indulged in reflections not too complimentary to the Thorneycroft gentility, angrily muttering:

"They mistake the cackle of their bourg
For the murmur of the universe."

He was very anxious concerning the alleged engagement of Leonora to Eben Knox. He did not, of course, know that the manager had pursued the same tactics as on the occasion of the

election, and had circulated the report as widely as possible, on the chance that it might come true; while at the same time terrorizing Aunt Tabitha, and indirectly exerting an influence upon Leonora herself. From what Jesse Craft had said, Lord Aylward was afraid that there might be more in the rumor than merely the idle surmises of local gossip. There might be hidden away somewhere in the domain of family mysteries a reason sufficient to induce Leonora Chandler to take this amazing step.

The young man thought it better, however, to say nothing at all to Jim Bretherton, who was awaiting with ill-repressed impatience the close of Leonora's retreat. The knowledge of the girl's absence at the convent, indeed, induced Lord Aylward to hazard a visit to Miss Tabitha and the once familiar precincts of Rose Cottage. The adverse comments which he had heard expressed at Thorneycroft against that dwelling and its inmates had accentuated both his love for Leonora and his friendliness toward her aunt, and had awakened that chivalric spirit which slumbered in his somewhat ungainly body. He had a vague idea, moreover, that he might in some fashion or other avert the impending catastrophe; though, in truth, he was not very clear as to how he was to proceed in that war upon "pizon snakes" which Jesse Craft had so rashly declared, and so confidently counted upon his assistance in prosecuting.

Lord Aylward fancied that he might possibly possess some influence with Miss Tabitha, even as a friend of the Brethertons; and that he might, at least, learn from her the true state of affairs, offer her his help, and in any manner that might be suggested throw himself into the breach. At the back of it all was, perhaps, a vague hope that if the match with Jim Bretherton were proved to be an impossibility, he

might be accepted as a substitute for Eben Knox. If Jimmy still had the faintest chance, he would, as he declared, back him for everything he was worth; but if he had absolutely no chance, then the young Britisher felt that he would only too gladly re-enter the race and fight to the death against that other competitor.

Jesse Craft observed the approach of Lord Aylward with gratification.

"Thar he comes!" he said to himself. "And it's a move in the right direction,—the first manœuvre in the war in which him and me are engaged agin 'pizon snakes.' I don't see yet how far we can go ahead with that campaign, but he may do something toward talkin' Miss Tabithy over. He has a mighty sensible way of talkin', if he is a lord; and not too many words wasted, neither."

Lord Aylward was glad to find himself once more in the garden, now bereft of all its glory, as the vines upon the house were denuded of their roses. In the morning it had been sparkling with hoar-frost and powdered with soft, fine snow, which now, in the early afternoon, had melted in the crisp, frosty sunshine.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again, don't you know, Miss Brown," Lord Aylward observed, "and to be once more at Rose Cottage!"

There was in this declaration a ring of genuine sincerity and good-will, which brought the tears to the eyes of the poor lady, who had been so harassed by conflicting emotions, and plunged so unrelentingly into a chaos of bewildering situations, wholly foreign to her nature.

"I thank you most sincerely, Lord Aylward!" Miss Tabitha said. "The Cottage, humble though it is, opens its doors very wide to its friends."

"It's an awfully jolly little place!" Lord Aylward commented, partly saying aloud what was really in his

thoughts, and partly gaining time. At last he broke forth desperately: "I suppose you know, Miss Tabitha, why I have not been coming here so very much of late?"

"I am sure you have very many friends at the Manor and on the Thorneycroft Road," Miss Tabitha answered, enigmatically.

"Oh, it wasn't that, I assure you! I'm afraid I should only too willingly have thrown most of them over for the chance of coming here. The brief glimpses I have had of the Cottage have been almost my pleasantest impressions of America. You are probably aware that I found a very strong attraction in your niece's society. But Miss Chandler wouldn't have anything to say to me. She quite threw me over, you know."

"My dear young gentleman," said Miss Tabitha, earnestly, "I am sure you are quite convinced by this time that my niece has done you a real service in discouraging your attentions. I may say, though she is my relative, that Leonora is a very pretty, amiable girl; and it was only natural that you should be attracted, and, in a quiet country-place like this, should lose your head; but—"

Lord Aylward made a gesture. He was, in truth, astonished to find so much of shrewdness and worldly wisdom in Miss Tabitha, who appeared the very impersonation of simplicity and guilelessness. He knew that the ordinary course of affairs would be precisely as she had suggested; but Leonora, who was so different, he thought, from other girls, made the whole difference.

"You are mistaken," he said, gravely and earnestly,—"quite mistaken. If I had the ghost of a chance of succeeding, I assure you that I should offer myself over again just the same, and I should be only too delighted if Miss Chandler would look at me."

This was altogether inexplicable to Miss Tabitha, who thought that it was only in fairy tales that men of rank suffered themselves to be thus infatuated with their social inferiors. She, therefore, despite the convincing sincerity of this declaration, loftily waved it aside.

"You think so now," she said; "but in the course of a few years you will be very thankful that your feelings did not lead you into any extravagance. You owe it to yourself, my lord, and to your distinguished family—which I am told is second only to royalty,—to make a suitable alliance and to choose a wife in your own immediate circle."

"By Jove, there isn't one of them could hold a candle to Miss Leonora!"

"It is the way with young men!" cried Miss Tabitha, as if her experience had been both wide and comprehensive. "And that is why I have endeavored to discourage another attachment, if I can call by so serious a name those affairs of the heart in which wealthy young gentlemen are apt to indulge."

"Are you referring," inquired Lord Aylward, with some abruptness, "to the affair between my friend Bretherton and Miss Chandler?"

"Precisely,—though I should not wish it mentioned that I had coupled their names together. I have merely done so on account of the foolish gossip which arose from those very pretty but unfortunate marriage tableaux at the Manor. Two attractive young people were thrown together in a romantic setting, and Millbrook at once jumped to a conclusion."

"Which is quite correct, so far as my friend is concerned," declared Lord Aylward; "and I assure you that it was solely the knowledge of his sentiments which caused me to acquiesce with such apparent readiness in Miss Chandler's decision."

There was a note of soreness in his voice, as though the subject were pain-

ful to him; and Miss Tabitha, gazing outward at distant Mount Holyoke, glorified by the sunshine, wondered at the strange fatality by which these two men had fixed their affections upon her niece. Either could have offered her a brilliant and prosperous future. With either she could have been, in a greater or less degree, happy. Yet here was the dark tangle of events intervening to obscure the prospect. With this thought came likewise that of Eben Knox, who was probably watching now from his corner window; and the sight of the mill looming grimly against the sky steeled her heart.

Lord Aylward, quite unconscious, began that course of special pleading which was his only conceivable means of entering upon the warfare to which he had pledged himself.

"I was ass enough to fancy," he resumed, "that Miss Chandler might care for me. Now I know that her preference has probably been bestowed upon a better man. I'm quite sure that if she consents to marry my friend, they'll be awfully happy, don't you know! They were just cut out for each other."

Miss Tabitha's face was severe and inscrutable.

"She'll have the best fellow in the world for a husband," Lord Aylward continued. "There's not another I've ever met to match Jimmy Bretherton. He's solid gold right through, and he's awfully fond of her, as any fellow is sure to be who knows her."

Miss Tabitha moistened her parched lips, as a preliminary step to introducing her desire with regard to Eben Knox. It must be owned that she found it hard to descend to that level. Since she and her niece had soared, as it were, amongst the gods, it seemed hard indeed to relegate themselves once more to the ranks of the common herd. She knew, moreover, that the manager's personality could not from

any point of view be impressive to Lord Aylward. Yet the greater evils of that other alternative gave her a factitious courage.

"I am sure it is very good of you," she said, with dignity, "to speak so kindly of my niece, who is, after all, but an obscure and penniless girl; and also to ascribe such sentiments in her regard to young Mr. Bretherton. I assure you it is a great honor that a Bretherton of the Manor should have had such flattering intentions. But I feel that such a marriage is entirely out of the question."

"And why, in the name of heaven?" said Lord Aylward, impetuously. "Why is it out of the question?"

"For one thing, because even if the Governor and Mrs. Bretherton were to approve, which is unlikely, I could not approve of such a match. A Bretherton of the Manor should form a suitable alliance."

Despite his vexation, Lord Aylward could not help laughing his hearty, boyish laugh.

"One would think you were talking of a reigning prince!" he exclaimed.

"The Bretherton family have stood almost in that relation to Millbrook," Miss Tabitha declared, with majesty.

"Oh, that might have been the case a century ago, or in the early Victorian times, perhaps!" objected Lord Aylward. "But time has swept away most of those cobwebs. Millbrook is essentially democratic, even if it does retain a pet weakness for the Brethertons. Jimmy himself is a democrat, and so am I. Putting aside all that, Miss Tabitha, there isn't a prince in the world too good for Leonora. I don't believe any fellow's good enough. Bretherton comes the nearest, though. And they're both awfully strict Roman Catholics, and all that sort of thing, don't you know! I never was more astonished in my life than when Jimmy told me that he often goes to confession. Fancy that! And

he gets up early in the morning. I thought at first he was going fishing or something, but he actually went to church."

Miss Tabitha received this astounding information in stony silence. In fact, she tolerated the Catholicity of the Brethertons only on the principle that the king could do no wrong. She waived that part of the subject, and replied:

"I am sure young Mr. Bretherton would make a perfect husband for any woman. No one loves or admires him more than I do. If he were my own son, I could not feel more warmly toward him. But that is all the more reason why I should not permit him to sacrifice, for a passing fancy, the career that he may have before him."

Lord Aylward was annoyed at the old woman's obstinacy, and at her apparently cool disregard of her niece's interest in favor of an outsider. It seemed to him positively unnatural. Of course he was unaware of the reasons which lay behind it. Nor was he prepared for that strange tenacity of purpose which is sometimes observable in weak characters.

Aunt Tabitha strengthened herself for the final plunge, though she hesitated, as it were, on the brink. With the memory of that last interview with Eben Knox still fresh in her mind, she was only too anxious, once for all, to proclaim to the world her own sentiments with regard to the manager, and put a stop, if possible, to those other complications which might prevent her beautiful niece from making the best of the situation and accepting the inevitable.

"I have quite other views for my niece," she declared emphatically. "It has always been my wish that she should marry a man of suitable station—neither above nor below her,—with sufficient wealth to secure her future. Such a person is at hand. He

has been devoted to her ever since she was a girl at the convent. He loves her to distraction, if you will pardon the extravagance of the term."

Lord Aylward found nothing amiss with the description which grated on Miss Tabitha's Puritan sensibilities, and was employed only to emphasize her position. If Miss Tabitha had not been harassed and worried out of herself, she would have seriously questioned the propriety of using such strong language to a young gentleman. In fact, she felt that there had been for some time past an almost indecorous discussion of intimate feelings.

Aylward, on his part, thought the term amazingly well applied, and could quite understand how a fellow, seeing Leonora in the delicate charm of budding youth, had preserved a memory of her ever afterward, and set her apart in his imagination as a thing "enskied and sainted." He bent eagerly forward, however, to hear who the man might be, refusing to believe that Knox at the mill could ever have harbored such a sentiment.

The chill sunshine of the wintry day fell upon Miss Tabitha's cheek, which had lost so much of its resemblance to a pink, and the passing wind stirred the feathers in her bonnet; while she nerved herself for the final effort, and cleared her throat preparatory to that announcement.

(To be continued.)

On the Assumption.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

UNTARNISHED thou, O Mary,
 E'en by the kindly sod!
 Lo! lily-pure as when thou cam'st,
 Thou didst return to God!
 The good earth knew thee not
 Save for one little hour;
 For God Himself it was who claimed
 The sad world's whitest Flower!

A Poet's Praise.

IN the old dining-hall of the castle of Aix-la-Chapelle, in the midst of all the imperial pomp and magnificence, Rudolph, ruler of the Holy Empire, presided at the coronation feast. The Count of Palatine brought forward the dishes; the Elector of Bohemia served the sparkling wine; all the electors, seven in number, stood near their royal master, each eager to acquit himself of his particular function.

The people in joyous throngs crowded the lofty galleries that surrounded the hall, and the acclamations of the multitude blended with the inspiring blasts of the trumpet. The general joy was natural. At length, after a protracted series of deplorable struggles, the long and sorrowful interregnum was at an end. The sword would no longer smite at haphazard, the weak would have no further reason to fear, the humble and peaceable would no more become the prey of the mighty.

The Emperor took up his golden goblet, and, casting around him a benignant glance, began:

"This occasion is a brilliant one, and this feast magnificent; my heart is enraptured therewith. But where is the bard, who is the dispenser of joy, who with his harmonious voice fills the soul with emotion, and by his inspired lessons raises it to heaven? The bard! I loved to listen to him in my youth; and now, as Emperor, I do not wish to deprive myself of this joy, to exempt myself from this duty, which, as becomes a true knight, I have always cherished."

The bard appeared. The circle of princes opened before him, and, clad in a long robe, he came forward. Around his head, whitened by the years, silvery curls undulated lightly like foliage stirred by summer breezes.

"Sweet harmony," said he, "sleeps

in the chords of the lyre. The bard celebrates chaste loves; he praises all that is great and good; he gives voice to the desires of the heart, to the thoughts of the soul. But, tell me, sire, what can I sing, on this solemn day, that shall be worthy of the Emperor?"

"'Tis not for me to command the singer," said the royal host, with a smile. "He is in the service of a higher Master,—he obeys the inspiration that moves him. When the storm-wind traverses the air, none knows its origin or whence it blows. Like the spring which jets up from the depths of the earth, is the poetry that wells from the soul of the bard, and it stirs into life a host of secret thoughts which lay in mysterious slumber at the bottom of our hearts."

The bard caught up his lyre, swept its strings with a nervous hand, and in a powerful voice began:

"A noble knight, on horseback, was engaged in hunting; he pursued the light chamôis. His servant followed him, in charge of his dogs. Borne by his vigorous steed, the knight reached the edge of a plain. The sound of a hand-bell in the distance struck his ear: it was a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament. Before him walked a sacristan. The knight dismounted, uncovered his head, and knelt humbly upon the ground, rendering profound homage to Him who had saved all mankind. A stream that traversed the plain had become swollen by the melting of the snow, and now interposed itself as a barrier before God's minister. The Blessed Sacrament was there on the bank, but the priest did not hesitate. He took off his shoes, preparatory to wading across.

"What are you doing?" whispered the knight, who was looking on in wonder. 'Sir Count,' replied the priest, 'I am on my way to a dying man. This stream has become something of a torrent; yet the dying must not be deprived of

the heavenly consolation for which he has called, so I am going to wade over barefoot.'

"The Count at once placed the priest upon his own steed, and put the reins in his hands so that he might the more safely and speedily acquit himself of his sacred function. As for himself, he mounted his servant's horse and continued the chase. The priest finished his journey in good time, and on the following day returned to the Count with the horse, which he led modestly by the bridle.

"The Lord forbid that I should hereafter mount, either for war or the chase, the steed that has borne my Creator!" said the nobleman. 'If you can not employ the horse in your own service, let him remain consecrated to God. So far as I am concerned, I have offered the animal to Him from whom I hold, as a loan, honor, the goods of this world, my body and blood, my soul and my life.'

"May God," rejoined the priest,— 'may God, whose power is infinite, accord you glory everywhere and always,—you who to-day render Him this homage! You are a powerful Count; your exploits have given lustre to your name throughout Switzerland; your home is adorned with seven lovely and lovable daughters. Oh, may you live to see seven crowns in your house, and may your renown spread to even the last of your descendants!'"

With head inclined, the Emperor mused, recalling memories of the long ago. Then, fixing his eyes on the countenance of the bard, he understood the significance of the improvisation: he recognized the features of the assisted priest himself. Bowing his head and hiding his face, he allowed the tears, which he was unable to restrain, to fall upon his purple mantle. All eyes were fixed upon the royal hero, for everyone recognized in him the Count of whom the poet had sung.

A Great Work of Charity from Small Beginnings.

THE city of Montreal possesses numberless and impressive works of charity; but amongst them all none, perhaps, has been founded under greater difficulties, or has shown a more marvellous progress, than the Catholic Sailors' Club. Its Ninth Annual Report, which reveals a most satisfactory state of affairs, can give no hint of those first small beginnings, or of the arduous task of inauguration and of organization which fell to the lot of the pioneer members.

Some ten years ago, a handful of men belonging to the Catholic Truth Society, comparatively poor and obscure in circumstances, made the initial effort. They aimed simply at securing a room in a convenient locality, where the sailors might gather in those long and aimless evenings ashore which are so perilous; where, moreover, they might find salutary influences, and friends to extend toward them, strangers in a strange land, the hand of fellowship. These devoted men at once set about interesting in the work some prominent ladies and gentlemen.

Membership at first was very limited. It was a new departure, and much doubt was expressed about its success; especially as it was undertaken by English-speaking Catholics, in a city where they are altogether in the minority. Episcopal sanction, however, was obtained, a room was found, and the Catholic Sailors' Club began its existence. It has proved to be very like the evangelical grain of mustard seed, expanding into an immense tree, whose branches, so to say, give comfort and protection to many. The large and commodious quarters, and the valuable ground acquired, have recently undergone alterations, which are only the prelude to more important extensions

and improvements. Not only are the annual current expenses met, with a satisfactory surplus, but the building fund is steadily assuming substantial proportions.

The advisory board of the Club comprises the names of most of the prominent Catholic and English-speaking citizens of Montreal. The list of annual subscribers includes the leading commercial firms, both Catholic and non-Catholic. The ladies' committee has likewise a large membership, and shows, besides, a goodly list of contributors. The work of the ladies consists in collecting funds for the current expenses, visiting the sick sailors in the hospital, and attending in a variety of ways to the well-being both of the Club and the seamen who are its frequenters.

Another means of revenue is the weekly concert, the music for which is supplied by the sailors themselves, by the choirs of the various churches, and by volunteers, amateur and professional. These concerts are extremely well patronized by the public, and are much enjoyed by the large audiences.

The present Annual Report shows a progress in every respect. The number of sailors that visited the Club in the six months intervening between April 30 and November 20, 1904—the season of navigation in Canada—was 35,109. Of these, 336 are reported as having taken the total abstinence pledge; for it is to be noted that the work of temperance is effectively, though very quietly, carried on.

The religious well-being of the seamen is considered in numerous ways. A Mass is said on Sunday mornings in the Club House, at the most convenient hour, so that not only the sailors, but the firemen and stokers on board the ships, may attend, without reference to their costume, which is no small matter. On Sunday evenings a short sermon is given, followed by Benediction. The men are provided with copies of the

prayer-book specially compiled by the Catholic Truth Society of England for the use of mariners. They are also supplied with rosaries, scapulars, etc.

All this is done very unobtrusively. There is no attempt whatever to coerce, in matters of religion, any visitor to the Club. Non-Catholics are cordially received without regard to their creed, though the Club is essentially and primarily for Catholics—to strengthen them in the practice of their holy Faith and to provide them with as many facilities as possible for its exercise. Of course the Report gives no hint, nor will it ever be known on this side of eternity, how many have been influenced to good, directly or indirectly, through the instrumentality of the organization. The chaplain is frequently edified by the fervent confessions made there, sometimes after long years of absence from the sacraments; and by the simple, earnest and manly faith of those “toilers of the sea.”

For the reading-rooms there is supplied wholesome literature, including nearly all the chief Catholic magazines and newspapers, many of which are generously contributed from the various offices, others being donated by members of committees and by outside friends of the Club. Packages of this reading matter are made up, one of which is placed on board every outgoing vessel. The Report mentions 7000 packages as thus distributed during the past year. This literature is read in many instances by every soul on board, and is frequently passed on afterward to the homes of the seamen.

The reading-rooms are also provided with abundance of stationery, so that the sailors may write their letters thence; and their correspondence is directed to the Club. In the evenings, or during the leisure hours of the day, the sailors assemble in the rooms to read, write letters, or amuse themselves with the various games provided

in the fine and spacious game-room.

Various little details which make for increased comfort on shipboard—such as pipes and ditty-bags—receive attention from the ladies' committee. For the instruction of the uninitiated, it may be mentioned that these bags contain soap, thread, pins, needles, buttons and tape, and are quite invaluable. Another special work of the ladies' committee is the visiting of the sailors who, through illness or accident, are taken to the hospitals.

Even after death, the Club still has a watchful care over its seamen. Dying in port, they are interred with all honor in a plot on the mountain-side, in the heart of the Catholic cemetery. In the centre of the plot is a monument bearing the inscription, “Our Sailors.”

In cases of extreme distress, the physical needs of the Catholic sailors receive attention; and if they become in any way amenable to the law, or if disagreements occur between them and their employers, the gentlemen of the advisory board, and especially the devoted president, Mr. F. B. McNamee, come forward to be assured that justice is done them. The Club thus extends its solicitude over the sailors at every point.

On their part, the sailors take pride and pleasure in their Club. Their good conduct within its apartments is unfailing. Not a single instance of disorderly behavior has ever been reported there. The Club removes from them that sense of isolation which, in former years, those who “go down to the sea in ships” have had to endure. They were practically cut off from their fellow-Catholics, both afloat and ashore, and exposed to numberless temptations. It is beyond question that the Club contributes directly and indirectly to their moral and religious welfare, and gives them the assurance that they can always count upon finding there, at least, devoted friends. The amount of

positive good done and of evil prevented will never be known till the great accounting day.

Meantime it is no small thing to contribute to the comfort and happiness of those brave and hard-working men, who in so many ways promote the well-being of the community at large. The work, in all its aspects, is profoundly interesting: in the spiritual order, because of the striking conversions, baptisms on deathbeds, and other remarkable graces; and in the material order, from a variety of causes.

The men are touched by the romance and mystery of the sea; and their conversation is usually most interesting. They have visited the farthest lands and have frequently met with strange adventures. They have a lore of their own and a quaintness of speech which invest them with a distinct charm in the eyes of land-folk. Their calling is a romantic one; its very perils and hardships render it unique. The wild nights on stormy seas, the cruises under alien stars, the varied experiences which nearly all of them have had, lend them a character apart. They are seldom completely prosaic; and, as a class, they are deeply grateful for kindness shown, and readily susceptible to its influence.

Altogether, those who engage in this truly apostolic work find therein a reward. They feel a natural gratification in beholding the commodious structure, the handsome concert hall, reading-rooms and game-room which have sprung from that one loft of ten years ago, rendered habitable only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of the pioneer members of the Club. And if the labors of those interested find thus a reward here below, surely, in the multiplication of graces, in the assurance of helping many a fellow-being onward toward the supreme goal, they may look for a rich aftermath in the eternal harvesting.

Notes and Remarks.

It has often been observed that ex-President Cleveland has many admirers among the Catholic clergy; on the other hand, one could quote from memory some very pretty expressions of Mr. Cleveland regarding our priests. The *Saturday Evening Post* (August 5) contains an article from the ex-President's pen on "Old-Fashioned Honesty and the Coming Man," in the course of which "a shrewd old priest" is made to read a brief but pointed lecture to college men. "I have recently read," writes Mr. Cleveland, "of a shrewd old parish priest who, advising his young assistant, said: 'Be up and about and out in the world. Be a man and live like a man!' I can not help thinking that these words furnish a clue to human sympathy and interest in the concerns of everyday life which have given the Catholic priesthood such impressive success in influencing the conduct and consciences of those to whom they minister. In the light of all I have written, I can not do better, by way of saying a parting word to the entire body of our college men, than to repeat to them the advice of the old priest: 'Be up and about and out in the world. Be a man and live like a man!'" Not a bad motto to copy into the bright scrapbook of youth whom fate reserves for a glorious manhood.

Reference to the absence of crime among the Portuguese in this country reminds us that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a characteristic of this people. The whole country is studded with shrines and temples in honor of the *Virgem Santissima*. In the principal towns and villages it is no uncommon sight to see at the corner of the street a niche with a statue of Our Lady. Her principal feasts are of obligation.

Among the most famous temples dedicated to the Mother of God is the beautiful church of Belem, near Lisbon. At Braga—called on account of the number of its churches, the Rome of Portugal,—on the hill alongside the Bom Jesus is the temple of the famous image of Our Lady of Sameiro, which is borne in solemn procession through the streets of the city when there is a dearth of rain. The love of Portuguese mariners for the *Madre Cara*, as they call her, is immortalized in song and story. Among the multitude of *ex-votos* hanging on the walls of the shrine just mentioned, many are in thanksgiving for preservation from the perils of the sea.

Archbishop Bourne recently addressed the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health. In the course of his very interesting speech—which, by the way, will probably soon be issued in pamphlet form,—the English prelate adverted to the debt which medicine, not less than the other arts and sciences, owes to the religious Orders. In connection with this matter, his Grace, says the *Catholic Times*, “also drew attention to a fact less widely known—that Blessed Thomas More, in his famous work ‘Utopia,’ was the first writer in England to suggest the establishment of separate hospitals for infectious diseases in every town. This suggestion lay dormant for hundreds of years, until within the last century it has been adopted the world over. What Blessed Thomas More writes on such subjects as the housing of the people, water supply, street construction, pure food and clothing, reads like a code condensed from the Public Health Acts of the last thirty years. In the Middle Ages every cult selected its patron saint; and the modern sanitarian can look to no more appropriate exemplar than the great English lawyer, sheriff, chancellor and martyr, Blessed

Thomas More.” An appropriate exemplar, indeed; but one whose name has of late years received a prefix that will effectually bar its being given to any other than a Catholic hospital, sanatorium, or medical institution of any kind,—at least for some time to come.

It is a pleasure to record the fact that the current session of the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, New York, is admittedly the most successful in the history of that notable and meritorious enterprise. Few save the immediate organizers of the Champlain Assembly would have credited, a few years ago, the prediction of the actual conditions of to-day,—a colony of more than eight hundred residents dwelling in the cottages on the Summer School grounds, with a series of lectures delivered from day to day during the successive weeks by some of the foremost Catholic teachers and thinkers of the country. The doubters and cynics of earlier days have yielded to the inevitable logic of existing facts; and, viewing the very gratifying results already achieved, are among the heartiest admirers and well-wishers of the Catholic Summer School. Our congratulations to the energetic workers who refused to be discouraged even when discouragement was excusable; they have won laurels where less optimistic laborers would have assuredly met with defeat.

It would be a surprise to many of the faithful, and a reproach to perhaps as many more, to know how generously, even self-sacrificingly, non-Catholics contribute to the support of emissaries of the sects in foreign lands. A correspondent of the *London Tablet* says: “I can remember several comparatively poor people in my Anglican days who, by means of boxes and personal applications, collected from £5 to £10 a year for the S. P. G. or the C. M. S. . . . A

Protestant gentleman told me only last week that he often collected as much as £25 in a year from his friends, and that *without undue solicitation*. What results we should have," adds the writer, "if pious Catholics would do the same!"

In commenting upon the trials of our foreign missionaries, we have sometimes noted the discouraging slowness of growth visible in many a field watered with the prayerful tears of devoted priests. A totally different story is that of missionary work in the Gilbert Islands, in Oceanica, on the equator. It was only seventeen years ago that the first Catholic priest, Father Bon-temps, visited the archipelago. Yet to-day fourteen thousand of the thirty-five thousand natives are baptized; there are fifty-one missionaries, eighty churches, eighty schools, ten residences for priests, eight for Sisters, and eighty native cabins for the use of catechists; and there is even a sort of seminary for the training of these catechists. Tropical vegetation is proverbially swift; and, judging from the foregoing facts, religious growth is almost equally rapid in the Gilbert Islands.

The saying that Death loves a shining mark was strikingly verified in the case of the lamented Archbishop of New Orleans, who was among the first to succumb to the epidemic now raging in our Southern metropolis. He was absent in country districts administering Confirmation when the disease broke out; but, although in an impaired condition of health, he hastened back to his post in New Orleans, to direct and share the labors of the clergy in behalf of the victims of the scourge, and to co-operate with the city officials in their efforts to control its ravages. His life was the price of his devotedness.

Mgr. Chapelle was a native of France, and in his sixty-third year. He came

to this country when a young man, and here he completed his ecclesiastical studies. As a pastor in Baltimore and Washington, he gave proof of possessing qualifications for the more important offices which he was afterward called upon to fill—coadjutor to the Archbishop of Santa Fé, Archbishop of New Orleans, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, and later to the Philippines. There are differences of opinion regarding the value of the services which he rendered to our government, but it can not be denied that great good resulted from his visits to the West Indies and the Orient. The Catholics of Porto Rico are especially indebted to him; and there—outside of his own archdiocese—he will be most gratefully remembered.

Although highly respected and deeply beloved by many who knew him intimately, adverse criticism seems to have been the lot of Archbishop Chapelle. It is even said that it was imprudence on his part to return to New Orleans and expose himself to infection. No! his example was more precious than his life; and it must be accepted as a proof of his single-heartedness. His death has edified all classes of our citizens, and offers a splendid example of sacerdotal self-sacrifice.

* *

From the *Inter-Ocean*, a daily paper published in Chicago, we copy the following remarkable tribute to the late Archbishop Chapelle. "A Soldier of the Cross" is its title, and it has the place of honor on the editorial page:

The manner of the death of the Most Rev. Placide Louis Chapelle, Archbishop of New Orleans, is a fine example of devotion to priestly duty, and a high inspiration to the shepherds of all divisions of the Christian flock. When the yellow plague appeared in his See city, Archbishop Chapelle was absent on a visitation of his diocese. He was old; he was of a habit of body peculiarly liable to fatal attack from this disease; his Church had intrusted to him important tasks uncompleted; he was out of

danger. There were many reasons, ecclesiastical as well as personal, why he should stay out of danger, or at least not run to meet it. These reasons did not appeal to Placide Louis Chapelle. He may have thought of them,—undoubtedly they were suggested to him. But he put them aside. He remembered only that he was a soldier of the Cross, that his place was in the forefront of the battle, aiding to give the consolations of his faith and theirs to the suffering and the dying.

He returned to New Orleans immediately, and went at once into the stricken quarter to supervise, direct, and aid the works of religion there. Within a few hours he himself was stricken with the plague, and within a few days his work on earth was done. The valiant soldier of the Cross had fallen at the post of danger and of duty, where priestly honor and Christian faith called him to be. Therefore Christians of all denominations may well say of Placide Louis Chapelle, "Soldier of God, well done!" and pray that his brave and faithful soul may rest in that everlasting peace which passeth all understanding.

Writing from the shores of Lake Nyanza, Africa, Sister Mary Claver makes an appeal for the sufferers from the "sleeping sickness" now patients in the Kisoubi Hospital, in Uganda. It is about three years since this dread malady made its appearance in that part of Africa, and for the past two years the missionary Fathers have been treating on an average two hundred of the "sleepers." An especially interesting paragraph of the Sister's letter runs: "The very name of the malady, 'sleeping sickness,' leads one to suppose that its victims suffer little, if at all; but it is an error to think that they sleep much or that their numbness is a real and peaceful slumber."

As a matter of fact, the victims when first stricken suffer great pains all over the body, notably in the stomach; many complain especially of pains in the head. The symptoms which declare the presence of the disease are swellings of the glands of the neck, a yellowish tinge to the complexion, languid eyes, and, above all, a fetid odor. As the malady progresses, nervous grimaces and contortions of the mouth and nose

are frequent; there is an unconquerable desire to scratch stomach and arms with fury; many sleep scarcely at all and some become insane, often violently so. The course of the disease is from four months to as many years, and it is fatal. The hospital specifically devoted to the care of these unfortunates is, on the face of it, an exceptionally meritorious work well worthy of the beneficent assistance of Christian charity. Needless to state that pagan and Protestant as well as Catholic natives receive the care of the devoted missionaries; hence the special force of Sister Claver's appeal.

Notwithstanding the low ebb which religious sentiment has apparently reached in some parts of France, the town of St. Malo, in Brittany, recently paid signal honor to the memory of a sixteenth-century discoverer who was essentially a religious hero. An imposing monument to Jacques Cartier was unveiled with considerable pomp and solemnity in that seaport, which, about the date of Columbus' discovery of America, witnessed his birth. Cartier himself was the discoverer of Canada, his first voyage being made in 1534. At Gaspé he planted a cross thirty feet high, "and showed it to the astonished savages as the mysterious sign through which all men must be saved." In his second voyage, in 1535, the Breton sailor went up the St. Lawrence to the Indian village of Stadacona, now Quebec; and thence to Hochelaga, now Montreal. Several additional voyages followed during the next six years; and, while Champlain and one or two others are called founders of different cities of Canada, to Cartier undoubtedly belongs the fame of its discovery.

We have been interested by an account, given in the *Missions Catholiques*, of the farewell ceremonics attending the

departure of a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands from Pahoā, in the district of Puna, for Honolulu, the capital. Father Ulrich Taube, the priest in question, has evidently endeared himself during his eight years' residence in Puna to the entire population of that district, and of the adjoining one, Hilo. Protestants and Catholics, natives and whites,—all were a unit in eulogizing the retiring missionary. As a specimen of occasional oratory among the Kanakas, we give here a translation of our Lyonsese contemporary's version of the discourse delivered by Judge Kamau:

We are gathered here to say good-bye to Father Ulrich, who is called to a higher post, where his talents will have a wider scope. While bitterly regretting his leaving us, we nevertheless congratulate him upon this promotion. We all know and fully appreciate his work among the Hawaiians of Puna, and we regard with admiration the results which he has achieved. He has been a master and guide to the young, a blessing and comfort to the old and afflicted, a friend and companion to all. He has taught our young folk music, and organized an excellent orchestra out of the most unpromising material. He opened his house to our young men, encouraging them to consider it a club whither they might come to recreate themselves; and has thus saved them from wasting their time and money in drinking saloons. No distance has ever been too great and no storm too violent to keep him from visiting the sick and the poor. Many of us will never see him again, but we shall always cherish his memory; and, go where he will, our hearts will accompany him.

As an after-dinner speech at a farewell banquet, the foregoing impresses us as a very creditable effort.

In a recent circular letter to his clergy, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, makes a strong plea for the greater diffusion of the publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Australia. As one reason why all the faithful should procure and read such publications, his Eminence says:

At present we see marshalled against the Church in hostile array these insidious foes: free thought, religious indifference, Godless education,

immorality and ignorance. In their attacks against Divine Truth, they avail of the facilities which the public press affords them to scatter broadcast, at a nominal price, books, tracts and pamphlets replete with the foulest calumnies against religion, and poisoning the very fountain sources of Christian morality and Christian life. Several societies with vast resources at their command seem to have no other aim than to flood the home countries and the colonies with such anti-Christian and anti-Catholic publications.... All these hostile agencies leave nothing undone to perpetuate calumnies, a thousand times refuted, against the Church's doctrine or discipline, to misrepresent her divine mission, to belie or ignore her beneficent action on society, and to stir up odium against her pastors.... While endeavoring to counteract all the agencies of error that assail her, it is the desire of Holy Church that Literature should become the handmaid of Religion. The Catholic Truth Society, in an humble way, will do its part toward attaining this great end. It purposes to bring Catholic literature within the reach of all, and to make it accessible to all.

We have frequently advocated in these columns the more general purchase by the faithful of the different booklets, pamphlets, leaflets, etc., issued by the various Truth Societies of the Catholic world. As an antidote to the agnostic, indifferentist, and anti-Catholic literature with which the general reader's mind is saturated, such publications have become in our day a quasi-necessity, and their trifling cost robs even the poor of an excuse for not securing them.

The common notion that spirits give stamina is disproved to a nicety by Sir Frederick Trever's experiences among the English troops in South Africa, recounted by the *Queen*, of London. He alluded to the enormous column of 30,000 men who marched to the relief of Ladysmith; those who were the first to fall out were not the fat or the thin, the young or the old, or the short or the tall, but those who drank. So well marked was this fact that the drinkers could have been no more clearly distinguishable if they had worn placards on their backs.



"Who was Happiest?"

I WONDER who was happiest
The first Assumption Day,
When hosts of saints and angels lined
Their Queen's blest upward way?

I wonder if they eager pressed,
As earthly subjects do,
To catch the first gleam of her smile
Or touch her mantle blue?

I wonder if 'twas Michael led
The happy angel throng
That formed Our Lady's body-guard
And raised triumphant song?

I wonder if 'twas Gabriel,
To whom the joy was given
Of saying "Ave!" first on earth,
Who said it first in heaven?

But, oh, I'm sure in all that host
The proudest, gladdest One
Was He who said, "My Mother, hail!"
When Mary cried, "My Son!"

...

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XVI.—FLIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

STEFFAN very seldom drank to excess, though he always gambled whenever he found an opportunity. But that night, when the children were asleep, he went out and met a couple of men, who invited him into a saloon, where they played several games of cards and imbibed a large quantity of beer.

The moon, which rose late, was shining brightly into the tent when Louis was awakened by the sound of unsteady feet. Lifting his head, he saw that Steffan was intoxicated, mumbling

foolishly, and interspersing his remarks with oaths. He threw himself wearily upon the mattress in one corner which he had appropriated to his own use, and was soon snoring loudly.

As Louis listened, all the rebellious thoughts which lately had been surging through his brain reasserted themselves. It seemed impossible to endure any longer the life he and Rose were leading. Judging by the past months, there was nothing but misery and privation in store for them in the future. He also began to fear that they might be arrested, and then they would certainly be parted. Louis had never before been so close to a drunken man; he was both afraid and disgusted.

Rose stirred uneasily in her sleep,—probably disturbed by the noise of Steffan's snoring. Suddenly she sat up, frightened, and whispered:

"What is that, Louis? Is there a dog in the tent?"

"No, Rosie," he answered. "It is Steffan, and he is drunk."

"I am afraid of him. Maybe he will kill us?"

"Oh, no: he won't do that!"

"Let us get up and dress and go out," said Rose. "I do not want to stay here with a drunken man."

"Nor do I," replied Louis. "We will get up."

Very softly they rose, dressed themselves, and lifted the flap of the tent and went out into the fresh air. It was a lovely night; everything could be seen as clearly as though it were day. The pretty houses nestling behind their green foliage looked homelike and peaceful. A long, white road stretched out in the distance. It seemed to wind indefinitely,—to the very edge of the world, thought Louis as he gazed.

And then a sudden inspiration took hold of him.

"Rose," he said, "let us run away."

"From Steffan?"

"Yes. Let us go now—this moment, while he is asleep."

"But he will wake and follow us, and find us."

"Perhaps not. He does not know this place any better than we do. And if he should find us, Rosie, we could tell the people that we did not belong to him, that he is not our father."

"And then what would they do, Louis? Put us in some jail, maybe—and forever."

"No, no, they would not, if we told them the truth! I am tired of living as we are. I can't stand it any longer. And now I am afraid it is going to be worse. Steffan told me once that he did not often drink too much, but that when he did he kept at it for a long time. It would be dreadful to have to live with a drunken man."

"Drunken men swear and scold awfully, don't they, Louis?"

"Sometimes."

"And he might even beat us."

"So he might."

"Well, let us run away, Louis. I am ready. But where shall we sleep the rest of the night?"

"Under some tree, maybe."

"I think that will be fun."

"I am not so sure of the fun, but at least we shall be free."

"Do you think Steffan will wake if we go in to pack our clothes?"

"What have we to pack? Nothing but rags," rejoined Louis, bitterly. "No: we will leave everything except the music. We will take that."

"All right. Let us go. But where?"

"We will put ourselves in the hands of God, and He will not fail to take care of us," said Louis, solemnly. "Come softly, Rose."

Once more they entered the tent, Steffan was snoring vigorously.

"He will sleep a long time," said Louis. "We can get a good start in the moonlight."

Very soon they emerged from the tent, Louis carrying a violin and guitar, while Rose had the mandolin.

"Take care of us, O God! Mother Mary, guide us!" murmured Louis, taking Rose by the hand.

"Amen!" she responded reverently, and they began their journey.

Presently they were on the long, white, dusty road. The sense of escape, of freedom, was so exhilarating in itself that new life began to bound in their veins. Scarcely uttering a word, they trudged happily along, drinking in deep draughts of the fresh, aromatic air. The moonlight lay upon the sides of the pinkish grey hills like drifts of snow, dark clumps of scrub oak rising between. These hills were comparatively far away, but they seemed very near to the children as they journeyed. The beneficent moon also smiled kindly down upon the great leaves of the Spanish bayonet which dotted the roadside here and there, flecking the wild grass interspersed with sagebrush. Then, as they passed the bend of the highroad, which left the town behind them and altogether out of sight, a sense of loneliness came upon them. They had cut loose from every tie, from every bond, however friendly, however irksome and galling.

"Louis, I am so tired!" said Rose, suddenly pausing in the brisk walk they had kept up for an hour or more. "Let us sit down."

"Very well, we will," said her brother. "But we'll wait until we come to that clump of trees over yonder. It is a little chilly now, and they will shelter us."

It was a eucalyptus grove, thickly planted. The scraggy grey slender trunks and ragged branches had a homelike, welcoming appearance; heaps of freshly cut boughs lay upon the

ground. Evidently some one had been trimming the trees.

Rose threw herself upon one of them, and was fast asleep in five minutes. But not so Louis: his mind was too full of care, his heart too anxious. While his little sister lay peacefully slumbering he went forward to the edge of the grove and looked about him. They were in a beautiful valley rising gradually to the foothills, the base of which was specked with ranch houses, though Louis could not see them in the now fading moonlight. Eleven thousand feet above, San Jacinto's continually snow-crowned summit glimmered faintly through the quivering, dying, misty light of the moon, presaging the advent of another day.

A shiver passed through the boy's frame; he felt cold, and immediately thought of Rose, fearing she would suffer from the chilly air. He went back to look at her lying in her nest of leaves. Almost hidden by the branches which encircled her on every side, she presented a picture of perfect peace and rest. But her brother could not help contrasting her present appearance with that of a few months before, ere the deluding and false-speaking Steffan had cast his covetous eyes upon them. Her pretty curly hair was tossed above a pale forehead, where Louis fancied the veins were almost as blue as those of his poor father previous to his death. Her cheeks were wan and pinched; and her fingers, lightly clasped, were almost transparent.

"What if she were dead?" thought the boy, as he laid his hand upon her brow. But no—what a blessed relief!—it was quite warm; so were her hands.

Nothing could have been more fortunate than to find such a place to rest; nothing more comfortable than the piled-up boughs,—mattress, coverlet, and screen, in one. Louis yawned. The couch looked tempting. Gently passing

round to the other side, he sought another heap of branches and lay down. Nature enfolded him in her sheltering arms. The tips of the eucalyptus leaves touched his forehead; the pleasant, canphor-like smell of the branches calmed his wearied senses. He closed his tired eyes, and almost immediately forgot all the cares and sorrows of the past, all apprehension for the future, in the sweet repose which enwrapped him.

And while he slept he dreamed. He thought he saw his father and Florian walking hand in hand. They were smiling and advancing toward him. He rose to greet them; but they passed on, beckoning him to follow. He tried to do so, but could not: his head seemed bursting, his limbs heavy as iron. Still looking back, they walked slowly on, gradually disappearing from view. In despair, he cried out:

"Father, father! Florian!"

And a moment later he was awakened by a vigorous shaking from the hands of Rose.

"Louis, Louis! What is the matter with you?" she cried. "Wake up,—wake up! You were having a dreadful nightmare, and I was so frightened!"

Louis sat up and looked about him, his senses scattered, a sharp pain in his back. He had been lying on a gnarled and knotted bough, toward which he had moved in his sleep.

"Yes, I have had the nightmare, Rose," he said, pulling the cause of his distress from under him. "Just think what a little thing like this can do when it is in the wrong place! I lay on my back, this crooked twig beneath me, and it made me dream that father and Florian were here, that they wanted me to go with them and I could not. My feet would not move, and I began to call after them."

"What did you think you were saying?"

"Father, father! Florian!"

"Instead of that you were making a descending scale of dreadful moans," said Rose. "It was terrible!"

"It must have been," laughed Louis, his horror altogether vanished. "But I feel refreshed. And you, Rosie,—if only you could know how comfortable you looked lying there in your green bed!"

"It was lovely. Have I slept long, Louis?"

"Several hours, I think. But we dare not stay here much longer. We must get as far away as we can."

"O dear! O dear!" sighed Rose, the look of distress which had so long been habitual returning to her innocent, childish face once more. "I had forgotten all about it."

Throwing her arms around her brother, she began to sob violently. But the tears were really beneficial: they relieved her, and after they had subsided she felt hopeful again.

Hand in hand, they passed from the eucalyptus grove to the welcoming road, still white and dusty, but no longer silvered by the moonlight, which had given place to the pearly tints of dawn.

(To be continued.)

Lammas Day Customs.

In November, May, February, and August four great pagan festivals were held in Britain; and the Gwyl or Gule of August was the feast of the harvest. When Christianity was introduced into the Isle of the Angles, a loaf of bread was offered up at church as a symbol of the grain harvest. The service in which this loaf was presented was called Hlaf Mass, which was finally shortened into Lammas. In Lothin quaint customs of Lammas continued until well into the last century.

There are many shepherds and cowherds upon these wolds, and their custom was to build a sod house or tower on Lammas Day. Here the

herders breakfasted together on bread and cheese and a pint of stout; and, blowing horns and bearing flags, marched and raced and enjoyed athletic sports. Each party tried to pull down the sod house of some other party of herders, and many friendly contests ensued.

It was customary on Lammas Day to give servants a present of money to buy gloves. "A fairing for gloves on Lammas Day," the old account books read; and the clerk, the cellarer, the granger, and even the herdsman received a present. It was also the custom to give to the Pope on that day, and this was called *Denarius Sancti Petri*, or Peter's Pence.

The Kilkenny Cats.

Everybody has heard of the quarrelsome cats of Kilkenny that fought till nothing was left but their tails. Strange as the story seems, it has a foundation of fact.

During the Rebellion in Ireland in 1803, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a troop of Hessian soldiers, who amused themselves in barracks by tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them across a clothesline to fight. The officers, hearing of this cruel practice, resolved to stop it, and deputed one of their number to watch. The soldiers, on their part, set a man to watch for the coming officer. One day the sentinel neglected his duty, and the heavy tramp of the officer was heard ascending the stairs. One of the troopers, seizing a sword, cut the tails in two as the animals hung across the line. The two cats escaped, minus their tails, through the open window; and when the officer inquired the meaning of the two bleeding tails being left in the room, he was coolly told that two cats had been fighting and had devoured each other—all but the tails.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A Life of Remenyi, the "wizard of the violin," as he was called, is included in McClurg & Co.'s autumn announcements.

—"The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy: An account of the death in prison of the eleven bishops honored at Rome amongst the martyrs of the Elizabethan persecution: Archbishop Heath of York, Bishops Tunstall, Bonner, and companions,"—such is the rather cumbersome title of an important historical work by the Rev. G. E. Phillips, soon to be published by Sands & Co.

—"Reminiscences of an Oblate," by the Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C., is a valuable contribution to the modern history of Catholicity in England, more especially the west of London. Though the record of only a small corner of the Lord's vineyard, Father Kirk's book is still a very successful effort to throw more light on the events of England's "Second Spring." Burns & Oates.

—It is impossible fully to understand St. Francis or the "Fioretti" without knowing something of the March of Ancona. Clients of the Seraph of Assisi and students of Franciscan literature will therefore welcome a description, with illustrations from photographs, of the chief places mentioned in the "Fioretti," "Speculum," etc., by Beryl D. de Selincourt. It is among the new publications of Dent & Co.

—The appearance of almanacs for 1906 during the dog-days seems like forcing the seasons; however, we welcome an advance copy of the popular year-book printed and published by the Society of the Divine Word, Shermanville, Ill., where the members conduct a flourishing technical school. "St. Michael's Almanac for the Year of Our Lord 1906" is filled with interesting and useful reading matter, and contains numerous illustrations, old and new.

—The mere skimmer of spiritual books will find little to interest him in "The Mirror of St. Edmund," done into modern English by Francesca M. Steele. Only the reflective, meditative mind can duly appreciate the contents of this small volume; for St. Edmund was a philosopher and a mystic as well as a saint. Of creatures he says: "Lord, because Thou art, they are; because Thou art fair, they are fair." His explanation of the "Our Father" is quaintly beautiful. Published by Burns & Oates.

—While the words of "Yankee Doodle," dating from 1755, are very generally ascribed to Dr. Schuckbrugh, a surgeon in the French and Indian war, the air to which the words are sung has hitherto been supposed to be an English one.

In the current *Dolphin*, however, Wm. H. Grattan Flood puts forward a very plausible, if not utterly conclusive, argument to the effect that the tune is really an old Irish one. Those musicians who are familiar with typical Irish airs will not find it hard to admit that "Yankee Doodle" bears intrinsic evidence of Celtic origin.

—William P. Linahan, of Melbourne, Australia, sends us a pamphlet containing the speech delivered in that city, last May, by William Redmond, M. P., on "Why Ireland Wants Home Rule, and What It Means." Mr. Redmond's discourse is informative and optimistic. That it is, in addition, eloquent is, to quote the late Gen. Butler, referring to Boyle O'Reilly, "sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the speaker is an educated Irishman."

—The Marquette League has issued an important pamphlet entitled, "Indian Tribal Funds." It contains a statement of the case for the Catholic Indians, with a record of the debate in the Senate on the issue of the Mission Schools. We hope that a number of "able editors" who have been accustomed to discuss this question more or less incoherently may take the trouble to read this pamphlet and digest its contents.

—Among recent pamphlets issued by the International Catholic Truth Society is a reprint (with permission of the London C. T. S.) of Canon Vaughan's admirable exposition of the doctrine, *Extra Ecclesiam nulla Salus*. The objections to it are frankly put and fully answered. It is shown that there is no bigotry in the declaration, and that the Church teaches nothing more and nothing less than what Christ Himself taught. There should be many readers ready to welcome this timely pamphlet.

—From the Catholic Protectory, Arlington, N. J., there comes to us, in the form of a neat, cloth-bound booklet, an excellent little introductory History of Ireland. It is necessarily a mere abridgment of a centuries story, for it occupies only forty pages. But the salient features of Erin's history are judiciously presented; and as a text-book its utility is materially increased by the list of questions appended to each page. The booklet is well worth several times its price, which is only fifteen cents.

—In reference to a syndicated series of stories now appearing in a number of American and Canadian papers, the *Star* of St. John, N. B., has this to say:

No fiction recently published, including even the so-called "dime novels,"... are more perniciously immoral than

these interesting, cleverly written stories in which the hero is a smart burglar whose crimes and the way he escapes punishment are held up to the admiration of the reader. There is not a word in any of the stories which throws other than a fascinating and favorable light on crime; and the average youth, whose moral character is not crystallized, can not turn away from them without a feeling of admiration for the clever scoundrel whose exploits are held up for his emulation, and a feeling of contempt for the machinery of the law.

No sensational theatrical performances recently seen in St. John, no lurid show posters ever put up here, are so calculated to injure the moral tone of the community, are so apt to be a direct incentive to crime, as these tales of a brilliant gentleman cracksmen, whose exploits and accomplishments are so attractively pictured that they appear altogether admirable and alluring.

The foregoing is no hysterical outburst of a "pious" or "goody-goody" periodical; it is merely the sane comment of a respectable secular newspaper. Yet we wonder how many of the Catholic parents who receive the journals in which these intrinsically immoral stories appear, take the trouble to prevent their perusal by the boys and girls of the household? The imperative necessity of supervising the reading of the young is becoming day by day more and more apparent, and fathers and mothers who neglect this duty are laying up for themselves an unfailing supply of future regrets.

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.

- "Reminiscences of an Oblate." Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C. 75 cts., net.
- "The Mirror of St. Edmund." 80 cts., net.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.
- "The Cenacle." 54 cts.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.
- "Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sadlier. \$1, net
- "Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.
- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.

- "A Story of Fifty Years." \$1, net.
- "The Riddingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.
- "The House of Cards." John Heigh. \$1.50.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Mulcahy. \$1, net.
- "Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.
- "The Transplanting of Tessie." Mary T. Waggonman. 60 cts.
- "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.
- "The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. 50 cts.
- "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.
- "The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.
- "The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Crulse. 30 cts.
- "The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.
- "Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Henry Anderson, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; and Rev. Joseph Wuest, diocese of Trenton.

Mother Clara, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Dolores, Sisters of the Holy Family; Sister M. Oliva, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Liona, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. Charles Greif and Mr. Joseph Neracher, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Mulholland, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Margaret McCabe, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Johnson, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. Anna Weber, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Patrick Carroll, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Spellman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Annie Warren, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. James Collins, Schenectady, N. Y.; Miss Mary Hanifin, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Charles Moreland, Corpus Christi, Texas; Mrs. Frances Davies, Bilston, England; Mr. Jeremiah Gorinan, Newark, Ohio; Miss Mary Casey, Zanesville, Ohio; Mr. A. M. Katon, Glidden, Wis.; and Mrs. Mary Holton, Utica, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 26, 1905.

NO. 9.

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

By a Tuscan Roadside.

(After an Italian Folksong.)

BY RODERICK GILL.

O MARIA, Virgin, O most holy!
To thy servant be not now denying:
Bend and hear my supplication lowly
For my heart's beloved who is dying,—
Maria! Maria!

See, I vow the ring my mother bought me,
Which was granted ne'er to friend or lover;
And the coral string for which they sought me:
Grant my Giovanni may recover,—
Maria! Maria!

Ah, if his life be spared, a taper white
Each Sunday morn thy little shrine shall light,—
Maria! Maria!

The Avenger of Agincourt.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.



HE French naturally look upon St. Fiacre, the Irish patron of Brie, Seine-et-Marne, as their own especial property, and year after year they celebrate his glorious anniversary with more pomp than probably marks the feast of any other saint in the calendar. In certain districts, indeed, the last week in August is entirely given over to fêtes in honor of the illustrious exile of Erin who, even before Joan of Arc, avenged for France the defeat of Agincourt and rid her of the English invader. St.

Fiacre fairs, St. Fiacre banquets, St. Fiacre processions, and St. Fiacre fêtes of every description, take place annually throughout the land sanctified by the great Irishman's long exile,—the land he served with such faith and devotion.

St. Fiacre arrived in France about the year 610, being guided on his way by a star, like the Wise Men of old. Tradition says that he made a short stay in Paris, at a hospital that stood on the site afterward occupied by the old church of St. Josse. Thence, still following his star, he journeyed to Meaux, at that date the capital of Haute-Brie. His sister Syra was his travelling companion; her motive in sharing her brother's exile being to find the tomb of St. Savinien, first Bishop of Sens, to whom she had a great devotion. The travellers sought and obtained an audience of St. Faron, the Bishop of Meaux, who was himself an Irishman and brother to St. Chilain, or Kilain, a kinsman of St. Fiacre.

Students of the life of St. Fiacre will not need to be informed that, like all Irishmen of his day, he is sometimes spoken of as a "Scot"; just as Ireland herself was formerly known as "Scotia Major," the mother-country; and Scotland as her colony, or "Scotia Minor." Even so late as the beginning of the eleventh century, it was usual to speak indiscriminately of the Irish in Ireland, and of their descendants in Scotland, as the "Scots." In some few instances biographers and historians have found this custom a stumbling-

block, and been occasionally puzzled as to whether some particular "Scot" was Irish or Scotch. In the case of St. Fiacre, however, there can be no such difficulty. In his interview with the Bishop of Meaux he places the question of his nationality beyond all doubt.

"I beg of you to hide nothing from me," said Bishop Faron. "What is your origin, the place of your birth, what are your desires, where are you going, and what is your name?"

"Ireland, island of the Scots, is my birthplace and that of my parents," answered the young man. "Desiring to live a hermit's life, I left my country and my parents, and now seek a solitude where I may pass my days in peace. My name is Fiacre."

Writers differ, however, as to the baptismal name of our saint. Richard and Giraud are of opinion that he was not called Fiacre till five or six hundred years after his death. In his *"Histoire de l'Eglise de Meaux,"* Toussant Duplessis tells us that the saint was christened Fefrus, *un nom Irlandais*, which in France became Fiacre; while the Bollandists maintain that the name was originally Fiacre, but that the people of Meaux softened it to Fefrus, as being more in harmony with the Latin pronunciation. And this is probably the truth, for the earliest writers who treat of the Irish saint speak of him as Fiacre. There is an interesting old manuscript, in the Paris Bibliothèque Sainte-Généviève, in which Fiacre is represented as the hero of a miracle-play, the opening lines being: "*Cy commence la Vie de Mounseigneur Saint Fiacre.*" And in a copy of Julleville's *"Mystères Inédits du XVe Siècle,"* preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, he is spoken of as "*Monsieur Saint Fiacre.*"

It is characteristic of St. Fiacre that in his interview with Bishop Faron he made no allusion to his royal birth,

although he was heir to a provincial Irish throne. An earthly crown had no attractions for him; and when his people wished to force it upon him, he was, in answer to his prayers, stricken with a loathsome disease, known ever after as *le mal de St. Fiacre*, which so disfigured him that the deputation fled in horror. When his well-meaning friends had gone, the saint was restored to health.

At the period of his visit to St. Faron, Fiacre was in his twentieth year, and is said to have been of great personal beauty, and possessed of manners at once dignified and simple. The bishop was delighted with his youthful frankness and pious zeal, and at once granted him permission to live in the forest of Breuil, near Meaux. He also interested himself in the Princess Syra and her mission, and suggested to his own sister, St. Fare, that she should offer the fair Irish girl the hospitality of the convent of Faremoutier, of which she was abbess. The good nun readily acceded to her brother's request, and not only gave a home to Syra, but also aided her materially in her search for the tomb of St. Savinien. The grave was eventually discovered near Troyes. Syra had a church built over it, and became its guardian. This church was known, in later years, as "*L'Eglise de Ste.-Syra,*" or "*Ste.-Syre,*" as it was also written.

St. Fiacre had meanwhile established himself in the forest of Breuil. Here he built a little chapel with a small cell adjoining it. He tilled the surrounding land with his own hands, planted such necessities as he required, and soon obtained a reputation as a skilful gardener. The fame of his sanctity and of his miracles also spread far and wide, and drew many visitors to his hermitage. Among these was his noble kinsman, St. Kilain, who was so edified by the hermit's piety that he, too, abandoned the world. He was, later,

ordained priest by Bishop Faron and became the apostle of Artois.

Notwithstanding his desire to live in solitude, the gentle and hospitable Irish hermit could not bring himself to turn any pilgrim from his door. And, as the claims upon his bounty increased, he applied to St. Faron for permission to enlarge his territory. The bishop replied that Fiacre was free to take as much land as he could mark out and surround with a ditch in one day. The hermit may have hoped for a more generous grant from St. Faron, but he thanked him with his customary humility and set to work with a will. And never, surely, was a more wonderful day's work accomplished, single-handed, by any man! As he walked along, in the direction of Crecy-en-Brie, marking his new territory as he went, the trees fell, and the ground opened behind him, parting on either side, so as to form a formidable ditch without any exertion on Fiacre's part. Before nightfall the boundaries of the little hermitage were extended far beyond the good saint's modest expectations.

The manner in which St. Fiacre came to be chosen as the patron of gardeners, and all who cultivate the soil, recalls somewhat the legend of St. Patrick's miraculous blackthorn, which the celebrated Franco-Irish composer and poet, the late Augusta Holmes, immortalized in her beautiful song, "*L'Aubépine de St. Patrick*." About forty years after his departure from Ireland Fiacre found a peach stone at the door of his cell one morning, and planted it immediately; for, although generous to a fault, he never wasted anything.

He then knelt down and asked God's blessing upon his labor, as was his invariable custom. While he was still praying, a little tree appeared above ground, put forth buds and branches, and burst into clusters of snowy blossoms, that in the twinkling of an

eye gave place to fine, red-ripe peaches. The news of the miracle quickly reached the neighboring town of Brie, and brought all the gardeners of the place to the forest of Breuil to see the heaven-sent tree. From that hour they venerated Fiacre as a saint and, upon his death, ten years later, chose him for their patron.

In the words of Pope Alexander VII., the miracles wrought at the tomb of St. Fiacre were of daily occurrence,—*miraculis quotidianis*. And great was the indignation of the good people of Brie when Henry V. of England threatened to violate the saint's grave in the forest of Breuil. It was after the defeat of Agincourt had plunged all France into mourning that the relics of the Irish saints, who "in death were not divided,"—since Kilain, at his own request, had been interred in the same grave,—narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the English King.

In 1421 that monarch, still flushed with his success at Agincourt and eager for further conquest, marched on Beauge, in the department of Maine-et-Loire. He suffered, however, an ignominious defeat at the hands of the gallant Marshal de La Fayette, who had many Irish exiles in his army. These latter had been driven from their own land by English tyranny and oppression, and were well pleased, while fighting for France, to strike a blow at the power that was ruining their country. His repulse at Beauge deeply mortified King Henry, not only because it came so soon after his victory at Agincourt, but, probably even more, because he was compelled to admit that his humiliation was largely owing to the valor of the Irish soldiers in the service of France; just as, centuries later, George II. was forced to own that his crushing defeat at Fontenoy was due to a similar cause.

King Henry's rage knew no bounds. He swore by a terrible oath that he

would yet avenge himself upon the Irish "rebels" by pillaging the grounds and monastery of St. Fiacre. According to the "*Chronique du St. Denis*," he even contemplated stealing the holy Irishman's shrine, and carrying it off to London to grace his triumph there. And, for a time, it seemed as if fortune favored the infamous projects of the English monarch. Meaux surrendered to him, after a heroic resistance. In this connection, let it be said that all the glamour of his victories fails to gloss over the innate baseness of this king's character as shown in his conduct to the weak or vanquished.

In defiance of every law of chivalry and honorable warfare, he put to the sword all the Irish soldiers whom he found in the garrison at Meaux, as well as some Scotch and Welsh, who were also fighting on the French side. He then set out for the monastery of St. Fiacre, pillaging and burning all before him. But God protected the shrine of his servant and vindicated the honor of the humble hermit of Breuil. In the very midst of his sacrilegious work King Henry was stricken down, and the illness which laid him prostrate was *le mal de St. Fiacre!* On his sick-bed he cried out in impotent fury that the Irish not only fought for the French on earth, but did battle for them in heaven as well. The dying monarch was carried to the chateau of Vincennes, where he expired in excruciating pain on the 31st of August, while the fêtes in celebration of the feast of St. Fiacre were being held all over France.

The relics of Fiacre and Kilian remained in the forest of Breuil till 1568, when, the religious wars breaking out, they were transported to Saint Stephen's Cathedral at Meaux, in order to preserve them from the risk of profanation by the Huguenots.

The kings of France have always shown a marked devotion to St. Fiacre. Louis XIII. kept a relic of the holy

Irishman in his palace, and attributed his restoration to health, when dangerously ill at Lyons, to the saint's intercession. His wife, Anne of Austria, considered that she owed the birth of her son, afterward Louis XIV., to the prayers of St. Fiacre, and made a thanksgiving pilgrimage to his shrine, walking all the way, from Batignolles-Monceau to Meaux.

Pope Urban VIII. had sent her a handsome set of lace-embroidered baby clothes to clothe the royal infant, and these she left as a votive offering at the shrine of St. Fiacre. As "*le Roi soleil*" grew to manhood he showed almost as ardent a devotion to the Irish saint as his mother, and, like her, attributed his birth to the saint's intercession. Every year throughout his reign, if prevented by the affairs of state from going in person, he sent some one to pray for his intention at the shrine of St. Fiacre.

The fame of St. Fiacre in no way diminished with time. An enterprising Frenchman named Sauvage, kept an inn, in the Rue St. Antoine, Paris, the signboard of which bore the words, "*A Saint Fiacre*," because it was from this spot that pilgrims to the great Irishman's shrine usually started. The visitors became so numerous that Sauvage made special cars for their conveyance, which were sometimes called "*five sous cars*," because twopence half-penny an hour was the average fare charged, in those days, for a drive from Paris to Meaux. But the cars were more generally known as *fiacres*, a name often given even to the coachmen themselves. This was the origin of the term *fiacre*, as applied to hackney-coaches in France, and now given to all French cabs.

The intercession of St. Fiacre is invoked particularly in case of illness. During the cholera epidemic at Meaux, in 1832 and 1849, his relics were exposed and the scourge ceased immediately.

Paris has many souvenirs of this

illustrious son of St. Patrick. Two thoroughfares are called after him, namely, the Rue St. Fiacre and the Impasse St. Fiacre, close to the Boulevard Poissonière. Among the relics of the saint, venerated in the French capital, the most important is that kept in the church of Ste.-Marguerite, the old cemetery of which was so much before the public recently, owing to the fruitless search made there for the coffin of Louis XVII., the boy-prisoner of the Temple.

Ste.-Marguerite's is situated in the Faubourg St. Antoine district, which was formerly the headquarters of the Confraternity of St. Fiacre. It then abounded in fields and gardens, and was inhabited chiefly by cultivators of the soil. When the present writer visited the church, about two years ago, the venerable sacristan, who had been employed there for nearly a quarter of a century, said that, even when he first came to the *quartier*, much of the ground now occupied by houses was covered with gardens. And although the Confraternity of St. Fiacre is now but a memory in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the gardeners still come every year to assist at the Mass of their patron, and follow his relic as it is carried in procession round the church, each man holding a bouquet of flowers and a lighted candle. On the same day a banquet is held in honor of their patron in the Restaurant de Meurice, which, curiously enough, is almost within a stone's-throw of the historic chateau where King Henry of England died of *le mal de St. Fiacre*.

The parish of Notre-Dame-des-Champs is now regarded as the headquarters of the Confraternity of St. Fiacre. But the principal business of the association is transacted at the "Cercle Catholique d'Ouvriers," and it is in the chapel attached to the building that the relic of the saint is kept. The walls of

this little edifice are literally soaked with the blood of martyrs, for it is constructed entirely from the stones of the Carmelite chapel in the Rue Vaugirard, which was destroyed during the Revolution, after several priests who had taken refuge there were butchered in cold blood.

Here, as at Ste.-Marguerite's, an annual Mass of St. Fiacre is celebrated, and his relic carried in procession, the congregation following with flowers and lighted candles. Here, too, a Fiacre banquet is held every year in a fine hall, round which the banner of the "Cercle Catholique d'Ouvriers" is hung at intervals. This banner is a white cross on a scarlet ground, with the motto, "*In hoc Signo Vinces.*" Other banners and flags are suspended here and there, including those of St. Fiacre and Joan of Arc. But in the place of honor, and above every other banner in the room, the green flag of Erin floats proudly at the banquet of St. Fiacre. The reason for this graceful tribute to the nationality of our saint will be best given in the words of the Abbé Piché, the present director of the "Cercle Catholique d'Ouvriers." This zealous priest passed thirteen years of his life in Ireland, and is the author of "Pour l'Irlande," a book in which, as he himself tells the reader, he "breaks a lance for Erin."

The Abbé Piché concluded his speech, made at last year's banquet of St. Fiacre, in the following terms:

"You may have noticed, my dear friends, that there is one flag here which occupies a higher place than any other. And it is just and right, and only grateful on the part of Frenchmen that this should be so. You all know the story of Joan of Arc, and of her work for France. But, before ever that heroic maid rushed to the deliverance of Orleans, an Irishman had already avenged the defeat of Agincourt.... That Irishman was St. Fiacre, your patron, in whose honor we are

assembled here. And this is why the Irish banner floats, and deserves to float, higher than any other flag in our hall to-day."

Those members of the Irish colony in Paris, who had the privilege of listening to the Abbé Piché's generous tribute to the memory of their glorious compatriot, will not easily forget the burst of spontaneous applause with which chivalrous France acknowledged its debt to St. Fiacre, the Irish avenger of Agincourt.

Three Spinsters and a Younker.

—
BY EMILY HICKEY.
—

(CONCLUSION.)

A GYPSY life for the next fortnight: life of open air, of camping on dunes, of wading—if one may call it wading at low tides; a life of unconvention, unspoiled either by discomfort or luxury. Secunda says I had better not make this kind of reflection, as it is, in her ladyship's opinion, too like sermonizing; and she is pleased to object to lay sermons in general, and to mine in particular.

The dunes were full of hollows and rises, to be fashioned by a little toolless scooping into the cosiest armchairs and sofas possible. There was a little kiosk at which Secunda and Tertia every day prepared for the cult of the teapot; at which cult I, of course, duly assisted,—the little kiosk that was to be our shelter on all days too wet for beach or dunes. But there came one afternoon only that was too wet, and even then, after we had worked and read for a long time, two of us—I will not say which two—tucked up our dresses, I fear rather loosely, hoisted an umbrella, and tramped the beach to the lively accompaniment of one of those tunes which it is to be hoped we may one day see banished from all Christian hymn-

books. It was only a *Lied ohne Worte*, I may say. It was heavily accented by thumps and thuds.

There were two ladies at first about that half kiosk, one of them "from Paris"; and at Assumption-tide there were two gentlemen. But the gentlemen went away and left the ladies and the two pretty little boys. One of the boys was brown, lithe, and graceful; his great fault, his mother said, was want of application. This fault, however, did not in the least affect his social charm. He was about eight, and was always very good to the jolly brown speechless person who lived all the morning in a single blue garment, and roared lustily when, in the afternoon, he met his doom of being arrayed in something rather more conventional. He loved much to bury his legs, or have them buried for him, in the sand, and to refresh himself with frequent internal applications of bread and chocolate.

A little company of "ifs" cropped up,—mostly of Secunda's growing. *If* only we had brought a deck-chair apiece, how we might have lain at ease at the very edge of the sea! *If* I had had a bicycle, or even a tricycle, what rides there might be! She and Tertia had frequent bicycle rides, and their daily sea-bath, too. And it was all very "nice," as people say. I don't like the word, but I use it, all the same.

They took me to one of the most important towns within our radius on Assumption Day. That is, they sent me on by train, with directions on no account to pass my station; and they met me at High Mass. The procession was not what it had been in former days, with its baby Lord and tiny Lady and infant foster-father, and various wee St. John Baptists in sheepskin, or carrying toy baa-lambs, as friends of ours had seen it some years before, when they had discovered the Plague. Ah, this year there were no

kind nuns to mother the babies, and dress them up, and teach them their goings! The picturesque remains of that town's old fortifications were, we were informed, soon to be destroyed. To enlarge the borders, forsooth! To improve the town! Why, oh, why, must these things be? This is not at all modern, I know. Bother modernity!

Another day there was an old cathedral town to be visited, where there was much to see. The hand of the Revolution—the Great Revolution, I mean—had sorely pressed upon the old building, and there was many an empty niche outside. But inside there were the quaint reliefs, and there was the tomb of its great patron, and there was the Lady Chapel with its wonderful possession, and its many records of healing asked and wrought. But a good deal of our time was spent very quietly; in the rest of the beach or dune or country not far to get to: flat country, with its churches and windmills, and width of view.

And life is hardly worth living unless one can tease and be teased. I think I come in for the lion's share of being teased; an opinion which, perhaps, is shared by each of the others in her own individual case. Secunda and Tertia declare that I am unpractical; and they say this opinion was more than confirmed on a certain occasion when they had gone off on their bicycles, to accompany some "interesting foreigners," as I called them (Tertia says I said it spitefully). I set vigorously to work to clear up the kiosk after the general tea. I carried up to the hotel the bread, butter, milk, and so forth, remaining after the afternoon banquet. I put them (neatly, of course, goes without telling) in Tertia's vasculum,—that useful repository of things other than botanical specimens, or even flowers. I placed the vasculum on the sill of a French window, which window was guiltless of a keeping-open hook. I

piled up the cups and saucers; likewise did I add unto the pile one or two other things, for there was room enough. Then I looked admiringly at my work and felt virtuous, which, as we all know, no one ever really is if one imagines oneself to be.

The sorrowful sequel and the complete collapse of my pride of practicality, at least for the time being, was what Secunda and Tertia found when they returned. The window had blown open, and the wind had sent the cups and saucers down to the floor. And there was much broken ware. And there were little streams of milk slow-trickling on the floor. They said I was never again to attempt to put things straight. And, after all, as I told them, I had perhaps the best of it; and we agreed that the moral to be drawn was, do things badly, and you will not be allowed to do them at all. A distinct encouragement to incompetency, not to say laziness.

One day they went off, leaving me to employ myself, or amuse myself, as best I might. They went for the whole day, on their bicycles, meaning to devote a good part of their time to sketching and photographing an old church built by us in the times when England held much French land. It was a church of which all that now remained was the tower, with its worn effigy of St. George, and part of the choir, now used as a parish church. The *curé* had managed somehow to collect money enough to seat it with good oak, and the pulpit was likewise of good oak; and the church, we were told, was always full at Sunday Mass. We had had a nice talk with the *curé*, whose fine enthusiasm it was a delight to see; and it had been arranged that Secunda and Tertia were to go over one day and spend some time in examining the church, and photographing and sketching it. They were also to write down the *curé's* account of the building,

which they said I was to do something or other with, so as "not to be out of it." They started at about ten, and I was not to expect them back before dinner time. Of course before they went off they laid upon me disrespectful injunctions about not losing myself, and so forth.

There was a place I wanted to go to when I found myself alone. They did not like it: they called it "the abomination of desolation"; but I said it was no such thing, and I settled in my mind that when they went off for a long ride I would enjoy myself there in my own fashion. When you came there you saw a great stretch of sand with clumps of sea-holly here and there; and you heard the cry of the gulls. So they described it; but I never felt that at all.

I went there slowly enough to notice closely the many shells on the beach,—shells pink, shells grey, shells pale lilac splotted with black; shells dark blue, shells white; there they lay, whole ones and broken ones. And the delicate drab seaweed lay about, in bunch or spray, with here and there trails of dark brown, and little jellyfish and tiny shrimps. The tide was low, and girls with their nets and baskets were shrimping at a good distance from me. I knew that some of the produce of their nets would appear at the hotel dinner.

On I went until I reached my desolate spot. I seemed to breathe more deeply and fully with the great width of the view, and I thought the very breezes gathered strength as they swept over the clear space. I had a book with me; but I have generally found that a book by the seaside, or in a fair wood, or, in fact, out of doors anywhere, is only a bit of humbug. One puts it down after a little while,—sometimes after a very little while. Sometimes one looks; sometimes one thinks—or thinks that one thinks; sometimes one

sleeps. I began by putting down my book and looking. I love the sea. We all love it; though I, for one, love the mountains still better. There is a Basque proverb to the effect that he that hath not seen the mountains and the sea doth not know God.

A shadow fell across my book, and I looked up. It was the Younger who was standing there! I jumped up. I felt glad to see him, and yet confused and at a loss as to what to say. He shook hands as if it had been only yesterday that we had met, and as if nothing had occurred since that yesterday's meeting.

"Sit down, Prima," he said; "and let me sit here by you for a little while."

"Did you know we were here?"

"Yes: I saw you all some days ago. I came here after Norway. I am here with a cousin who has been buying land for building at Plage Lee, and we rode over, and it so happened I saw you. And I heard accidentally from M. le Curé over at St. George's that two ladies, whose identity I did not find it hard to guess, were to be with him this morning; and I made up my mind I would come and look for Prima. And now I have found her."

I was silent; mostly from astonishment. He went on:

"Prima, tell me what do you know?"

"Only that Tertia has broken off the engagement."

"She has given you no reason?"

"None."

"May I speak to you, Prima?"

"I mustn't hear anything Tertia does not wish Secunda and me to know."

"But you must be just, Prima. I intend you to know, and you will agree with me that it is my affair at least as much as Tertia's. I have my opportunity, and mean to take advantage of it, whether you are willing or not. So here goes!"

He smiled, but the smile had some

pain behind it. I did not know what to say, so I said nothing. He took out of his pocket a letter which he handed to me. I saw it was in Tertia's writing. It ran thus:

"Elizabeth Gray returns the enclosed letter to Edward Young. She is aware that it was not intended for her; but as it was sent to her, she has read it. Edward Young will of course understand that the engagement between him and Elizabeth Gray is at an end. She begs that he will not attempt to hold any further communication with her."

I read it three times over, and then handed it back to him.

"What was the enclosure?" I asked.

"Here is a copy of it, Prima. I can explain it now, though I could not have explained it then. I wrote, asking her to let me come and see her; but my letter was returned unopened. I wrote again, and the same thing happened."

I took the copied letter. It was one which, as I could at once see, must have amazed and horrified Tertia, as well as sorely puzzled her. It must, too, have brought all the pure proud maiden blood to her face. It began with the single word, "Dear." It expressed the deepest sorrow for a great wrong done to the person to whom it was addressed. It was a letter of farewell, "on the eve of my marriage," and told of a settlement made in favor of "the boy," and an allowance to herself. It ended with a prayer for her forgiveness. It was signed with the initials E. Y.

"Was this in your handwriting, Edward?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to explain it to me?"

"Yes; that is why I am here. For some time I meant to explain it to no one. But here I am. I knew you had gone abroad; and—I joined my cousin."

"Well, explain, explain!"

"That letter, of which this one is a copy, was itself a copy. It was a copy of a letter written by some one whom,

in fact, I had got to write it, and I copied it for him. It was egregious carelessness on my part that brought about the sending of it to Tertia; and I deserve to be well punished for it."

"You haven't been unpunished, Younker."

"No," he said, "I certainly have not."

"I suppose, in fact," I said, "that you composed the letter for your somebody?"

"Yes; and what is—or, at any rate, may look—strange, is that the man has the same initials as my own."

I was silent for a moment, and he said:

"Prima, do you doubt me?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, tell her."

"You forgive her, then?"

"I love her. And, Prima, if I had done what she had thought, I should have deserved to lose her forever."

It was easy to understand what a man's love means, as I looked at Edward Young's face. Then we both followed our natural impulse, and knelt on that lonely sand, and looked toward the old church-tower which was plain to see in the distance. We could not see St. George, but—ah, well! why should I write it, or try to write it? The Younker and I *knew*.

I was to write to him as soon as I could, and he was not to come to the Plage until he had heard from me. I said good-bye, and watched his figure lessening in the distance, and felt all alive with joy.

There was no one to have tea with that day, and it hardly seemed worth while to make it. But as I had had my orders, I obeyed them. They included directions as to not setting fire to the kiosk by overturning the methyated spirit stove,—for as I have said, they will have it that I am unpractical, and I shall never hear the end of my kiosk tidying up.

Tertia I sometimes call proud. She likes much better to do things for

other people than to let other people do them for her. Tertia says she is independent; for we give different names to different qualities, according to whether they are our own or somebody else's. So perhaps, then, Tertia is merely independent and not proud; and Secunda is very careful and anxious that all should go right; and I am—well, shall we say supermundane? Only that would be worse than even unpractical.

As I have remarked, Tertia liked solitary strolls on the beach, and very often she liked to take them after dusk and even after dark. And, although Secunda had issued her ukase that there was not to be any nonsensical fidgetiness, it was sometimes pretty plain to me that Secunda was f-d-g-t-y. She would make mention of possibilities of "some one" being about. I suggested that Tertia might be thinking of "some one," and that her thoughts might somehow be projecting some sort of a body. Secunda asked her once what she was thinking of on the beach; and, as might have been expected, she gave the classic reply: "Maistly nowt."

Secunda and I sat on the board in front of one of the bathing cabins. We had often sat there before, and looked at the stars and the sea, and watched the light of the *phare*, and the lesser lights of the many buoys. We had mused, or been sleepy, or been in a talking mood. And our inclinations had not always synchronized.

I told Secunda the Younker's story. She said that he and Tertia were a pair of "duffers." He was a careless duffer, in addition. And, of course, he ought to have insisted on her hearing his explanation. And, as for her—O dear, O dear, as *Puck* says, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

At any rate, Tertia heard it all that night.

"I thought you had some sense," said Secunda.

Tertia replied meekly: "So did I."

Then she flew off and wrote a letter. We all three said we would post it the next morning, when we walked to church at a village some three miles from us, and some ten from the place at which the Younker's cousin lived. But I laid it upon Tertia to let me send it, and I took possession of it at once.

Oh, but that morning was lovely! And, oh, but that early walk was sweet! We went along, hand in hand, never speaking a word. I can see it all now,—the fair corn, the soft brown sedge, the blue chicory, the yarrow, pink and white. And I can hear the music of the larks, high up in the air, strong and clear and sweet. And it was peace.

When the Communion bell rang, Secunda went up first, and then Tertia; and I was just going to kneel next Tertia when some one stepped quietly in between us, and I knelt next to him instead. And when we left the church, the sky was brighter still, and the sun was of a warmth and radiance that was only a poor symbol of our gladness.

We broke our fast at a cottage, where we had been told we should find milk. How hospitably we were treated!—madame not allowing us to take the milk cold, but insisting on warming it on the cleanest and brightest of stoves, chatting to us all the time, her daughter helping her to entertain her guests. The foreigners made rather a spectacle. A tall boy came and stood in the doorway, and looked on. A short boy came and stood in the kitchen doorway likewise, and likewise looked on. It was the short boy that had told us where milk might be had. Both the boys were wrapped in silence eloquent.

The guests looked round while they waited. The Younker and Tertia might, as Secunda said afterward, have been old married folk instead of lovers. The girl pointed out some plates, which she

said, were very old. May she be forgiven if the thoughts of her heart were upon getting us to buy them! One of the milk-drinkers piously expressed the wish that the plates might come down to the maiden's great-grandchildren. And the maiden thereto piously also assented.

My comrades had to learn that Tertia's letter had gone by express messenger. Good madame had entered into my curious and foreign wishes and mad English ways, and the letter had reached Villa Dessaix at somewhere between twelve and one. All the inhabitants had gone to bed. But the Younker had had a joyous waking.

Three years have passed quickly, too, since we said good-bye to the many-boated sea; to the dunes beloved; to Jean, who, he told us, meant to follow us to England, where he should establish himself as a professor of the French language, and make his long-delayed fortune; to monsieur and madame, who were never to forget us, and to whom I promised a letter as soon as the Younker and Tertia were married; and to all the little children.

I wake not now with broad sunshine streaming upon a milk-white floor, whose dainty surface is unbroken save by one tiny rug. I do not see a slightly magnified tea-basin which represents a washing apparatus; I no longer contemplate my toilet effects in a large and splotchy pier-glass.

But, there are little ducks in the yard below my windows; and there are rabbits, little and big, in plenty in the warren beyond those firs; and there is a little child in this house where I am staying; where Secunda is staying too. And I hear a voice calling out, in tones rather masterful:

"Pema, Pema, oo mutn't be lagy. Oo mut tum out and see Bama hen's babies."

I have obeyed the orders of two generations. Now come those of the third.

Confiteor.

BEHOLD me at Thy feet again, O Lord!
Humbly to kneel,—how can I dare to pray,
Or thank Thee for this grace Thou dost accord?
I can but wonder that Thou dost not slay.
My weight of infamy doth press me down,
The load of guilt that I can bear no more;
Prostrate in bitter shame before Thy frown,
I can but murmur low: *Confiteor!*

Black is the record of the rebel soul
That openly contemns Thy law divine,
Proclaiming earthly joy its only goal
Throughout this life. But blacker still is mine;
For unto me the Tree of Life was shown,
And I have lived amid the fruits it bore;
The Treasure of Thy temple I have known
Thankless, indifferent,—*Confiteor!*

In deepest shame bowed down before Thy Face,
The wretch to whom Thy mercy still allows
The gift of life and many a greater grace,
Recalls the treachery, the broken vows.
My presence doth Thy temple but defile,—
How shall the traitor knock upon Thy door?
Basely unworthy, vilest of the vile;
Confiteor, O Lord,—Confiteor!

B. O'B. C.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXII.—LORD AYLWARD SUGGESTS AN ALTERNATIVE.

LORD AYLWARD, leaning forward, as has been described, to hear who could be the man, had his dark misgivings. There was no one in all Millbrook to whom the description just given by Miss Tabitha could be applied save and except Eben Knox. And yet the young man believed it hardly possible that this trim and dainty old woman,—who, despite her almost senile reverence for class as represented by the Brethertons, had about her an air of evident and marked gentility,—should seriously entertain the idea of her niece's marrying such a creature as him whom Craft called a "pizon snake."

His suspense was not of long duration. Drawing about her that fur mantle which had been the gift of old Madam Bretherton, Miss Tabitha spoke:

"I may tell you in confidence, Lord Aylward, that the person whom I have in view is Mr. Knox. He is, as perhaps you are aware, manager of the Millbrook woolen mills, which is in itself an excellent and lucrative position. But he has other resources. By speculation and the accumulation of property, he has amassed a considerable fortune. He has, as I have explained, long desired to marry my niece, and is prepared to make almost any sacrifice to ensure her comfort and happiness."

"I should think he would be," exclaimed Lord Aylward; adding in a lower tone, "even to the extent of drowning himself in the mill-pond!"

"I beg your pardon! I did not catch your lordship's last remark."

"It's of no importance. I was merely suggesting a means to an end."

"As Leonora will be absolutely penniless," Miss Tabitha continued, "since my small annuity dies with me, and as it is so very difficult for a girl to earn her own living, I think it is quite providential that my niece should thus early be provided with a suitable husband."

"Oh, I say," cried Lord Aylward, aghast, "Miss Chandler surely can not be expected to look at things in that way, or to dream for a moment of marrying such a man! Why, the fellow's not fit to blacken her shoes! He's—he's—oh, by Jove, Miss Tabitha, you can't be in earnest!"

Miss Tabitha inwardly quaked at the strong disapproval, the disgust, which she read upon Lord Aylward's face, and which she recognized as the forerunner of what she knew would be the public opinion in Millbrook. Since there was no help for it, however, she had made up her mind to brave the storm fearlessly. Anything was better

than that the name of Bretherton should be tainted, the ashes of the dead whom she had loved dragged ruthlessly from the grave, and she herself, as Eben Knox had declared, charged with complicity in that secondary crime of sending an innocent man to prison. Heaven alone knew, indeed, with what crime Eben Knox, baffled, infuriated, driven to desperation, might charge her. Leonora herself would inevitably share in the disgrace, and her marriage to young Mr. Bretherton become in any event impossible.

The old lady, therefore, maintained an outward composure, and with defiant steadfastness looked at Lord Aylward, upon whose countenance appeared an expression of honest concern.

"As to Miss Chandler's lack of fortune," he pleaded, "a fellow who was lucky enough to have the chance of winning her, would never even think of that. I am quite sure my friend Bretherton has never given the matter a thought. When a man is really in love with a girl, it means a lot, don't you know! And surely Jimmy is able to make sufficient provision for your niece's future."

"Lord Aylward," said Miss Tabitha, regarding him stonily, "I may as well tell you, once for all and for the last time, that a marriage between Leonora and that dear young gentleman is altogether out of the question. Whomever she may marry, there are reasons why she must never marry him. I think that, since a late conversation I have had with her, she herself is quite persuaded of the truth of my assertion."

Lord Aylward was impressed by the solemnity of her manner, and he sat silent a few moments, pondering on her words. Meanwhile hope—which even in the darkest hour is as a flickering candle, requiring but the slightest puff of wind to fan it into a blaze—sprang up within his breast. If the old woman's declaration were really true—

if, without any disloyalty to his friend, he might really come into the running,—he would feel himself bound to enter the race, for the sole purpose of saving Leonora from the mill-manager.

Love likewise began its insidious work, seeming to make the garden, bare with the bleakness of winter, bloom into sweetness again. With beating heart, he seemed to see Leonora, to feel the charm of her presence, to be once more captivated by her smile. He remembered her as he had first seen her, as she had appeared, too, upon that moonlight night standing and bandying jests with his friend. Love, “the inflexible mystery,”—how it warmed and invigorated him! He scarce felt as if he were the same being who had coldly entered into that warfare suggested by Jesse Craft.

“There are reasons,” Miss Tabitha began again, unconscious how, for the young man beside her, the sun had brightened, and the equinox had become vernal, and the roses were blooming upon the vines and in the garden,—“there are family reasons, reasons of the utmost gravity, which I am not at all at liberty to divulge, but which must prevent that marriage of which we have been speaking. I think I may confide this much to your discretion.”

Lord Aylward leaned toward her, his eyes sparkling, his ordinarily impassive face glowing, as he asked slowly:

“These reasons of which you speak, do they refer to a marriage with Bretherton only?”

“Chiefly to him. Such a marriage,” Miss Tabitha replied solemnly, “would be a certain cause of disaster.”

“Then, Miss Tabitha,” cried Lord Aylward, speaking with a totally unexpected energy, “if your reasons are sufficient, and my poor friend being really out of it, the choice remains between the mill-manager and myself, I warn you that I will move heaven and earth to win Leonora. I will stand

aside for Jimmy Bretherton, but for no other man on earth.”

Miss Tabitha gazed at him, sharply drawing in her breath, and, as she told herself, all of a tremble. His sudden casting aside of that slow and sluggish manner, which deceived so many, disclosed the real nature of the man,—eager, tenacious, and possessed of indomitable resolution.

The sun flamed scarlet in the west, tending toward its setting; there was a deep hush upon the landscape, as those two were thus confronted. To the old woman there appeared, as to the young man, a glimpse of a land of promise. “What if this alternative which he suggested could be really arranged!” thought Miss Tabitha.

Lord Aylward, on his part, hurried on with those arguments which he had to offer, forgetful for the time being even of his friend whom he had just heard ruled out of the contest.

“If your reasons,” he continued, in a swift, clear utterance, which differed entirely from his ordinarily deliberate speech, and betrayed the eager excitement which now, by reason of its long repression, overmastered him,—“if your reasons relate solely to the Brethertons, they can not touch me. Let Leonora marry me, and I will take her three thousand miles from Millbrook and its complications and perplexities. I will not even expect her at first to love me, but it will be easy for her to give me the preference over Knox. I swear I will make her happy. I, too, will make any sacrifice for her sake.”

He had momentarily forgotten his friend. Who can be heroic all the time! He saw now only his own happiness, toward which Leonora’s smiling eyes seemed to beckon him.

Miss Tabitha heard his declaration with something like dread. She noted his square and massive jaw, and the air of dogged resolution which appeared

upon his countenance. That very resolution which he had shown in giving up Leonora to his friend, might now be exercised in snatching her from the clutches of the manager, and at the same time securing his own happiness. She trembled with mingled fear and delight. She wondered if Eben Knox, fixed in his hatred of the Brethertons, and finding that Leonora was likely to be immovable in her denial of his suit, might be induced to consent to a compromise and remove the girl forever from the sphere of young Mr. Bretherton's influence.

It made her breathe freely to think of Leonora married to this fine-hearted and manly young Englishman instead of the sinister and malignant Knox. She was fascinated by the brilliancy of the prospect, the victory which it would give her over the supercilious inhabitants of Thorneycroft, and the prestige with the people of Millbrook. In her rapid review of the subject, she felt that there would be a certain gratification in thus soaring beyond that somewhat too patronizing kindness of Mrs. Bretherton.

Seeing her hesitation, the young man put forward a final argument. "I am not demonstrative," he said, "but I love Leonora more than you or any one else can guess. I have stayed on here at Millbrook for the mere chance of seeing her occasionally at a distance, and of hearing her name spoken. I have never quite given up hope, nor shall I do so unless she becomes formally engaged to my friend."

"That can never be!" cried Miss Tabitha, more vehemently than ever.

She had quite gone over to Lord Aylward's side. The success of his suit would be, she argued, by far the most delightful solution of the problem, if only Eben Knox could be induced to favor the compromise. She had no idea whatever of what such an arrangement would mean to the two who were

most vitally concerned. Like many other elderly folk, she thought love an agreeable pastime in which young people are wont to indulge, and which may be brought to an end at any time, like some merry game, without serious hurt to those taking part. Nor was she warned by her own experience. Hers was a drama which she fancied could scarcely be played in the cold and calculating atmosphere of the twentieth century. She could not realize that human hearts beat on much the same while the years and the centuries roll, and that the nature and extent of love and its concomitants depend far more upon individuals than upon epochs.

"I wish sincerely that matters could be arranged as you desire," she declared. "It would be best for everyone. I have, however, pledged my word to Mr. Knox to further his intentions with respect to my niece by every means in my power. His consent to this new scheme is absolutely necessary before anything further can be done."

"One would think Miss Chandler were a straw image, a puppet!" retorted Lord Alyward, wrathfully.

"We are all puppets in the hands of destiny," said Miss Tabitha, with unconscious paganism. "And you forget, my lord, that if she had her way, she would infallibly marry young Mr. Bretherton."

Whether Miss Tabitha said this maliciously or not, it acted as a "levin bolt," destroying Lord Aylward's airy structure. That scarlet glow in the west was no longer the glow of a heart's devotion, but a cruel menace. He realized with a shudder that the garden was bare of roses and that the vines hung dismantled. If Leonora married him at all, it would be a loveless marriage,—only a shade better, so far as her feelings were concerned, than a union with Eben Knox. It occurred to him, despairingly, that she was far too noble and upright a character to

marry one man while loving another as a woman would be sure to love Jim Bretherton. His face paled and the glow at his heart died out, though his resolve remained unaltered — that he would stand prepared to marry Leonora, to save her from Eben Knox. There might be a depth of desperation, in which she would be glad to consent. Without any disloyalty to his friend, he might at least play that passive part.

While he thus ruminated, the mill bell clanged out harshly the hour of five. As Lord Aylward gazed at it swinging in its turret, and with deep-chested metallic tones announcing the moment of liberty for the imprisoned mill-hands, he fancied that it proclaimed the rights and privileges of its master with respect to Leonora. Knox was an old resident of Millbrook, an old acquaintance and an old admirer, and he would have her,— he would have her! It seemed as if the voice of the bell, resolved itself into those monosyllables and repeated them over and over again.

At last the sound ceased, and a veritable swarm of human beings issued forth noisily from the mill precincts, going upon their separate ways, rejoicing in their freedom. Dave Morse, amongst the rest, came forth and cast a longing look toward Rose Cottage. His hope of a word with Mary Jane was completely dashed by the sight of Miss Tabitha out of doors with the Britisher. He dared not approach.

The buzz of this human swarm soon ceased, like the sound of the bell. A deep peace settled upon the landscape,—the hush and the coolness of the evening hour. Only the wind swept with a pleasant, swishing sound through the tree-tops and stirred the alder bushes by the brookside. The scarlet flush faded slowly into a blending of soft and mellow tints, which overspread the heavens, and a golden haze rested softly

on the mountain-top. Mount Holyoke had become resplendent.

"Miss Tabitha," said Lord Aylward, taking off his hat and passing his hand wearily over his forehead like one awaking from a dream, "when all is said and done, it must be as *she* wishes. If she will have me, I shall be only too glad and happy. It will be better than *that*!"

He pointed to the mill while he spoke, as if the grim building with its staring windows were the impersonation of the dark fate threatening.

"But," he continued, "I feel that the only true happiness for *her* lies in marrying the best and most sterling fellow that ever loved a woman."

He began reluctantly, but he ended with a deep ring of warmth and sincerity in his tone. His admiration and affection for his friend had stood another test.

While Lord Aylward thus spoke, and Miss Tabitha listened with ill-concealed irritation, and a dark frown upon her ordinarily placid brow, there was an interruption which put an end for the time being to any further discussion of the matter. The spinster, however, had seen a loophole of escape for her niece from an obnoxious marriage,—a union which would call down upon herself, Leonora's sole relative, the condemnation of Millbrook entire. She now ardently desired to procure Eben Knox's consent to the girl's marriage with Lord Aylward. Once more she seemed to regard the manager and his lifelong devotion, which so lately she had emphasized, as mere pawns to be moved about upon the chessboard of her own plans.

She was rather vexed than otherwise, therefore, at an interruption which gave her, in her unsettled state of mind, a pang of regret and remorse, and sent her thoughts wandering chaotically backward.

Julie de Chateaubriand.

(*Madame de Farey de Montavalon.*)

—
BY LUCIE MORTON.
—

III.

A FEW months before her death, Madame de Farey had formed a friendship with a young girl,—a friendship which was as precious to the one as sweet to the other. We have in our hands a small book entitled “*My Souvenirs of Madame de Farey*,” and from it we can gather more clearly, the ingenious (we can hardly call it by any other name) and loving manner that she used in order to draw souls to God. Let us give in a few words what this girl relates:

“My return to religion had only increased the great natural distrust I had of myself; and from the day when I returned to my Christian duties, I looked for good and holy friends whose companionship and advice would be useful to me. But the friend I dreamed of, I met only once. Almighty God allowed me to meet her when I was most in need of her, and then only for a few months. She was a sister of the author of the ‘*Genius of Christianity*,’ who at that time had not made a name for himself in literature. This lady, whose goodness was beyond all that I had ever imagined, had become, from the most gay and fashionable woman, a most strict penitent, and the good she accomplished was incalculable. I knew her for only six months; for the severity of her mortifications had already exhausted her strength, and she died the death of a saint, leaving me inconsolable. I could have followed her to the end of the world; with her it was impossible to be lukewarm in the service of God.”

Madame de Farey had interested herself so closely in the spiritual welfare

of this friend that she knew all her most inmost thoughts.

“You must try to give yourself up entirely to God, who has brought you back to Him from so far,” she wrote. “You complain of your not having loved Him, and of not loving Him sufficiently now. Well, this very regret, this desire of loving Him, is already the beginning of love. How easy it ought to be to love Him when everything we have and enjoy comes from His hand! You say that you are worried by the thought of your own worthlessness, tortured by the remembrance of your sins; go, then, and kneel at the feet of Jesus; pour out your heart to Him; show Him all your miseries, your doubts, your fears. Keep back nothing; then, after being reconciled, return Him grateful thanks. Feel yourself a much-loved child in His sight, and work and amuse yourself with loving gratitude. In your meditations, try to fix your mind on some point which you know does you the greatest good. Some point in the Passion of Our Lord, perhaps, will be more serviceable than any other subject; for I think that the thought of the *goodness* of God has more influence over a soul that has been saved from despair. Think often of this.”

Madame de Farey gives her young friend some excellent hints on confession, and says:

“You vex yourself because you say you feel discouraged, and you feel no *real* sorrow; but here you make a great mistake. Feelings count for nothing: it is the will that is important. Suppose that you are going to confession. You try to make a good examination of conscience, but you feel cold and distracted, and the thought of it is repugnant to you. Never mind! Do what you can; and when your turn comes, approach the minister of God with humility, saying to yourself: ‘O my God, give me the grace of true contrition!’ Almighty God has sought

us for many years: we must find Him by prayer, obedience and mortification. Ask Him to change your heart. He will do everything. If we waited for the pardon we deserved, we should have to weep all our lives over our sins."

"But," objected her friend, "if you were to leave me or be taken from me, I am sure that I should fall into the same sins again."

"Ah, my friend," she replied, "these feelings are quite natural! You feel yourself weak; but throw yourself at the foot of the Cross, and do not have any anxiety as to how and where help will come. God will always send you the help you stand in need of; and although you do not *feel* the strength that you fear you do not possess, you must pray humbly and specially for it at Holy Communion."

Julie's friend proved the falsity of the statement made so often—that religion makes natural affection cold and shuts out all the joy of love.

"Never," she says, "have I experienced such sweet joy as when I was in the arms of this dear, this incomparable friend. It seemed as if she wanted to make a chain to attach me to God; and when she clasped me in her arms, I felt a most wonderful peace and security in the very depths of my soul. Called by the most tender names, and embraced with loving affection, I learned to know the meaning of true charity, whose name, put in the place of love or friendship, shocks the false delicacy of the world. Perhaps it would have shocked me from any lips but hers. My friend left nothing undone to bring me to God; tenderness, love and sympathy, were lavished on me. She confided to me much about herself; and, to encourage me, told me of her own trials with a frankness that was very pathetic. She proved to me the necessity of self-sacrifice and the reward which almost always follows it, either by a very sensible increase of grace

or by strength to enable us to fight against temptation. She exhorted all her friends to overcome that sloth which prevents us from surmounting obstacles, and that false humility which prevents us from speaking in the cause of right, for fear that we should make mistakes; adding that we shall never accomplish anything for God if we desire only success for ourselves."

What moderation and wisdom Madame de Farcy showed in the advice she wrote to one who had only recently returned to God!

"You ought now to prove that your repentance is sincere, by abstaining from the least occasion of sin. When Almighty God demands something higher of you, He will give you the grace and the necessary strength to accomplish it joyfully. Do not think that you are obliged to burden yourself with every sacrifice that comes into your head. Little sacrifices that you make unwillingly, perhaps even with temper, are only suggestions of the devil who tries to make religion irksome and fatiguing to you. You must make it even an act of charity to share the joys and pleasures of others. Buy the clothes that suit you, wear the dress that is becoming to you,—in a word, please yourself in everything that is lawful. It is better to do that than to torment your conscience unnecessarily or lose time deciding over trifles that will perhaps ruffle your temper all day."

With acts of humility, however, it is different, she said; and her treatment of a girl who was very sensitive over the trifling humiliations she met with in the world was this. She persuaded her to make an act of thanksgiving to God every time she was tried in this way, and made her understand how pride is one of the most insidious vices.

Much of Julie's advice was practical; and, although she had the gift of inspiring others with the spirit of great self-sacrifice, she was, nevertheless,

very careful to confine her advice and suggestions to ordinary exercises of piety. She always preached obedience and humility. She often spoke of the sweetness of the yoke of Christ; and to a friend who complained that she did not feel this sweetness, she replied: "It is because you have not yet taken it up. Our Lord did not say, '*I will load you with My yoke*'; but, '*take up My yoke upon you, and you will find peace to your souls.*' We must accept the cross voluntarily."

The spirit in which Madame de Farcy practised charity showed itself principally in her exceeding kindness and patience with everyone. She had so thoroughly become mistress of this latter virtue that no interruptions ever altered the serenity of her expression, nor was she ever known to show the least irritation at the countless calls upon her time,—calls made very often by persons who took an hour to say what could easily have been said in five minutes. Sometimes her friends used to become impatient with her when they saw her receive these people with the sweetest smile, as if there were nothing she liked better than to listen to them; and they would have liked her to refuse to hear the visitors' long stories about their misfortunes and those of all their relatives. But Julie was always ready to enter into other people's troubles, however trivial; and would leave the most interesting conversation with her friends to go and console those who came to excite her sympathy. Courtesy with her had a higher motive than mere social politeness and tact. She always warned her friends against the least breach of charity in word or in feeling, and said that more harm was done in this way than people realized.

There was a person who had not the slightest claim upon her, but to whom she was kindness personified; and the amount of care and tenderness

she lavished upon her was sometimes objected to by her friends. One of them relates: "I was tempted to be very jealous about this; for a few days before her death, my dear friend, being unable to see that person, dictated to her a letter so touching, so affectionate, that it might have been the letter of a mother to her beloved child. And this person to whom I refer was so entirely uneducated and vulgar, and seemed to us so dull and insipid and tiresome!"

"She had also a servant," says the same friend, "who was an old woman, as incapable of being useful to her as she was ill-tempered and brusque. In fact, Julie waited upon her far more than *she* did on Julie. Once I saw poor Julie very ill (she was dying, although we did not know it at the time), when, having forgotten some keys at a neighboring house, she asked Angélique if she would be kind enough to go and fetch them. "You do nothing but forget things!" snapped Angélique. "Do you think I have time to run here and there at all hours of the day?" Julie apologized to her meekly, and then went and fetched them herself; but on her return she was so exhausted and out of breath that she was obliged to lie down. Yet no word of reproach escaped her.

Indiscriminate confidences, Madame de Farcy thought, could be indulged in far too much. "When we confide our trials too often to others, we are apt to exaggerate them," she said; "and the sympathy that we receive frequently increases the sense of injustice we feel. The more we complain, the more disposed we are to pity ourselves; and it very rarely happens that these confidences make us bear our trials any better."

The long and painful imprisonment of Madame de Farcy in the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Rennes had exhausted her little remaining strength, and every day she became weaker,

She also suffered from a very painful malady; but no word of complaint was ever heard to fall from her lips, and the terrible suffering she endured with such courage could be known only by the alteration in her looks.

During the last weeks of her life, she had finished her business affairs, put everything in order for her child's future, and had arranged that she should live with her husband's family until *Monsieur de Farcy* (still banished from France) returned. When *Zoë*, weeping bitterly, asked her when she would see her again, she promised that the separation would not be long, and that soon they would be together, never more to be parted. "Words which," said *Zoë*, "would have thrown me into despair then, if I had only guessed their real meaning; but which to-day are my greatest consolation. I saw her only once again."

They arranged to pray together in spirit at the same hour, and *Madame de Farcy* constantly wrote her the most tender letters, full of loving advice, touching upon every subject that she could think of. She begged her above all to avoid bad books, the source, she knew by bitter experience, of many dreadful temptations. She also begged her to visit the poor in her name when she herself could no longer do so.

Soon after her daughter left her, *Madame de Farcy's* condition became much worse. A friend of hers, who had a house in the country outside *Rennes*, persuaded her to come there in order to breathe fresher air; and here everyday Mass was said in an adjoining room, and she was able to receive Holy Communion.

Almighty God now sent her a very painful trial. He withdrew all spiritual consolation from her. "Ah, my dear," she used to complain to her friend, "can it be possible that I no longer love my God? Alas, I feel so cold toward Him! I am ~~in~~ continual state of coldness."

Although she expressed her feelings with such sorrow, it was seen how patient and resigned she really was, and how perfect was her submission to the will of God; for she never allowed the least sign of what was passing in her soul to appear, and fulfilled all her religious duties with scrupulous exactitude.

Another subject of great sorrow, but at the same time of merit, was the feeling of improvement in her health which she at times experienced. When her sufferings were lessened she seemed quite disappointed, and expressed the fear that her happiness would be postponed. There was a great struggle in her heart between the desire she felt to see God and the wish she had of always fulfilling His holy will. She took with great obedience all the remedies prescribed, although anything that she felt might prolong her exile from God was a real torture to her. After nights of suffering, she was never heard to own that the pain had been severe; but always met everyone with a smile, saying, "Ah, that is all over! We must not think of it any more." And her gratitude to those who had rendered her any service often touched her friends to tears.

She was always most anxious about the poor, and gave copious alms from the small sum of money she possessed. "Do good while you have the health," she urged all her friends: "we are capable of nothing when we are ill." As her desire to see God increased, so did her horror of the slightest sin. Her meditations were always on the Passion of Our Lord. She had her armchair turned in the direction of a picture of the Agony in the Garden, and from the sufferings of Our Lord drew her greatest consolations. She was accustomed to leave her bed every morning at four o'clock; and, after having read and reread, always with the same delight, a small devotional book, "*The Christian's Consolation*,"

she would pass the remainder of the day in these contemplations, even having the crucifix placed before her at her meals.

She would have willingly offered to God the sacrifice of not seeing again her sisters, and especially her beloved daughter, unless she had been ordered the contrary; not that her resignation was incomplete, or that she feared the painful emotions to which it would give rise; but only in the fear that long interviews with those whom she had loved best on earth might for a single instant draw her away from the presence of God.

A holy nun undertook to break the news that she had only a few days longer to live; and at first wrote to her, and then went next day to see her. Alas, even those who are the most holy know themselves so little! After having so ardently desired death, Julie, exaggerating her faults, saw nothing in front of her but punishment, and could not hide her grief. "I can not tell you that your news does not make me tremble," she said. "I am not one of those who have cause to rejoice."—"But, Julie, is it really you who speak?" cried her friend. "You who have always longed for death?" And, to encourage her and at the same time leave her the merit of her humility, she added: "The depth of your miseries will draw down upon you the mercy of Almighty God."

A few days later, Madame de Farey drew palpably near her end. She had lately seen her two sisters and her daughter, and had expressed her last wishes to them. Zoë was struck by her appearance of extreme weakness, and, in spite of her inexperience, was terribly alarmed. "When I went in I hardly dared to look at her, and sat down beside her, speechless. She talked in a very low voice to my aunts, and then begged to be carried back to bed;

and so we prepared to leave her. I got up and was following them (I believe it was the first time I had moved for over two hours), when she called me back, and reproached me gently for not having kissed her. I threw my arms round her and burst into tears, but no power on earth would have made me say the fatal word 'good-bye!' I clung to her in an agony of grief, as she embraced me with even more tenderness than usual. Alas, I never said a word, and yet it was the last time I ever saw her!"

Next day, the 26th of July, 1799, Madame de Farey got up at her usual hour; but in the afternoon she had to be put back to bed, and then it was seen that the end was imminent. The Abbé Le Forestier, who was beside her, asked if she wished to send for her daughter. "No," she replied,—“not unless you command me to do so. The sacrifice is made.”

The prayers for the dying were recited, and then her friend read some devotional book. It was perhaps continued too long; for she begged her to stop, and then almost immediately reproached herself, saying, "Ah, ungrateful sinner that I am, to be wearied by the word of God! Continue, I beg you!" She expressed such contrition for these moments of weakness that everyone was in tears. When the crucifix was presented to her, she actually knelt to receive it, and held it to her lips; then her hold gradually relaxed, and she fell back upon the bed. After having received the Last Sacraments, she lingered for several hours, but hardly ever regained consciousness, and passed away very peacefully at midnight.

It is consoling to add that she left behind her a band of faithful friends, who carried on her work with a zeal and fidelity which triumphed over many trials and difficulties.

A Word in Season.

A LONG with its annual register, one of our leading educational institutions sends out a neatly printed brochure, entitled "A Word about Education," which merits attentive perusal, not only on the part of parents but by the heads of our schools as well. This piece of writing would be worth quoting if for nothing more than the sentence, "The finest of the arts is the art of living, and the highest of the sciences is the science of conduct"; but there is in it so much that is of present interest, we reproduce the piece entire, with such changes as will render its good advice more generally applicable:

Conditions in matters educational have changed radically even in the last ten years, and not a few problems present themselves to parents who are seeking a school wherein their children may have, not only the best advantages in the pursuit of science and the liberal arts, but also the lessons that make for noble manhood and womanhood. Many of our schools and colleges are strong in all that pertains to mental culture, and most institutions of learning attach full importance to physical training; but the right school for Catholic young men and women is that which, combining the best in intellectual and physical education, teaches theoretically and practically, by precept and example, and by all the manifold influences which make for right growth, that "the finest of the arts is the art of living, and the highest of the sciences is the science of conduct."

The signs of the times point to special needs in the training of the coming generation. Any one following the trend of the Baccalaureate sermons and Commencement addresses which marked the closing of the past scholastic year must have heard the note of warning persistently struck in the earnest exhortations to the young men and women about to enter upon life's duties. At Beloit, recognition of the supremacy of moral principles was inculcated. A plea for the following of the spirit of righteousness as opposed to the mere letter of the law was made by President Hadley of Yale. The Rev. M. J. Dowling, S. J., of Creighton College, Omaha, in addressing a class of graduates, reminded them that mental equipment must ever be considered in relation to moral vocation; and the Rev. John D. Boland,

of Baltimore, in an address delivered at Mt. St. Agnes, dwelt upon the fact that knowledge and virtue must go hand in hand if the best interests of society are to be conserved. At Radcliffe, self-control, self-possession, the following of reason, not impulse, was the gist of the Baccalaureate lesson; the Wellesley students were reminded that character counts for more than learning, and one of the warnings spoken at Harvard by the President of the United States was against the luxury of our times.

High scholarship and right ideas of the simple life should be inculcated, and science and art looked upon, not as ends, but as means to a great end. Education is to fit one for life; hence the training which develops and strengthens the mind, the body and the moral nature is the only adequate training, and the institution which brings about such results can not include in its printed curriculum the best that it offers.

Catholic parents can not be too firmly persuaded that the manifold influences of Catholic schools, whatever any of them may lack in material equipment, make for right growth. On the other hand, the heads of such schools should feel obliged to exert their best endeavors to enhance all those special advantages which patrons have a right to expect and to which pupils have claim. Whatever may be said of secular schools, one sure test of the worth of a Catholic educational institution is its discipline; and the highest recommendation it can have for the public is a reputation for giving due prominence to the art of living and the science of conduct.

THERE is nothing so hard to forgive as the sight of suffering in others caused by our own injustice. There is a voice in such testimony of our evil deeds which can not be silenced until remorse, that last hope of cure for the guilty conscience, be put to death.—*Kathleen O'Meara.*

EVERY venial sin that I commit is a cloud which rises between my intelligence and the sun of eternal truth. The oftener I am guilty of such sins, the denser becomes the cloud.

Père Chaingnon.

Notes and Remarks.

In a memorable letter, Pope Leo XIII. pointed out that separation of Church and State is not the ideal condition. Ideals are not to be lost sight of, nor, on the other hand, are realities to be ignored. As most governments are constituted at present, union of Church and State is the worst sort of a mixed marriage. Co-operation is another thing. Deliverance from political domination, perfect freedom to fulfil her divine mission, is the liberty for which the Church prays. Most Catholics seem not to realize that, despite persecution and material losses, the Church is being emancipated everywhere—freed from the most formidable obstacles to real progress. We have no tears to shed even over France, though the Church is nowhere more oppressed than in that ill-starred country. A change for the better is as inevitable as it was in Brazil, which until 1889 was in a like condition. And now?

"Up to that date," says the *Catholic Times* of London, "the Church had been enslaved to the Government, with the usual consequences of evil. Then came the proclamation of the Republic, which, by a simple decree, cut loose the Church from all State support, and also from all State control. The Catholics met the perils of poverty with courage. Parochial associations were founded, money for every good cause continued to flow in; and now the Church is stronger, religiously and financially, than at any time in the past. She has excellent schools and colleges for higher education; the clergy are better trained and instructed; the religious Orders from Europe have given new life to the Faith; a good Catholic newspaper press is growing, and the public spirit is active and zealous among the faithful. Only recently, the Parliament tried to introduce divorce into

Brazilian legislation; but the Catholics and their deputies raised such an outcry that the Bill was rejected. The Church in Brazil has begun a fresh career, and presents one more proof of the advantage of keeping religion free from the golden chains of servitude to the interests and schemes of tricky politicians. The Faith finds its best support on the Sacraments: they will keep it alive."

Well said! It requires no prophet to foretell that before the end of the century, State control of the Church, with all its attendant evils—seeming advantages and honors, but in reality losses and scandals,—will everywhere and forever have disappeared. Most readers of ecclesiastical histories of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will no doubt wonder that, in an age of progress and enlightenment, the condition of the Church in many civilized countries should have been so deplorable and its members so supine.

Opinions may differ as to what constitutes desecration of the Lord's Day; however, it must be admitted that the saloon, if not an evil in itself, is the most prolific source of violations of the divine and civil law. Not to speak of other results, it has often been observed that in places where dramshops are kept open on Sunday there is comparatively little religious observance. The contention that the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor on Sundays smacks of Puritanism, and is an infringement of the natural rights of citizens, is combated by Gov. Folk, of Missouri, in reply to a petition to permit the sale of liquors on Sunday. He says: "No one has a natural right to keep a dramshop open on Sunday or any other day of the week. They exist at all, not as a matter of right, but by tolerance. It is a privilege that the State can give or take away as it pleases. In this

State dramshops are permitted six days in the week, but on Sunday they are outlawed. The people of Missouri have decreed through the legislature that the dramshop is a special menace to peace and good order on Sunday, and have forbidden them to operate on that day.

"I am liberal in my views," concludes Gov. Folk, "and believe in allowing each citizen the largest amount of freedom consistent with good government; but I am in favor of the Christian Sabbath, and will not give my aid to its being entirely secularized."

There is one statement in the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission which many people will read with consternation. Railroad statistics for the year 1904 show that 10,046 persons were killed and 84,155 injured in railway accidents—one killed out of every 1,622,267 "carried" and one injured out of every 78,523 passengers. The vast extent of our railroads, however, should not be lost sight of. The report shows that at the end of 1904 there were nearly 300,000 miles of railroad in the United States. Appalling as is the year's toll of human life taken in railway accidents, the casualties resulting from locomotion by means of automobiles are probably greater in proportion. They have become so frequent that legislation has already been advocated to enforce the adoption of extra precautions to ensure safety in the use of automobiles. Pedestrians can be counted upon to favor such action on the part of the civil authority.

"We have known many cases," says the *Catholic Standard and Times*, "and we know cases now, wherein the penalty of choosing one's religion on conviction of the truth was social and family ostracism and loss of material resources." Such knowledge is not

uncommon among those Catholics, and more especially priests, who have to do with actual or prospective converts. In communities prevailingly non-Catholic, it not infrequently happens that the certainty of being sent to Coventry—of being treated with conspicuous neglect and contempt as a consequence of entering the true Church—acts as an effective deterrent upon persons otherwise willing and ready to embrace the Faith. Not that threats of such treatment are often explicitly made—although this, too, sometimes occurs,—but the religious inquirer whose steps appear to be turning toward Rome is given quietly to understand that social banishment will be the penalty of that particular exercise of his "private judgment." As our Philadelphia contemporary well says: "We are being constantly assured that this is the most tolerant and generous of all nations in religious matters. As a general proposition, the boast is quite correct. But it is no less true that there is a deep-hidden current of anti-Catholicism running under a very tranquil exterior." It is desirable, of course, that the fortitude of intending converts should always rise—as, thank God, it very often does rise—superior to such considerations. Yet, given the normal weakness of human nature and the natural unwillingness to incur social ostracism, it is an easier matter for a Protestant to become a Catholic in Rome or Montreal than in London or Philadelphia.

A reminder of the comparative youth of California as a State, and of the debt owed by the Church on the Pacific Coast to the devoted Spanish missionaries of half a century ago, was the solemn *requiem* service held the other day at Los Angeles for the repose of Rt. Rev. P. Francis Mora, recently deceased at Barcelona. In 1855, the very year when California entered the

Union, young Mr. Mora, who some months previously had accompanied Bishop Amat from Spain, went to the Coast, where for some forty years he was destined, as priest and bishop, to do valiant service in the upbuilding of Catholic works and the diffusion of Catholic truth. Consecrated coadjutor of Bishop Amat in 1876, he succeeded that prelate as Bishop of Los Angeles in 1878. In consequence of an accident which entailed daily suffering throughout his subsequent life, Bishop Mora asked the Holy Father, a few years ago, to allow him to retire; and on receiving permission to do so, returned to his native land. Old residents of Los Angeles, of which city Bishop Mora was pastor for a decade before his consecration, speak in the warmest terms of his devotedness and amiability; and Archbishop Montgomery, who delivered the eulogy at the recent *requiem* service, declared that "No one knew him without loving him." *R. I. P.*

In the course of his forceful address delivered before the Pennsylvania convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies, the Rev. Dr. Lucas made a very effective use of rhetorical antithesis by the graphic juxtaposition of these contrasting pictures:

Unorganized, non-federated, pusillanimous Catholics of France,—look at their condition!

Federated, courageous, aggressive Catholics of non-Catholic Germany, and of non-Catholic Holland,—be inspired by their example!

As an eloquent incentive, spurring lay Catholics on to the goals pointed out by the originators and energetic promoters of the Federation, these brief sentences are worth hours of talk and hundreds of pamphlets.

As a worthy companion of Vice-Admiral de Cuverville, upon whose sterling Catholicity we recently commented, we note to-day another French layman, the late Philibert Vrau, of Lille.

A great Christian in the full sense of the phrase, an apostle whose ardent piety was equalled only by his indefatigable zeal, it is no wonder that our French exchanges are lavish of superlatives in their tributes to M. Vrau; or that Mgr. Baunard, who preached his funeral sermon, quoted the common ejaculation of the men and women who knelt beside the bier, "He was a saint."

As an indication of the inner life of this thorough-going Catholic, we reproduce his spiritual last will and testament, dated 1887:

I thank God for having permitted me to know and love Him. I return Him thanks for all His blessings.

I die in His love and I hope to bless and praise Him for all eternity.

I pray to Him in behalf of all who are in this world, and for all who will inhabit it until the end of time.

May holy Church extend its sway over the whole universe; may the reign of Christ arrive. Amen! Amen!

Well might Mgr. Baunard ask himself whether among the saintly souls whom he has known, or even among those of whom he has written, he had ever met with sentiments of higher supernatural grandeur.

No doubt the Catholic University of Louvain has rendered incalculable service of every kind to Church and State; but the opinion expressed by the Rev. Dr. Şhahan (writing in the current *Catholic University Bulletin*), that the Catholic majority in Belgium "would be quickly conquered and severely oppressed by their opponents" were it not for the Catholic University of Louvain, strikes us as being ill-considered. The royal family and the majority of the inhabitants of Holland belong to the "Reformed Church"; but Dutch Catholics are not oppressed and have no fears of being conquered. The Church is spreading widely and deeply in Holland in spite of the lack of a Catholic university. Private instruc-

tion is supported by the State, and Catholics enjoy a fixed allowance of about 578,000 guilders from the State Budget. At the end of 1904 the number of Catholic churches in Holland was 1085, against 1599 of all the Protestant bodies combined. The number of priests exceeded that of sectarian ministers by more than two hundred, and the probability is that the next statistics will show a great increase in the number of our churches. Dutch Catholics enjoy entire liberty of conscience and complete social equality. The most enlightened among them, we are assured, do not favor the idea of founding a Catholic university; they prefer to have high grade colleges and to let the graduates of them carry the war into Leiden and the other places.

..

But we admire Dr. Shahan's fine enthusiasm for the Catholic University of America all the same; and we are in fullest agreement with him when he pleads for the realization on a great scale of a life that shall be thoroughly permeated with the principles and ideals of the Catholic religion. "I mean," he says, "a generation of men and women in all ranks of society who shall hold in veneration the Holy Catholic Church, and make themselves her humble and joyous apostles; who shall hold dear all her teachings, shall comprehend as best they may her spirit and her nature, shall exhibit in all the relations of public and private life the genuine impress of the doctrine and discipline of Catholicism, even as a child exhibits the teaching of his parents, an apprentice the training of his master. Practical religion, practical Catholicism, is no amusement, no light worldly thing. If it be an honor, a glory and a blessing to belong to the true religion of Jesus Christ, it has also been ever looked on as a most grave responsibility; for it makes us at once debtors to all humanity, to all time; debtors

to God Himself for so signal a calling and so holy a mission. We are, or should be, every one of us, apostles and missionaries. If we feel this in no degree, then it is time to examine the basis of our faith and ask ourselves to what depths we have fallen through this dark and murky atmosphere of modern materialism and miscellaneous irreligion."

Future editions of "Evangeline" should be provided with an appendix setting forth the fact that present conditions belie the picture which Longfellow sketched in 1847.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants...

is no longer a truthful presentment of the status of the French population in Canada's maritime provinces. Of the 900,000 inhabitants of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, 140,000 are French Acadians; and they are by no means all peasants. On the contrary, they are represented on the bench and at the bar, in Church and State, in all the different professions and trades; and their efficiency in these different spheres of endeavor compares very favorably with that of their English speaking fellow-citizens. At an Acadian congress held at Caraquette, N. B., on their recent national feast-day, the Assumption, several thousand delegates from the different provinces were present. One hundred and nine years after the "expulsion" which Longfellow immortalized, and just seventeen years after the publication of "Evangeline," Acadia witnessed the dawn of her regeneration in the founding, at Memramcook (1864), of St. Joseph's College by the late Father Camille Lefebvre, C. S. C., a genuine pioneer of education and a wonderfully successful uplifter of a whole people. He is known as the "Apostle of the Acadians."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE NAME OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Giant.

BY E. BECK.

THERE'S a giant, a giant of power and might,
And he roams the whole world wide,
Through the longest day and the dreariest night,
Wherever mortals abide.
'Neath his tyranny it is said that he
Would the young and old enthrall,
And an evil fate and sorrows great
Await for his bond-slaves all.

In the hovel mean, in the mansion grand,
In court and in camp and town,
In every clime and in every land,
Where the heavens smile or frown;
In college and school and where monarchs rule,
Where the wheels of toil go round,
Where peasants sweat and statesmen fret,
This tyrant's slaves are found.

They must think of self at the dawning red,
And of self when the sun is high;
And of self when the mists of even spread,
And the hues of sunset die.
And woman and man for self must plan,
And boy and girl, I trow;
For the giant Greed is a tyrant indeed,
As his wretched bond-slaves know.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XVII.—SOME KIND FRIENDS.

LOUIS and Rose had not gone far when the sun burst forth in a blaze of glory; and as the little wanderers dragged their wearied feet through the dust, they began to long for a resting-place where they might have food and drink. They passed many small cabins on the road, but they did not look inviting; and as they had been told strange stories of Indians and feared they might be

inhabited by them, the children did not stop anywhere.

It was not yet seven o'clock, although it seemed to the young travellers hours later. After they had passed field after field of alfalfa, ready for cutting, they heard the sound of a deep-toned bell, and at its summons troops of men came pouring from a row of tents in the distance. At their head marched a tall Mexican, very good-looking, wearing a broad straw hat, and swinging an old-fashioned sickle. In his train followed white, black, and copper-colored harvesters, each bearing, like the leader, the implement of his trade. They poured into the fields, laughing, singing, and chatting in Spanish,—a language Rose and Louis now heard for the first time. The good-looking overseer fell behind, and beckoned to the boy and girl, who had shrunk to one side of the road.

"Where do you go?" he inquired, with a smile that showed a splendid set of teeth.

"We don't know," answered Louis, wearily. "We have been walking nearly all night, and are very hungry and thirsty. If there was a house anywhere near and we could have something to eat and drink, we would pay for our breakfast."

"Gypsies, eh?" asked the Mexican. "But where are the others?"

"We are not gypsies," said Louis. "And there are no others. We are alone, brother and sister, that is all."

"No father or mother,—no home?" queried the young man.

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"Too bad, too bad!" was the reply. "But you must have something to eat. See yonder, beyond that grove of eucalyptus, with pepper trees in front,

there stands my house,—my mother's house. Go there and ask for breakfast, and say Alfredo sent you; though there is no need for that, for you would have food and drink without. Never sends my mother away any one who is hungry. Go without fear; you will have water to bathe your feet and something to eat besides."

So saying with a bright smile and friendly wave of the hand, he vaulted over the fence to join the others who were already busily engaged in cutting the coarse alfalfa grass.

The children turned to pursue their way, but in a moment he came running back.

"Stay there at the ranch house till we come—at noon," he said. "Then we will have some music, and it will rest you."

"But we are afraid to stay long anywhere," rejoined Louis, naïvely, "because we are running away."

"From whom?"

"From Steffan."

"And who is Steffan?"

"A showman with whom we came to earn some money, and find our brother."

"When?"

"Six months ago."

"From whence?"

"From Pennsylvania."

"Money you do not seem to have earned, and your brother I suppose you have not found?"

"No, sir, we have not found him; but we shall," rejoined Louis, confidently. "We have earned a good deal of money, but Steffan has not given us any of it."

"Has he any claim upon you? Is he your guardian?"

"No, sir, he is not."

"Very well. He dare not take you then, if he should come. Anyhow, it is better that he should find you among good people if he should arrive. Go on to the ranch house; tell my mother what you have told me, and wait till

I come. Have no fear, *chiquitos*. You shall not be harmed, if you are telling the truth."

"Oh, it is the truth,—it is the truth!" cried Rose piteously. "Louis would not tell a lie."

"Go, then, it is a walk of five minutes only. Ask for the señora."

"What is the name?" asked Louis.

"The Señora Bandini."

"Thank you, sir," answered both children as the young man strode away.

Crossing the road, Louis and Rose dragged their tired feet through the fragrant eucalyptus leaves, thickly strewn upon the ground, after which they came out upon a lane. At the end of it stood a long, low adobe house, shaded on either side by two enormous pepper trees, their drooping feathery branches contrasting brightly with the clusters of small red berries pendant from every bough.

The garden was filled with gayly-colored flowers; and a broad porch stretched from one end of the house to the other. There was no one in sight. A couple of rustic benches and three or four chairs with seats of brown leather looked comfortable and inviting. From somewhere, at the side of the house, came the drone of bees.

"Let us go around," whispered Rose. "They are in the back part of the place."

"Saints and angels!" exclaimed a woman's voice as they approached. "Here are two little ones, señora; they are peeping from behind the alder bushes yonder."

At the same moment the owner of the voice who had been moulding butter under a vine-covered porch smiled and nodded kindly at the children. She was a very small personage, indeed, with one shoulder much higher than the other; but her eyes were bright and cheerful, and her voice no less so. A portly, dignified-looking woman now appeared at the door of the kitchen. She had a ladle in her hand with which she had

been dipping fruit, in process of canning, or preserving. Louis at once decided that she was the Señora Bandini,—the mother of the young man who had accosted them, and to whom she bore a wonderful resemblance.

"Well, well! Such a pair of travelers!" she exclaimed. "And looking so tired! What is it, little ones? From whence do you come?"

"We come from a long distance, ma'am," said Louis. "We have just met your son, and he told us to stop here. He said you would give us something to eat. We are tired and hungry."

"Certainly, you shall have plenty to eat. Natalia, come and give breakfast to these little ones. You have finished moulding your butter?"

"Yes, señora," proceeded from the porch, and the serving-woman entered wiping her hands. Mistress and maid addressed each other in Spanish, but spoke to the children in English, with which language the señora was as familiar as her own.

"Go into the big kitchen," she said. "Natalia, take them in there. It is so warm here where I am preserving."

The children followed Natalia into a room, the earthen floor of which was covered in the middle with a bright-colored rag carpet. Several oaken chairs and a settee, all with rawhide seats were ranged round the walls. On the sills of the deep embrasured windows one might have slept without danger of rolling off, so thick were the walls. On the broad shelves of the oaken presses copper cooking vessels of all sizes shone like burnished gold.

At one end of the room was an immense fireplace; above it a mantel-shelf, on which stood a silver urn, and two very quaintly-shaped silver lamps. A great carved copper lantern swung from the ceiling. A massive table covered with a red cloth stood in the centre of the room. Between

one of the doors and windows were several shelves containing blue and gold crockery, such as sea-captains were wont to bring home from India and China more than a century ago. Louis, who had an artistic eye, thought it one of the prettiest pictures he had ever seen; and Rose clapped her small hands together with delight as she stepped across the threshold.

Natalia drew a small table from one corner, spread a towel upon it, and in a few moments the children were heartily enjoying their breakfast of crisp, white bread, Spanish sausage, rich new milk, melons and peaches.

"If this is the kitchen what must the dining-room be, Louis?" said Rose, in an interval of dipping out the luscious fruit of a ripe muskmelon with the oddly-shaped silver spoon Natalia had placed at the side of her plate.

"It is the dining-room," said the servant, "and it is pretty. But it is called the big kitchen, because once it was used so. But not in the señora's time, only when the gringos lived here during the life of the old Don, and he was up in the 'city.'"

"It is very good of the lady to let us eat here," said Louis, looking down at his dusty and ragged clothing.

"Yes, so I said," observed Natalia, cutting more bread. "Usually we give wayfarers their collation in the porch. But to-day it was full of the butter things; and the señora said, when I went out for the bread, wondering why the breakfast could not be eaten on the steps: 'No, Natalia, I have a fancy these are not gypsy children,—not tramps at all; my old brown eyes are sharp still.' And God knows that is true, *chiquitos*,—it is quite true. And I have already told her the same as I tell you now, that you eat like a lady and gentleman. Not chewing your food as do the animals, nor gulping it down, nor smacking your lips, nor choking over your cups, nor putting your

knives down your throats. You are very well-behaved, and there is another point scored for the señora, *chiquitos*."

The children could not help smiling at the frank and voluble Natalia, herself continually laughing with eyes and lips.

"And if it be a thing that perhaps you may stay the night, there is a clean room ready in the barn, with cots and mattresses and blankets,—gray, it is true, but washed only last Tuesday by my own hands."

And now the señora appeared and said:

"Come out to the garden and tell me all about it, *niños*."

They followed her; all three seating themselves on a circular bench built round one of the ancient pepper trees. Before many moments had passed Louis had told the señora their story from beginning to end, not even omitting the history of Florian, the quest of whom was the principal motive they had in mind when they had put themselves under the leadership of Steffan.

"Poor little creatures! I believe you, every word," she said, when Louis had finished his story, interspersed now and then by quaint, childish additions and remarks from Rose.

"But you did wrong, very wrong," she continued. "You should not have gone away from your proper guardians,—your only friends. Yet I can well understand how that longing to find your only brother filled your lonely, innocent hearts. I, too, had once a brother who displeased my father and went away. My father spent much money trying to find him, and, besides, had to pay a great deal that he owed."

"And did he find him?" asked Louis.

"Yes, but perhaps it was better that he should not have done so; for he broke the old man's heart at last," said the señora, sadly.

"And where is he now?" asked Rose.

"He, too, lies in the graveyard yonder," said the old lady, "beside his

parents, whom he can never more grieve or betray. Together they are at peace, I trust, in the arms of God."

She rose, her quick eyes taking in every detail of the children's tattered garments.

"Come," she said. "I have clothes of my grandchildren who live in the city and come here every summer. They went home last week. I can fit you both out completely, from head to foot."

In half an hour, after a warm bath—a luxury they had not enjoyed for months,—Louis and Rose once more sat under the pepper tree, attired in garments which, if they did not fit them to perfection, were whole, clean and comfortable. The change from the dreadful experience of the past few months was so great they could hardly realize that they would soon be waking from so pleasant a dream to find themselves once more under the dominion of Steffan.

"Oh, how I wish we could live here always!" sighed Rose.

"Yes, it would be pleasant," rejoined Louis. "But of course that can not be, Rose. Perhaps they may allow us to stay till we are rested again."

"But what if Steffan should come along and catch us?"

"He may come along; but I do not believe he can make us go with him, Rose. I think that we are free of him at last—and forever. We are not bound to him. He can not take us."

(To be continued.)

Old-Time Illumination.

In one of his art lectures Ruskin took up an old Catholic Missal, or Mass Book, and, showing to his audience some illuminated letters, said: "Gentlemen, we are the best chemists in the world. No Englishman could ever doubt that. But we can not make such a scarlet as this, and even if we could it would not last twenty years. Yet this is five hundred years old!"

The Royal Oak.

The sign of the "Royal Oak" is one frequently met with in the towns and villages of England. It owes its popularity to an incident in the early life of Charles II., England's "Merrie Monarch." On the thirtieth of January, 1649, his father was beheaded outside the great banqueting room of Whitehall; and in the August of 1651 was fought the battle of Worcester, "the crowning mercy," as Cromwell termed it, of the long campaign between the Crown and Parliament.

The battle ended in the utter defeat of the royalist troops, and Charles fled toward Staffordshire, reaching the old manor house of Boscobel, the property of a devoted adherent of the Stuarts, and occupied by a brave Catholic family of woodcutters named Pendrell. It was owing to the loyalty of the ill-treated Catholics, it is pleasant to remember, that Charles managed to make his escape from England.

The Pendrells at once took the King under their protection. He was arrayed in the coarse garb of a woodman; his hands and face stained with walnut juice, and in the company of Dick Pendrell he started toward the Severn in order to cross into Wales. Each ford and bridge of the river was, however, in the hands of Cromwell's soldiery; and the woodcutter and King, after spending a day in a hayloft, returned to Boscobel. It was not considered safe for the royal fugitive to enter the manor house, so he sought the shelter of the woods. The Pendrells watched and guarded him faithfully; but one day a party of soldiers burst into the woods. They had heard that Charles was hidden therein. From the safe shelter of a giant oak the King watched the soldiery; and from that day the "royal oak" became the badge of the adherents of the Stuart dynasty.

As Boscobel was no longer a safe hiding-place, Charles journeyed under the care of some of the Pendrells to Moseley; and at Moseley his life was once saved by Father Huddleston, the priest who thirty years later was to render him a yet greater service—absolution in his dying hour for the sins of a long and evil life.

For many weeks the King's life was one of romantic and perilous adventure. Once he was nearly discovered through his awkwardness in handling a spit in a country inn at which he sojourneyed as the servant of Miss Lane. At length, however, in the month of October he reached Brighton, and took ship for Normandy. A few years later the crown was offered to him. He landed at Dover on his own birthday, the twenty-ninth of May, and made his way amid a great outburst of passionate loyalty to Whitehall. "It must have been my own fault that I came not back sooner," Charles said to the multitude who cheered and waved their oak-wreathed caps. Even yet in England "the twenty-ninth of May is Royal Oak Day."

An Old Custom.

The Pardon-Bell or "Ave-Bell" of pre-Reformation England was tolled before and after Mass, to call the faithful to a preparatory prayer to the Blessed Virgin before engaging in the divine service, and an invocation for pardon at its close. There is on record an order of a bishop of Salisbury, in 1538, concerning the discontinuance of this custom. It reads thus: "That the bell called the pardon or ave-bell, which of longe tyme hathe been used to be tollyd three tymes after and before divine service, be not hereafter in any part of my diocese any more tollyd." It was a sad day when this and similar orders were put into execution in England.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Sir William Laird Clowes, English naval critic and magazinist, is dead at the age of forty-nine. He was known in this country chiefly as the author of "Black America," a study of the ex-slave and his late master, published in 1892.

—Another excellent publication just issued by the Superintendent of Parish Schools, Philadelphia, is a reprint of Newman's famous paper on "The Religious State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church." Neatly printed, and of attractive appearance, this pamphlet (No. XI. in the series of "Educational Briefs,") merits the widest possible reading. It is at present fully as timely, in the best sense of that word, as it was half a century ago, when the great Cardinal wrote it.

—At the age of sixty-six, James Ryder Randall assumes the editorship of the *Morning Star*, of New Orleans. Mr. Randall has for some time past been contributing a weekly letter to the *Columbian-Record*, and his hand has therefore not forgotten its journalistic cunning. Under his direction we feel sure that the *Morning Star* will immediately take a first place among the Catholic newspapers of the United States. Apropos of Mr. Randall's appointment, we are glad to note that the New International Encyclopedia says of his "Maryland, My Maryland": "For sheer poetic merit, it is thought by some to be the best martial lyric composed by any American."

—It is pleasant to notice a fair representation of Catholic authors in the Fifth Reader of the New Century Series, published by the Benzigers. There is only one selection from Newman, the great master of English prose—a three-stanza poem, not one of his best either,—but as Brownson, Wiseman, Shea, Souvestre, Stoddard, Faber, Aubrey de Vere and other celebrities are not forgotten, we are not disposed to complain. The neglect of our best writers, not only by the Catholic public, but by editors, librarians, the compilers of text-books, etc., has always been a source of surprise and indignation to us. Catholic libraries unsupplied with the works of Dr. Brownson, and collections of religious books without a single volume of the admirable Quarterly Series, are so common that one may well wonder at seeing the works of Catholic authors in public libraries. They are ignored to a great extent by their own, why should they be patronized by others? The day has not altogether passed when one who writes for the general public feels perfectly free to have it known that one is a Roman Catholic, nor has the time come when it is of any appreciable advantage to a Catholic author to place himself at the service

of his coreligionists. Our schools of all grades should be able to do something to bring about a change in this respect. The New Century Fifth Reader, we must not forget to state, is a model school book, leaving nothing to be desired as regards paper, print, binding and illustrations.

—A publication whose career will be watched with considerable interest by all admirers of clean journalism in this country is the *National Daily Review*, published in Chicago. It is a four-page paper which aims at being the direct antithesis of the "yellow journal." Sensation and crime, bogus news and distorted facts, are excluded from its columns; and we do not mind saying that such of its copies as we have thus far seen have pleased us very well.

—"St. Antony's Almanac," published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Most Holy Name, is now in its third year. Besides the useful information common to almanacs, it contains a considerable amount of miscellaneous reading-matter—biographical sketches, stories, poems, etc. The illustrations are of the usual kind, but numerous and well chosen. The issue of this year book for 1906 has already made its appearance.

—"Plain Chant and Solesmes," by Dom Paul Cagin, O. S. B., and Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B., will interest all students and lovers of "the sweetest music sung since the angels sang on the starlit hills of Judea,"—the Gregorian Chant. In insisting upon Gregorian music as the proper mode of expression for the divine service, Pope Leo XIII. had no intention of pitting Gregorian Chant against later developments of music. The question is one of felicitousness and fitness. Wherefore the Sovereign Pontiff did not hesitate to say: "The more closely a composition for church use approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes." The present work promises to be a notable factor in the restoration of Plain Chant. Burns & Oates, publishers.

—The Catholic press of this country is not all that it should be: it merits some portion of the dispraise and blame unstintedly, and at times unthinkingly, lavished upon it; and it is still notably distant from the ideal which its best friends propose as its objective. All must admit, however, that it is accomplishing excellent work in convincing non-Catholic publishers that a religious body numbering from twelve to fifteen millions is a constituency which can not be disregarded as unimportant or outraged with

impunity. Within the past quarter of a century, and more especially the last decade, we have noted numerous instances in which well-known publishing firms have paid due heed to the protests of Catholic journalists, and eliminated from such works as encyclopædias, general histories, and text-books for schools, extravagant exemplifications of anti-Catholic partisanship and bigotry. Often enough the offensive features of such books existed unknown to the publishers, and it needed only the calling of their attention to the matter to insure the desired rectification. At other times the pocket rather than the conscience of the offending firm was appealed to; and the realization that it was not good business practically to exclude one-sixth of the population from the list of possible purchasers led forthwith to equally good results. We have had some experience ourselves in this matter of protesting against palpably unfair attacks upon Catholicism in works intended for the general public, and are accordingly the better able to sympathize with the *Catholic Standard and Times* in its natural gratification at having secured the emendation of a work known as the "Universal Encyclopedia." Eternal vigilance on the part of Catholic publicists is the price of fair play to Catholic interests and Catholic truth.

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.

- "Plain Chant and Solesmes." Dom Paul Cagin, Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B. 45 cts., net.
- "Reminiscences of an Oblate." Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C. 75 cts., net.
- "The Mirror of St. Edmund." 80 cts., net.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.
- "The Cenacle." 54 cts.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.
- "Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sadlier. \$1, net.
- "Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.

- "The Tragedy of Fotheringhay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.
- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.
- "A Story of Fifty Years." \$1, net.
- "The Ridgdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.
- "The House of Cards." John Heigh. \$1.50.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Mulcahy. \$1, net.
- "Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.
- "The Transplanting of Tessie." Mary T. Waggonman. 60 cts.
- "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D. 60 cts., net.
- "The Knowableness of God." Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. 50 cts.
- "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. \$1.75, net.
- "The Redemptorists at Annapolis." \$2.
- "The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.
- "The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$1.50, net.
- "Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50.
- "Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Bishop Mora, Barcelona, Spain; Rev. M. J. Moran, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Very Rev. P. J. McGrath, diocese of Dubuque; Rev. H. Glaser, diocese of La Cross; and Rev. James Conway, S. J.

Mr. Adam Englert, of Avon, N. Y.; Mr. John Ruth, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. Michael Walsh, Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen Russell, Co. Down, Ireland; Mr. A. Vermont and Mr. Charles Whitman, Massillon, Ohio; Miss Mary Connelly, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Bernard Stratman and Mr. H. G. Adler, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Horman, Collinsville, Mass.; Mr. William Adams, Middletown, Conn.; Miss Marcella Hussey, Albany, N. Y.; and Mr. Thomas Meade, Shelby, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

NO. 10.

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

In a Cloister.

BY THE REV. ALBERT BARRY, C.S.S.R.

THE nun with her singing soars up to the sky,
And her melody mingles above
With the flood of sweet praise overflowing on high
Of spirits all burning with love.

Her words and her works are like music of heaven;
And her thoughts are a sweetly-tuned song,
That blends with the hymns of the mystical Seven,
And swells round the Lamb as they throng.

Her will is in harmony ever with theirs;
And no discord of passion and sin,
By saddening the Spirit of Love unawares,
Beshadows the cloister within.

A Social Reformer.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

A REMARKABLE figure was removed from the Catholic world when, on June 27, Mgr. Nugent died at Formby. His decease occurred shortly after his return from America, where he was as well known, esteemed, and revered as in Liverpool, in which he spent the whole of his active and useful life. He was a typical priest, and from the time he received sacerdotal consecration until an edifying death closed a career wholly devoted to the service of God, the Church and the people, he went about doing good. He has been likened to Father Mathew, Don Bosco, and Cardinal Manning, and may be said to

have been a blend of all three; and it is no small meed of praise to have such a *trinum perfectum* of noble characteristics recognized as centred in one personality. The world is the poorer by the loss of such a man, particularly in an age when such men are most needed.

One of the foremost pioneers in rescue and social work, his life in the great commercial and industrial centre where he was born and spent all his years, where he so long lived and labored with such beneficent results, was mainly devoted to the betterment of the working-classes, to the uplifting of the poor and fallen, to rescuing from social shipwreck the stray waifs—the flotsam and jetsam of the drifting population of a large seaport city,—to extending the social action and influence of the Church and enabling it to grasp the people,—all of the primary objects of the far-reaching policy of the late Pontificate. There is no question that the movement which in all countries is disturbing the social equilibrium and alienating the democracies from the Church, is largely the result of pinching poverty. This goads the proletarian class into a despairing effort to better their condition by lending a too ready ear to the optimistic schemes of revolutionary propagandists, who, to gain the people over to their side, inspire them with the belief that the Church and churchmen lean to the wealthy and leisured class in preference to the poor.

It would be an evil day for Christi-

anity if this were universally true,—if it were the rule and not the exception; and the Catholic—prelate, priest, or layman—who does aught to disabuse the minds of the people of this false idea, is not only the truest friend of the poor, but the most effective exponent of the policy of the late Pope, of whom it has been said that he had the passion of philanthropy, and whose memorable *Rerum Novarum* was the Charter of the Working Classes. And if, in addition, this Catholic's efforts go deeper and reach down to the submerged tenth,—if, to any appreciable extent, he can decrease the sum total of human misery and wretchedness, all men will recognize in him a genuine benefactor to society. Such a man was Mgr. Nugent.

Of Irish parentage—his father and mother having been originally from the neighborhood of Omagh,—he was born in Hunter Street, Liverpool, back of the Walker Art Gallery, on March 3, 1822. Having received his elementary education from a local schoolmaster named Seddon, he pursued his ecclesiastical course of studies at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw—the continuator of the famous seminary at Douay,—and at the English College, Rome. He was ordained priest on August 30, 1846, at the Pro-Cathedral of St. Nicholas, Copperas Hill, by Bishop Browne. His first appointment was as assistant priest or curate at St. Alban's, Blackburn. When in 1847-48 the terrible fever epidemic raged in the North, and its ravages left many gaps in the ranks of the priests, several of whom died martyrs to charity and duty, all the clergy of St. Mary's, Wigan, were laid low. Father Nugent, with that unflinching zeal and indomitable courage which marked every stage of his self-sacrificing life, stepped into the breach single-handed.

After founding the mission of St. Patrick's, Wigan, in 1849, he went to Liverpool, where his principal life-work

then began. He was at first attached to the Pro-Cathedral, where he established the Young Men's Guild, somewhat on the lines of the flourishing Jesuit sodalities. The district assigned to him was Whitechapel, then one of the poorest, most populated and roughest quarters of the city. There the young priest foreshadowed the future philanthropist, whose name was to become a household word in two hemispheres, already giving evidence of his power and influence over the masses, particularly over men, and of his predilection for social work among the poor. About this time his strong attraction for an active missionary life put into his mind the idea of joining the Redemptorists,—an Order he was the means of bringing into the diocese; but he was dissuaded from taking such a step by the Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District. He then, or later on, became affiliated to the Franciscan Order as a Tertiary priest.

In 1853, after establishing a ragged school in Spitalfields, he founded the Catholic Middle Grade School, now known as the Catholic Institute, Hope Street,—though it began in Rodney Street, that in which Gladstone was born. He thus supplied an important adjunct to the educational equipment of the city and diocese at the right moment, just when its need was felt. The Catholic population had been largely increased by Irish immigration, and the want of such an institution to enable the Catholic youth of the middle class to fight the battle of life successfully in competition with the better circumstanced and more favored non-Catholics was patent. Father Nugent spared neither time, labor, nor expense to make it, what it became, a marked success.

In the little oratory over the school, to which from time to time he brought Wiseman, Manning, Newman, Faber, Dalgairns, Northcote, Anderdon, Parsons, Simpson, and other distinguished

converts, he drew Sunday after Sunday large congregations of men to whom he specially addressed himself. "It was," he wrote to the author of this memoir, "a great centre of Catholic life, and the two literary societies connected with it brought together the leading Catholic young men of the city. It was doing at that time the work which Archbishop Ireland suggests to the laity—awakening Catholic activity and giving men a love for intellectual culture."

Much could be told of the personal sacrifices—sacrifices worthy of an ascetic, and ascetics are scarce nowadays—which he made in establishing the school, in securing for it the very best teachers, and in making the Oratory a centre of social as well as of spiritual influence. In a country like England, where Catholics are a minority among a Protestant or indifferentist majority, the strengthening of the social bond, the fraternization and co-operation of Catholics of all classes, was, and is, of course, a matter of primary importance. In the school, as elsewhere, he ruled with a firm hand; but his firmness or strictness had always a definite object and was not merely the effect of temperament. Alluding to this phase of his career, when sounded in Rome about a vacant See, he declared that "a schoolmaster priest makes a bad bishop." Had he been mitred, however, he would doubtless have falsified his own prophecy, and been a very excellent bishop, whose administration would have revealed a prelate of a progressive and reforming type.

A new sphere of activity was opened to him when in 1863 he was appointed chaplain to the Borough Gaol at Walton, a northern suburb of Liverpool. The Bishop, Dr. Goss, had urged him to apply for the post; but at first he demurred, saying: "I will do so, my Lord, if you send me; but my

place is down in Whitechapel." The appointment, however, was given to him without his seeking it; and in 1863 he entered upon a course of twenty-three years' service as gaol chaplain,—a work which brought him into close personal contact with the criminal classes, and revealed to him much of the seamy side of human existence. There he gained a practical insight into the lives of the prisoners, their graduation in crime, their vicious surroundings, the pitfalls which beset them at every step, the difficulties which hindered them from escaping from degradation if they would, and that remnant of the angel which is to be found even in the most abandoned, and which it should be the study of the social reformer, particularly of a minister of religion, to discover and turn to account.

He realized that the social environment of the poor, especially the Irish poor, was far more responsible for their breaches of the law than was any inherent moral obliquity—although there are cases where that, too, counts as an important factor,—and that overcrowding, poverty, and drink were dragging men and women down deeper and deeper into abysses of misery and wretchedness. This sad experience colored and controlled his whole after career. He saw the evil face to face. He sought a remedy for it, and put his hand resolutely to the work. From that time he became a social reformer.

The two great reformatory agencies upon which he relied were manual labor and the pledge; in other words, work and total abstinence. Thorough in all things, he did not believe in half measures in combating that gigantic evil which is such a scourge to humanity—the drink abuse. With that moral courage, energy, determination and fixity of purpose which were his most striking characteristics, he started a crusade against drink, enlisting in the

service of a cause into which he threw himself with the enthusiasm and ardor of a modern Peter the Hermit, a small but resolute band of laymen. Once he unfurled the flag and sounded the charge, he never drew back or faltered; but, undismayed and undeterred by ridicule or resistance from whatever quarter it came, fought on bravely to the end.

A thoroughgoing advocate of total abstinence as the most perfect form of temperance, he was profoundly convinced that in it was to be found the radical remedy for most of the social maladies of the age; for experience had forced him to the conclusion that the drink evil is the prolific source of multitudes of other evils. What he daily saw before his eyes at Walton proved that in punishing crime the State was only attacking the effects and not removing the cause. He set to work to do what legislators, lawyers and jail officials left undone—to go to the root of the evil and eradicate it. With this view, in 1872 he founded in Liverpool the Catholic Total Abstinence League, to which Cardinal Manning, when he introduced it into Westminster and lent to it the great weight of his personal approval and earnest support, added the affix “of the Cross,” thus completing the title and enlarging the scope of its work.

In the history of the League of the Cross and the record of the great and good work it has done, the names of Manning and Nugent will always be inseparably linked. They were the *decus et tutamen* of a temperance movement which, if it has not attracted so much attention as that carried on by the great Irish apostle to whom Father Nugent has been compared, has remedied a defect in the propagandism of the famous Capuchin, and created a permanent organization to secure the continuance of the work. Every Monday evening for over twenty years

Father Nugent administered the total abstinence pledge to between four and five hundred people. In 1878 alone 15,000 took the pledge.

The League Hall, at St. Anne's Street in the north end of Liverpool, could accommodate about 4000, and was for years the centre of action. There week after week rally meetings were held, and speeches by Father Nugent and his clerical and lay co-operators delivered, in the interval between two parts of a concert or other entertainment, to a very mixed audience, largely composed of the poorest class of Irish—basket girls, street traders of all sorts, and factory hands; for the Hall, a disused small theatre or circus, was situated in the midst of the Irish quarters. To its platform he brought Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Keane, A. M. Sullivan, and other prominent prelates, priests and laymen, whose eloquent and inspiring addresses used to give a “fillip” to the movement.

Though the abuse of the licensing laws, and the multiplication beyond all reasonable proportion of facilities for drinking, make the work of temperance reform in any large city depressingly like that of cleansing the Augean stables—a truly Herculean labor,—their efforts were not unavailing. “Since Mgr. Nugent began his crusade,” said one of the best-known priests in the diocese, “it is no longer respectable to drink in Liverpool.”

In 1864 he founded the Boys' Refuge, appealing to the public to “save the boy!” Talent, he often said, was “running to waste in the gutters of Liverpool.” In that year there were 23,000 homeless children, the majority being Catholics, gathered therein. He made the Refuge a technical school as well as a Home, had the poor boys taught trades, chiefly printing; and was instrumental in placing hundreds of them, trained to industrial pursuits, in good positions. He may indeed be called

the Apostle of the Street Arabs, to whom he was a visible Providence. He began his apostolate among them by gathering the city waifs into an old theatre in Bevington Bush, one of the most dissolute quarters of Liverpool, supplying them with food for the mind as well as the body by catechising and feeding them. As many as six hundred suppers were given on some nights.

One can imagine how faith, hope and charity, how a more cheering and more gladsome view of life, must have been awakened in the grateful hearts of those hitherto uncared-for waifs, "spilt like blots about the city," when the good priest threw his protecting arms around them, extended to them a helping hand, and projected a ray of brightness into their lives, spent amid surroundings both depressing and degrading. He never ceased to lay stress upon the fact that the destitute children left to roam the streets are the raw material out of which the criminals who fill the jails are made.

He also aided in founding St. George's Industrial School and the Liverpool Boys' Orphanage; and it was through him that the Catholic Reformatory Association obtained from Government the training ship *Clarence*, moored in the upper Mersey. In 1870 he inaugurated the movement for sending destitute children to Canada, and was the first to convoy a party of them to America. Out of his own pocket he aided families to emigrate to Minnesota and elsewhere. He went many times across the Atlantic on similar expeditions; and often, while in the United States or Canada, had the pleasure of receiving unexpected visits from boys and girls whom, now grown to manhood and womanhood, and filling honorable, lucrative and useful positions, he had once rescued from social contamination and helped to a fresh start in life.

When in February, 1902, Mgr. Nugent

was asked by the writer of this article to state for an Irish magazine his views on the subject of emigration, he wrote:

"As you can understand, my time is very closely filled up; and as my years increase, my work does not lessen but grow. Within the last fortnight I have had more applications from the public charities of the city to plead their cause than a few years ago I had in twelve months. I have three institutions of my own for women, besides the Boys' Refuge. Therefore, do not think I shirk work if I do not undertake the task you set before me. To my mind, however, it is not so urgent now as it was. Who in Ireland ever lifted up his voice against emigration to England and Scotland? When some of the Irish Party in 1880 attacked me for helping the poor starving people in Connemara to settle in Minnesota, I ventured to upbraid them with this. There is very little emigration to England at present, except harvesters. Why go back to weeping over our wrongs? Why not deal with the present and the future? Teach people to seize upon their opportunities; there are plenty, if people will use them. If the people would only work at home with the energy and perseverance that they are forced to show abroad, what might not they achieve upon the spot!"

Mgr. Nugent's sympathy and solicitude were not confined to men and boys. Like the Master whom he served so well, whose gospel of infinite, tenderest pity is a perpetual pleading for the poor and the sinful, he had compassion on the multitude of fallen women whose frailty bears evidence to the weakness common to the daughters of Eve. In 1891 he established St. Saviour's Refuge, Bevington Bush, in charge of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God; and the House of Providence, Dingle, of which the Servants of the Sacred Heart have the care. The former is a Magdalen

Asylum for the rescue and reclamation of the fallen; and the latter, for women of a better class who have made one false step, to prevent them from following the downward course which leads to the streets; and to check infanticide, a crime which prevails to a far greater extent than many think.

Both of these institutions, annexed to which are a Maternity Home and a Night Shelter, are the outcome of experience gained in Walton Gaol. Mgr. Nugent's heart was in these latest foundations, to which he devoted the £9000 he received for the *Catholic Times*. "For the last two years," he wrote in December, 1898, "my contact with the more active part of the Catholic body has been limited. My time and thoughts have been centred in the House of Providence."

Reference to the *Times* reminds one that his work in Catholic journalism occupies a prominent and important place in the list of his achievements. As the founder of a Catholic penny weekly paper, which, as long as he had his hand on the helm, he conducted on broad and independent lines, he showed the value of the printing press as an agent of Catholic propagandism. The evolution of the *Catholic Times* from the derelict *Northern Press* in 1867 until it made its first appearance under its present title on March 2, 1872, was commensurate with the growth in civic and social importance of the Catholics of England, and was epoch-marking if not epoch-making. He lived to see it, what he made it, a power.

He was a born journalist. I never knew or worked with any one who had a keener or surer instinct for the requirements of an up-to-date paper, to make it "go," to give it "snap," to make it "catch on." All this called for self-sacrifice as well as alertness and vigilance. "For twenty years," he wrote in 1899, "I never took from the *Catholic Times* what would buy my

fare to Paris, but nearly all my salary at the prison went into the concern, as well as over one thousand pounds which was given me by the people of Liverpool....I believe I know what is wanted for success—well, if not better than most, still as well as any man going. I have been in the swim since about 1852, and know something of the infant life of each Catholic project."

His multiform activity found many opportunities for its expansion. He was instrumental in introducing into the diocese the Sisters of Notre Dame from Namur, the Sisters of Charity, and the Bon Secours nuns. The vast amount of good which these Orders have done and are still doing, particularly the Notre Dame nuns, at their Training College in Mount Pleasant and in the numerous schools, is to be placed to the credit side of Mgr. Nugent's account.

Let it be said, too, that he organized, and for twelve years personally superintended, a series of Saturday night free concerts, with a view of preventing workingmen, after drawing their wages, from spending it in drink. Until very recently he was continually lecturing and preaching, his services on platform and pulpit being freely given in every good cause.

It is not surprising, after all this, that, along with work, honors crowded upon him. Leo XIII. made him a Domestic Prelate, setting the seal of Papal approval upon his life and labors. He was personally known to that great Pontiff, with whom he had frequent audiences. His name was mentioned in Rome more than once in connection with vacant Sees, and he was very near being Dr. Goss' successor in the bishopric of Liverpool. Under the mayoralty of the Earl of Derby, he was for the second time the recipient of a public testimonial,—a purse containing £2000; and his portrait, painted by an eminent Academician, was hung in the Walker Art Gallery as a per-

manent memorial of the event. Liverpool was proud of him, and he was proud of Liverpool. It was not only among Catholics that he was popular, but equally among non-Catholics, including men of all shades of religious and political belief.

And here it may be noted that one of the special features of the line of action he pursued was that he greatly helped to break down the social barriers that separated creed from creed and class from class. He familiarized the public with the presence and influence of the Catholic priest as a social factor,—as a bond of union and not as a symbol of division. The influence he exercised in Liverpool and the respect in which he was held (said Bishop Whiteside) was something phenomenal in the history of the Catholic Church in England. It was strikingly evidenced on the occasion of his jubilee. It was later evidenced when, on the initiative of a Jew, it was decided to accord him the signal honor of having his statue—exhibited at the Royal Academy in London—erected in St. John's Gardens, one of the most conspicuous sites in Liverpool.

"I fear all this praise which is given here must peril or lessen the reward which is in the future and which is eternal," he wrote to a journalist friend in London who had published a biographical sketch of him. Now he rests from his labors—and they were many—after the final tribute of praise was paid to him in the remarkable demonstration on the occasion of his obsequies; and his works, which have followed him, have, it may be assumed, earned for him the reward of the good and faithful servant.

His life was an exemplary one in every sense of the word. He has shown what a Catholic priest, who does not shut himself up in his presbytery, may and can do by taking his share of public and social work in the light of day

and in the sight of men. His career is an object lesson worthy of study and imitation. It is hardly possible to overestimate its direct influence on the English public and their attitude toward the Catholic Church and Catholic clergy. The note of independence in thought and action, of personal initiative, was the dominant note of his character.

Possibly his position as prison chaplain, active and retired, and his freedom from sordid cares, may have favored an independence of action which he otherwise could not have enjoyed. He did not fear to get out of the "cart ruts" of which Spurgeon speaks, but mixed with his fellow-citizens, and appealed to them and worked with them for the common good on the common ground of philanthropy as one of themselves.

A man of action rather than a student, or a student of men more than of books, he did not write much, but he spoke a good deal. His delivery was slow, emphatic, and impressive; and he carried an audience with him more by his evident earnestness than by any eloquence, strictly so called.

It has been remarked that his native place, Liverpool, though a provincial city, has a certain cosmopolitan character. As the chief European port for Western ocean boats, it has come more within the radius of American influence than any other city in Great Britain; and, along with other nationalities, that of the great Republic of the West has left its impress upon the place.

Mgr. Nugent, a typical Liverpool man—dapper, hustling, keen-witted, always on the move,—was inspired and stamped with the *genius loci*. His character was a happy combination of the enthusiasm of the Celt, the practical common-sense and dogged perseverance of the Englishman, and the progressiveness of the American. He was essentially of the epoch and a man of his time.

Lady Dumpty's Novel.

BY LADY GILBERT.

LADY DUMPTY could not forget that she had once been Lady Mayoress of London, and the consciousness that she was nobody distressed her. In Sir Humpty's time, with unlimited command of money and the power it gives, life had been a carnival, and now it was deadly dull. She had, indeed, several causes for depression. Owing, she thought, to imperfect health, her figure and complexion were gone; and she was aware that an impertinent young person might speak of her as an "old lady," whereas she felt that she was yet only 'in her prime.' As the money was still hers, she lived sumptuously within a convenient distance from London, took her drive every day in the Park, and paid a round of calls; yet the brilliant world, on the fringe of which she had lived, was within her reach no longer. Her only invitations were to heavy, undistinguished dinner parties; and one of her pet social grievances was rooted in the fact that the Mansion House, where she had once reigned supreme, had of late closed its doors against her.

The reigning Lady Mayoress was one who had in earlier years been benefited by her bounty, and shielded from social danger by her patronage, all of which the younger woman had ignored when she weeded Lady Dumpty out of her visiting list. Of these grievances the latter murmured to herself as she reclined on a couch in her splendid boudoir, and resented the neglect of the world of her desires.

What could she do to recover a prominent position for herself, to win some new distinction? An idea occurred to her. Why not write a novel? Not only would her name thus reappear in

the newspapers, it would be found also in the literary reviews, in the circulating libraries, even on the railway posters. As the author of a brilliant society novel, there was no knowing what honors might be paid to her. Overwhelmed with delight in the anticipation of triumph, she rose up as with life renewed, and paced her boudoir.

In the midst of her excitement an impertinent obstacle presented itself. She was utterly unable to write anything in the shape of a novel. She admitted that literary composition had never been her forte; but what did that signify? Trifles should not daunt her. She was a woman of determination; and Lady Dumpty's novel must, somehow or other, get itself written and published.

She picked up a Scotch provincial paper, the *Shortcake Morning News*,—a paper which had always been patronized by her because Sir Humpty had begun life in the town of Shortcake, and it was to her credit that she did not forget the scene of his early industry and aspirations. In the corner of this paper she had noticed occasionally a bright little dramatic story over the modest signature of "Busy Bee"; and now she spread it before her, and read one of those tales over again with eager interest.

Lady Dumpty had intended to lie awake all night forming a plan, and actually did not fall asleep before having resolved on making an overture to the "Busy Bee" at Shortcake by the first post on the following morning.

"It would never do to employ a person of experience in London," she reflected. "A struggling clever scribbler from the country is the creature I require."

The letter arrived duly at the office of the *Shortcake Morning News* and was forwarded to a contributor, a young girl engaged in baking the family bread in a small house in the neighborhood of

the town. The family consisted of an anxious widowed mother, a thoughtless younger sister, and a brother ambitious and clever, but physically delicate and depressed. To all these the "Busy Bee" was counsellor, sympathizer, servitor, and occasionally provider, in a small way, of some assistant means of living.

The letter announced a lady's requirement of a secretary and amanuensis. Liberal terms and a comfortable home were offered, the writer confessing to have been attracted by the contributions of the "Busy Bee" to the Shortcake newspaper.

There was a shock to the struggling family. Give up the prop and sunshine of the home? Live without "Busy Bee"? The girl herself thought of her drawer full of manuscripts returned with thanks; her dreams of successful authorship to restore the fortunes of the family. There was a struggle, there were some tears, and then the course unanimously admitted to be the most sensible was decided on.

"It will be drudgery instead of dreams," thought the Bee; "but, then, there will be money to help."

After a few humble preparations she started for London.

Lady Dumpty's keen, narrow glance criticised her new secretary on the moment of her arrival.

"Not handsome," she decided: "green eyes, red hair, figure short and insignificant. Too like my tortoise-shell cat. So much the better."

As the Bee sat opposite to her at dinner, however, Lady Dumpty was assured that she had been too hasty in her verdict as to her guest's lack of attractions. The girl in her primitive white frock of cheap muslin somehow lit up the room with the harmony of her brilliant coloring and the vividness of the expressions of life in her changing countenance.

"No matter," thought Lady Dumpty, "I do not want to be always looking

at a perfectly ugly *vis à vis* at table."

To work they went at once in the lady's "study," where nothing had ever been studied but the ephemeral publications of the day. At a sumptuous writing table the Bee took her place, while her patroness rocked herself in a spring chair beside the fire, and dictated the replies to some notes of invitation.

It was not long, however, before Lady Dumpty began to act on her plan.

"This is dull work for you, my dear; but I have thought of something more entertaining. In fact, I want to write a novel and I believe you can put it together for me. I am full of ideas, but my health does not permit of sustained effort."

The Bee was alert and interested. "If you will give me your plot and your notes, I will try," she said diffidently.

"Oh, I was never a plotter! I leave that to you. And I have no notes. I am incapable of the fatigue of making notes. I will outline one or two characters for you, one of which will be central, so to speak."

"Then you mean that I am to compose and write the novel, altogether," said the Bee.

"Not without adequate remuneration," replied Lady Dumpty. "I will buy the novel from you." She named a liberal sum. "If the book prove acceptable to the publishers, you shall have a cheque on publication. But the novel is to be mine, with my name on the title-page."

The Bee was startled; but thought of Jim at home, with his weak back and his inventive brain, his hopeless need of a small bit of capital to further his brilliant, if unpractical, schemes.

"I will do my best," she said.

The first step was to understand thoroughly and to realize in her imagination a personality described by Lady Dumpty as that of the necessary central figure. Bee lay awake at night

struggling with what seemed to her the utter impossibility of anything so mean and so bad as this character, and trying to weave round it a story which should give relief to the darkness of its outlines. Into her dreams would come the breath of primroses in the dale at home, her mother's smile, Jim's earnest eyes, her young sister's gay laugh. Could all these things live together in the same world? The girl's own experiences of life, and her nobility of faith and purpose, strove with her imagination which was newly impressed with unwelcome and unlovely images. But the money must be earned. She found at last a plot, and the novel was begun.

All through one long year, close to the side of her patroness, the girl worked at her task, and became interested in her story. Even the central figure seized her with a certain fascination, and the character took striking shape. Every evening she read aloud the pages written during the day, and Lady Dumpty approved or disapproved, amended, suggested, till gradually the heroine who was the creature of her invention, a personality that had grown out of a worldly woman's experience of the wrong side of the world, appeared to her sufficiently real, playing satisfactorily the part assigned to her in the plot of the novel.

The girl wrote home: "I don't like the work, mother dear; but I am trying to weave some good into it. I am making the secondary people as fair and sweet as I can make them. Lady Dumpty likes that, too, as it shows forth the unworthiness of her heroine. I feel that when this is done I shall be able to try to write something better. The practice will be useful; and was it not Leonardo da Vinci who studied ugly models before he attempted to represent the beautiful? I have not chosen this study, however; only consented to it, for your sake."

The novel was finished and sent to the publishers: "The Mask of Katherine, by Lady Dumpty." It was soon in print, and the Bee was busy with the proofs.

One evening a letter arrived from the publishers, requesting an interview with the author of "The Mask of Katherine"; and next morning Lady Dumpty, attended by her amanuensis, appeared in the publisher's office wearing a wonderful hat newly procured for the occasion.

"I regret to have to inform you," said the great maker of books, "that a difficulty arises as to the issuing of this novel."

"There must be none," said Lady Dumpty. "Money is no object to me."

"It is not a matter of money. The fact is, the book may be said to contain something like a libel on a person in a prominent position in London at the present moment. We could not undertake the responsibility of producing the work."

Lady Dumpty had not a very clear idea of the nature of a libel or of the penalties it entailed on the author of it. The grave looks of the publisher alarmed her, and her conscience exaggerated the cause of her consternation. Her instinct was to exculpate herself on the instant. She arose from her seat in trepidation.

"Then, sir, I must tell you that I am not the guilty person. This young lady is the author of the novel. I intended to lend her my name as an introduction to the world—"

The publisher smiled. The "Busy Bee" shrank behind her patron, looking on the floor. A few minutes, and the ladies were in their carriage.

"You have ruined my novel," said Lady Dumpty, angrily. "I shall not pay you a penny for this fiasco."

The Bee's tears flowed that night. How could she break the news of such a misfortune to her mother and Jim?

But in the morning a letter from the publishers expressed a desire to see the young author of "The Mask of Katherine," and from the interview that followed dates the fame and fortune of a successful novelist who does not now write under the name of Lady Dumpty or of the "Busy Bee."

For though "The Mask of Katherine" might perhaps be considered libellous (the heroine attained the position of Lady Mayoress) and was therefore unsuited for publication, as it stood, yet the publishers found it clever and otherwise attractive; and, with some alteration, they anticipated a certain success for it.

In vain did Lady Dumpty endeavor to recover what she now again claimed as her property; nor has she ever succeeded in writing the book which was to restore her to a position of celebrity; giving at the same time expression to her feelings toward the ungrateful rival who had been, in earlier years, her humble *protégée*.

But who could tell the joy of the little family at Shortcake?

THE spirit of the inner life teaches all who yield to its guidance, that their primary duty is the sanctification of their own souls, and that the holiness of a Christian consists chiefly in the fulfilment of the duties of one's station. These are indispensable: the very end of devotion is the obtaining of such graces as are necessary for their fulfilment. It can, therefore, never be a reason for neglecting them; on the contrary, true piety allows that time only for prayer which can lawfully be spared from imperative duties; and bids us in all religious exercises, not of strict obligation, to accommodate ourselves to the wishes and weakness of those whom we are bound to consider, and, for peace' sake, to sacrifice our own tastes, be they never so pious.

—Père Grou.

Lourdes.

BY V. MCSHERRY.

THE maids and matrons in those sad old days
The poet sings of in heroic strain,
Exiled from home, their sorrow tried to cheat,
Rebuilding with old names and memories sweet
The Fatherland in thought. But all in vain!

Illusions only in the soul upraise
Regret for what is real. Evermore
By wistful longing drawn unto the shore,
They looked across the sea with misty gaze
Toward ruined Troy, until there seemed to rise
And span the space a bridge of tears and sighs.

We exiles, in our wanderings here below,
Some height would gain whence we might nearer
view
That favored land where tears shall cease to
flow—
Our Home, where joy awaits us; and we, too,
Are come to Lourdes, that from this holy place
Where Mary stood, an echo of her voice
May reach our souls, and rays of heavenly
grace
Our eyes may open and our hearts rejoice.
That rugged rock, blessed by her rose-clad feet,
Becomes the portal of the heavens above;
The arch is spanned by ardent faith and love.

The tapers form a waving line of light
Against the background of the rocks and sky;
Basilica and tower gleaming white,
And Mary's monogram emblazoned high.
Above the ripple of the Gave, that flows
Just as it did when Mary's voice arose
Upon the quiet air, are heard the hymn
And pilgrim's prayer from morn till twilight
dim.

Time swiftly passes in this tranquil spot,
Where worldly cares and joys are all forgot.

Here at this shrine earth's sons and daughters
meet,

As winged rangers, lost in airy flight,
Or frightened by the darkness or the storm,
Fly for protection to some friendly light.
Here Christian hope and confidence transform
The Grotto, fount and esplanade to-day
To Galilee of old, where by the way
Were healed the lame, the blind; for here re-
sound

Hosannas from these hearts that joy have found.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXXIII.—JIM BRETHERTON IS AMAZED.

THE interruption, in fact, took the form of Jim Bretherton himself, with a eager look in his face such as it had often worn when on bright summer mornings, long before, he had come from the Manor to play with Leonora.

He stopped at the gate expectantly, though he knew that Miss Chandler was absent, and that it was only Miss Tabitha who would greet him. As he stood, and, raising his hat, smiled at his old friend, the spinster's faculties, wearied by the late strain upon them, grew bewildered. For a moment she fancied it was that other Bretherton who waited thus, eager and ardent, that the roses of youth were blooming thereabout, and the clear sky of early life was shining above in the blue. Was that sparrow twittering in the bare branches singing the song of youth? Was her hair still fair and soft, that he might steal a ringlet? And her cheek soft and rounded, that he might liken it to ivory? Was her own wasted frame once more alert and vigorous?

Ah, no! Years had done their fatal work upon her face and form, even as the garden lay chill and drear under the wintry blast, the roses dead, no sun of youth shining, no summer foliage sheltering a singing bird. The Bretherton she had loved lay dead this decade of years; only the sin and shame which had marred his career survived. This was his nephew, who had come a-courting Leonora, whom he might not wed; and yonder, from the mill window, like some evil genius, Eben Knox, full of rage and malice, was probably looking down.

Jim Bretherton had come expressly to

talk over matters with Miss Tabitha, and to obtain her consent—a mere formality, as he supposed—to his marriage with Leonora. Despite the dark hints she had once thrown out, it was natural that he should have very little doubt of her ready and joyful approval of his matrimonial projects. If a Bretherton were always welcome at Rose Cottage, how much more so would he be coming to transplant the fairest rose of all to the stately pleasure of the Manor? He believed, moreover, that Miss Tabitha liked him personally. He hoped—though he was far from sure, so remote and elusive was she—that Leonora loved him, and that all her delay and hesitation would end in the acceptance of his offer.

In any case, he wanted to have a long talk with Miss Tabitha. He was, therefore, not only surprised but considerably disappointed to see Lord Aylward in the garden. It would be impossible to say anything before him. After giving, however, a friendly salutation to Miss Tabitha, who turned pale at sight of him, he greeted his friend cheerily:

"Hello, Aylward! I thought that must be your umbrella I saw from afar."

He mounted the steps and sat down almost at Miss Tabitha's feet, just as he had done on that first visit. The two young men talked and laughed, exchanging a volley of jokes. They treated the old lady with a cordial deference which pleased her. It was like those first days after young Mr. Bretherton had come home and he and his friend had frequented the Cottage in a friendliness which took no heed of danger. It seemed good to them both to be there once more; and it likewise seemed good to Miss Tabitha to see them. There is something vastly reassuring to the old and timorous in the very presence of strong and confident youth. Their hold upon the brightness of the universe

seems so secure. It is like sunshine flooding a dark place.

After a time Jim Bretherton remarked that Miss Tabitha seemed chilled, and suggested that she should go indoors. She readily agreed, and the two went in with her. Presently the young gentleman from the Manor, to the giggling admiration of Mary Jane, was down upon his knees building up a roaring fire. He was as a light-hearted boy kneeling there in the fancied security of his love and happiness, bantering his friend, who was awkwardly trying to assist, and who was bravely stifling the pain which the sight of that room evoked.

"That's a pretty good fire!" he exclaimed, surveying his work with satisfaction. "That's the way to kindle a blaze, isn't it, Mary Jane? You'll have to send for me whenever the wood doesn't burn. You can send Dave, you know."

The girl reddened and giggled. The allusion to her "young man" put the climax to her delight.

After she had reluctantly retired to her own dominions, the three fell into a pleasant vein of talk, while the day faded without and the shadows deepened about them. Though Leonora was absent, the charm of her personality seemed to hover about that room, and to impress itself upon the young men as though she had been there. It seemed as if at any moment they might see her beautifully expressive eyes looking at them, or her smiling lips greeting them. Once or twice there fell a silence, during which this impression was very strong in the minds of both. It was after one of these pauses that Miss Tabitha said, with a sigh:

"I wish I could ask you both to tea; but I am afraid, as Leonora is away, there is very little in the house."

The two young men caught eagerly at the proposal.

"Aylward and I can toast bread here," said Jim Bretherton. "And if Mary Jane brews the tea, what more do we want?"

"But it is your dinner hour?" objected Miss Tabitha, faintly; for she was glad of their presence, and was, moreover, of a hospitable turn of mind.

"Oh, dinner be hanged!" cried Jim Bretherton.

"We had a heavy luncheon," added Lord Aylward; "and if you will only let us stop to tea, we shall enjoy it immensely."

And so it was settled, Miss Tabitha covenanting that she would add some peach jam to the bill of fare.

"Peach jam? Hooray!" cried Jim Bretherton. "One of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood was being allowed to taste your peach jam, Miss Tabitha. Aylward, you're in luck."

Miss Tabitha searched in her silk apron for the key of the jam cupboard. She always kept it locked, with a dark suspicion of predatory instincts upon the part of Mary Jane. Jim Bretherton begged the spinster to intrust him with the key, promising to be very careful. Lord Aylward held a light, and a pot of peach jam was brought forth in triumph. Mary Jane was instructed to bring in a loaf of bread; and by the time the table was laid and the tea brought into the dining-room, the two young men could display a pile of toast, which they proceeded to demolish with evident relish.

It was a delightful meal, though Miss Tabitha could not help giving a regretful thought to the best china, the absence whereof was quite unnoticed by her guests. Mary Jane, at a mystic sign from her mistress, had evoked a few slices of cold ham, which lent a substantial character to the feast.

"I wish Leonora had been here," Miss Tabitha remarked, momentarily oblivious of the complications. "She would have enjoyed this."

Jim Bretherton echoed the wish deep down in his heart, for the time of her absence seemed long to him; and Lord Aylward, who might not even wish for a consummation which would have banished him relentlessly, exclaimed in desperation:

"Oh, yes! It is so awfully jolly, I am sure Miss Chandler would have enjoyed it."

"You have made fearful inroads upon Miss Tabitha's jam," observed Jim Bretherton, striving to carry off the situation with a jest; though, with quick, sympathetic insight, he guessed what his companion was feeling. "I don't believe you ever tasted any like it before."

"That jam is ripping!" cried Lord Aylward, with enthusiasm.

"Leonora made it this year," Miss Tabitha said, with a sigh. "It is the first time I have let any one touch the jam, but I have not been feeling so well of late."

There was a silence after that, filled deliciously with the mental picture of Leonora flitting about the kitchen manufacturing that delectable substance, which the two were still boys enough thoroughly to appreciate. There was the subtle suggestion, too, of housewifely accomplishment, of the presiding genius of a home that was to be, which delighted Jim Bretherton, while it filled Lord Aylward with a sudden, passionate regret. Better, he thought, to have been a laborer earning his daily wage, or a backwoodsman carving out a fresh existence from the forest, if only that beautiful creature might have brightened his daily life, than to live in luxury without her.

The wealth, the honors which were his seemed to him then as so much Dead Sea fruit. He realized, as he sat and stared at the logs glowing upon the hearth, the wisdom of Jesse Craft's advice. It would be best to fly fast and far from this perilous atmosphere,

and to stifle rather than to feed this flame which burned within him. If, indeed, he could do anything to save Leonora from a marriage with Eben Knox, then he would gladly stay and strive to endure what must be endured. That once settled, he must leave events to take their course, and put the seas between himself and this obscure village of Millbrook, which, like those enchanted places in the olden myths, had seized and held him away from the great world, with its pleasures and cares and duties and responsibilities.

As the evening wore on, it occurred to him that he had to make an excuse for taking his departure, and so permit Jim Bretherton to have an undisturbed conversation with Miss Tabitha. He rightly surmised that this had been his friend's intention. Reluctantly, therefore, he arose and excused himself upon the plea that he wanted to secure some fishing tackle before Jackson closed his shop. Arranging to meet Jim Bretherton later, he bade Miss Tabitha a cordial good-bye and went out into the darkness.

Miss Tabitha, left alone with her other guest, felt suddenly overpowered by nervousness. What had he come to say? How was she going to explain, to deny his suit, to put an end forever to this pleasant intimacy, and, as it were, to shut the door of Rose Cottage in the face of a Bretherton? In the enjoyment of the evening, she had forgotten the harassing circumstances which surrounded her. She became "all of a-tremble" as she saw Lord Aylward go forth. His presence had been as a bulwark of safety against embarrassing explanations.

For a few moments after the door had closed upon the tall figure of the Englishman, Jim Bretherton knelt upon the hearth and stirred the fire vigorously. At last he lay down the poker and said abruptly:

"Do you remember, Miss Tabitha,

that the first time I came to the Cottage after my return from England, I inquired for the little girl with whom I used to play?"

Miss Tabitha assented miserably.

"Yes, I remember," she answered.

"You see, she had been in my consciousness all the time I was away. It was preordained that I was to come in search of her."

The young man still spoke half-jestingly. Miss Tabitha leaned back in her chair and listened, as though he had been talking of some disaster which had already befallen, or was likely to come to pass. And young Mr. Bretherton presently warmed into genuine earnestness.

"The truth is," he declared, "quite apart from our early association, I fell instantly, abjectly, in love with Leonora as soon as I saw her again, standing beside you upon the porch. I can't describe my sensations, and it isn't the least use trying. I didn't quite realize at first why I was always making excuses to come down to Rose Cottage and to haunt any place where I might meet Leonora. When Aylward and I went away to Newport, I was only anxious to get back again to Millbrook. The old station seemed to me like the gates of Paradise. I knew how completely infatuated I was only when another man—a splendid fellow too, and my own best friend—wanted to marry my early playmate."

(To be continued.)

"My life has been cold, careless. I never lost my faith, but I almost forgot that I had it. I made little use of it. I let it rust," she said.

"Many do that, but a time comes when they feel that the great weapon with which alone we can fight the sorrows and dangers of the world must be kept bright, or it may fail us in the hour of need."—*Robert Hichens.*

A Model Wedding.

THE greatest national wedding of Ireland—as the officiating priest put it—since Eva MacMurrough married Earl Strongbow, was the recent one of the young Marquis of Bute and Miss Augusta Mary Monica Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth. The bride, whose patriotism is fervent, elected to have the marriage festivities held among her own people and the rite performed by her own parish priest, Father Patrick Fagan of Kilsaran, instead of in the Brompton Oratory of London, where the marriages of Great Britain's Catholic aristocracy generally take place. The alliance of two great Catholic houses of Scotland and Ireland such as the Stuarts and Bellinghams could not fail to arouse interest and sympathy, particularly in the latter country; but Miss Bellingham's popularity suffices to account for the extraordinary concourse of enthusiastic spectators that covered the hills and fields round Castle Bellingham on the auspicious morning.

The road to the little village church, about a mile long, was lined with every possible species of vehicle from donkey carts to motors; and the appearance of the Bute brothers in kilts, cock feathers and oak leaves in their bonnets—the Stuart emblem,—was greeted with wild cheers of welcome. The Robert Emmet Prize Band from Dundalk, in gorgeous ancient Irish accoutrement, made merry music, to which the Scotch pipers replied by vigorous skirling. The Irish and Welsh and Scotch retainers of both noble families vied with each other in demonstrating that fealty and affection so rarely met with in these days of levelling democracy. Over forty deputations waited on the happy pair, and to those of the addresses which were delivered in Welsh and Gaelic the

Marquis replied in the same tongues. Among these deputations was one from the Presbyterian congregation of a Scotch town owned by Lord Bute; and the marriage service was attended by clergymen of different sects from England and Scotland, as well as by the local Protestant minister. Indeed the note of religious tolerance was evident throughout, and brought to mind the lines of the great Irish poet to the Catholic Church: "Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too." These words are as truly borne out on the Bute estates as in the birthplace of Miss Bellingham.

Sir Henry Bellingham, formerly private chamberlain to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., has brought up his family in firm devotion to the Old Faith. His eldest daughter has embraced a religious life; and Lord Bute's bride has been bred, both figuratively and literally, in the atmosphere of Rome. Indeed it was in the Eternal City that her engagement took place. In person, she is a handsome, vivacious brunette of medium stature, with two remarkably eloquent eyes, expressive at once of good nature and earnest purpose. On the morning of her bridal day she looked all the more beautiful for the sweet seriousness of the face beneath the historic veil which is an heirloom of her grandmother, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough. The prevailing tone of her attire was simplicity, and she wore no jewellery. Love and blessings surrounded her as she knelt, and fervent prayers for her future happiness were sent up from the humblest of the congregation.

The present Marquis of Bute, although different in many respects from his father, has inherited the chief characteristics of that illustrious convert; among which come first a strenuous devotion to duty, and a fervent attachment to that faith left to him as a more precious heritage than the worldly

privileges of ancient nobility and great territorial possessions. Educated in a devout circle, under the wise tutelage of his mother, the boy's earliest impressions were of the spiritual order, combined with the exercise of active benevolence. With no less conscientious exactitude than she had shown in the fulfilment of another sacred trust—her personal consignment of the late Earl's heart to Jerusalem,—this worthy daughter of the Howards formed the mind of her son to all that was pure and lofty. His natural bent being toward a simple outdoor life, he was gratified in this as far as was consistent with a comprehensive course of instruction. His love of big game hunting has taken him as far afield as Central Africa; but the interest in agriculture and mining operations which he has lately developed leads one to anticipate that he will follow his father in all but sedentary pursuits.

The literary tastes of the late Marquis—he was the original of Beaconsfield's "Lothair," wherein Monsignor Capel also figures as the ecclesiastic instrumental in his conversion—in nowise hindered his participation in many successful financial undertakings. That the earldom of Bute is one of the few millionaire earldoms of the British Peerage is due almost as much to him as to his father, who devoted nearly half a million sterling to the building of the West Bute dock in Cardiff. To both of them the city owes its prosperity, as it in turn has been to them the main source of their great wealth.

The present possessor of the Bute heritage declared with frank modesty, in the short speech delivered at his coming-of-age banquet: "I have but one object, which is to walk in my father's footsteps and do my duty in like manner." Of a naturally retiring nature, he was not very much in evidence even during the festivities

which preceded the wedding at Castle Bellingham, absenting himself from the fashionable crowd whenever he could, to take a quiet stroll in the gardens with his brothers or with Sir Henry Bellingham. A true Scotch patriot, he adheres to the dress and custom of his native land, wearing the kilt when at home, and ordering his household to be awakened every morning by the sound of the bagpipes.

On the morning of his wedding-day, the bridegroom, with his mother and brothers, attended a Low Mass at eight o'clock in Kilsaran chapel; and at ten o'clock began the Nuptial Mass, after which the Pope's special blessing was given. The altar, of white alabaster, was beautifully wreathed in lilies; and the choir of the Marlborough Street Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, gave an exceptionally magnificent rendering of the *Veni Creator*. Although there were several great church dignitaries present, and although it was expected that, owing to the preponderant position of the contracting parties in the Catholic world, either cardinal or archbishop would officiate, the ceremony was performed, as stated, by Father Fagan, assisted by his curate, Father Murtagh, in accordance with the bride's special wish.

When the sacred rite was accomplished the bridal pair was escorted, to the tune of "Come Back to Erin," played by the Dublin Police Band, as far as the little fishing village of Annagassan, where they embarked for Stranraer.

Truly, if past and present may be taken as a safe augury for the future, the lives of these two devout members of the Church, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, will be rich in holy aims and practical works of charity to those around them.

B. H.

A Contrast.

ANY American or English Catholic who has had the privilege of living for some time in a Catholic country, such as Italy or Spain, must find a great difference when he returns home. There is something that he misses at every turn; something that used to meet his gaze wherever he went; something that was so frequent that he grew quite accustomed to it, and, perhaps, came to pass it by almost without consciously noticing it, taking it as part and parcel of his everyday life and surroundings.

But when he comes home he misses it. Glad though he is to see his native land again, he is saddened by the absence of what had become so familiar. It would not be true to say that it is entirely absent: he may find it, and he *can* find it; but he will have to go into a Catholic church, as a rule, if he wishes to find it. In Catholic lands it is to be seen everywhere: at street corners, by the side of country roads, on lofty mountains, in the depths of fertile valleys, in great towns and little villages, in splendid squares, and also in the slums, in the houses of rich and poor alike, and in the very shops and markets.

We refer to the image and the face of our dear Mother,—of Mary, Mother of God and Mother of us. It was a worse thing than we can realize when the Blessed Virgin's image was banished from England,—torn down, not only from its place in the streets and roads, where it could be seen far and wide throughout the land; but even from the very churches themselves in which our Catholic forefathers delighted to do her honor. Worse still, that sacred image was torn, only too successfully, from its place in the hearts and affections of the people; and so it was that this great

THE man who suspects his own tediousness is yet to be born.—*Aldrich.*

nation of America, taking its rise from a people already Protestant, entered into a diminished heritage, knowing not the Mother who was so dear to its forefathers of old.

It was said that Mary was no part of the Christian religion; and devotion to her, no part of our duties and privileges as Christians. Could anything be more opposite to the truth? For the truth is that our dear Mother and devotion to her are indeed part and parcel of true Christianity. When the people of Bethlehem drove Mary away from their doors, they drove Jesus away with her; and when the despotic rulers of England did away by brute force with the love and honor hitherto paid to Mary, they took away also from our Blessed Lord the love and honor that belong to Him. Jesus and Mary are bound up together in our holy Faith; and so it is no wonder that when these wicked men banished the Mother, they also, with an evil instinct, drove away the Son—banished Him from the altar and from the tabernacle, abolishing the Holy Mass, and turning the Blessed Sacrament into a mockery.

It ought to be one of the dearest wishes of our hearts to see Mary loved and honored by our race as she used to be, and as she is now in Catholic countries. What beautiful instances of true devotion to her and fervent love of her are to be seen in Italy, the Land of the Madonna, as it has well been called! Men and women and children, the rich and the poor, may be seen kneeling before her sweet image and pouring out to her their love and their desires, making known to her their troubles and needs, and confidently expecting her help, which is *never* wanting to those who trust in her. Referring to a great pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel, a Catholic traveller writes:

"I saw thousands of workmen and women who had trudged many

weary miles of mountain and valley to do honor to the Mother of God and of men, and who made night and day resound with her praises. How striking the contrast to a Protestant country! What a blessed thing it would be if *our* working people looked upon Mary as their Mother! How it would sweeten and lighten thousands of lives full of care and worry and trouble!"

The day when America shall have become so thoroughly Christianized that images of the Blessed Virgin will be regarded as congruous adornments of public places, is as yet in the womb of a probably far-distant future; but, in the meantime, individual clients of Our Lady can compensate in some measure for the neglect which she receives from the non-Catholic public. There is every reason why Protestant visitors to Catholic homes should behold in drawing-room and study, in parlor and boudoir, paintings or statues of God's masterpiece of beauty, the Virgin-Queen of Heaven.

General de Miribel's Faith.

WHEN General de Miribel was called to the command of the famous Lyon's Division, certain irreligious papers objected because he was known to be a stanch Catholic.

"Yes, I am a Catholic," declared the General; "I am and always shall be proud of the fact."

He considered as a crime against his country all attempts to introduce irreligion into the army. "It means," he said, "to deprive France of the noblest part of its life, strength and defence."

General Miribel always received Holy Communion at Easter, in full uniform.

"I have two duties to perform," he often remarked: "that of a soldier and that of a Christian. I am always ready, when it is necessary, to give my blood, but never to sacrifice my soul."

Notes and Remarks.

It would appear that, notwithstanding Shakespeare's apparent denial, backed up by the corroborative instance of the rose, there is considerable in a name, after all,—at least in the picturesque vocabulary of diplomats. One of the correspondents at Portsmouth tells his paper that Mr. Witte "declared over and over again his government would never pay any indemnity, never pay tribute, never reimburse Japan for the cost of the war." Yet the correspondent states, farther on, that Russia is to make a money payment to Japan of several hundred millions "for the keep of Russian prisoners of war and other things." The exigencies of diplomatic usage and the sensitiveness of Russia's national honor may possibly necessitate such fine-spun distinctions; but the world at large will hold to its own opinion as to the correct name for the money paid; and the eminently sane Japanese will, we presume, care very little whether the millions they receive be termed tweedledum or tweedledee.

Apropos of a new edition of Father Ryder's admirable little book, "Catholic Controversy"—it deserves the title, since it covers the whole wide field,—a writer in the London *Tablet* quotes two fine passages illustrating the learned Oratorian's happy faculty of being brief without obscurity, and of compressing a mass of theology into very small compass. The extracts are taken from the section of "Catholic Controversy," which treats of the "Alleged Excess in the Worship of Mary":

They are shocked that she should have *more* festivals in the year than Our Lord has; that there should be *more* churches dedicated to her than to her Son or to the Blessed Trinity. They want something like a decent proportion to be observed. A proportion! But what proportion,

I would ask, can there be betwixt the Creator and the creature, although the highest and holiest of creatures? Suppose for one moment the interests and honor of Jesus and Mary to be other than identical, the slightest diversion, the slightest alienation of devotion, though but for one *Ave's* space in a lifetime, would be blasphemous. If we are not worshiping Christ when we pay the "worship of honor" to His Mother, then let there be no talk of proportion, no compromise, but away with the saints and angels and their Queen at once and forever.

It is this divinization, this capacity of reflecting the brightness of the eternal light, which is the formal object of the cultus of the saint. Because, after all, it is a reflection in a created mirror,—a mirror not hypostatically one with its object: the worship is of *dulia* rather than *latria*. But within this limit there can be no excess, no insubordination; for the light that we worship is virtually one, whether we worship it in itself or in its reflection. The evening sun is the more, not the less, admired because our admiration dwells upon the golden and purple clouds which are its pomp and circumstance; and the God who dwells in light inaccessible has deigned to weave a rainbow about His throne—the Iris of Apocalyptic vision—which is the glory of the saints.

A notable characteristic of many of the automobile accidents, accounts of which appear with increasing frequency in the daily press, is the shameless unconcern of the drivers as to the nature and extent of the injuries inflicted upon their victims. Man's inhumanity to man has ever, according to Burns, made countless thousands mourn; but the specific form of inhumanity displayed by the utterly reckless driver who urges his automobile to an extravagant rate of speed, and, running over a woman or child, hurries on with a careless glance, is nowadays causing hundreds of people in various parts of this country not merely to mourn but to curse and clamor for vengeance. For the credit of human nature in its normal state, one likes to believe that such hard-heartedness, not to say positive cruelty, is the effect, as has been suggested, of oxygen intoxication. The inhalation of pure oxygen acts,

without any question, as a tonic and exhilarant; and it may well be that the amount of it forced into the lungs by the very high speed often developed by the horseless carriage renders the occupants literally drunk. Even if this theory be true, however, it merely explains, without at all excusing, the inhumanity referred to. The obvious comment is that if high speed produces intoxication, the drivers are bound either to lower the speed or to incur the full responsibility of acts of which in their normal sobriety they would not be guilty.

There is apparently much to recommend the suggestion made to the New Jersey State Federation of Labor by the Rev. Mr. Wight, who was recently appointed Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. "I wish," he said, "that when a man with a family is imprisoned, the work that he does in the institution might go for the support of his family, which otherwise would have to be sent to the almshouse and be supported by the county." It is certainly the case that, in imprisoning a considerable percentage of criminals, the State is in sober reality punishing the criminals' wives and children much more severely than the lawbreakers themselves. Were the prisoners made to earn fair wages which would be paid over to their families, justice would impress ordinary folk as being considerably more even-handed than at present; and, incidentally, magistrates would not need to show undue leniency to the law's transgressor "for the sake of your wife and children."

There is a pleasant tone of optimism in the following remarks from an address delivered by Vice-President Fairbanks last week at Ogdensburg, N. Y.:

We hear much of defalcations, breaches of trust, malfeasance in office; and there are pessimists who declare that we have fallen upon

corrupt times; that we are decadent; that the public conscience is dulled. On the contrary, there never was an hour in all our splendid history when there was more acute moral sense among the great masses of the people, and more uprightness in their relations of life, than there is to-day. The standard of civic duty was never higher than it is now.

We would not go so far as to assert that the public conscience is more sensitive than formerly, but we do think it is more enlightened on some points,—that, for instance, it realizes more fully the essential immorality of certain business methods which used to be passed over as a matter of course, and resented only by those directly injured; and that acts which used to be deemed quite natural in men of power, and gains which used to be accepted as more or less legitimate perquisites of high office, are breaches of public trust demanding severe punishment.

A most interesting and edifying sermon, describing the labors of priests from St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, London, among the savages of Borneo, is reported at length in our English exchanges. It was preached by the Very Rev. Edmund Dunn, Prefect Apostolic of North Borneo, who was among the first band of Mill Hill missionaries to that still comparatively unknown island, one of the largest in the world. Referring to a visit made to a heathen town in the interior of Sarawak, he said:

As we passed through the principal thoroughfare of the town we noticed a Chinese trader standing at the door of his shop. As soon as he caught sight of our cassocks he raised a cry of joy, and, running to meet us, threw himself on his knees, kissing our hands. We were at a loss to account for this demonstration; but, taking us by the hand, he led us into his shop, and there in a recess at the back, to our intense surprise and delight, we saw a picture of the Divine Mother and Child and two candles standing before it. This poor man was a Christian from China. He had lived isolated among the heathen for twelve years, and now he was

overjoyed at once more meeting the priest of God and being within reach of the consolations of religion.

The experiences of the first missionary among the Dyaks, a tribe long famous for their head-hunting practices, are so full of interest that we should like to quote all that Mgr. Dunn had to tell of them. We must limit ourselves to a single passage, as follows:

As soon as people from the neighboring villages heard of the arrival of the white man, they came in from all sides, and scarcely a minute of the day passed without a circle of curious eyes watching every movement of their strange visitor. In the evening, when the work on the farm was over, men and women crowded round the missionary, asking innumerable questions about the white man and his country. The Father satisfied their curiosity as well as he could with the help of his interpreter, and soon began to introduce the subject of religion, explaining to them the principal truths of our holy Faith.

On one of these occasions he unfolded to them an oleograph of our Divine Lord, to their delight and astonishment. The old chief took the picture reverently into his hands, and, looking at it long and earnestly, at length returned it to the missionary, with the following curious remark: "Sir, had you shown me this before I had eaten my rice, I could not have eaten any,"—his way of expressing the emotion produced upon him by the gentle countenance of our Divine Lord.

Mgr. Dunn declared that the schools established for children, most of whom are orphans, are the main hope for the future of religion in Borneo; and, in concluding his sermon, announced that he would be under the "bitter necessity" of closing one-half of these mission schools unless he could obtain more help for their maintenance. We like to believe that, instead of closing a single one, he may be enabled to establish many more.

Writing of the wireless telephone and its Catholic inventor, M. Louis Maiche, X. Hémer says, in the *Annales Catholiques*: "The world finds itself, then, in possession of an instrument of extraordinary power, and will greet its

advent with admiring acclaim. But—and here we must come down from the regions of thought where we dominate to the territory of earth and stones and practical industry—but who will exploit this marvellous instrument? Will Frenchmen once more wait until an Englishman, an American, or some other Edison makes, out of the discovery of one of our own, the fortune of everybody save him to whom it is due?... It is our *duty*, to-day, to seek by every proper means to reconquer in the industrial domain the sovereignty which during the nineteenth century we disregarded. I say *duty*; for the advantage to be sought is the retaking, by a government which belongs to the most active, of the direction of the people's material interest. That direction was ours for centuries: through it we, the Catholics, made our country the finest kingdom on earth."

Due allowance being made for the patriotism of the last sentence—and possibly M. Hémer is a Gascon,—there is food for thought in the foregoing. M. Maiche, whose invention is in question, is a disciple of the celebrated Abbé Moigno, and for years has been a specialist in mechanics, steam, chemistry, and electricity.

A metropolitan journal took occasion the other day to inform a correspondent that its editorial utterances are in no way influenced by the contents of its advertising columns. Five minutes after reading this statement, we asked ourselves whether Chicago editors really exercise any control over their news columns. On the editorial page of a leading daily published in that city we found an ironical denunciation of the yellow journal's favorite plan of giving in detail the most unsavory testimony offered in divorce cases; and yet, on turning the page, we were confronted with glaring headlines of just such salacious testimony as had apparently

aroused the editor's indignation. Consistency is admittedly a rare virtue; but surely there might be a little more similarity between precept and practice in the same issue of even a Chicago newspaper.

Regret has often been expressed that there is no appropriate religious service for Catholic ocean-travellers. Now comes a complaint from a Chicago priest against the White Star Line for alleged refusals to allow either the celebration of Mass or the holding of any kind of religious service by a Catholic priest among the steerage passengers. Another grievance is that no Catholic child is admitted into the homes for seamen's orphans, for which homes large sums are contributed by the passengers of the steamships. Concerts are regularly held and collections sometimes made for the benefit of these institutions that profess to care for sailors' orphans; and it may be well for the Catholics among the passengers to find out just whom their contributions are to assist. If the home is a non-sectarian institution, no creed line being drawn, their generosity may properly be appealed to; if it is a sectarian orphan asylum with a "no Catholic need apply" motto, they may with equal propriety resent any such appeal as a piece of distinct impertinence. There is not, moreover, any reason of major importance why our coreligionists should patronize any line of steamships on which the usual courtesies to priests are dispensed with. If it be true that the White Star Line Company boycotts Catholics, Catholics will be justified in boycotting the White Star.

To the current *Nineteenth Century and After*, Sir West Ridgeway, former Under-Secretary for Ireland, contributes a rather interesting paper on "The Liberal Unionist Party." We note this article merely to quote Sir West—

an unimpeachable authority on the subject—regarding the real significance of a term which, in contemporary English usage in Ireland, has a meaning quite other than that accorded to it in every other quarter of the globe where our language is spoken. No reader of the papers for decades past can have failed frequently to see the phrase, "outrages in Ireland"; and the phrase's connotation in most minds has probably been one of murder, assassination, arson, mutilation of cattle, and the like crimes. It is accordingly interesting to have this sometime Under-Secretary's word for it that "the reader must remember that in the technical language of Dublin Castle an intimidatory letter is an outrage." The term, it will be seen, is used by the Castle officials in a Pickwickian sense.

There died at Evansville, Indiana, a fortnight ago, a venerable religious whose life and work merit mention. Mother Mary Magdalen of the Sacred Heart, known to the Roman world half a century ago as Countess Annette Bentivoglio, was the foundress in the United States of the Order of Poor Clares. Thirty years ago, obeying the command of Pius IX., she acceded to the request of Bishop Chatard of Indianapolis, and, accompanied by her sister, made the journey to this country. Trials of various kinds waited on their efforts at solidly establishing the Poor Clares on American soil; but, like most other strenuous religious pioneers, they eventually triumphed over all obstacles and were gladdened by an appreciable measure of success. Count Creighton, of Omaha, built them a handsome convent in that city; but the most important foundation of the late Mother Abbess is that of Evansville, where her last years were spent, and where her life-work was crowned by an edifying death on the 18th ult. Mother Magdalen was in her seventy-second year. *R. I. P.*

Notable New Books.

Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)

By Henri Bremond. Translated by Harold Child. Duckworth & Co.; Benziger Brothers.

We gladly welcome, in "The Saints" series, the Life of the renowned English martyr, Sir Thomas More. The old method, once so conspicuous among hagiographers, of emphasizing the marvellous, the impracticable, and the miraculous, is rapidly giving way to the new and saner system of bringing into evidence the ordinary, the human, and the imitable. The present Life is an apt illustration of the change in question. The concluding sentence of the first chapter gives us the keynote to the book: "By contemplating Thomas More as he lived, we shall the better understand how a Christian can renounce nothing of what is nobly human, and still remain faithful to the hard words of the Gospel."

The Christian father in particular will find his duties clearly mirrored in the noble conduct of the Blessed More. Married twice, the saint was a model husband and parent. There was nothing dazzling in his sanctity, but his unseen victories over self prepared him for the martyr's crown. His evenness of temper has been the wonder of posterity. Addison calls attention to this equanimity of More in a classic passage: "That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last.... His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind." One incident connected with his closing hours is illuminative. As he passed from the Tower to the place of execution, carrying in his hands a red cross, a good lady came up to him and offered him a cup of wine. He politely refused the kindness, saying: "Christ in His passion drank no wine, but gall and vinegar." With these sentiments in his noble breast, he lost his life that he might find it.

Ireland's Story. A Short History of Ireland. For Schools, Reading Circles, and General Readers. By Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We have been particularly and agreeably impressed, in our summary perusal of this handsome volume, by the sympathetic spirit in which the authors have done their work. As a contrast to the flagrantly one-sided, antagonistic, or unconquerably prejudiced view which one has been accustomed to meet in the average English historian's chapters on Irish affairs, the story of Erin as herein related is a welcome surprise.

That the Irish have been and are a spiritual people, and that their spirituality has moulded and explains the whole life of their nation,—this is one truth which the English government has never been able to understand, but which Mr. Johnston and Miss Spencer have taken to heart and have emphasized in their interesting narrative.

The book contains thirty-four chapters, ranging from The Legendary Races, The Milesians, and Legendary Story of Emain of Maca, to The Irish in America, The Irish in the British Empire, and The Irish Literary Revival. An appendix deals with some Irish surnames. There are a good number of excellent illustrations and some half a dozen maps; and, not the least of the volume's merits, it has a satisfactory index.

On the whole, the authors have made good the promise of their preface: "Every reader of Irish race will find here a tale to make him proud of his parentage and his inheritance; a tale of valor and endurance; a tale of genius and inspiration; a tale of self-sacrifice and faith."

The Common Lot. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co.

This is easily the strongest novel that has reached our table in many a day. Without being at all a Catholic story, or, in any insistent sense, even a distinctively Christian one, it eloquently enforces an ethical lesson that very certainly needs learning in the business and professional circles of twentieth-century cities. Vibrant with a realism as graphic as it is inoffensive, the story takes forceful hold of the reader's interest, captivates his sympathies, and eventually satisfies his growing desire for the symmetrical rounding out of the narrative.

A few minor details of style rather mar the general literary excellence of the work. On page 423, for instance, Dr. Everest, a New England university man, speaks of Chicago as "this greatest of industrial *metropoli*,"—a plural form which is assuredly not now, and presumably never will be, sanctioned by good usage.

Sermons Preached at St. Edmund's College. Collected and Arranged by Edwin Burton, Vice-President. Benziger Brothers.

This neat volume contains several sermons that would seem to have been written for all time rather than for any specific occasion. As a sufficient recommendation of the work, we need only mention among the names of the preachers represented, Manning, Hedley, and Ullathorne. Fourteen discourses make up the entire collection. While all were delivered on various memorable occasions in the college chapel of St. Edmund's, Westminster, their local color detracts but little, if at all, from their general interest. It should be stated that these sermons are directed particularly

to priests and to ecclesiastical students. We venture to say that both these classes of readers will find that their hearts burn within them as they peruse these fervent appeals to the anointed of the Lord. Especially unctuous are the discourses on "The Holy Ghost," "Devotion to the Holy Ghost," and "Disciples of the Holy Ghost."

The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. By Canon Fleming. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

The author's apology for presenting this book to the public is most acceptable,—“that he has devoted a great deal of time and study to its composition.” The work shows the scholar's hand. The old lives of St. Patrick, and the saint's own writings, are carefully sifted and critically analyzed, and the results are blended into one interesting whole. The judgments and opinions of such authorities on the ancient accounts of Erin's Apostle as Colgan, Usher, Keating, Ware and Lanigan, are noted and compared. Canon Fleming concludes that St. Patrick was born in Amoric Gaul, A. D. 373, and died in Ireland, A. D. 493, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years. A study of this life readily discloses the remarkable parallel between St. Patrick's apostolate and that of St. Paul.

A comprehensive synopsis of the contents answers the purpose of an index. We sincerely recommend this little volume to the children and clients of St. Patrick.

Some Little London Children. By Mother M. Salome. Burns & Oates.

The gift of writing up to children's eager imagination is not quite the same as the gift of writing in general; there is an undefinable difference instantly felt by the young reader, and also by the older reader who is at all in sympathy with child life. Mother Salome, in her far-away English convent, is in touch with the young folk, and her pictures of these little London children are delightfully natural. Perhaps the qualities with which she has endowed them emphasize some of the less desirable traits that we see once in a while in American children; but the lessons suggested are interesting and salutary.

The Building of the Mountain, and Other Tales. By William Seton, LL. D. O'Shea & Co.

This collection of nine short stories by the late author of "Romance of the Charter Oak" was dedicated by him, as "probably the last I shall ever write," to past and present students of Mount St. Mary's, Maryland. The first of the nine, that which gives its name to the book, tells of the origin and early days of the college which Mr. Seton always cherished as his Alma Mater,

and the narrative is an historical romance in miniature. The other tales in the volume are: "The Poor Millionaire," "Caroline Sibaldus," "The Wizard of Sainte Marie," "Barbara Redwood," "Etienne Brulé," "The Fault of Minneola," "The Solitary Baron," and "Catholic England in the Olden Time." All are interesting, and the book merits a place on the shelves of the fiction department of every Catholic library.

The Yoke of Christ. Readings Intended Chiefly for the Sick. By the Rev. Robert Eaton. First and Second Series. London: Catholic Truth Society.

In attempting to express our keen appreciation of the superior merits of "The Yoke of Christ," we are forcibly reminded of the "Imitation's" "What are words but words!" Language will not serve our purpose; for we should like to convey the "feeling" that we experienced after reading a few selections from these two admirable little volumes. They are destined to brighten and better the lives of many. Old truths are remoulded and given a new setting, as may be seen in the following quotation: "'In the place where we are crucified,' with Our Lord, 'there is a garden,' wherein, by those 'who choose the better part' and 'leave all things' for the love of Jesus crucified, flowers and fruits shall grow in the dim light of Calvary, and show their beauty 'when the sun has risen' on our Easter Day. And in this garden let there be 'a new sepulchre,'—a new heart, made large by Our Lord to hold His love, hewn out of the hard rock of self; 'a new sepulchre wherein no man has yet been laid,'—no earthly love, only the love of Jesus and Him crucified; or if an earthly love, then only such as leads to God and is blest by Him."

We predict some measure of spiritual joy and peace to those who "take and read" all or any of the selections in "The Yoke of Christ."

Jubilee Gems of the Visitation Order. Christian Press Association Publishing Co.

The holiness of the Church is attested by the sanctity of her children, and the same may be said of the religious Orders. Among those marked by special signs of divine approval must be ranked the Daughters of the Visitation; and from the days of the founders, holiness has been one of their striking characteristics. This little book, "Jubilee Gems," sets forth in brief the life of St. Francis of Sales, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, Venerable Sister Anne Madeleine Renunzat, and the Venerable Mother M. de Sales Chappeus. The spirit of the Order established by the saintly Bishop of Geneva shines out in these records, and must be an incentive to faith, hope, and love.



At Night.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

I KNEW a boy, his mother's joy,
A little lad of three,
Who spent the day in constant play,
As busy as a bee.
At night to bed with drooping head
Full slowly would he creep;
And, told to pray, would sometimes say:
"Ail Maywy! 'et me s'leep."

I know a man, half through life's span,
With many cares beset,
Who oft at night, from left to right
Will, wakeful, toss and fret,
Till, tired out, with heart devout
He sinks to slumber deep
Won by the prayer, forgotten ne'er:
"Hail Mary! let me sleep."

Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

VI.—HUGH O'NEILL, PATRIOT.

O BELLE! don't you think the fish must be done? I forgot all about it until just now, and the kitchen is filled with smoke."

"Not only done, but burned, I think," was the answer. "Bessie, why were you so foolish as to boast of your cooking? The boys will be wild if the dinner is spoiled,—they had such luck catching the fish this afternoon."

It was the opening day of the "floating clubhouse"; and truly the little craft was a pretty sight as, rising and falling gracefully on the waves, it shared in the glory of the setting sun. But Bessie cared little for the beauty of clouds purple, rose, and gold. Her clouds were of a different sort, and,

rolling out of the oven in masses of depressing blackness, were not to be admired.

When finally they cleared away, she drew out the pan, and beheld a few cinders! Naturally, she wept over the sad spectacle; while Frank and George sighed over the loss of the best catch they had ever made. Captain Morris, in his usual comforting way, suggested that, as the larder was not yet empty, they might still enjoy their dinner. So they did, in spite of the mishap; and evening found them seated "on deck," cooled by the gentle breezes, ready to make their journey into the land of Memory.

"Now for Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and one of Ireland's immortal heroes!" exclaimed the Captain. "Who can grow tired hearing of all he did for his Faith and his people?"

"What seems most wonderful about him, Captain," remarked George, "is that he became so noble a character after being taught deceit and meanness during all his early life. Why, when only a small boy he was brought to England by order of Queen Elizabeth, whose plan was to train in the arts of war a certain number of the members of the ruling families of Ireland, so that she might have people of power there on her side. Hugh learned all the tricks which the English army was to play when the clash came between the two countries. He was the one chosen to overthrow Ulster, the state most desired by the Queen. He entered into all the plans, and meant to accomplish the great work set before him. But the minute he was sent to Limerick with a company of cavalry, his love for his own people forced him to devote himself to their cause. They were suf-

fering great hardship; and their Faith, which they valued above everything else, was being attacked on all sides. Monasteries were suppressed, priests and nuns were expelled, and even the Blessed Sacrament was desecrated. Hugh began by training his clansmen into soldiers, and soon nearly all the men in the provinces were ready to take their places in the ranks."

"And while he was doing that," put in Bessie, "he gave his house as a shelter for the homeless priests. He had a secret cellar built, and there on Sunday the people assembled to hear Mass. Many times the English officers came to capture the priests, but they could never find the entrance to the cellar. One day an old man was dying in a hut near O'Neill's house. His only wish was to receive the Last Sacraments; and as the soldiers of the enemy knew this, they kept constant watch. Finally Hugh invented a way. He asked the doctor if the old man would have a better chance of recovery if he were in more comfortable surroundings. The doctor answered in the affirmative; so Hugh helped to carry the man to his own home, where the priest attended him."

"Well, I'm going to tell you about the first important action Hugh O'Neill took against the English," announced George. "You see, as a result of all the drilling he had given the natives, the entire North was bound together by a strong army, ready to move against the enemy at a moment's notice. With these men Hugh marched to Portmore and Armagh, which were in possession of the English, captured the fortresses in both places, and made a complete conquest. The opposing forces were taken aback by the sudden action, and tried to gain time by offering terms of peace. Hugh demanded the free practice of the Catholic religion throughout Ireland, and also that the territories be governed by native chiefs.

The English refused to agree, so the campaign reopened. The invaders had gained the Castle Monaghan; and O'Neill, after a severe hand-to-hand fight with Segrave, one of the English leaders, captured it. O'Neill's life was wonderfully preserved; for a sword, which would otherwise have pierced his heart, caught in a large medal of the Blessed Virgin which he wore around his neck, and bent it out of shape. Many desperate struggles followed in the next two years, during which the English were so often defeated that they again sued for peace."

"You see," remarked the Captain, "Hugh was familiar with all the manœuvres of the invaders. That was the secret of his success. But he was never accused of cruelty. The favorite methods of his opponents were to invite prominent inhabitants to banquets and stab them as they rose from the table; or else accept the hospitality of Irish noblemen and at the close of the evening murder them and their families. The best lands in the district of Ulster were confiscated and handed over to English and Scotch colonists, while the native Catholics were driven to the barren hills and bogs. But what has Bessie to say of our hero?"

"In 1598," answered Bessie, "O'Neill decided to take even a firmer stand against the oppressors. Combining his forces with those of his heroic friend Hugh O'Donnell, he marched against Marshal Bagnal at Yellow Ford on the Blackwater. Here was fought one of the greatest battles in Irish history, and it ended in a defeat of the English, Bagnal himself being among the killed. This victory, which inspired one of Aubrey de Vere's most beautiful poems, was talked of for months in all the courts of Europe."

"Ulster was now free," observed the Captain; "but the people in southern Ireland were still suffering. They appealed to Hugh, and he sent two of

his best leaders with bands of men who were reinforced by English Catholics. Together they were able to expel the invaders who had settled on the stolen land. About this time Pope Clement VIII. rewarded O'Neill for his defence of the Faith with a letter of commendation and a crown of phoenix feathers."

"All this time," said Frank, "England was preparing for a fresh attack. Two new men, Carew and Mountjoy, had been sent by the Queen as lord deputy and lord president of Munster, and they proved to be the ruination of the Irish cause. They were cruel and crafty, and they tried in every underhand way to make Hugh's trusted chieftains betray him. Some of them did yield to the bribes offered them, and their going over to the English greatly weakened the power of the patriots. But O'Neill never lost heart, and finally aid came from Spain. The foreign army landed at Munster, which was strongly fortified by Mountjoy; and there they awaited the arrival of Hugh, who was away off in the north collecting his troops. His men were really too weak and exhausted to make the long march; but the Spaniards declared that if he did not come soon they would let Mountjoy make his own terms. So O'Neill, much against his will, hurried down with his forces. When finally he came face to face with the English, he decided that the surest way to victory was to besiege the enemy. But the impatient Spaniards would consent only to a pitched battle, for which O'Neill was in no way ready. He held out as long as possible, but was finally defeated with severe losses."

"The English made the most of their triumph," went on George; "but O'Neill had stipulated that the Catholic religion be unmolested, and that the Irish be allowed to retain their estates."

"O'Neill became an object of intense hatred among the English," said the Captain; "and nothing was left undone

to ruin his character. They even forged his name to a plot authorizing the assassination of the English deputies. He was thus persecuted till the Archduke Albert of the Netherlands sent a ship to convey him and his family to a place of safety. They found a refuge in Rome, like so many other Irish exiles. Now, Belle, tell us of O'Neill's death."

"His last years were filled with sadness; for, besides being afflicted with blindness, he was very unhappy over the fate of his country. When he died in 1616, the whole world mourned him. His funeral was ordered by the Pope to be arranged as if for a king, and the highest honors were paid him. He was buried in the Franciscan churchyard on the hill of Janiculum."

"And his grave has never been forgotten," the Captain added. "The tombstone was defaced when the lawless Garibaldi brought his cavalry horses into this hallowed spot and stabled them in the beautiful Church of San Pietro. But Irish pilgrims still go there, and bless the memory of one of the most valiant champions of their liberty and their Faith. Ireland has had many other heroes, clinging to their religion amid the terrors of war and the keenest pangs of suffering, when a single word surrendering their Faith would have gained for them peace and prosperity; but none was braver or truer to God than Hugh O'Neill."

Mother Carey's Chickens.

This is a term applied by sailors to flocks of the stormy petrel. Mother Carey is "Mother dear" (*Mater cara*); and the term, of course, signifies the Blessed Virgin, who is the patroness of sailors. Portuguese sailors piously believe that Our Lady gives notice to seamen of approaching storms by sending flocks of the stormy petrel to warn them.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XVIII.—AT THE RANCH HOUSE.

The three days that followed were bright spots in the darkness of the poor children's subsequent experiences. Alfredo came home to dinner, followed by his harvesters, who, however, did not enter the house, but branched off in the direction of the tents, where a Chinese cook had their meal in readiness. The children learned later that these men did not belong to the ranch, as they had supposed, but went from place to place harvesting, as is the custom in the East.

"Formerly," said the señora, "every ranch had its own dependents, mostly Indians, sometimes as many as a hundred. These people were all to be clothed and fed, tended in sickness and made comfortable in health. It was an ideal life, but it ended before my time."

They were seated in an arbor after dinner, of which the children had partaken in company with young Bandini and his mother. Everything was new and strange to them: they seemed to be in a foreign land. Yesterday they had been among people like themselves, the atmosphere and architecture modern if a little crude; to-day they were to all appearances in another land and century. Louis very frankly commented on the fact, and the señora said:

"You find us strange and old-fashioned? Well, we are, and we like that,—we like it. Yet I was educated in Philadelphia, with Americans. However, my heart was always here. We are a family—at least our branch of it—that does not change. We keep to our old ways. We try to live simply, as our fathers did. Yet I have children—boys and girls, some living in San Francisco, some farther East,—who could not live as we do; who would die

here, they say, at the ranch. Yet they like to come back to us for a while now and then; we have some of them every year. The grandchildren love it. Two of my sons are lawyers, one is a doctor. I have two daughters well married to merchants in San Francisco. Alfredo alone of all my children remains with me. He is old-fashioned like myself. He likes the ranch life."

"I could live no other," said Alfredo, lighting a cigarette. "All that frets me is that our acres are so few."

"How much land have you, sir?" asked Louis.

"Only two thousand acres."

"Two thousand!" exclaimed the children.

"Yes. Does it seem a great deal to you? Once we had thirty thousand—before the Americans came. It was a stock ranch. I wish that, like my grandfather, I could be able to ride all day around my own possessions without coming to the end of them. I am a born *ranchero*. I am never so happy as when in the saddle."

"His father was like that," said the señora. "And so was my father."

"I would never go to school like my brothers," said Alfredo. "To be sure, I went for a while, but I did not learn much. At last they sent me to Santa Clara, like the other boys. And one morning I got up early and walked the greater part of the way home."

"Was it far?" asked Rose.

"About seven hundred miles. But I had the time of my life. Sometimes I got a lift, but not so often. When I got here my mother was crying. The shoes were nearly worn from my feet. And here they let me stay ever since. I was fifteen then, now I am thirty."

"Yes, my husband did not try to make a scholar of Alfredo any more," said the señora. "But he has a good, clear head for figures, and no one can cheat him."

"You may say not, mother," rejoined

the young man. "And I will cheat no one."

"God forbid," said his mother, piously.

"And I am American in every bone of my body," continued Alfredo. "And so is my mother. We like to live in this pastoral way—keeping up the old customs; but we are Americans all the same. It used to be thrown up to the Bandinis in the beginning—that is, when the United States first got a hold here—that they were traitors to Spain, or rather to the Mexican government. And why? Because they welcomed the newcomers who were to teach them many things."

"It was my great-aunt who made the first American flag in Southern California," said the señora. "Her husband, Don Juan Bandini, who owned many ranches, was travelling from one of them, with his family. It was from Lower California they were coming, which is still part of Mexico. Commodore Stockton was then in San Diego. This was in 1847. The Mexicans were very angry with Bandini because he favored the United States government, and they went so far as to threaten his life. Commodore Stockton, who was at the presidio, heard of this, and sent down an escort of United States soldiers to meet the party and escort them to San Diego. As they came close to the frontier dividing Upper from Lower California—or, in plainer language, the new United States territory from Mexico,—it was thought best to carry some kind of a flag. But there was none to be had. And then what do you think my aunt did, little Rose?"

"I can not think," replied the child. "But it was something very brave, I am sure."

"Not so brave, but very ingenious," said the señora. "She was a woman always full of resources. She took the white petticoat of one of her little girls, the red petticoat of another, and

a blue shirt of her boy's. And then Aunt Refugio tore them into strips, and made very neatly the first home-made American flag of California. Commodore Stockton was so pleased when he heard of it, that he asked for the flag, which was given him. He sent it to Washington, where it still is, they tell me. Perhaps you may go there some day, children. If you do, you must ask to see it."

"Indeed we shall," said Louis. "But we are so far away from home that it looks as though we were never to get back."

"Do you want to go back?" asked Alfredo.

"Oh, yes!" replied Louis. "We have a home there, at least; and our brother—"

"Tell Alfredo all about it," said the señora. "But wait till evening, for he must go back to the field now. Stay with us a while till you are rested, and we may be able to advise you. Natalia will prepare rooms for you, and you will be comfortable at least."

"That is right, mother," said Alfredo. "Always doing something for others."

"But who sent them here?" asked the señora, laughingly. "It was not you. Oh, no, Alfredo: it was not you!"

The children enjoyed these sallies very much; it was beautiful to see the affection that existed between the mother and son.

"And we shall have music this evening," said the young man, as he placed his broad sombrero on his head. "It will be fun. I have a mandolin and can play a little."

The afternoon passed quickly, there was so much to be seen and enjoyed. The señora took them down to the vineyards, where the grapes were ripening, and showed them the orange and lemon groves at the south side of the house. They helped her pick beans and strawberries for supper, and afterward watched Natalia as she prepared some delicious cream-cheeses.

Alfredo came in at six. And when supper was over, all the family, including Natalia, sat on the piazza in the moonlight, while Louis once more told the story of their flight and its sad consequences.

"I would not have thought it of so sensible a boy as you seem to be," said their host. "But you were only a child; you could not bear to be separated from your little sister, and the prospect of finding your brother was very tempting. That Steffan is a great rascal—a great rascal!"

"Do you think he may come here?" asked Rose, apprehensively.

"I can not tell that," said Alfredo; "but I *can* tell you that if he does, I will make it hot for him. He shall not take you away, you may be certain of it."

"Could he have us arrested?" asked Louis.

"I do not think so," was the reply. "If he should, we can get ahead of him. But I do not believe he would dare to do it."

"He might," said the señora. "These children make money for him, and he will not easily let them go."

"We will hope that he does not find them," said the young man. "It is as well not to look for trouble. The next thing to do is to think about what steps will be best to take toward letting their friends know where they are."

"Without finding Florian?" asked Louis quickly.

"My dear boy, you can not go on wandering about the world in search of your brother," said Alfredo. "If you have that kind priest for friend, and those good Irish people you have told us about, you are not altogether alone. Let me write to them for you; or write yourself, and stay with us till you get an answer. You are welcome. Is it not so, mother?"

"Very welcome, indeed," rejoined the

señora. "A month with us will be of great benefit to you."

"But we have no money to go home," said Louis.

"And that may come also," replied Alfredo. "Something will be done."

"But even so," continued Louis. "Where is that 'half' to come from?"

"You were cut out for a lawyer, boy," said Alfredo. "Mother," he went on, "I have a plan. Next week will be the *fiesta* of San Luis Rey, then comes San Domingo, and in the middle of August La Asuncion. All three fine *fiestas*, and these little ones can earn a lot of money going from one to the other, provided they can play. Come, let us hear you."

The children went joyfully to get their instruments. While they were absent the señora said:

"I can not bear to think of those dear little ones playing like that, Alfredo. Is there no other way?"

"But, mother," expostulated Alfredo, "sometimes your good heart runs away with you. Don't you know they have been doing it for months among all kinds of people? And here, in this neighborhood, it will be only for decent farmer-folk."

"That is true," rejoined the señora. "Here they come. I will tell Natalia to prepare some fruit for them when they have finished."

For more than one hour the gifted brother and sister delighted their small but appreciative audience with the dances and songs of their father's native land.

"It is great, it is wonderful!" said Alfredo, when, fearing that they must be fatigued, the señora bade them pause and refresh themselves.

And after the children had gone to their much-needed rest, he and his mother talked about them and their music till Natalia came to remind them that the clock had struck eleven.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mrs. Mary E. Maples Dodge, who died recently at the age of sixty-seven, will be best remembered as the author of "Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates." This young folk's book has been translated into five European languages, and was crowned by the French Academy. It is recognized as a classic in juvenile fiction.

—The second volume in the Photogravure and Color Series, issued by E. P. Dutton & Co., is "The Following of Christ," translated by Canon William Benham of Canterbury. The book is printed on imitation Japan paper, and the twelve pictures, reproduced from celebrated paintings, look like old fashioned mezzotints, having been done by the new photogravure process.

—The opening of the Tenth International Congress of the Press in the palace of the prince-bishops at Liege drew from M. Demarteau an interesting *résumé* of the connection which for centuries has existed between that splendid building and the local press. Fifteen printing presses were at work there in the eighteenth century; and when, in 1830, the national union of Belgium was achieved, it was a bishop of Liege who, with his purse and his influence, upheld and established the pioneers of Belgian press freedom.

—We rejoice to see the announcement of a new edition of "Catholic Controversy: A Reply to Dr. Littledale's 'Plain Reasons,'" by H. I. D. Ryder of the Oratory, a work which we remember reading with great eagerness when first published, and which will hold its own with the later productions of controversial writers. Most of the charges and objections that figure in Dr. Littledale's pages are still repeated, and they are nowhere more satisfactorily refuted than in "Catholic Controversy." The permanent value of this book is enhanced by an adequate index. The new edition should secure a host of new readers.

—The *Inland Printer* makes mention of an important invention by a printer of Bucharest (Roumania) who was stricken with blindness and placed in a charitable institution. He grew despondent from inactivity and threatened to take his own life. The Roumanian queen-author, Carmen Sylva, had him removed from the asylum and put to work in translating her works in characters for the blind. At the end of some weeks the queen was agreeably surprised to find that the blind man had invented a new machine for the printing of books for the blind, the construction of which cost no more than \$6, while those now used cost from \$50 to \$75. The queen

secured the necessary patents for the inventor. The low price and simplicity of the machine will make it possible to develop the education of the blind upon a much wider basis than is now the case.

—Three interesting booklets recently issued by the Australian Catholic Truth Society are: "The Blessed Virgin in English Poetry," a fairly well-selected score of poems; "The Miraculous Conception and Virgin Birth of Christ," a doctrinal argument; and "Louise de la Vallière, Duchess and Magdalen," a biographical sketch by the Rev. E. J. Kelly, D. D.

—The completion of the new Dominican convent and house of studies in Washington, D. C., lends timely interest to "A Century's Record," a pamphlet of thirty pages by the Rev. J. R. Volz, O. P., S. T. L. We have read it with much pleasure, and commend it to all who care to know of Dominican activities in this country during the past hundred years. It would be hard to instance a more glorious record of saint-like virtues and golden deeds. The pamphlet is enriched with a number of excellent portraits of eminent Dominicans.

—"Letters on Christian Doctrine," by Father De Zulueta, S. J., is an excellent supplement to the ordinary catechism, an extremely useful handbook of Catholic belief and morals. We particularly admire the wealth of practical details with which the author answers just such questions as the average Catholic who is not a theologian is likely to ask. It was well to reprint these "Letters" from *Stella Maris*, the supplement to the English *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*; and we predict for the volume an extensive sale. Published by Benziger Bros.

—Denunciation of yellow journalism may eventually have an effect on the public mind; at present, however, such denunciation seems a waste of energy. The newspaper having the largest circulation in New York is the yellowest of all, and the public endorses its course by liberal patronage. The policy of all journals of this class is unlikely to change until people come to prefer news to rumors, truth to fiction, the edifying to the scandalous. The only remedy for yellow journalism lies in fostering a taste and creating a demand for its opposite.

—The reviewer of a new Life of Cranmer, by Prof. Pollard, writing in the *Athenæum*, wisely observes that "the mere perusal of a manuscript does not of itself put an historian in the first rank, if his judgment be so marred by prejudice that he is incapable of appreciating the force

of evidence—a state of mind by no means uncommon." A markedly Protestant tone pervades Prof. Pollard's book; and, besides being partisan, the author is acridly sarcastic and contemptuous of historians whose opinions are entitled to quite as much consideration as his own. He is rightly severe, however, on the ring of swindlers who exploited Protestantism in their own interests. "Never did Henry VIII. or Charles I. or James II.," he says, "aim such blows at English liberties as the men who controlled the fate of the Reformation in the latter days of Edward VI." Against those who regard the Reformation movement as an uprising of the religious spirit against the worldly-minded, Mr. Pollard declares with emphasis the largely political and still more the essentially laicizing character of the European development. He lays the ghost of the notion that the era of Philip of Hesse, Maurice of Saxony, Catharine de' Medici, was an era markedly and fundamentally religious. "Religion, in fact, was not so dominant in the sixteenth as it had been in the twelfth century, and the age was really one of secularization." "Nobody who fails to perceive this truth can ever hope properly to understand the turbid struggles of that strange century," says the reviewer of Prof. Pollard's work. "The apprehension of this fact is, indeed, the key to the character of Cranmer."

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.

- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More)." Henri Bremond. \$1, net.
- "The Yoke of Christ." Rev. Robert Eaton. \$1, net.
- "Some Little London Children." Mother M. Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "Ireland's Story." Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. \$1.55.
- "The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." Canon Fleming. 75 cts., net.
- "Sermons Preached at St. Edmund's College." \$1.60, net.

- "The Common Lot." Robert Herrick. \$1.50.
- "Jubilee Gems of the Visitation Order." \$1.
- "Plain Chant and Solesmes." Dom Paul Cagin, Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B. 45 cts., net.
- "Reminiscences of an Oblate." Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C. 75 cts., net.
- "The Mirror of St. Edmund." 80 cts., net.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.
- "The Cenacle." 54 cts.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.
- "Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sadlier. \$1, net.
- "Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.
- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.
- "A Story of Fifty Years." \$1, net.
- "The Ridingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.
- "The House of Cards." John Heigh. \$1.50.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Muleahy. \$1, net.
- "Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. P. J. Gehrardy, of the diocese of Peoria; and Rev. Theodore McDonald, O. C. C.

Sister Mary du Bon Pasteur, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word; and Sister M. Dolores, Sisters of the Holy Family.

Mr. Henry Argus, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Andrew Johnson, Lead City, S. Dakota; Mr. Kieran Phalen, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Anna Ahrensbeumer, New York; Mrs. John O'Brien, St. Clair, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Kuttner, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Miss Esther O'Neill, Patterson, N. J.; Mr. J. M. Leisser and Mr. John Blattner, Pittsburg, Pa.; James and Elizabeth McGushin, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Stanton, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Manor, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Matthew Maloney, John and Michael Gannon, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. M. A. Herbert, Muncie, Ind.; and Mr. James Bellow, Mansfield, Mass.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

NO. 11.

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

Ave Maria!

BY HAROLD HUGHES.

HALL, Mary, full of grace!
 The Angel's song
 We echo, as thy festival we greet;
 And on thy Birthday, holy Maid, repeat
 Both loud and long,
 Hail, Mary, full of grace!
 Here in our struggling race
 Toward the goal.
 Dear Mother, pray thy Son with strength to fill
 Us wearied with our striving 'gainst what ill
 Impedes our soul,
 O Mary, full of grace!
 Hail, Mary! Love and praise
 To thee we bring,
 Whom Gabriel the Archangel praised, and whom
 Christ Jesus loved, the Offspring of thy womb.
 For aye we sing,
 Hail, Mary, full of grace!

"Hymns for the Church on Earth."*

BY FRANCIS W. GREV.

IT has been my fortune on two recent occasions to attend a lecture, on literary subjects, delivered in a Catholic convent. Each lecture was preceded by music and singing; and each time the words sung were those of a hymn composed by a non-Catholic author. The first was a great favorite of mine, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," redolent of memories such as one seldom

if ever can express in words, except, perhaps, in prayer.

Nearer my Father's House,
 Where the many mansions be,—

mansions wherein, we trust, we shall meet our dear ones in *æternæ claritatis gaudio*,—"in the joy of eternal brightness,"—to quote the most beautiful of all prayers for those "who sleep in Christ."

The second was Roundell Palmer's* hymn:

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine!
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my sins away;
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly Thine!

One may be allowed, surely, to note, in passing, as evidence of the religiousness of Englishmen—a quality praised so highly by Montalembert,—that the author was no less distinguished as a jurist than as a hymnologist, and was Lord Chancellor of England in two administrations of another great and pious Englishman, his friend, William Ewart Gladstone,—namely, from 1872 to 1874, and again from 1880 to 1885.†

That there are distinctively Protestant as well as distinctively Catholic hymns, must be admitted; since heresy and Truth in all ages have made effective use of "psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles," there being no popular method to compare to them

* Selected and arranged by the Right Rev. John Charles Ryle, D. D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool Eighth enlarged edition. London: Chas. J. Thynne.

† Earl of Selborne, jurist and hymnologist, 1812–1895. ("Cycl. of Names.") † *Ibid*

for the inculcation of dogma, orthodox or otherwise. In the Catholic category I should, of course, place all hymns in honor of our Blessed Lady or of the saints,—those by Anglican authors included; most if not all Eucharistic hymns, and “Faith of Our Fathers,” to name one special example. In the Protestant category, we should find “doctrinal” hymns, Methodist chiefly, I fancy,—those, that is, which inculcate any purely Protestant tenet, such as “justification by faith.” Of these, “Just as I Am” may serve as an instance.

Setting aside, however, hymns which can be so labelled, we shall find the vast majority, no matter by whom composed, to be utterances of Christian devotion,—of love to the one Lord, whose sheep we all are, whether safe in His one Fold, or of those “others” of whom He said: “Them also must I bring; and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd.” And, in truth, do not all really sincere Christians belong, at least, to “the soul of the Church”?

If, then, we admit that such hymns as these belong of right to all members of the Christian family, we shall confess a debt of gratitude to one who, not of the Household of Faith, was yet of our brethren, though he knew it not,—the late Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool. Narrow he may have been; staunch and of strong convictions, one would rather say; intolerant of that which, honestly, he held as false—an attitude hard to distinguish often from bigotry,—he was loyal to Truth, as he knew or conceived of it; loyal, above all, to his Lord and ours. It is to him we owe this collection of “Hymns for the Church on Earth”; and, dwelling rather on our common faith, our common devotion, than on the differences which separated him from us, we shall set out to examine, briefly, these utterances of the human

soul,—of those, for the most part, outside the visible unity of Holy Church, which he has brought together for general use and study.

It would be impossible, of course, within the limits, however generous, of a magazine article, to note more than a small percentage of the four hundred hymns contained in this book. I have, therefore, ticked off in the index those with which I myself am most familiar, and which may, I trust, prove of interest to my readers. The hymns chosen will, consequently, be referred to in alphabetical, in preference to any other order.

Into all lives there comes, sooner or later, “the burden of the day and the heats,”—weariness, depression, longing for rest, for the end of the conflict. *Dormitavit anima mea præ tædio*,—“My soul fainteth away because of heaviness.” “A little while,” the Master said; but, as St. Augustine comments: * “This little while seems long to us, because we are now in the midst of it; when it shall have ended, then we shall realize how little [how short] it was.”

’Tis but “a little while”; the way is dreary,
The night is dark, but we are nearing land.
Oh, for the rest of heaven; for we are weary,
And long to mingle with the deathless band

“Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ”; then, indeed, we shall realize that the time of pilgrimage, long as it seemed to us, was but “a little while.”

“Oh, let man in exile feed upon Thee according to his measure; that, being strengthened with such pilgrim food, he may not faint by the way.”† Rather, like Elias, he shall go, “in the strength of that food,...unto the mountain of God.”‡ So we have, next, Newman’s Eucharistic hymn, “Alleluia, Sing to Jesus!” written while still an Anglican:

* Bqm. III post Pascha, Leetio IX. (*Tr.* 101 in *Joan. sub fin.*)

† Prayer of St. Ambrose, before Mass, *Saturday*.

‡ III Kings, xix, 8.

Alleluia! not as orphans
 We are left in sorrow now;
 Alleluia! He is near us,—
 Faith believes, nor questions how.

What does St. Thomas say? *Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius*,—"I believe every word the Son of God has said."

Can our hearts forget His promise,
 "I am with you evermore"?

With which we may compare a hymn, on the same subject, written by a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Horatius Bonar:

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face!
 Here I would touch and handle things unseen;
 Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Too soon we rise, the symbols disappear,
 The feast, but not the love, is past and gone.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
 Yet passing, points to the great feast above,
 Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Most of the hymns, however, are more generally devotional, appropriate for all times and seasons. Thus, alphabetically—an order from which, for the moment, we have departed,—we note next Gladstone's favorite:

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distressed?
 Come to Me, saith One; and coming,
 Be at rest.

This, I believe, is a translation from the Greek. That which follows one may call meditative,—a meditation which might, however, serve to teach us resignation when times are hard, and we know not, as we say, "which way to turn":

Birds have their quiet nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed,
 All creatures have their rest,—
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.
 Let the birds seek their nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
 Come, Saviour, in my breast
 Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.
 Come, give me rest. And take
 The only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within
 A heart that, for Thy sake,
 Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

"Father, I know that all my life," is an expression of personal trust in God, bringing to mind, it may be, Whittier's beautiful lines:

I only know I can not drift
 Beyond His love and care.

Faber's hymn in honor of the Precious Blood, "Glory be to Jesus," is too well known to need quoting here; but one notes, with thankfulness, its inclusion in such a collection, as indicative of how much the compiler, and his non-Catholic readers, must have in common with the sweet singer of the Oxford Movement, to whom the Church in all English-speaking lands—in his own most of all—owes so much.

That which follows is a prayer "for the good estate of Christ's Holy Church,"—the Church "militant here in earth," to use a phrase familiar to every convert from Anglicanism. The hymn itself was written, or translated, by Philip Pusey, son of the great Anglican leader:

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
 Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
 Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
 Lord God Almighty!

Grant us Thy help, till foes are backward driven;
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in Thy heaven.

Two more quotations must bring this paper to a conclusion. The first I shall give in full, both because of its devotional beauty of thought and because of its beauty of expression; a combination, all too rare in modern hymnology, of true piety and true poetry. The last quoted, Philip Pusey's, is a good specimen of what I mean. Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," is, I suppose, the most perfect in the English language, ranking with the *Stabat Mater* or the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. This which follows has, however—or so it seems to me,—a strong claim to the second place:

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned:

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him, to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,—
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine!

Of the last hymn to which I shall venture to refer, "Thou Knowest, Lord," and which, personally, I have found suitable for repetition after Holy Communion, I will give only the first verse:

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest:
Cares of to-day and burdens of to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet,—"Thou knowest,
Lord!"

Do not those three simple words contain all that we need to say,—all that, at times, we can say?—"Thou knowest, Lord!"

Will my patient readers forgive me if, notwithstanding my promise, I further add two short quotations, not on account of their poetical merit, but as in each case an indication of community of speech, in some sense, as of thought, between us and those for whom principally the work under con-

sideration was compiled? The first of the two is specified as "Sacramental":

Be known to us in breaking Bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy Table in our heart.
Then sup with us, in love divine,
Thy body and Thy blood,
That Living Bread and Heavenly Wine,
Be our immortal food.

Domine, ut videant! If they could only understand those words as we do!

Of the second, I need give only a single line, to which one may surely add the same prayer as above:

Still on Thy loving Heart let me repose.

Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.
"Grace be with all them that love our
Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Worth While.

BY ALICE DEANE.

IT was only a Cinderella dance, not a brilliant gathering like that for which an invitation lay on Helen Langton's table; only a homely party of some twenty couples of boys and girls, who would dance and be happy under the mild chaperonage of Mrs. Lane. Had it been the big ball for which Helen had sent an uncompromising refusal, instead of to this homely entertainment that she was bound, she could not have been more particular over her toilette; yet at last even she herself could think of no further improvements, and Bridget pronounced her perfect.

Her dress was snowy white, so simply made as to be almost severe; and her hair, parted and drawn softly back from her face, made her look more like an Italian maiden of olden times than an American girl of to-day. Yet there was no lack of animation in her face: it was aglow with life; and in her eye was the dawning of a great happiness.

To-night it was but the dawning; to-morrow the fulfilment might be there, if—and therein lay the secret of her acceptance of Mrs. Lane's invitation rather than that of the Van Buren's.

To-night there would be at Mrs. Lane's a guest who had yet to win for himself *entrée* to such houses as the Van Buren's. Some day he would be an honored guest at such receptions, but now he had his name to make; and, although he was rising rapidly in his profession, he was still too young to take a place amongst the foremost doctors of the city;—a place which in the future would most surely be his.

Mr. Langton knew and approved of the friendship that had sprung up between the young doctor and his motherless daughter. Things had gone happily with them from the first, and Helen guessed with unerring instinct that the words just wanting to complete her happiness would be spoken to-night.

She was ready half an hour too soon, waiting with ill-concealed impatience for the carriage, when Bridget brought her a note, so soiled and crumpled that for a moment she hesitated to touch it. But, checking her first impulse of disgust, she took and opened it; and as she read, the scene around her seemed to change.

She was no longer in her own luxurious room, but in a cold, bare attic; the rose-tinted electric light faded away, and a single guttering candle burned in its place; her own bed, draped in white, with pink ribbons here and there, became a low, dingy pallet, on which a woman, old before her time, tossed restlessly to and fro.

The letter that had conjured up this picture contained a message from a woman who had once been in Helen's service, and whom she had lately befriended. Margaret Cammell had been her nurse, and had only left her to be married. Often during the first years

of her new life she had come back to see her nursling; then she had drifted away from Boston, and only a few months ago she had returned, a widow with two children, broken in health and penniless. Helen had helped her, paying for the boy's schooling, and finding work for the mother and the little girl, a child of twelve and the writer of the letter.

"Mother is ill," it ran, "and calling all the time for Miss Helen. She won't eat or speak to us, only always calling. Honored Miss, you are our only friend, and you told us to send for you.—Maggie."

Ill-written so as to be almost illegible, it was a cry of entreaty straight from the childish heart.

"O Bridget," cried Helen, "look what little Maggie writes!"

She handed the note to the maid who had been with her for years, and who was the confidante of many of her charitable schemes, and the companion of her charitable expeditions.

"What shall I do? I am afraid poor Margaret must be very bad. But what good could I do if I went to her to-night? The child herself says that she would not know me." She cast a troubled glance at her white dress, at her long gloves, and at the white slippers in which she was shod. "If I could do her any good, I"—she paused, and then went on, with an effort: "Yes, then it would be worth while, and I would go." She looked entreatingly at Bridget, the color coming and going in her cheeks, torn with conflicting feelings, and anxious that some one should agree with her, that such a sacrifice as this visit would be to-night was not expected of her.

"No,"—Bridget spoke slowly, considering her words; for she knew the whole state of the case. "I guess you couldn't do much for the creature. No one could expect you to go to-night; yet it's hard to refuse a friendless,

maybe dying woman what she asks."

It was hard, very hard, to refuse, but harder still to accede to this request. The young girl had looked forward for days to this dance. Dr. Bruce expected her to be there; and, though she was too certain of his love to fear that her absence would make any lasting difference between them, still she could not bear that he should think even for one night that she was careless of his feelings, or indifferent to meeting him.

There was a pause; but Bridget could read, as plainly as if her young mistress had spoken, the struggle that was going on within her.

"Don't you worry, Miss Helen," she said. "Go to your ball and enjoy yourself; and if you have any message for Margaret, I'll take it there myself. I can see to the children, even if the poor mother does not know me."

"O Bridget, will you?"

For the moment Helen was satisfied. After all, what good could she do to a delirious woman? And to the child, Bridget would probably be of more use. Her poor friends need not be neglected; and she could go to the dance in the carriage, which was now at the door.

Quickly she arranged that, after leaving her at Mrs. Lane's, Bridget should be driven to the far-away street where the sick woman lived, and the maid left the room to don her outdoor clothes. She was not five minutes gone, but, returning, she found a change awaiting her. She had left Helen standing in her long white cloak, a soft lace scarf about her head: she found her now clad in a dark fur coat, her white slippers replaced by a pair of rubber boots, a fur cap hiding the jewels in her hair.

"I couldn't, Bridget," she said in answer to the maid's exclamation of amazement. "I couldn't go off to amuse myself. Margaret would have been in my mind all the time; and even if I can do nothing for her, I shall not have

refused what may be her last request."

"But Mrs. Lane and those who are expecting you?" said Bridget.

The color flew to Helen's cheeks, but she answered steadily:

"If there is time, I will go in later; if not, my explanations must wait until to-morrow."

She had not arrived at this decision without a hard struggle with herself; but now that the sacrifice was made, she would not allow herself to regret it.

Driving through the long, dark streets, she could not keep her thoughts from the dance in which she had made so sure of taking part to-night; but when she reached her destination all was forgotten in the misery of the scene before her. The room was desolate, just as she had pictured it; but the face upon the tossed and crumpled pillow was changed almost beyond recognition; and the voice that fell upon her ears, even before the door was open, was agonized in its entreaty, as it called her name.

"Margaret!"—the girl bent over the bed, laying one cool hand upon the burning forehead. "Don't you know me, dear? You were asking for Miss Helen, and she has come to you." She stretched out her other hand to little Maggie, who, overcome by her vain attempts at nursing, clung to her, crying now from very weariness.

"Miss Helen, for God's sake!—Miss Helen!" moaned the sick woman.

"I am Miss Helen," repeated the girl, clearly and with gentle insistence.

Margaret did not, could not, understand; yet the cool touch, the strong, soft voice seemed to quiet her, and she held weakly to the hand that was now laid firmly on her own.

Neither priest nor doctor had been sent for,—so much did Helen extract from the worn-out child; and Bridget, after some demur at leaving her young mistress, went off to seek them, and to supply the most indispensable wants

of the invalid. The carriage had gone, taking to Mrs. Lane a pencil line of apology from Helen; and Bridget, having to do her errands on foot, was gone a long time.

The moments passed slowly in the attic. Little Maggie, freed from the burden of responsibility, had fallen asleep from pure exhaustion, with her head in Helen's lap; whilst the mother, quiet so long as her hands were held in that soothing clasp, grew calmer, less fevered, till at last she too fell asleep. The fire crumbled away to ashes on the hearth, but the one watcher dared not rise to put fresh fuel to it. Fearful of waking the woman who for the moment was free from pain, or the child who in sleep had forgotten her anxieties, she dared not stir. Time passed, and she too grew tired, chilled by the growing coldness of the room, cramped until her limbs began to ache.

It seemed to Helen as though half the night had passed before steps paused outside the room, and a hand was laid upon the lock. In reality, it was scarcely two hours since Bridget had left her; and now, though it was she that Helen expected, another figure stood in the doorway,—a figure which had been so much in her mind all the evening that, unexpected as it was here, she was not conscious of any feeling of surprise at seeing it.

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, as Dr. Bruce stepped toward her. "They are asleep so quietly now, poor things!"

But he, smiling down upon her, lifted the child gently from her lap and laid her, still sleeping, on the heap of straw that since her mother's illness had been her resting-place.

Crossing again to the bedside, his experience of sick people enabled him to do what Helen in her ignorance had not dared. Margaret, like little Maggie, was not disturbed at his touch; and then the weary watcher was free to move. But for a moment her cramped

limbs refused to hold her, and alone she could not have risen.

Then, as Dr. Bruce put his arm about her and drew her to her feet, it struck her for the first time to wonder what had brought him to her here. That was easily explained. He had been attending a case with the district doctor, and had been at his house when Bridget had called. Learning from her of Helen's whereabouts, he had offered to relieve his confrère of the case, instead of going on to Mrs. Lane's dance, which now had no attraction for him.

Nature's own restorer, sleep, was doing more for mother and child than any doctor's skill could do; and in the darkening room those two, so strangely out of place, spoke together in breathless whispers,—he speaking first, she listening; and both were happy. Then she too spoke, telling of her struggle, of her victory over inclination.

"I thought truly that I could do nothing further," she said; "but I was wrong. Even for this hour's sleep, it was worth while."

"Worth while?" he repeated. "I should think it was worth while! Why, this hour's sleep that your presence has won may be the turning-point with the woman, without which recovery would have been impossible. Besides," he added, speaking very low, "it has proved me in the right. I always thought that you were perfect. Now I am sure!"

THE phrase *Dei gratia*, meaning "By the grace, or favor, of God," has been a part of the royal style of the sovereigns of England from the time of Offa, King of Mercia, A. D. 780. Some of the kings varied the phraseology to *Dei dono*, *Divina providentia*, and *Christo donante*. *Dei gratia* was also part of the style of the Archbishops of Canterbury, from the time of Theodore, A. D. 676, to that of St. Thomas à Becket, A. D. 1170.

Joan the Maid.

BY MAY LOWE.

ALL day she watches flocks upon the hill,
 A simple peasant maid; but to her ears,
 The air, which hovers round her, sweet and still,
 Is filled with sounds of strife. She hears
 The rush and roar of arms,
 And all the dread alarms,
 Which fill a camp upon the eve of war.

And, to her eyes, the quiet field around
 Becomes a field of battle; trees change form,
 And march, a mighty army, o'er the ground,
 Against a city which they take by storm.
 An armored maiden fair
 Leads on to victory where
 Bold men will follow, though they ne'er would
 lead.

Not for herself she dreams; but her loved land
 And that young prince whose glory is forecast,
 She knows will gain their honor by her hand.
 The field gives place to a cathedral vast;
 She sees her hero crowned,
 While all the air around
 Is rent with loud huzzas of armed men.

Ah! If her vision now could pierce the cloud
 Which swiftly lowers o'er her, would her heart
 Still beat with rapture and with courage proud?
 Or would she quail beneath the fatal dart
 Those whom she led shall send,
 As on her they shall bend
 Looks filled with wrath, whom they so late
 obeyed?

But see! with head erect and firmest tread,
 The erstwhile leader follows one more great—
 The warrior Death,—whose flaming banner red
 Leads through a siege of sorrow her who late—
 Too late—her foemen see,
 Like Christ upon the tree,
 Crowned, not an earthly leader, but a saint.

MERE strength of body is not a test
 either of endurance or of vitality. We
 die from sensual excess, or from despondency,
 or from both. Indulgence and
 disappointment kill more than work,
 which, if it be full of joy and hope, brings
 length of days.—*Bishop Spalding.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXXIII.—(Continued.)

YOUNG Mr. Bretherton began to
 stir the fire again, as an outlet
 to his feelings, before he resumed:

"I stood aside then. There was
 nothing else to be done. My friend had
 met her first that summer. They seemed
 on a friendly footing. It's no good
 talking of how I felt during that time.
 I'm afraid I was not so plucky about
 it as Aylward has been since. On the
 evening of those marriage tableaux I
 was transported to the seventh heaven.
 Leonora almost admitted that she
 cared a little for me,—not half so much,
 heaven knows, as I care for her. I
 don't even expect that. She has kept me
 in suspense, though, ever since. I am
 never quite certain of her. She seems
 sometimes as if she were away off in
 a world of her own. But don't you
 think, Miss Tabitha, she must mean
 to take me, or she would have put me
 out of pain long ago?"

There was something so genuinely
 boyish and sincere in this appeal that it
 went straight to Tabitha's heart. It
 made her feel as if she were a wicked
 enchantress about to destroy the hap-
 piness of these two people. How
 handsome the young man looked in
 the firelight! How winning was that
 eagerness of his, so free from coxcombry
 or from that innately underbred con-
 sciousness of wealth and station! Miss
 Tabitha barely repressed a groan of
 anguish.

"Do you think she cares for you?"
 she asked, merely to gain time.

Jim Bretherton reflected. He recalled
 the look which met his that evening
 when she had thrown him the rose,
 and the sweet pallor of her face and
 the expression which had crossed it
 when she thought he was in danger

that evening upon the road. He remembered, too, the moonlit lawn at the Manor, and the half pledge she had given him, so much more precious, more winning than any fulsome declaration of her love.

"Will you think me a conceited fool," he asked in reply, "if I say 'Yes'? There's no earthly reason why she should care for me. She's far too good for me, but I venture to hope she does."

Miss Tabitha pondered. She paid no heed whatever to that lover's extravagancy by which the young man thus exalted Leonora. Beautiful and attractive as Miss Tabitha knew her to be, she did not think any woman too good for this last and, if possible, most perfect of the Brethertons. She was wondering whether it would be wise to let him know that beyond doubt Leonora did care for him. She finally decided that it would not, and left the young man to find out definitely for himself the delicious certitude.

Uncertainty is assuredly the spur of love; and it was one of the secrets of Leonora's immense power over this most favored of her admirers, that she surrounded her own feelings with a barrier of reserve which even he dared not penetrate. The sweetness that lay beyond, the true love and tenderness, were revealed to him, as it were, in glimpses. Her slightest mark of preference was received as a something rare and costly.

"Even if she does care for you," Miss Tabitha declared, "and you are very devoted to her, as you say, still you can never marry."

"I should like to see who would prevent us," exclaimed Bretherton, the young face showing those resolute lines so like his father's, and a masterful note ringing through the harmoniously modulated voice. "Not even you, dear Miss Tabitha, even though you wanted to keep us apart. You know, if we get

married, Leonora and I will take care of you all the rest of your life."

The poor woman's face quivered pitifully. The promise, just then, meant to her so much, and opened before her declining years so fair a promise. She loved this young man; and in her eyes, save and except his father, the Governor, he was the greatest personage she knew. Lord Aylward's importance appeared to her almost visionary, a matter of which she took little cognizance; whereas the greatness of the Brethertons had been impressed upon her since childhood. Still, out of her very love and admiration for this suitor and his family, must she not save them from impending evil?"

"There are so many obstacles!" she murmured.

"Who cares for obstacles? As if anything worth having were ever obtained without them," said gallant Jim.

"Your mother and father—"

"My father has already assured me that they will both consent, and accept my Leonora with open arms."

Miss Tabitha's breath was fairly taken away. She had scarcely hoped for so much, at least without a long and tedious time of probation.

"Yes, they are only waiting, as I requested, till everything is settled between myself and Leonora, to pay you a visit of state. And you mustn't go making objections and putting difficulties in the way, or I shall never forgive you."

Miss Tabitha gazed at him earnestly. What could she say? Oh, if that haunting spectre of a sinister mill-manager could be eliminated from the landscape!

"There is some one who will forbid the banns!" she cried.

"Only Death can do so," exclaimed the young man; adding, with a reverent glance upward: "and God will spare us that."

While the old woman gazed and listened to his confident words, the



cheerful room, with the blazing fire seemed to fade away. It was chill night down by the brookside; a moaning wind was sounding in the alder bushes; a waning moon was dispelling the darkness. And there stood two men engaged in a passionate contest, high words, a scuffle, a blow, and a pallid face, marked by a crimson line, sinking under the waters. A strong shuddering seized upon Miss Tabitha, as one in an ague fit. She could scarce restrain the chattering of her teeth. That night rose as a phantom before her, with all the horror it had brought in its train; and the old woman seemed to see, balefully triumphant, smilingly malignant, the face and form of Eben Knox. Was that the dead beside him—Reverdy Bretherton, who in the course of years had filled an honored grave? And was he begging of her now for silence?

"No, no!" she cried, extending her hand as if to keep off these visions. "No, no! A marriage between you and Leonora would bring down upon your family and upon us all disgrace and misfortune."

She spoke in a quick, gasping voice, and her young guest stared at her anxiously. He feared that she had suddenly gone crazy.

"How can that be?" he said, soothingly.

"I can not tell you any more," Miss Tabitha answered. "But I have said sufficient to my niece to convince her that this marriage can never be. She has gone away to think it over, and I hope and trust that when she returns she will see the wisdom and necessity of marrying Eben Knox."

"Marrying Eben Knox!" repeated Jim Bretherton, as if he had been stung by an adder. He had heard the rumor bruted about, but never given it serious attention, except as offensive to Leonora. "You can not be in earnest, Miss Tabitha," he added. "Leaving me

out of the question altogether, you can never hope for such a thing as that."

"But I *do*," Miss Tabitha answered, steeling herself against him, and sitting upright in her chair, as the figure of some Puritan ancestress. "It will be best for everyone—in the end."

"I shall never permit it!" cried Jim Bretherton, springing to his feet. "By our mutual love, I shall demand that Leonora keep faith with me, and prevent this hideous sacrifice to some vain chimera."

Miss Tabitha's pallid and wrinkled face had assumed that expression of obstinacy which betokened a surprising tenacity in one of her apparently feeble character. Years ago she had held out, in the matter of keeping silence, when all her associates, even Eben Knox, had vacillated. Now she was called upon to sacrifice her dearest inclinations to insure the continuance of that silence.

"And he,—he of all men!" cried Jim Bretherton. "I could understand if it were Aylward. Oh, a thousand times better Aylward, who would make her happy, who is honest to the core and kind-hearted! Apart from my love and my hopes altogether, I beg of you, Miss Tabitha, if you have any friendship for our family, any regard for me, to prevent this sacrifice."

This was an appeal which Miss Tabitha found very hard to resist, but which nevertheless strengthened her decision.

"It is for the sake of all of you that I hold firm," she declared huskily.

"Then throw us all to the winds and save Leonora," begged Jim Bretherton. "Whatever this mystery may be, confide in me and let me help you."

Here was the selfsame offer which had been made twice before in the course of that day, respectively by Jesse Craft and Lord Aylward. Sincere as was their good will and powerful influence, the help of all three was in that contin-

gency unavailing. Miss Tabitha turned away her gaze, that she might not see the pallor of young Mr. Bretherton's face, whence the light had gone out.

"There is nothing to be done," she said, slowly and deliberately. "Leonora must make up her mind to marry Eben Knox, or at least gain time by refusing you."

"Refusing me! Gain time! Why, Miss Tabitha, you speak like some sphinx, some character in a sensational play!"

"I speak the truth."

"But Leonora will never consent."

"If she does not, the worse for us all," Miss Tabitha answered. "But I have known her from childhood; and, everything considered, I believe she will."

"Consent to marry Eben Knox?" cried the hapless lover, in horror.

"Well, perhaps not that, just yet," Miss Tabitha said; "but I believe she will consent to break off all relations with you, and in course of time Eben Knox will gradually force her to do his will."

She said these last words rather to herself than to the young man, who stood amazed, seized upon by a sudden, helpless bewilderment. What did it all mean? What was he to do? It was like one of those cruel webs woven by some vile enchanter,—webs apparently of silken threads, but in reality stronger than steel. He only felt that he must leave this unreasoning old woman and see Leonora as soon as possible. With her he could at least throw into the scale that most potent of all arguments, love,—his love, strong and ardent and greater probably than hers. He took his hat and prepared to go.

"I warn you, Miss Tabitha," he said, "that I shall war against this decision of yours by every means in my power. I love Leonora, and if she loves me I will marry her in spite of everything."

He turned and left the room, repenting before he had got down the steps,

and returning to take a kindlier leave of this poor old creature, for whom he felt an instinctive compassion, as the victim of untoward circumstances.

But Tabitha had fallen upon her knees, and tears—the infrequent tears of age—were streaming down her withered cheeks. He would have spoken cordially and cheerfully to her, but something in her aspect awed him, and he caught the almost inarticulate murmur:

"My sin has found me out! O Lord, my sin has found me out!"

(To be continued.)

Friendships of the Saints.

ST. JEROME, ST. PAULA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

NO one questions St. Jerome's great genius, or his exalted virtue carried to the utmost limits of self-sacrifice; but while praising the sacred writer, the faithful translator of Holy Scripture, the unflinching athlete of Catholic truth against error and heresy, a veil is drawn over the tenderness of his great heart, which under a chill and sometimes rude exterior kept alive and nourished the sacred flame of every legitimate affection. This will appear in a strong light if we give only a cursory glance at his life in Rome and Bethlehem, and his relations with St. Paula, both amidst the gayeties of Roman society and the austerities of a Judean desert.

Born in Dalmatia about the year 331, his body and mind both bore the impress of the frank energy and indomitable vigor of a race still in its prime, and uncorrupted by the usages of pagan society. He came to Rome in early boyhood, and received his literary education under the most famous rhetoricians of the age of the Decline, when the descendants of heroes, though no longer walking in the foot-

steps of their illustrious progenitors, still cultivated and enjoyed the beauties of oratory.

Jerome, like Augustine, delighted in the charms of the old Greek and Latin writers. He was infatuated with the poetry of Homer, Horace, and especially Virgil, whom he continued to quote in his writings and letters to the very end of his life. His ardent youth could not be spent amidst the mire of Roman corruption without contracting some blemish; and it was with full knowledge of his subject that he later on inveighed against the errors and false pleasures of a world *that he had loved all too well*.

But his wanderings, which the sacred waters of baptism were soon to correct, were only passing; and his great soul could not long hang in the balance between paganism and Christianity,—between the manners and allurements of idolatry and the pure enticements of the Gospel. Impressed by the example of his master, Victorinus, whose combats and victories St. Augustine touchingly relates in his “Confessions,” Jerome, searching the truths of the Christian religion, gave himself up with passionate ardor to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and soon, under Pope Liberius, he asked for baptism. From that day he devoted himself and his vast stores of learning to the service of the Catholic Faith, and for sixty years proved her indefatigable champion, her oft persecuted, yet never discouraged, apostle.

Once baptized, he felt the urgent necessity of leaving Rome, to give himself up freely to penance, prayer, and the study of the Holy Scriptures. He went into Gaul and spent some time at Aquileia, in the midst of a miniature Thebais, where he breathed in the spirit of monastic life. With several companions he then set out for the East, the native land of the Incarnate Word, the home of learned

doctors and sainted monks. After long and painful journeyings, he reached the desert of Calchis, where, surrounded by its wild solitude, he remained for several years. There, by mortification, labor and tears, he finally overcame his impetuous nature. One immortal page of his works depicts his struggles and the enthusiastic delight of his victories. The old man and the new are represented in their entirety.

“How often in the solitude of the desert, parched by the rays of a burning sun, have my thoughts not reverted to the pleasures of Rome! How oft have I not shared the dances of the Roman ladies! Alas! while my cheeks were blanched with my austerities, and my attenuated body almost chilled by death, the flame of passion rekindled. Then, not knowing where else to seek help, I cast myself at the feet of Jesus Christ; I bathed them with my tears, I wiped them with my hair. I crucified my rebellious flesh with weeks of fasting. I remember to have passed nights and days striking my breast, until calm was restored. If I discovered some lonely valley or some rugged rock, I betook myself thither to pray; and often, the Lord is my witness, after shedding abundant tears, and fixing my gaze oft and long on the heavens, I felt myself transported amidst the angelic choirs; and, filled with joy, I exclaimed: ‘We will run, O God, after the odor of Thy perfumes!’”

Heliodorus, one of the young friends who had accompanied him from Aquileia, could not make up his mind to remain. Every natural instinct recalled him to his native city,—his aged father, his mother, a sister, a young nephew, the family servants who had waited on his childhood. How could he resist their legitimate pleadings? He therefore parted from Jerome, whom he left desolate, bathed in tears. The event proved that in following his natural bias he had not been wanting to his

grace of vocation; for he afterward became a priest, then a bishop, and served God in the same ministry as Jerome did in his solitude.

Jerome, fearing the effect of the world's temptations on his friend, used every endeavor to recall him to Calchis. Read the charming picture he draws of his solitude, in a letter full of tenderness and regrets, which he sent to his beloved friend: "O desert, enamelled with the flowers of Christ! O solitude, in which are found mystic stones to build the city of the great King! O holy retreat, where man treats familiarly with his God! My brother, what place is there in the world for you, who are greater than the whole world? How long will you remain in the shadow of the home-roof, in the darkness of the city's reeking prison? Believe me, there is light here. Freed from worldly cares, the soul here wings her flight to heaven."

After a long sojourn in Calchis, St. Jerome went to visit the holy places in Judea, where he was destined afterward to take up his permanent abode. At Antioch he was ordained by St. Paulinus, and then went to Rome, to assist at a council convoked by Pope Damasus, in the year 382. He was then fifty-two. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of St. Paula: the friend, consoler, and support of the latter half of his long life.

Paula, mother of four daughters and one son, widowed for many years, was thirty-five when Divine Providence introduced her to St. Jerome, from whose biography of her we learn the touching history of their relations and joint labors. The very first lines of this history sum up in words of gold the virtues and greatness of St. Paula:

"Were all my members turned into tongues and endued with speech, I could not yet fittingly tell the virtues of the holy, venerable Paula. Noble by birth, she became nobler by her sanctity; elevated by her riches, the poverty of

Jesus Christ rendered her yet more illustrious; sprung from the Gracchi and Scipios, heiress of Paulus Emilianus, whose name she bore, a lineal descendant of the famous Martia Papyria, wife of the conqueror of Perseus, and mother of Scipio Africanus the Younger, she preferred Bethlehem to Rome, and the humble roof of a poor abode to a gilded palace."

Of her youth, marriage, and first years of wedded happiness, passed in the bosom of a luxury to which our age can furnish no parallel, one trait will suffice to prove that, if not already a saint, she was even then a fervent Christian. "Never was voice raised against her virtue, either amid the Roman people or in the prying, slanderous circle of the society in which she moved. She was unequalled in her gentleness and kindness toward little ones, the common people, and her own slaves." Thus charity and kindness were the first-fruits of her sanctity. Her widowhood added the touches that were wanting,—the spirit of prayer and penance, detachment from the goods of earth, and active devotion to the poor of Jesus Christ.

Tenderly attached to her husband, she mourned his loss with bitter tears; and, perhaps, in the first days of her sorrow, she overstepped the bounds of legitimate grief. But her love for her children soon asserted its rights over her heart, and to the consolations of nature were added the divine balm of faith and hope. From that hour she devoted her life to prayer, works of mercy, and the education of her children.

Another noble widow, Marcella, and her venerable Mother Albina, had devoted their palace on Mount Aventinus to the accommodation of a number of holy women whom they gathered there to pray, sing the Psalter, and, while employing their hands in working for the poor of Jesus Christ, serve as a mutual incitement to advance

in His love. Some of these maidens or childless widows had left their homes and formed themselves into a regular community under the guidance of Marcella.

What St. Jerome relates of the life led by the virgin Asella, one of the oldest and most fervent of these religious, surpasses all imagination. She slept on the bare floor, fasted the entire year, ate only bread and salt, and drank nothing but water. "And, incredible to relate," writes her saintly biographer, "despite this hard regimen, she reached the age of fifty without suffering any pain or infirmity,—her body sound as her mind, her soul joyous, cheerful yet grave, serious yet mirthful, charming in her unaffected simplicity. Her silence spoke volumes; her speech never interrupted her recollection. Her manner was uniformly the same; her care of her exterior was devoid of all vanity; her whole deportment bespoke perfect equanimity of life. Such was Asella, a pearl of great price, whose worth all Rome appreciated; for virgins, widows, women of the world alike, held her in veneration."

A rare pearl, indeed, as St. Jerome charmingly says; for she offers an exquisite example of the most gracious amiability amid the most austere mortification.

St. Jerome did not delay long before entering into close relations with these holy women, especially St. Paula, whom he sought from out their number, on account of her rare intelligence, earnest piety, and aspirations after a more perfect life. He had brought back from his sojourn in the Holy Land the ardent desire, it might almost be said the fixed resolution, to people the holy places with monasteries that would rival the Thebais; and he saw in the recluses of Mount Aventinus providential instruments for the realization of his enterprise.

Paula was not the only one to share

his passion for the solitude of the desert,—for life in that East that had cradled the Faith of Christ and now guarded His Sepulchre. Of her four daughters, one at least, Eustochium, trampling under foot the seductions of the world, shared her aspirations toward the religious life. Paula intrusted her for a time to the guidance of Marcella among the virgins of Mount Aventinus; and she returned imbued with the love of Jesus Christ, to which, and her tenderness for her mother, she gave up her whole heart. Her sole delight was to accompany her mother in her visits to the Catacombs, the basilicas, and the poor. She left her neither night nor day. Although she was only fifteen when St. Jerome came to Rome, she was still of an age to answer the call of the Spouse. This "flower of virgins," as he calls her, expanded under the rays of the Sun of Justice; and Paula did not delay presenting her to Pope Damasus, who questioned her, and, with his blessing, clothed her in the habit and veil of consecrated virginity.

Blesilla, Paula's oldest daughter—an ardent soul, capable of the heights of virtue, and endowed with a brilliant mind, rare penetration, and an amiable, cheerful disposition,—enamored with the splendor that surrounded her during her father's lifetime, grew fond of dress, luxury and diversion. Her love for pleasure was so intense that, married at an early age, and left a widow some years later, she gave herself up anew to all her former frivolity.

St. Jerome, who in his heart of hearts loved St. Paula and her daughters, prayed earnestly for this imperilled soul; but all his efforts were frustrated by her careless frivolity. What the friend had failed to do, however, God accomplished directly by means of a serious illness. Attacked by a contagious fever in the July of the year

384, she alternated between life and death for an entire month,—a month of terrible agony to St. Paula, who trembled for the soul as well as for the body of her child. We will let St. Jerome, with the mingled ardor of nature and faith, relate the story of this triumphant agony:

"For thirty consecutive days we saw Blesilla tortured by a burning fever, panting, almost lifeless, seeming to be left only to learn to despise the delights of a body so soon to become the food of worms. Death had already laid his icy clutch on her fragile body. Where now was the aid of her worldly friends? Where their promises lighter than smoke? Jesus Christ came and laid His hand upon her as she lay in the winding cloths of riches ready for the tomb. He sighed and troubled Himself as He had done before for Lazarus, and said: 'Blesilla, come forth!' She obeyed the call, and understood that her after-life must be His to whom she owed its restoration."

Who can depict the joy of St. Paula when her daughter was given back to her body and soul? Blesilla passed from her life of frivolity to intense love for divine things and an ardent spirit of penance. "She who before spent long hours in adorning herself before her mirror, now contemplated herself only in the face of God. She for whom her sumptuous couch of down was too hard a bed, now watched in prayer, and rose betimes, the first to sing the praises of God, kneeling on the bare ground, her tears the only adornment of a countenance on which the costliest cosmetics had been lavished before. A simple, dark-colored habit and white woollen cincture replaced the rich jewelled attire of former days, whose price she distributed in alms to the poor."

Under the direction of St. Jerome, Blesilla drank deep draughts from the Holy Scripture, and learned Hebrew with incredible ease. "What the East

had found such a prodigy in Origen, was repeated in the young woman of twenty. A few days sufficed her to master the difficulties of that language well enough to understand and chant the psalms as well as her mother Paula." Pope Damasus, Marcella and her religious, Pammachius, her sister Pauline's husband, and the holy priests whom Jerome counted among his friends,—all sympathized in the joy of this conversion.

The example of Blesilla soon found a number of imitators, either among the protégées or slaves of Paula, or outside of her family circle; and her home became a sort of monastery that St. Jerome delighted to call "the household church." No distinction of rank was recognized; and Blesilla and her sister Eustochium devoted themselves to the service of the others with rare humility and tenderness. This heavenly joy lasted for but a moment, as if too beautiful for earth. After four months of preparation, the soul of Blesilla was ready for heaven. The fever attacked her anew in November, and in a few days carried her to the grave; but her death was that of the elect.

Her mother, sisters, relatives, friends, Marcella, and Jerome formed a weeping, prayerful circle around her deathbed, where she lay as if transformed, sighing ever for her eternal home. At the last moment a shade passed over her countenance, and a large tear coursed its way down her cheek, as, gathering together all her strength, she besought them to beg Our Lord to have compassion on her soul, since she died without being able to accomplish what she had resolved to do for Him. Her soul went out in that earnest prayer; and, as St. Jerome says, "bursting the bonds of flesh, the spotless dove winged its flight to heaven, and the exile entered on the fruition of unending joy."

The grief that followed on her death beggars description. Paula especially

seemed bereft of reason, and would not be comforted. In the first moments of uncontrolled sorrow, when nature seemed to stifle faith, she ordered, or rather permitted, the preparations for the funeral to be of the most extravagant character, in accordance with the luxurious usages of the patrician rank, but quite unbecoming the simplicity of Christianity. While deploring the vanity of such empty pomp, St. Jerome offered no remonstrance, out of respect for the despairing grief of his afflicted friend. Despite the urgent solicitations of her friends, Paula wished to fill her place in the obsequies, at which the entire population of Rome assisted. But she counted too much on her strength; and after going only a short distance she fainted, and was carried back insensible to her home.

The public grief was universal; and, as might be expected, the people, not content with pitying the bereaved mother and weeping with her, broke out into murmurs, almost into threats, against Jerome, whom they accused of forcing Paula and her daughters into this foolish life of penance. "Has it not more than once been said," writes St. Jerome, "that the poor mother weeps over the loss of a child torn from her by the rigors of her fasting: that no grandchildren gather around her knee, because she has been prevented from marrying again; that the detested race of monks who have seduced her should be expelled from the city, stoned, thrown into the Tiber; that force made her a recluse, for never pagan mother wept more bitterly over her lost ones?"

There is nothing new under the sun; and ever since the very first ages of the Church, popular ingratitude has turned, viper-like, against the generous servants of Christ, who, in their noble detachment from the things of earth, have given, or procured for, the poor and destitute riches once devoted to

immoderate pleasure and unmentionable vice. But in presence of Paula's heart-rending grief, Christians can not be accused of ceasing to love their dear ones when they begin to love their God. "The image of her cherished child," writes St. Jerome, "was ever before her eyes. She incessantly recalled her words, her caresses, her delicate courtesy, her charming conversation. The thought of losing all this was insupportable, and her tears burst forth afresh at every moment. Sometimes, when a more vivid recollection seized on her, she not only wept, but cried aloud, and refused all nourishment. Fears were now entertained for her own life."

St. Jerome forgot his personal sorrow to devote himself, through prayer and the most touching remonstrances, to overcome a grief so terrible in its intensity that it threatened to wreck her faith, and shut off the flow of countless graces from her soul. Often detained at a distance from her by his connection with Pope Damasus, he wrote her admirable letters, one of which amongst many will remain as an eternal monument to Christian eloquence, tenderness and sorrow. You who have lost your dear ones, read and ponder and be consoled. At first he gives free vent to his tears:

"Who will give water to my head and a fountain of tears to my eyes, not to weep with Jeremiah over the evils of my people, nor with Our Lord over the misfortunes of Jerusalem, but over holiness, gentleness, innocence, charity,—all virtues, borne to the tomb in the person of Blesilla! Yet we must not grieve for her who is gone, but for ourselves who have lost her. My cheeks are bathed in tears, sobs choke my voice, and hold the words suspended on my lips. Alas! woe is me! I, who would dry up the fountain of a mother's tears, weep myself. How poor a comfort is he who can not master his own grief,—whose words are changed

to sighs! Yet Jesus wept over Lazarus, because He loved him.

"But the Lord, in whose presence your daughter now lives, is my witness that I share all your sufferings. Was I not as her father? Did I not mould and fashion her soul with all the tender charity that Jesus Christ had implanted in my heart?... The waves have beat against my poor heart, and tears have dimmed my eyes before the judgments of God, and with the prophet I have cried out: 'In vain have I washed my hands and my heart among the innocent. I sought to penetrate the great mystery, and found only immeasurable anguish, until I entered into the sanctuary of my God, and pondered well the end of all things....' But God is good, and all that comes from Him is essentially good, and destined for our welfare. This should be the comfort of the mother bereft of her child, the wife torn from her husband,—of every poor soul suffering from poverty, sickness, and the other ills that fall in showers upon human nature.... We say that we believe in Christ: let us, then, abandon ourselves to His holy will.

"We may mourn the dead, save those whom the abyss has swallowed up. Troups of angels attended the going forth of the loved one lent us by God. Let us, then, yearn only to follow her.... Let us congratulate our Blesilla, who from darkness passed to light, and hardly entered the lists before she bore off the victor's crown. If a premature death—from which may God preserve all who love her!—had surprised her in the midst of her worldliness, drunk with the wine of its false pleasures, then, indeed, would she have been fit subject for tears. But, by the grace of God, for four months she has trampled the world under foot to give herself entirely to God. Do you not fear lest He ask you: 'Paula, do you grieve that your child should become Mine? You are roused against My

judgments, and your tears outrage the merciful love through which I recalled Blesilla. You refrain from food, not through a spirit of penance, but through excess of grief. Such fasting rejoices My enemy, but is not pleasing to My Heart. Is this the promise of your monastic profession? For this did you separate yourself from the matrons of Rome? Leave inordinate weeping to those who are clad in silken attire. Were your faith not shaken by My trial, would you not believe your daughter truly lives? And would you repine that she has passed to a better life? ...'

"Faith does not forbid our mourning, but mourning as the Gentiles did, because they had no hope. We pardon a mother's tears, but we expect moderation even in her grief. When I recollect that you are a mother, I blame not your sorrow; but when I remember that you are also a Christian, I could desire, Paula, that that higher character should have a soothing influence over the claims of nature. If the assured happiness of Blesilla does not suffice to dry your tears, spare at least the young and gentle Eustochium, whose tender years need a mother's guidance and a mother's support."

Blending firmness with his tenderness, his consoling thoughts oft couched in harsh language, he continues:

"While loving your children so passionately, beware lest you love God less. The wily enemy may surprise you by the charmed bait of tears. In keeping constantly before your eyes the image of the loved one you have lost, he aims at the soul of the bereaved mother, and of the orphaned sister left desolate by her mother's neglect. I would not inspire you with vain terrors, and God is my witness that I speak as if we were both before His tribunal; but the unmeasured tears that are hurrying you on to the verge of the tomb, are a breach of your fidelity and a sacrilege. Your sobs and cries would

lead one to believe that you wish to end your days. Listen to Jesus Christ, who comes to you full of goodness and says: 'Your daughter is not dead but sleepeth.' But no: you cling to her tomb weeping, like Magdalen at the sepulchre of the Lord; and the angel must ask you as her: 'Why seek you the living among the dead?'"

After thus bringing Our Lord before Paula, to console her with tender words, St. Jerome makes Blesilla herself speak: "O my mother, if ever you loved me, if ever you nourished me at your breast, and formed my soul by your lessons of virtue, envy me not my present happiness! You weep that I have quitted the world: I mourn yet more for you, detained within its prison walls. If you wish still to be my mother, think only of loving and pleasing Jesus Christ."

Having thus drained the cup of divine consolation, St. Jerome ended, as he had begun, by a very allowable return to himself: "I have the sweet hope that she prays for me in return for what I have done for her, and will obtain the pardon of my sins from God; for you know full well, Paula, my devotion to her soul's welfare,—the exhortations I made her, the anger I braved for her salvation....As long as the breath of life shall animate my mortal frame and detain me on my earthly pilgrimage, I pledge myself that my lips shall speak of Blesilla, my labors shall be devoted to her; and wherever my writings go, they shall bear her name beside those of Paula and Eustochium, that her memory may be immortal."

Thus the master-genius, the austere monk, the rugged soldier of Christ, whose faith subdued his nature, without destroying or lessening its legitimate affections, knew how to love, to weep, to console. He mourned Blesilla not only by word of mouth and writing, but her loss affected him so sensibly that, even to the end of his days, he could

never finish his Commentary on Ecclesiasticus, which he had undertaken at her request. Time and time again he set himself to the task, but at each attempt her image occupied his thoughts, tears blinded his eyes, the pen fell from his fingers, and the work remained incomplete.

We shall not pursue further the study of these two holy, tender souls, Jerome and Paula. In the desert as in Rome, in Bethlehem, whither both went to end their days in the exercise of monastic virtues, as on Mount Aventinus, we should ever find the same tender human affection pervaded with the light and love of Jesus Christ,—the same combats, tears, and victories. There is one page, however, of this charming history that we can not pass over unnoticed,—the record of the conversion of Albinus, whose daughter, Læta, was married to Toxatius, Paula's son.

Læta was a Christian, like her mother, and a worthy daughter-in-law to Paula. From her childhood, and especially from the time of her marriage, she had prayed for the conversion of her father, an honorable, upright man according to the world's way of judging; but a pagan, a priest of Jupiter, attached to the interests, traditions, prejudices of the old Roman superstition. What he prized in his pagan worship was not the honor of his god, in whom he placed no faith; but the rank his priesthood gave him, the pomp of the sacrifice, the olden memories of Roman prestige, and the laxity of morals, the practical epicureanism that Paganism permitted to her votaries.

Against such a bulwark of habit and prejudice, Læta's prayers would have proved powerless, and she would have lost all hope, had not the letters of St. Jerome sustained her by a prophetic assurance of their future happy result. What she could not accomplish a little child brought about, unwittingly and

almost in play; or, rather; what the mother had sown in tears the child reaped in joy.

After several years of marriage, Læta had a little daughter, who was welcomed by all the family with transports of delight, and named Paula, after her grandmother. The aged priest of Jupiter received the child of benediction with unspeakable happiness. He had her always in his arms; and when her infant lips began to lisp their first accents, he delighted in making her repeat the sacred names her father and mother taught her, and his own soul flooded with tender joy. "Who could have believed," writes St. Jerome, "that Albinus should have a grandchild in answer to a vow made at the tomb of the martyrs; that in his presence and by his aid she should stammer the Alleluia of Christ, or that the old man would so cherish a virgin of the Lord?"

"We have him at last!" he wrote again in a transport of holy joy. "With his bevy of Christ's little ones around him, he is already a candidate for the holy faith. Jupiter himself in such company would be a convert." And again, to Læta: "The same faith that brought you the child will bring you the father too. Is it not written that what is impossible to man is easy to God? No matter how late the conversion, it will mean salvation."

And that hour of salvation for Albinus did come. Detached from the vanities of earth by old age and the approach of death, he concentrated all his tenderness on his little grandchild, became imbued with the spirit of Christianity that surrounded him.

The pious Læta had the consolation of seeing the loved father who had cost her so many tears imbued with the faith of Jesus Christ, and filled with a peace and happiness until then unknown. His conversion caused equal joy to the holy solitaries of Bethlehem.

Paula blessed God for this new favor; and Jerome repeated his thanksgiving: "How good for us to have waited in full hope! How surely the atmosphere of a holy, faithful household converts the unbelieving!"

Immense labors on the Holy Scripture, especially the translation of the Old Testament adopted by the Catholic Church under the name of Vulgate, filled up the rest of St. Jerome's life. His old age was clouded by three great sorrows,—the death of Paula, that of her angelic daughter Eustochium, and the destruction of Rome by Alaric.

Prematurely aged from watching, fasting and prayer, and the establishment of several monasteries in the Holy Land, St. Paula hailed the hour of her deliverance, toward the end of the year 403. Eustochium, who had never left her, nursed her with a tenderness remarkable even in a daughter. Night and day she was at her bedside, fanning her, cooling her fevered head, chafing her chilled feet, smoothing her pillows, and rendering her every possible service. St. Jerome describes her as running distractedly from the sick bed to the Holy Crib, weeping, sobbing; begging Our Lord, on the very spot where He came into the world, to leave her her mother, or at least to strike both with the same blow, and let them lie together in the same tomb.

The last day came. The Bishop of Jerusalem with all the bishops of Palestine, a great number of priests, monks, religious women, hastened to the monastery. The saint, absorbed in God, saw and heard nothing that passed around her, a slight motion of the lips showing that she held colloquies with her Beloved. When several questions were put to her without eliciting an answer, St. Jerome approached the bed and asked why she remained so silent, or if she suffered. She replied in Greek, "No: I feel neither pain nor regret, but an unutterable peace,"

and then relapsed into her recollection.

At the last moment she opened her eyes, her countenance grew radiant, and she fixed her gaze on some celestial apparition, murmuring with the Psalmist: "I believe to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living." Then, with a peaceful smile parting her lips, she gently breathed her last. It was at sunset, January 26, 404, at the age of fifty-six.

The grief of St. Jerome was so keen that for a long time he was unfit for any labor, and the remembrance of his gentle friend never quitted him the rest of his life. He yielded to the wish of Eustochium that he should write her mother's funeral oration. But, in the violence of his grief, his trembling hand could not guide the stylus, nor his blinded eyes follow the words traced on his tablet; so he had recourse to the aid of a stranger, who, for two nights without intermission, wrote at his dictation the admirable account he has left to posterity of the virtues and good works of St. Paula.

Eustochium survived her mother fifteen years, then died the same happy, holy death, strengthened by the blessing and tears of St. Jerome, then eighty-eight years of age, who, in accordance with her request, buried her in the same tomb with her saintly mother.

Three years before this the heart of St. Jerome had been crushed by a blow of another kind. He had long watched with anguish of spirit the decline of Roman virtue, the growth of corruption of morals, the disorganization of pagan society, which had to expiate three centuries of persecution and streams of martyr blood; and he felt that God's day of vengeance could not long be delayed. Already he could hear from afar the tramp of barbarian hordes that poured down on the Empire of the West, unmanned by the death of Theodosius the Great; and, in the ardor of his patriotism, he asked

himself what fate awaited poor Italy. The event exceeded his gloomiest forecast, and struck him like a thunderbolt.

He soon saw around him, in Bethlehem, crowds of exiles who in the fall of Rome had lost their all,—home, riches, family, friends. Patricians, men of consular rank, noble matrons, widows, young maidens, orphans,—all destitute and miserable, came as slaves to crave shelter in the monasteries founded by St. Paula. Many amongst them had blamed her for banishing herself to the East, little thinking that she went to prepare them a place of refuge from hunger and despair, under a Judean sky. So does it please Providence to avenge His saints!

Jerome left everything—prayer, meditation, solitude—to welcome this poor fragment saved from the wreck of Rome. He multiplied himself to meet all their pressing needs. His monasteries were crowded with fugitives of all conditions, as those of Paula were with widows and young maidens. The hospice, too, founded by their joint efforts, was filled to repletion; and yet many wandered shelterless and in need. "Bethlehem," he writes, "sees at her door the most illustrious people of Rome begging their daily bread. Alas! we can not supply all their wants. But we open our hearts to them, and mingle our tears with theirs."

In the midst of these tears, consoled by the promises of Our Lord to His Church, and by the blessed hopes faith holds forth, St. Jerome met his end. In 420, four years after the burning of Rome, and one year after the death of Eustochium, weighed down by age and labors, but crowned with glory and merits, he slept in the Lord.

By a sweet dispensation of Providence, a granddaughter of St. Paula assisted him in his last moments. Paula, the baby instrument of the conversion of her grandfather, Albinus, the priest of Jupiter, was called, like Paula

and Eustochium, to the religious life, and joined them in Bethlehem, where she remained after her aunt's death. At the age of twenty she closed the eyes of the dying servant of Christ, and placed his mortal remains near those of his illustrious friends, in the grotto which is now called the Oratory of St. Jerome. Faithful to the trust of guarding their sacred relics, she every day visited their tombs, until death restored to her the fellowship of those kindred souls, Eustochium, Paula, and Jerome, amid the unending joys of heaven.

About Buddhism.

THE following paragraph, translated from a Buddhist journal (*Kyokuai Jiji*) and published in the *Japan Mail*, will be read with interest by those who hold that Buddhism has a message to the Western World:

Numerically speaking, Buddhism far outranks Christianity; but, by reason of actual work accomplished, the balance of power is in favor of the Christians. Generally, hatred against Christianity is passing away; and the belief that it is better adapted to the new condition of things is daily gaining ground. Buddhist customs and rites are becoming more alien to the interests of society; and priests are often the subject of public ridicule. The war correspondents declare the unfitnes and inability of the Buddhist priests, and the more thoughtful of these priests who are at the front lament bitterly their co-workers' ignorance, senselessness and idleness which have caused the soldiers to ridicule them and also to become tired of them. On the other hand, the quarters of the Christians are regarded as a paradise for the soldier, and they are welcome everywhere. The enormous amount of 200,000 yen has been expended by the Honganji [the largest Buddhist sect in Japan] for work among the soldiers; but it is far inferior to the work of the Christian association, whose expenditure amounts only to a few thousand yen. The work of the Christians has attained such success that it has reached the Emperor's ear, whilst that of the Buddhists is always attended by debts and disturbances.

That Buddha was a singularly winning personality, there can be no

question. "Had he been a Christian," wrote Marco Polo, "he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so holy and pure was the life he led." But his religion is essentially a people's religion; and a people's religion, as Newman pregnantly observed, is ever a corrupt religion. If it be true, however, that, in spite of the testimony just quoted, Buddhism is not yet spiritually impotent, and that its missionaries are far from assuming an aggressive attitude toward the Christian Faith, we should be inclined to welcome a propaganda of their religion among the great multitude of highly educated and half educated Europeans and Americans who do not hold Christianity at all.

We share the opinion of Mr. Lilly, writing in the current *Fortnightly Review*, "that the teaching of the Buddha even in its most fantastic and corrupt form, is infinitely wiser, sweeter, and more ennobling than the doctrine of the school—unhappily the predominant school among us—which makes happiness, or agreeable feeling, the formal constituent of virtue, and seeks to deduce the laws of conduct from the laws of comfort; which insists that not the intention of the doer, but the result of the deed, is the test of the ethical value of an act; which, reducing the moral law to impotence by depriving it of its distinctive characteristic, necessity, degrades it to a matter of latitude and longitude, temperament and cuisine; which robs it of its essential sanction, the punishment inseparably bound up with its violation, and denies the organic instinct of conscience that retribution must follow upon evil doing."

Who would not rejoice to have the Buddha's teaching work the same change among all classes of materialists that it is said to have effected among the Burmese, Siamese, and Singhalese? The "Four Noble Truths" would

doubtless appeal to many who hold Protestantism in contempt and have as little notion of a church as Gotama himself. The confusion of sectarianism has had the effect of driving a multitude of persons farther and farther away from the Christian camp. For such as these the return may be only in a roundabout way. If Buddhism is still a spiritual influence, and this influence has begun to wane in the East, a wide field for its exercise is left in the Western World, toward which the more earnest votaries of Buddhist teaching are now turning with hopeful gaze.

We are not told which sect of Buddhism it is proposed to propagate. There are many of these, as also of Mohammedanism. The numerical strength of Buddhism is great in Japan, Ceylon, etc.; but the number of Buddhists, all told, does not exceed 120,250,000.

A Striking Epitaph.

"My drawing-master," narrates the French Academician, René Bazin, "was an abbé, an excellent man, a holy man indeed, who was simplicity itself; and on one occasion his modesty touched the sublime. It was on the day of his death. He had been appointed pastor of a parish that was anything but devout. His people respected him, even sent for him at the approach of death; but they did not live as he would have them do. Above all, they ploughed and sowed and reaped on Sundays. My old master was much distressed about this violation of the Third Commandment. On his death-bed he said to his executor: 'I don't want my name on my tomb, I don't want any date,—I don't want *anything* that will recall my personality. You will place on it only this inscription, *Abstain from work on Sunday*. Perhaps they will read it.' And his desire was carried out."

Notes and Remarks.

Many persons who admit the right of laborers to organize for protection against injustice and oppression are not willing to concede that trade unionism constitutes an influence for good. It is contended that higher wages and more leisure mean less thrift and increased demoralization among laborers. Replying to this contention in a recent speech, Mr. John Mitchell insisted that associations of labor should be judged by the benefits they confer rather than by the errors they commit; by the high purposes of the majority of members rather than by the low aims of a minority. "We are forced," he said, "by our necessities and by conditions beyond our control, to admit to membership every man employed in our industries." There is something to be considered in this statement. Why should it be demanded of labor unions, any more than of other mutual benefit associations, that as a right to existence they be free from any element of lawlessness?

Concluding his speech, Mr. Mitchell said: "To find justification for our existence or for the policies we pursue, we do not rely upon the claims we ourselves make. Abraham Lincoln, in a speech delivered at Hartford in 1860, while addressing the striking shoe-workers, said: 'Thank God! we have a system of labor where there can be a strike! Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workman may stop.' Wendell Phillips is quoted as having said: 'I rejoice at every effort workmen make to organize. I hail the labor movement; it is my only hope for democracy. Organize and stand together! Let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice.' William E. Gladstone said: 'Trade unions are the bulwarks of modern democracies.' And so we might

go on with indorsements from the great men of the world, whose hearts beat in sympathy with their struggling fellowmen."

At a recent meeting of the Congregation of Rites, the following subjects were presented for the consideration of the Cardinals: 1. The resumption of the case of Blessed Jeanne de Lestomar's canonization. Blessed Jeanne was a widow, and foundress of the Daughters of Notre Dame. 2. The introduction of the cases for the beatification and canonization of the servants of God, Antonio Pennachi, secular priest of Assisi; and Magdalen, Archduchess of Austria. 3. The revision of the writings of the following servants of God: Venerable Pierre Julien Eynard, founder of the Priests of the Blessed Sacrament; Jean Marie Robert de Lamennais, founder of the Brothers of Christian Instruction; and Gaspard Bertoni, secular priest of the Congregation of the Priests of the Blessed Sacrament.

One is inclined to surmise that the process of the Blessed Curé d'Ars has awakened exceptional interest in the holiness of other secular priests notable in their day and generation for perfect conformity to the model high-priest, Christ.

While the conclusion of peace between Japan and Russia has naturally rejoiced the world at large, it is noticeable that neither of the powers primarily concerned is indulging in demonstrative expressions of unalloyed jubilation. The prevalent opinion seems to be that the magnanimously broad and liberal spirit in which Japan conducted the conference at Portsmouth has resulted nevertheless in her signal diplomatic defeat. Within the next quarter of a century, when the true inwardness of the recent demands and concessions, the agreements and refusals of both high contracting parties shall have become

known, there will perhaps be a revision of this opinion. It is quite conceivable, even now, that Russia did not really desire and did not expect peace, that the Czar *did* expect that his refusal to consent to an indemnity would effectually put an end to the negotiations, and that Japan would accordingly alienate much of the world's sympathy by being placed in the unenviable position of continuing a most disastrous conflict simply for money. If Russia's hearkening to the invitation of our President, and her sending peace plenipotentiaries to Portsmouth, were, as it is not improbable they may have been, simply diplomatic moves to secure, not peace, but a reversal of the world's opinion as to the responsibility for further warfare, the agreement of Aug. 29 was really a notable diplomatic triumph for those with whose names most brilliant victories on land and sea have been associated since Feb. 9, 1904, — the thoroughly capable and astute officers of the Mikado.

Be this as it may, peace is a blessing for which both countries, and their partisans the world over, may well be thankful. President Roosevelt's influence in securing the blessing gives him an additional claim on the admiration of his fellow-citizens, and indeed his fellowmen without distinction of national lines.

"It is nothing if not frank" might be said of our Anglican contemporary, the *Lamp*. "We make no attempt to justify Anglicanism as a system distinct from the unity of Peter's Fold," remarks the editor in a leading article. And the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A., in a paper dealing with the Oxford Movement, writes: "I am not speaking offensively when I point out that Newman and some others detected in the writings of the Anglican divines the same fault which some of us are now beginning to detect in ourselves,—

namely, a habit of misquoting the Fathers, and 'shrinking from the very doctors' to whom we appeal; of listening to some of the Fathers at Chalcedon when they are debating the 28th Canon, and yet ignoring the whole body of them when they formally recognize the Pope of their day as 'Guardian of the Vine,' 'appointed by our Saviour.'"

It is to be hoped that the readers of the *Lamp* do not take offence at such frankness as this; and surely they should not, since the writers are at pains to state that they do not "speak offensively." Still, the *Lamp* must be very unconsolatory reading sometimes for any class of non-Catholics.

While it is probable that the advocates of rural free delivery of the mails did not insist upon the moral good that would result from its adoption, it would appear that in at least some country districts free delivery makes for increased temperance. A Wisconsin journal declares that before the present system was adopted, the farmers who "went down to the store" to get the mail usually remained to swap gossip and incidentally do a little, or even considerable, drinking. Now, it appears, when the mail is delivered at the farm, the paper is read after supper, the visit to the store is omitted, and rural sobriety is accordingly notably promoted.

The following impressions of a distinguished London journalist travelling for the first time in Ireland are not without interest for Catholic readers:

There is a common theory that Roman Catholic Ireland is retrograde and Protestant Ireland prosperous. I have convinced myself that there is no connection between creed and prosperity, for I found the Catholics just as thrifty and well off as their neighbors. I saw no sign of hopeless, soul-destroying poverty in the Catholic East of Ireland. In the hotels where I stayed, servants of both persuasions worked together

with good humor and friendship; while I know the priest of a large and straggling parish who lives on terms of cordial, almost affectionate friendship with the Presbyterian minister. I talked with each and learned from each that the other was a "real good fellow." The congregation of the minister is scattered and very meagre. I made the mistake of sympathizing with him as a stranger, in a strange land. "My dear sir," he said in reply, "I wouldn't be happy anywhere else. I like the people here so much." And the people, who would not for worlds enter his church, like him too... and say he is "a dacent sowl." No, there is no bigotry here. I asked him if he approved of Home Rule. "It *must* come," he said; "but it would be better in another generation, when the bitterness between North and South will have ceased." I asked the priest, an Irishman of the Irish, with fun bubbling out of every pore of his face. He only smiled benignantly at me, and hoped I liked the whisky!

Among these people it is a delight to ask a favor, a pleasure to start a chat. I know and admire the French, but I say without the least hesitation that within my knowledge the Irish are the best-mannered people in the world. Full of humor and kindness, with little bigotry and few unreasoning prejudices, laughing at themselves sometimes, and at other people in a nice friendly way nearly always; in a word, real good fellows,—these are the men I have met in Ireland.

A study in the proportion of children in the United States by Prof. Wilcox, of Cornell University, shows that since 1860 there has been a marked decline in the birth rate. The study is based upon data furnished by reports of the twelfth census. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the children under ten years of age constituted one-third, and at the end less than one-fourth, of the total population. The decrease in this proportion began as early as the decade of 1810 to 1820, and continued uninterruptedly, though at varying rates, in each successive decade. This of itself, however, is not enough to prove a declining birth rate, as the decrease in the proportion of children in the total population may indicate merely an increase in the average duration of life and the consequent survival of a larger number of adults.

But by taking the proportion of children to women of child-bearing age, we are able to get a more satisfactory index of the movement of the birth rate. Between 1850 and 1860 (the earliest decade for which figures can be obtained), this proportion increased. But since 1860 it has decreased without interruption. The decrease has been very unequal from decade to decade; but if twenty-year periods are considered, it has been very regular. In 1860 the number of children under five years of age to 1000 women from fifteen to forty-nine years of age was 634; in 1900 it was only 474. In other words, the proportion of children to potential mothers in 1900 was only three-fourths as large as in 1860.

Advocates of the simple life have a striking example of it in the Holy Father, who, in spite of tremendous responsibility, unceasing cares, and confinement within the Vatican, enjoys excellent health and possesses his soul in peace. His day is thus described by the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet*:

His Holiness continues to be a very early riser. His attendant finds him, when he knocks at the door shortly after five every morning, engaged in reciting the Little Hours of his Breviary. The daily Mass (and Pius X. has never omitted to celebrate during the last two years) begins at six; the Mass of thanksgiving, offered by one of his private secretaries, is over shortly before seven. The Pope's breakfast is truly Italian—a cup of coffee and milk and a slice of bread,—and occupies a bare five minutes of time; after which, when the heat of the morning is not too intense, he takes a walk for half an hour or so in the Vatican Gardens, never failing to kneel for a few minutes at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Before eight he is back again in his study, immersed in the mass of correspondence which every morning brings him. About nine he begins to receive the reports of the different Congregations, to sign their various decisions, and to decide any complicated questions that may have been left over for him.

Little more than an hour is left for this part of the day's work; and immediately it is over Cardinal Merry del Val appears with a heap of

papers of all kinds—diplomatic documents, episcopal appointments, reports of nuncios or delegates, financial statements, extracts from the daily press, and so on,—all of which are carefully examined by his Holiness. Meanwhile the antechambers are being peopled by Cardinals, Bishops, Prefects of the Congregations, and private individuals waiting for the audience arranged for them by the Maestro di Camera; and with all these the Holy Father is engaged until about half-past twelve. He dines usually with his Secretary, shortly after one; and the very frugal meal, with conversation, never lasts a whole hour. Like all Romans and Venetians, the Holy Father sleeps for an hour in the oppressive noon-day. Before resuming work he finishes the day's Office, and then remains at his desk, writing and studying until half-past five.

Another crowd is usually awaiting him when he leaves his private library. There may be a few private audiences to accord, but they are brief. At half-past six the Pope is alone with his Secretary in the Loggia. Through the open windows they have a wonderful view of Rome and the Tiber, and the chain of Latin hills in the distance, as they walk to and fro for the best part of an hour. Then Pius X. returns to his apartment, works again at his desk until nine, takes supper, recites his Breviary, skims a few of the day's newspapers, and at half-past ten retires for the night.

"And he has no holidays!" adds the writer. Perhaps his simple manner of living is what renders them unnecessary. The great amount of relaxation required at frequent intervals by persons who follow what they all are pleased to call the strenuous life leads one to suspect that there is a great deal of humbug about it.

Questioned recently as to the relations that ought to exist between France and Canada, Drumont, the anti-Semitic publicist, replied: "What is there in common between you Canadians and this France of to-day, which no longer believes in God or the family, which abjures everything? What will be said by your people, laborious, energetic, and so magnificently prolific, when they learn that the race from which they sprang, and in which they long took pride, recoils from every duty, even that of perpetuating itself?"



Our Lady's Birthday.

BY NEALE MANN.

THERE were glory-laden mornings in the babyhood of Time,
When the sun and stars were new-born and the world was in its prime;
There were dawns of wondrous beauty to irradiate the earth,
But the fairest day as yet to break was that of Mary's birth.

On all previous gladsome mornings, change from gloom to light was slow;
Faint at first, the Eastern pearl-tints grew and spread their lustrous glow;
But upon Our Lady's birthday, Night unfolded swift her shroud,
And forthwith was earth resplendent, compassed by a golden cloud.

All the sky was clad with sun-mist, holding men's enraptured gaze,
Though they guessed not myriad angels poised within the magic haze,—
Poised and sang triumphant pæans, all unheard by mortal ears,
Greeting her, the peerless Virgin longed-for through the weary years.

Mystic shadow of the love God bore the Mother of His Son,
Floated still that golden cloud-rack till the gracious day was done;
And, each year, Our Lady's clients, as her natal feast draws nigh,
Echo still the songs that angels sing before her throne on high.

MANY English verbs are metaphors derived from the names or habits of animals. Thus, we "crow over" a victory like a cock; we "quail," as that bird does in presence of danger; we "duck" our heads; we "ferret" a thing out; we "dog" a person's footsteps; we "strut" like an ostrich (*strouthos*); and so on.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XIX.—ENTRAPPED AGAIN.

SO two days passed; the children were happy, their entertainers no less so. At first the señora had thought of having their ragged clothing washed and mended; but, upon examination, she found it too bad.

"It would not pay to do it," she said. "There is enough and to spare here, which the grandchildren have outgrown."

At noon of the third day, when Alfredo came to dinner he asked what kind of looking man Steffan was. Louis described him.

"I saw him this morning talking to Juan Carisso, that Portuguese Negro who is such a good worker—when he is not drunk. I asked Juan what the man wanted. He told me he was looking for some children. Then I felt sure it was Steffan. He had gone away before I could get across the field to him; but I told Juan to let me know if he came again, saying that he had kidnapped this little boy and girl, and I wanted to settle with him."

"Do you trust the Negro, Alfredo?" asked the señora.

"Well, I know nothing against him, mother; but he is a stranger to us, of course. We can't tell much about him. We will watch out for Steffan, though. And now, *chiquitos*, you must be very careful. Stay close to the house, and wait till he comes forward boldly and openly to ask for you."

Rose was very much alarmed, but Louis felt secure. He knew Steffan to be a coward, and was confident that he

would not dare to claim them while they were under the care of the Bandini family. His own nature was so open that, though he had become familiar with treachery and double-dealing since his connection with Steffan, he never anticipated it till it arrived.

The proposed letter had not yet been written; for young Alfredo, like many others of his race, was disposed to procrastinate.

After an evening spent in playing and singing, the family retired as usual, about ten o'clock. The children occupied rooms side by side, both opening on the garden at the other side of the house from the rooms in which the señora and Alfredo slept. The windows of their sleeping rooms were only a few feet from the ground.

Louis had been asleep about two hours when he was awakened by the touch of a hand on his face. He sat up, only half awake, to find himself confronted by a huge Negro with gold rings in his ears.

"Do not cry out," whispered the man. "I will do you no harm."

"What do you want?" inquired the terrified boy.

"There is a man over there who wants to speak to you."

"Over where?"

"Behind the orchard."

"Who is he?"

"He calls himself Steffan."

"Tell him to go away, or I will call the master of the house."

"He is going away. He only wants to tell you something first. He says he does not care to have you with him any more. He has some good news for you; it is about your brother."

"About my brother?" exclaimed Louis. "Oh, if it only were true!"

"Yes, it is true. He knows where your brother is, and will tell you how to get to him. He is not very far away,—somewhere in California."

Louis was already dressing himself.

He forgot all danger in the thought that he was going to hear something about Florian.

"But why didn't Steffan come and tell me this before it grew so late?"

"He was afraid. Down there they told him that Bandini is a justice of the peace, and would arrest him for kidnapping you two. It is true he threatened that in the presence of all of us in the hayfield. And he would do it. He is not afraid to do what he thinks right."

At that moment Rose put her head out of the window.

"Who is talking?" she asked.

"Hush, little one! Your brother will tell you after a while. Go to sleep," said Juan.

Peering through the darkness, Rose began to distinguish the face of the Negro. She did not know what to think.

In his turn, Juan did some reflecting. The plan had been for Steffan to seize Louis and then have the Negro return for Rose. But Juan had foreseen danger in this. He knew it was possible that Rose might awake as he was carrying her away, and thought it safer to take her with them at once.

"Maybe it is better that you let the little one dress and come along too," said Juan to Louis. "I am afraid she will not stay here alone while we are gone."

"Very well," rejoined the boy.

Climbing out of the window, he told Rose to get up and dress.

"I will tell you, Rose," he said. "It is Steffan who wants me."

"Steffan!" she exclaimed. "And you are willing to go with him again, Louis?"

"Oh, no!" responded Louis. "He does not want us to go away. He is going alone. All that he wants is to tell us about Florian."

"What about Florian?"

"He knows where he is. He is in

California; now we shall be able to find him. Steffan is afraid to come himself. They have told him that Señor Alfredo will have him prosecuted for stealing us."

"And it would be right," answered Rose. "He ought to be in prison."

"Anyway it is kind of him to tell us what he has heard about Florian," said Louis.

"Why doesn't he tell this man where Florian is, and let *him* tell us? I don't want to have anything to do with Steffan."

"Will you stay here, then, till I come back?" asked Louis.

"No: I am afraid. I will go with you."

She was almost dressed, having begun the moment Juan appeared at her window.

"What pretty music you play!" said the Negro. "I hope you don't leave your instruments in the night air; it is bad for them. I had a banjo once—a very good one, too,—and I left it outside the tent two or three times. It was ruined by the damp night air."

"We never leave ours outside," said Louis, carelessly. "There it is in that corner."

"If you are ready, we will go now," said Juan. "Steffan will be uneasy till he gets out of this."

Rose clambered over the window-sill, and Louis took her hand.

"Take that path through the orchard. You will find Steffan at the other side," said Juan, falling a little behind. "I have dropped my pipe: I must find it."

The children walked on unsuspectingly. Juan vaulted over the sill into the room Louis had left, seized the violin, guitar and mandolin, all carefully put away in their cases, and was out again in a moment, like a cat. But he did not follow in the footsteps of the brother and sister. Running swiftly through the orchard, he soon came out on a by-road, where stood one

of Alfredo's lightest wagons, with two of his best horses. After placing his burden carefully in the bottom of the wagon, he skirted the intervening distance; and when the children reached the end of the orchard path, he was already standing close to another man who peered anxiously from behind a tree. The wagon was not far away.

"Now!" whispered the other, who was Steffan, handing something to the Negro. "You take the boy. I will manage the little one."

They sprang forward at the same instant, a gag was placed in the mouth of each of the children, and before they could realize what had occurred they were lying in the bottom of the wagon, while the seat was occupied by Juan and Steffan, who began to drive rapidly away. For at least half an hour they lay there, stunned and scarcely able to breathe. At length Rose made a gurgling noise in her throat which reached Steffan's ears.

"Stop, Juan," he said. "I want to talk to them a little."

He drew the gags from their mouths.

"Sit up," he said. "You can get your breath better."

They obeyed him, and looked around wildly, unable to utter a word.

"Sec here," he said. "I am going to take you to your brother. He is in Lower California. It's no use grumbling or crying, because this is the only way. You'll thank me for it later. If you scream or cry, or tell a living soul that you don't belong to me, till we get down there, I'll never let you know where he is. If you behave right, and help along as you used to till we get to him, I'll only be too glad to be rid of you."

Rose was crying silently, but Louis remarked:

"Mr. Steffan, I do not know what the good, kind people at the ranch will think of us. You could have come after us in the daylight, and we would have

gone with you—to reach Florian. They would not have prevented us,—they could not have done so.”

“Yes, they could,” answered Steffan. “They’d have gotten us into a peck of trouble first; and kept me in jail, I’m certain, till they’d straightened things out to suit themselves. If I had served you right, ungrateful little wretches that you are, I’d have gone off and left you. But it seemed such a stroke of luck when I heard about your brother that I just *had* to get hold of you. Keep quiet and everything will be all right.”

“I don’t believe you, Mr. Steffan,” sobbed Rose,—“I don’t believe one word you say.”

“You are a bold little creature,” said Steffan. “But I shan’t punish you, because you’re not much more than a baby. If you don’t believe me, you may perhaps listen to Juan here. He knows.”

“Yes,” said the Negro. “I’m the man that told Mr. Steffan about your brother. Last night I went up town, and we met there. We had a little game, and Steffan cleaned out the bank.”

“Do you mean that he robbed the bank?” asked the horrified Louis.

The Negro laughed, but Steffan said:

“Whip up, Juan! Don’t lose time.”

And they resumed their journey.

“I was talking about you two, and the injustice you’d done me, and making up my mind to start looking for you, when Juan told me where you had put up at. And after that, in the course of conversation, I found that he knew your brother quite well,—in Lower California. And he’s that kind-hearted he’s offered to take us to him.”

“Did you know Florian?” inquired Louis, eagerly, kneeling up in the wagon and touching the Negro on the arm. “When did you see him last?”

“About three months ago,” said Juan.

“Where was he?”

“Just on the other side of the line.”

“What is he like?”

“He’s a pretty good-looking fellow.”

“What is he doing?”

“Resting, just now,” said the Negro, glancing at Steffan.

“Has he been sick?”

“Yes, I believe he has.”

“Not very sick,” added Steffan.

“Did he ever speak of us?” continued Louis.

“Not to me,” said Juan.

“How did you know he was our brother, then?”

“From the name, when Steffan mentioned it.”

“Is he tall?”

“Quite tall.”

“With dark eyes, dark skin, and black curly hair?”

“Yes, always taken for a Mexican.”

“And has he a beautiful smile?”

“Oh, beautiful!” replied Juan.

“Then it must be Florian,” said Louis,—“it must be Florian!”

(To be continued.)

The Pigeons of St. Mark's.

In front of the Church of St. Mark, where fair Venice smiles over the lagoons, lies the Piazza, an open square extending to the water's edge. Here the people gather at sunset to see the beautiful view across the water, and to watch the pigeons of St. Mark's at their evening meal.

The Church of St. Mark was built many years ago, and it looks like a Turkish mosque, with its dome and many little cupolas. Beside it stood the campanile, before that wonderful bell-tower fell to the ground; and at the other side is the Doge's Palace. The Doges were the old rulers of Venice before the city became a part of Italy. Some of them were great men, although others were very stern and cruel. One seems to have been kind and full of gentle thoughts, and it is due to him that we have to-day the pretty pigeons

of St. Mark's, fluttering like white-winged angels over the great square.

The story tells how there was a terrible war between the brave people of Venice and the cruel Turks, who captured many Christians and made them slaves, whipping and beating them; forcing the women to marry heathen men, and killing such as would not become Mohammedans. The Venetians sent out a great fleet under the command of Admiral Dandolo, and he fought and captured the island of Candia. Great was the rejoicing in the fleet, and loud cries of joy were heard from all sides; for Candia was then a most important island. All desired to send home word of the glorious victory, but knew not how; for no ship could be spared to sail away to Venice with the news. At last they hit upon a plan.

There were with the fleet two pigeons—lovely, snowy things,—belonging to a young officer who had thought to send them to his beloved wife, and these he offered to the Admiral. A letter was tied about the throat of each pigeon—one to the officer's wife and one to the Doge,—and they were tossed into the air. All watched eagerly to see what they would do. A moment each hovered aloft, poised over the ships; then, with a glad whir of wings, away they flew toward their home upon the sapphire Adriatic, bearing the glad news of the young officer's safety and of the great victory. Then great was the rejoicing of all the city. Flags and banners were unfurled in every square, houses and palaces were decorated, and a crowd of happy people sought St. Mark's Square to hear the Doge make his proclamation.

The splendid old fellow stood forth upon the Piazza, robed in red velvet, wearing a massive golden chain and the Doge's cap, and said to the people:

"By a white-winged bird of peace learned we this gracious news, and henceforth it is our good pleasure that

such be called forever the pigeons of St. Mark's. To them we tender the hospitality of our city, Queen of the Adriatic; and every day shall they and their descendants be fed at public expense. Their home shall be the Palace of the Doges; their dining-hall, Venetia's Piazza; their title, Friends of the Queen of the Adriatic."

All the people shouted lustily, and rejoiced greatly; and men, women and children vied with one another as to who should throw corn to the little messengers whose flight had brought so much happiness.

The pigeons nested in the eaves of St. Mark's; the chirps of little broods chimed in with even-song and Matins, and there they grew and thrived. When their young sought to nest, some built in the Doge's Palace and some in the Lion of St. Mark's; and so careful was the city of them that no one was allowed to hurt or kill them, and every day they were fed at the public expense.

That was nine hundred years ago, and still the pigeons hover and flutter above the great square. Each evening they are fed,—men with baskets of corn selling it to the bystanders, who love to feed the pretty creatures. So tame are they that they will crowd about the square and light upon the shoulders of the passer-by, whole flocks of them fanning his face with their wings. One of the prettiest sights in Venice is St. Mark's Square, white as snowdrift with the fluttering snowy wings of the *columbi* (doves).

M. F. N. R.

Agenda.

This word in its original signification relates to the order of the offices or services of the Church. In ordinary life, it is the memorandum of the various items of business which are to be brought before a council, or committee, for discussion or settlement.

With Authors and Publishers.

—No efforts of the press agent and no extravagant advertising by the publishers will be needed to recommend to the American reading public a volume to be issued shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons—"Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by President Roosevelt.

—Lemerre, Paris, has brought out, in a charming little volume, *Derniers Poèmes* (The Last Poems) of Abbé Jean Barthès. François Coppée provides an appropriate preface to these exquisite verses, which have won for their regretted author—Abbé Barthès died in 1904—the admiration and esteem of a large portion of Catholic France.

—A "Bishop Spalding Year Book," compiled by Minnie R. Cowan, is among the autumn announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. The works of the Bishop of Peoria provide abundant material for such a volume, and we feel sure that Miss Cowan's selections will include many aphorisms, not only of striking expression, but of some actual helpfulness to the reader.

—Methuen & Co.'s list of new publications includes "A Book Called in Latin *Enchiridion Militis Christiani*, and in English the Manual of the Christian Knight, replenished with most wholesome precepts, made by the famous clerk Erasmus of Rotterdam, to which is added a new and marvellous profitable preface." This new edition is from the one printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1533.

—The current *Messenger* pays a warm and discriminating tribute to its late associate editor, the Rev. James Conway, S. J. The deceased Jesuit was a capable linguist, a distinguished theologian, and an exceptionally able essayist. He wrote several important pamphlets on educational matters, translated German works on morals and socialism, and edited, in English, Father Wilmers' "Handbook of the Christian Religion." The *Messenger* is to be consoled with on the loss to its editorial staff of so capable a writer. *R. I. P.*

—Sir Edward Elgar, who sailed recently for Europe, will return to this country next spring, to serve, jointly with Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken, as one of the conductors of the Cincinnati May biennial festival. This is the result of a series of negotiations conducted by the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association, of which Mr. Lawrence Maxwell, Jr., is president. An important clause in the agreement provides that the well-known English composer is not to appear as conductor elsewhere during this visit, which will be signalized by the performance of his oratorio *The Dream of Gerontius*, and *The Apostles*.

An interesting biography of Sir Edward has been published by John Lane Co. The book is written by R. J. Buckley, and has just appeared in the series entitled "Living Masters of Music."

—"Credo" is not an especially happy title for a volume of stories for the young, even though the stories be religious ones. That, however, is the name which Mary Lape Fogg gives to a charming collection of tales "illustrative of the Apostles' Creed." The Angel Guardian Press has issued the book in handsome form.

—An important admission made by Mr. Charles Henry Lincoln, editor of the "Calendar of John Paul Jones' Manuscripts," is noted by the *Catholic Messenger*. In an article contributed to the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Lincoln remarks: "Jones was not the founder of the American navy. This claim, to be sure, has been made for him by certain biographers; but let us be just rather than generous."

—In the Macmillan Co.'s announcement of new publications we note two books by Mr. Marion Crawford—"Fair Margaret: A Portrait," and "Venice," a companion volume to "Ave Roma Immortalis" and "The Rulers of the South." The same publishers will issue Mr. William O'Brien's "Recollections," the story of his life from his birth in 1852 down to 1883, when "the Parnellite movement was in full swing."

—The library of Judge Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, soon to be sold at auction, contains the largest collection in private hands of books printed by Benjamin Franklin, and also a large number of important documents and letters written by him. The Washington items are headed by an autograph diary kept by George Washington. The library is also remarkable in that it is said to contain the largest known collection of early Pennsylvania imprints, among them the Saur Bible. Early almanacs and early American magazines and newspapers will be further features of this sale.

—A complete translation, the first to be made, of Antonio Pigafetta's account of Magellan's voyage around the world, is announced by the Arthur H. Clark Co. The original text, with numerous maps, plates and facsimiles, will accompany the English version. Pigafetta was an Italian of noble family, interested in navigation and fond of travel. Happening to be in Spain when Magellan was about to sail, he secured permission to accompany the expedition. Pigafetta kept a detailed account of the incidents of the voyage, and faithfully recorded his observations on the geography, climate, and resources

of the numerous strange countries visited or described to him. This important work has been translated, edited, and annotated by James A. Robertson, of the editorial staff of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," and co-editor of "The Philippine Islands: 1493-1898." In order to insure a faithful version of the text, Mr. Robertson paid a visit to Milan and personally undertook the task of transcription.

—The erudition of the London *Athenæum* is illustrated by the following paragraph, which we find in a lengthy review of a recent work on ivories, by Alfred Maskell, F. S. A.:

The celebrated ivory "Virgin de las Batallas," preserved in the Royal Chapel of S. Fernando of Seville, has, unfortunately, escaped the author's notice. This is Spanish of the thirteenth century, 43 centimetres (=16.97 in.) in height, and represents the Blessed Virgin seated on an octagonal seat, bearing on her knee the Infant Saviour, whom she supports with the left hand. Each figure of this statuette wears a crown of silver gilt, which ornaments, although ancient, do not appear to be the original ones. There are holes which indicate that this ivory was fixed by means of an iron cramp to the bow of a saddle, and thus carried by a warrior into battle, in order that, in the height of the combat, he should not be parted from the beloved objects of his Christian worship,—a pious practice used in olden days in Spain. It has been conjectured, probably with accuracy, that this relic signalizes the presence of a new style in Spain, and the separation from Byzantine influences, which were so long a dominant characteristic in the arts of that country.

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.

- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.
- "The Yoke of Christ." Rev. Robert Eaton. \$1, net.
- "Some Little London Children." Mother M. Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "Ireland's Story." Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. \$1.55.
- "The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." Canon Fleming. 75 cts., net.
- "Sermons Preached at St. Edmund's College." \$1.60, net.
- "The Common Lot." Robert Herrick. \$1.50.

- "Jubilee Gems of the Visitation Order." \$1.
- "Plain Chant and Solesmes." Dom Paul Cagin, Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B. 45 cts., net.
- "Reminiscences of an Oblate." Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C. 75 cts., net.
- "The Mirror of St. Edmund." 80 cts., net.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.
- "The Cenacle." 54 cts.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.
- "Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sadlier. \$1, net.
- "Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.
- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.
- "A Story of Fifty Years." \$1, net.
- "The Ridingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Mulcahy. \$1, net.
- "Notes on Christian Doctrine." Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

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

- Rev. Gregory Zern, of the diocese of Fort Wayne. Brothers Charles and Vincent, C. P.
 - Sister M. Gregory, of the Servants of the Heart of Mary; Sister M. of St. Seraphine, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Mother M. Marcella, O. S. U.
 - Mr. August Smith and Mrs. Mary Butler, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Egan, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Peter McCarvill, N. Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Clement Heiny, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. J. N. Muchland, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Miss Katherine McCarthy, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Michael Ryan, Cashel, Ireland; Mr. Frank Hamel, Williamantic, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Huber and Mrs. Julia Spallane, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Sarah Falsey, Waverly, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Rogers and Mr. Patrick Murnane, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Cook, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Francis Walsh, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. H. Brady, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. David Russell, Bridgeport, Conn.; and Mr. Jacob Plunkard, Canton, Ohio.
- Requiescant in pace!*



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.

NO. 12.

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

Ave Maria!

(On a painting of the Blessed Virgin and Child.)

BY BENJAMIN COCKER.

HAIL, Holy Mother, full of grace!
The light that shines from out thy face
Tells of a love divine.

Give me a spark of that same fire,
Give me the grace to lift me higher
To share thy trust sublime.

The look the Child gives back to thee,
Oh, may He give it once to me,
And may He too be mine!

The Apostle of the North.

BY DARLEY DALE, AUTHOR OF "ANCHORESSES OF THE WEST," "MONASTERIES OF GREAT BRITAIN," ETC.



WEDEN, owing to the recent royal marriage, is just now a topical subject; so that a brief account of St. Ansgar, the Apostle of the North, may be of interest. Anglican writers are fond of claiming that Sweden, now so bitterly Lutheran, owes its Christianity to England; but, though English missionaries did certainly contribute to the conversion of all Scandinavia, French missionaries had quite as much to do with it, and the Apostle of Sweden and Denmark was a Frenchman.

St. Ansgar, whose name takes the various forms of Anschaire, Eske, Asker, and Asgeir, was a French Benedictine

monk. He was born at Amiens on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, 801, and was nearly connected with the French royal family. His mother died when he was five years old; and his father sent him to the Benedictine school at Corbie, about ten miles from Amiens.

The legend of his life* tells us that, as a little boy, he was very fond of play and of jokes, until one night he had a vision, in which he seemed to be in a slippery, muddy place, from which he could not escape. Outside this swamp he saw standing a most lovely lady of surpassing grace and beauty, and with her many other ladies, including his own mother. When, child-like, he wished to run to his mother, the principal lady, whom he believed to be the Blessed Virgin, spoke to him, and told him that if he hoped to belong to her company, he must give up vain and frivolous things, and lead a more serious life; and from that time a great change took place in him, and he began to show signs of future sanctity.

At thirteen he received the Benedictine habit, and was tonsured, after which he gave himself to prayer and abstinence, and began to languish with divine love. The next thing that influenced him was the death of the Emperor Charlemagne, for whom he had a great admiration and affection.

The Abbot of Corbie, at that time one Adalhard, and his brother Wale, were relations of Charlemagne, and

* Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum. Fant. Vol. ii.

celebrated men.* They were splendid teachers; and under them, and other learned monks at Corbie, Ansgar studied very hard, and with such success that at the age of seventeen he and his friend Witmar were promoted to be teachers; Ansgar being afterward made master of St. Peter's School in Corbie, with Witmar under him.

When he was seventeen he had another vision, in which he saw heaven open, and heard a voice telling him to go back to earth, and promising him that he should return to heaven with a martyr's crown. Hereafter he ardently desired martyrdom. But his desire was not literally granted; for he did not die a martyr's death, though for many years he did what is harder—he lived a martyr's life.

When he was master at St. Peter's, a tragic occurrence caused him great pain. One of the boys was killed by a companion; and, as he was under Ansgar's care, he was greatly grieved. But he was comforted by another vision, in which he saw the boy, who had borne his sufferings very patiently, carried to heaven by angels, and numbered among the martyrs.†

In 822 Hoxter founded the monastery of Paderborn, in New Corbie. Dom Wale went there as abbot, and took Ansgar with him as a teacher (*scholasticus*) in the monastery school attached to all Benedictine abbeys. He was now a priest, and his work in the new monastery was greatly blessed; but he was not allowed to remain there more than a few years.

In 826 Harold became King of Denmark. His wife and his suite came to Ingelheim, one of the principal seats of Charlemagne, where his successor, the Emperor Louis, was now holding a parliament. While here, Harold and all his party were baptized; and the Danish King asked the Emperor for

missionaries to propagate the Faith in Scandinavia. This, somehow, came to the ears of the Abbot Wale, and he at once suggested Ansgar as the best person to be entrusted with such a mission. Accordingly, Ansgar was sent on what was an expedition of much danger; and with him went another monk, named Autbert, from the old monastery at Corbie.

They began their apostolic labors at Rinstri in Nordalbingen, the name given in the Middle Ages to the country north of the Elbe. Their first act was to found a school, in which heathen boys could be educated for the priesthood. Autbert, who had asked to accompany Ansgar, died in 829; and in the following year Ansgar was sent by Louis to Sweden as a missionary, and another monk named Gislebert took his place in Denmark. There is a great discrepancy in the date assigned for this mission to Sweden by the Icelandic historian of Sweden, translated into Latin by Eric Fant,* who places it at 845, and Wetzer and Welte,† who put it fifteen years earlier.

Björn, King of Sweden, had sent legates to Louis to ask for some suitable men as missionaries, to come to Sweden to preach Christianity to his people, who had heard of the Catholic religion from prisoners and merchants of our Faith, and desired to embrace it.

Ansgar, at Louis' request, gladly undertook this mission; and his friend accompanied him. One night before they started, Ansgar was rapt in ecstasy, and saw a brilliant light brighter than the sun, and heard a voice saying: "Go and preach the word of God." On their way to Sweden, they were attacked by robbers, and stripped of all they possessed, so that they reached Birchoe, or Birka, on the Malarsee, empty-handed; but they were kindly received by the Swedish King.

* Kirchen Lexikon, Wetzer and Welte, vol. i.

† Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum.

* Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum, tom. iii.

† Kirchen Lexikon, vol. i.

Eric, the prefect, was baptized, and built a church; and in 831, following the German chronology, Ansgar was made Archbishop of Hamburg; Louis having, with the consent of Pope Gregory IV., decided to erect an archbishopric there, as the metropolitan See for all these Northern nations, for the confirmation of Christianity among them. After his consecration Ansgar went to Rome to receive the pallium, and the Holy Father bestowed on him also the dignity of Apostolic Legate to Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Slavonia.

The Emperor Louis endowed him with the monastery of Turholt; and Ebbo, Archbishop of Rheims, gave him a monastery he had founded at Welamo. He now began his apostolic labors in Nordalbingen; while Gautbert, whom he consecrated bishop under the name of Simon, went to Sweden, where he remained till forced by heathen enemies to flee. The Swedish mission, after Bishop Simon's enforced flight, was kept up by one Ardgar, a hermit, to whom Ansgar entrusted it. In the meanwhile Ansgar had built in Hamburg a cathedral, also a monastery, in which, as at Turholt, he educated captive boys and slaves, whom he had redeemed from slavery, as missionaries; and a valuable library.

Some pirates besieged Hamburg in 837, and destroyed, by fire, the city, including the cathedral, the monastery, the library, and many of the books; and Ansgar lost everything except the sacred vessels, which, with great difficulty, he saved. He bore this his spiritual martyrdom with heroic patience, saying with Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" But even a more bitter trial was in store for him; for on his fleeing to Leuderich, Bishop of Bremen, for refuge in his sore distress, that prelate scornfully refused to receive him. History is silent as to

the reasons for Leuderich's unchristian conduct.

Many of Ansgar's clergy also forsook him. But under all these trials he labored on, more assiduously than ever. His patron, the Emperor Louis, died about this time; and his successor, Carl, or Charles the Bald, gave Ansgar's monastery of Turholt, to which he was greatly attached, to Reginar.

A pious lady named Tkia took pity on his misfortunes, and gave him some property in the bishopric of Verden, near Hamburg, where he afterward built a monastery. Fortunately for Ansgar, Charles the Bald was Emperor for only a year; and when Louis the German succeeded him, Ansgar got on better. For, though the new Emperor could not give Turholt back to him, yet when Leuderich died, he united his bishopric of Bremen with Hamburg, and gave it to Ansgar; and a few years later, at a synod at Paderborn, the bishops made Ansgar archbishop of the united provinces, which union was confirmed by Pope Nicholas I.

In the meanwhile Ansgar devoted himself to Scandinavian missions. As Louis' legate, he established a union between him and Eric I. of Denmark, although the latter was a heathen; and then obtained permission to build in Schleswig Holstein a church to the Blessed Virgin, which was the first church in Denmark, though there were many Christians, and Christianity was now established in that country.*

He now turned his attention again to Sweden; for the Swedes, since their expulsion of Gautbert or Simon, had had no priest for seven years, and Ansgar feared they would lose the Faith. The Swedes, who hated the name of Christian in those days as much as they hate the name of Catholic now, had murdered Gautbert's nephew, Nitard, before they exiled him. And they appear to have taken very drastic

* Kirchen Lexikon.

measures to effect the good Bishop's exile; for there exists an old picture in which he is represented as being driven away by them with whips.

Ansgar, accompanied by Erimbert, a relation of Gautbert, who dared not return to his former bishopric, now went again to Birka, where the King gave him permission to say Mass. But at first the difficulties in Sweden were very great. The large majority of the people were still heathen. Olaf's parliament, however, passed a resolution permitting the two missionaries to preach the Gospel, and Olaf himself gave the site for a church.

The Icelandic legend records two miracles said to have been worked by Ansgar during this visit. On one occasion, when he was about to preach to a vast crowd in the open air, before the church was built, he suggested to the people that they should pray to their false gods for rain, and then he would pray to the true God whom he came to preach to them, as a test of His power. The people accepted the challenge, and prayed to their false gods; but no rain fell. Then Ansgar prayed, and the rain fell in torrents, but not a drop on him and the boy who was with him.

When the church was built, Ansgar was very ill,—apparently with an attack of sciatica, for we are told the pain in his thigh was intense and he could not move, but had to be carried into the church. The people, still heathen, wanted him to sacrifice to their gods, that he might be cured. Ansgar, of course, refused. But he prayed in the church that he might be healed there for their sakes; and he was, and rose up and walked home.*

Meanwhile Erimbert's mission was prospering; and Ansgar, who was obliged to go to Denmark, was filled with hope for its success,—which hope was eventually fulfilled. When Ansgar

reached Jutland, he found that the young King Eric II., who had been wavering between Christianity and paganism, had remained true to the Christian religion; and now not only permitted a second church to be built in the province of Ribe, but also allowed bells to be rung to summon people to Mass in the church in Schleswig.

Ansgar was now able to return to his bishopric, where he passed the remainder of his life, practising the same mortifications and austerities as in his youth, when bread and water were his usual food. He kept the rule of his Order most strictly, earning his daily bread by manual labor, though an archbishop; and passing the rest of his time in prayer, the Divine Office, and his episcopal duties. By exercising economy and self-renunciation in everything, he obtained means to support his various charities, which included presents to heathen princes and endowments for the various missions. He continued to redeem slaves and poor captives, and built a hospital for them in Bremen.

He wore haircloth night and day, and led so mortified a life that, in the lessons for his feast in the Linköping Breviary, he is said to have been scarcely anything but skin and bone during his last illness, which lasted for four months. He died in Bremen on February 3, 865, in his sixty-fourth year. He was buried there; and his successor, Rimbert, placed him among the saints. Pope Nicholas I. confirmed this canonization.

Ansgar was frequently favored with visions. Besides those already mentioned, he had one terrible experience. St. Peter and St. John, whom he recognized, appeared to him in a trance which lasted three days, and led him to Purgatory, where he suffered such torture that it seemed to him to be a thousand years. The darkness was intense; he felt suffocated, and weighed

* *Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum*

down with a tremendous pressure, till at last the saints returned and took him out.*

So long as Scandinavia remained loyal to the Church, St. Ansgar was greatly venerated there. The costliest shrines in the North contained his relics up to the so-called Reformation; and, till then, his feast was widely kept on the 3d of February. Of his writings, only two remain: "The Life and Miracles of St. Willebad"; and a collection of short prayers called "Pigmenta," which was reissued in a volume of the Breviary, published in 1844, in Hamburg.†

His Deed Alone.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

"I DON'T like it, Phil. All our lives we have had nothing to do with these Romanists. I wish you'd give them up."

Dr. Philip Clarence threw back his head and laughed.

"Turk, Jew, atheist or Roman Catholic,—they're all the same to me, dear. A doctor can not choose his patients, but must accept all who come. And, really, these people are quite nice; and, what's more, they pay promptly."

"I'm sorry we have to take their money, Phil."

"Now, that's bigotry pure and simple. Don't give way to it, little woman. But"—pushing his chair back as he rose from the luncheon table—"I must be off. I've a long round to make to-day."

"Take me with you, Phil!" his young wife cried. "It's dull without you, and I've a lot to talk to you about as we drive from one place to another."

"If it wouldn't bore you, dear,"—his face lighting with a brilliant smile.

"It would be a pleasure to have you."

"Bore me? The idea! I'll be back in a second, Phil." And she hurried away to put on her hat.

The round that afternoon was a particularly long one, and by the time the Doctor's carriage drew up at the door of the house wherein resided the obnoxious "Romanists," Mrs. Clarence was feeling somewhat weary.

"I may be in here for an hour and more," Dr. Philip said; "as there are two or three patients to interview. So if you feel tired, go home, dear, and send back the carriage."

"No, no! I'll get out and take a walk, Phil. That will rest me." And she looked smilingly into his face, as she stepped out and stood beside him at the gate.

"Very well, dear."

The hall door now opened, and he walked up the garden path and disappeared into the house.

"Dear old Phil!" she sighed, walking off down the road. "I trust these people will not cast any spell upon him. But"—laughing—"I am a goose. After all, they must be very like other folk."

Mrs. Clarence was by no means a good walker, and before long she began to wish herself back in the carriage. A thundershower that morning had wet the grass: to sit down by the roadside was out of the question.

As she stood wishing for a stile or stone upon which to rest, the bell from a neighboring church rang out upon the summer breeze.

"A service now! How strange!" she thought. "And how lucky for me! I'll go in and take a seat."

The interior of the church was unlike anything she had ever seen; and, passing up the middle aisle, she sat down close to the altar-rails. Then came the tramp of many feet. Before the bell had ceased ringing, the congregation began to pour in. In a short time the place was full.

* *Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum*. Fant.

† *Kirchen Lexikon*, vol. i., p. 906.

"How low they bow! How absorbed they—ah!" With a gasp and a shiver, Hilda Clarence all at once realized that she was in a Catholic church. "I'll go! It's dreadful!" she thought in horror. "I—" But at that moment a priest entered the pulpit; and she sank back into her seat, too shy and nervous to pass down the aisle in the face of such a congregation.

The priest was young, with a calm, sweet look, and earnest, deep-set eyes. He spoke of Our Lord's love for sinners; and as his burning words, each one telling of the faith that was within him, fell upon Hilda's ears, she forgot where she was, and listened with rapt attention.

The sermon ended, the candles were lit amongst the flowers upon the altar, the organ pealed forth, and a priest, surrounded by acolytes, came out of the sacristy. Then, as the Blessed Sacrament was placed high above the Tabernacle, everyone bowed low in prayer and adoration.

Not far from Hilda knelt the young preacher; and, without attempting to move from her seat, she watched him with a feeling of awe and wonder.

As the last words of the *O Salutaris* died away, he raised his head, and, looking at her, said in a whisper:

"Our dear Lord is there upon His throne. Won't you kneel down?"

"Thank you!" she replied stiffly. "I prefer to sit."

He turned away, with a little sigh, and became absorbed once more in prayer.

"This is no place for me," Hilda told herself, uneasily. "I wish I could get away! Won't Phil laugh when I tell him where I have been?"

The singing ceased. The organ played softly. Then all was still.

"Kneel down now,—you *must*!" whispered the priest by her side. "Our Lord is about to give us His blessing. Don't refuse it. Kneel down!"

She gave him a scornful glance, and answered shortly:

"I don't believe, and prefer to keep my seat."

Her words brought a look of pain into the earnest eyes, a flush into the pale face; and, as the priest's head bent lower and lower, she felt a sudden qualm of conscience for her rudeness.

"But he should leave me alone," she thought, haughtily. "What business has he to dictate to me? I'll do as I please." And she sat up stiff and straight as the bell rang and the Blessed Sacrament was raised aloft, the people prostrate and adoring.

The prayers "in reparation" said, the Blessed Sacrament put back in the Tabernacle, the last psalm sung, the priest and acolytes returned to the sacristy, and the young preacher genuflected and slowly left the church. Then the congregation began to disperse, and Hilda looked at her watch.

"Phil will not be ready yet," she thought. "These tiresome patients will keep him another good half hour. All is over here. I'll sit on, and when everyone departs look round the church. It is a handsome building."

When the lights were out upon the altar and everyone had departed, Hilda at last rose and in a leisurely fashion began to stroll round the sacred edifice. She was in a cynical mood, ready to criticise and find fault with everything as she went along. But presently, as she entered the Lady chapel, she gave a start, and changed color. A catafalque, three tall wax candles on either side, stood in front of the altar; and she shuddered as she looked at it.

"Death! What a hateful thing to remind one of!"

And, with a scared look, she was hurrying away, when a tall, spare-looking priest suddenly glided out from behind the dark catafalque, and paused silently before her. He was very pale; his hair was white as snow; his hands

were like alabaster, pure and without a spot, and exquisitely formed. There was a soft and radiant light in his grey eyes, a look of peace and joy in his delicate and almost transparent countenance.

Spellbound, Hilda gazed at him, unable to move or speak. A subtle and wonderful change came over her as she met his eyes, fixed with sweetness and longing upon her face. All her cynicism fell away from her. She felt no resentment at his stopping her, was no longer anxious to hurry out of the church.

"My child,"—his voice was sweet and melodious—"you wish to become a Catholic?"

Hilda started, and caught wildly at a bench. His words thrilled her. She felt ready to faint.

"No, no! You are mistaken," she stammered. "I came in here by accident. I am a Protestant, have been one all my life, and have no wish to change."

"Oh, yes, you have!"—he spoke very gently. "I see into your heart and know all your feelings and desires. The Catholic Church, founded by our Lord Jesus Christ, is the one true Church. Into its holy fold you must enter; that is God's wish. So go now, without loss of time, to the Presbytery close by, and ask to see Father Butler. Tell him I sent you, and ask him to instruct you in the doctrines and mysteries of our Faith. God bless you! Make no delay."

He raised his hand, and Hilda bent low as he made the Sign of the Cross over her. When she raised her head, he was gone. Without a sound, he had passed away; and, looking round, she saw that she was alone. The church was quite deserted.

In all haste, Hilda made her way to the Presbytery; and when Father Butler came into the parlor in answer to her summons, she said firmly and eagerly:

"Father, I am anxious to become a Catholic. Will you instruct and receive me? The priest in the church told me you would, and I hope and pray that you will do so."

He looked at her closely, inquiringly.

"My child, I will do as you wish with pleasure. But what priest spoke to you in the church? Was it Father Digby, who preached?"

"No,"—her color rising as she recalled her rudeness to the young preacher. "It was an old man, with a beautiful face, and slender, snow-white hands, his silvery hair like an aureole of light round his head."

Father Butler gave her a puzzled, bewildered glance.

"There is no such priest here," he observed. "In fact, I am the only one. Father Digby came over from his monastery, nine miles away, to preach, and left immediately after Benediction. I saw him go myself."

"It was, it must have been, a stranger, then. Ask the sacristan. He must have seen him. He came to me from behind the catafalque in the side chapel."

Father Butler started, and an awed, wondering look came into his eyes. But, without making any remark, he turned and rang the bell.

"John," he asked, as the sacristan, a thoughtful, grave man came in, "was there a strange priest in the church this afternoon, before, during, or after Benediction?"

"No, Father,—not one. You and Father Digby are the only priests we've had here for many a day."

"I saw him as clearly as I see you," Hilda insisted; "and every word he said rings in my ears still. He told me that I must become a Catholic, that such was God's desire. When I heard that, every doubt left me. I longed to be instructed and baptized."

"My child, and so you shall be, and that without delay. But now"—Father Butler's voice trembled a little—"look

round these walls. Examine these portraits. Is there one amongst them anything like the priest who spoke to you in the church?"

Hilda passed slowly down the room, her eyes upon the various photographs and engravings that hung upon the dingy paper. Father Butler stood watching her in silence. Her earnestness had deeply impressed him, whilst her straightforward and firm account of her conversation with the strange priest bewildered and puzzled him. He could not doubt the truth of her statement. But, as reason and common-sense told him that she was mistaken, he assured himself that the whole thing was the result of a too lively imagination.

Suddenly an exclamation from Hilda interrupted his reflections.

"Why, here he is!" she exclaimed joyfully,—“the dear old man—only not half so beautiful! O Father Butler,”—turning quickly round—“if you could have seen his heavenly expression—the sweetness of his glance”—her eyes shining—“when he spoke! But of course you know him: ‘Father John Egan,’”—reading the name written across the bottom of a large photograph; “else why should he be here? But”—with a start and quick change of color—“*R. I. P.* What—oh, what does that mean? I thought—”

“‘May he rest in peace!’ Yes, my child,”—Father Butler’s voice was full of emotion—“he is dead. Exactly one year ago to-day Father John Egan breathed his last. This morning I said a Requiem Mass for his soul in the Lady chapel where you saw the catafalque.”

“O Father!”—Hilda grew white as marble, her eyes had a startled look,—“then he—”

“Came to you from heaven. Praise be to God! Don’t be alarmed, child,”—with grave, sweet earnestness. “Our dear Lord sent him to you.”

“Oh, and I was so hard, so unbelieving, as I sat near the altar, just a little while before!” sobbed Hilda. “His coming changed all. When may I be a Catholic, Father Butler?”

“Soon, my child,—very soon. Your conversion comes from God. ’Tis His deed alone.”

“But Father Egan—”

“Was allowed by God to touch your heart and open your eyes to the truth. Father Egan’s great devotion whilst here on earth was to pray for the conversion of England. On this his first anniversary, our dear Lord has allowed him to add to his glory and happiness by bringing you into the one true Fold. Praised be the name of Jesus now and for evermore!”

.
All this happened many years ago, and Hilda is now old and grey and very feeble. Philip, the loved husband of her youth, is long since dead. But she does not repine. Before he went, he was a good and fervent Catholic; and as she breathes a prayer for his soul she knows that in God’s time they will be surely united again for all eternity. Her children, babies at the moment of her conversion, were also baptized, and brought up faithful members of the Church. Their little ones too, growing up now round their grandmother’s knees, are safely within the Fold. So the Faith is spread. And as Hilda listens to their infant voices as they lisp the “Hail Mary,” or “God bless grandmamma!” she sighs happily:

“His deed alone. Yes, for He is the Creator and Ruler of the universe. But, under God, we owe our happiness and salvation to that faithful and loving soul, Father John Egan. Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints!”

IN China to converse is “to chat on the weather.” The art of conversation is much the same in other countries.

The Return.*

I HAVE sown, but the soil was barren;
 I have eaten, yet hunger still;
 I have drunk of life's running waters,
 Nor yet have had my fill.
 I have clothed myself in raiment,
 And I am yet acold;
 And into bags with holes I put
 My wages scant of gold.

The skies that arch above me
 Have stayed their blessed dew,
 The Earth denies her bounty,
 And yields me only rue.
 I have left Thy house, O Master,
 And hastened to mine own;
 I am as one forgotten,—
 Aye, forsaken and alone!

O Master, I am humbled!
 Down to the earth I bow.
 let me once more serve Thee,—
 See, I am ready now!
 Bless Thou the seed I scatter,
 Bless Thou this toil of mine;
 Sower and harvest, Master,
 For evermore are Thine!

* * *

Soggarth Aroon.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN
 AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE
 IN DOON."

WHEN I served on the English mission, frequent house-to-house visits in my district formed, as I remember with mixed feelings, no unimportant part of my ordinary duties. This system of visitation is undoubtedly a very useful, or rather a very necessary, one for the interests of religion in the non-Catholic atmosphere of an English city. The streets which formed my district were inhabited by people of the poorer working class, who, it is almost needless to say, were predominantly Irish by birth or descent. There were whole streets as Irish and

Catholic as any in Dublin or Cork; and one could hear there every variety of accent, from the hard, harsh pronunciation of Antrim to the soft, rich brogue of Kerry; and from the plausible, insinuating tongue of Dublin to the broad, Gaelic-flavored burr of Connaught.

To go amongst them was a source of pleasure to me in one sense, and of pain in another. It was a pleasure to receive their warm, friendly Irish welcome; and it was a saddening, painful thing to see how indifferent many of them had grown in the practice of their religious duties. They were poor, too,—most of them wretchedly so. Poor they came over to Liverpool in the famine years; and poor, for the most part, they and their children remained ever since. I knew some who had come to England as return cargo at a nominal fare in coal-boats, in "the bad times"; and after long years of toil and privations, their material condition was little, if at all, improved, from the day they were shot out as so much rubbish on the quays, friendless, starving, and, worse still, possibly already fever-stricken.

I confess it often brought a lump into my throat to see, in my rounds among them, an aged Irishwoman sitting by a cold, cheerless grate, or stove, in some miserable slum-house, with a sad, far-away look in her tear-dimmed, weary eyes, plainly betokening to my fancy that she was dreaming of a cottage in holy Ireland, situated, mayhap, on a pleasant green hillside or in a smiling valley, in which she spent her happy girlhood, but which she could never see again. I must return, however, to my theme, which is the Mountain Parish.

Some time after I was fairly settled down in the Mountain Parish, the bright thought struck me that, as I was not overburdened with work, I might, profitably to my people, and with agreeable variety to myself, introduce

* Aggeus, i, 6.

the English system of house-to-house visitation among them. In the excess, perhaps, of my zeal, and, as I afterward thought, in the superabundant exuberance of my missionary enterprise, I accordingly started off one fine morning for a round of visits, taking the leading road, or rather "boreen," up the mountain-side. I had a blackthorn in hand, and was armed with the census book which my predecessor had compiled.

I may say, in passing, that I considered this book defective and incomplete in many particulars; and it was my intention to bring out an improved and emended edition of it, with marginal notes regarding the different entries,—notes that might, perhaps, prove useful to future curates. This, to my mind, was a further proof of the necessity of the course on which I was about to embark. I noticed, in looking over the book, that the compiler had been careless, at times, in registering the ages of the members of the various families, in cases more especially where they were all grown up. Thus, in the record of "Honorina Duffy, widow," whose family consisted of five girls and one boy, the youngest, the latter was registered as twenty-six years of age; and after the name of the oldest girl, Mary Brigid, there was, in the age column, a note of interrogation, with ditto down the column opposite the names of the other girls. In another place I saw this entry: "Sarah Moran, unmarried; age, 31—(*moryagh*)."

I intended to remedy such defects as these.

In every house I visited, I received, needless to say, a kindly welcome, and invariably an invitation to "rest and take an air o' the fire," although the weather was then warm. I kept the object of my mission steadily in view, however; and made paternal inquiries in each household whether or not all went to Mass regularly, and attended to their religious duties. In some cases,

at least, before replying to these interrogations, the people thus challenged looked at me in surprised astonishment, or, as I imagined, in suppressed amusement, apparently uncertain whether or not I was serious. When they understood that I was in earnest, the answer generally was:

"Yes, your reverence, with the help of God. Sure, what other consolation have we but our Mass and our religion, thanks be to God for everything!"

I noticed, after I had made some few visits, that my going around in this manner, book in hand, caused no small commotion among the people. They were not used to see their curate perambulating the parish in this systematic way, except when on his "oats-quest"; and, as that was then over and past, it evidently puzzled them to know what could possibly be the object of this strange manœuvre of mine. I think some of them came to the conclusion that I was engaged in making a collection,—introducing, maybe, some sort of newfangled and hitherto unheard-of parish "dues." As I forged my way steadily up the mountain from house to house, leaving none unvisited, this explanation of my movements seemed certainly a plausible and not improbable one.

Some houses were forewarned of my coming by lynx-eyed youngsters, who saw me from afar and scurried home from the meadows or cornfields to startle the household with the news: "The priest is comin'!" In such cases I found the kitchen "swept and garished," and the woman of the house and her daughters in immaculate aprons, and with hands and faces suspiciously clean and fresh-looking for a working-day. In other cases, however, my advent was not noticed in sufficient time for the womenfolk to make so elaborate a toilet. Then, if the man of the house happened to be within, he would come to the gate of the "bawn"

and hold me in conversation, in order, as I judged, to give the women time "to put a face on the house," and perform a hasty ablution. In a few instances I was almost unheralded; a barefooted and draggle-skirted "slip of a girl" having, perhaps, just time to rush precipitately into the kitchen, say "Here's the priest!" and then made her escape.

The good woman of the house, however, generally held her ground and received me, all unrepresentable though she might be in an apron made of cheap gingham. Although I waved the matter as utterly beneath my notice, she would insist on making profuse apologies for having been "caught in the dirt," and bewailing her want of foreknowledge of my coming; while at the same time she wiped a chair for me to "sit and rest"; and brushed dog, cat or hen out of my way, in a strenuous effort to show me all the attentions possible in the circumstances. I charitably tried to make it appear that I did not notice the embarrassing situation, although I could not help seeing many laughable things while seemingly absorbed in my census book. I think, anyway, that I observed more than the most suspicious of them would give me credit for; but it was with a sympathetic eye, not a cynical or unfriendly one.

As for the little children, they showed no disposition to evade me, no matter how utterly and unspeakably unrepresentable they might happen to be. Despite frowns and mute warnings from the women to induce them to stay in the background, they crowded around in their scanty, well-ventilated garments, and regarded me in wide-eyed wonder; and the more irresponsible of them ventured so far as to finger my bran-new, silver-mounted umbrella—one of my Liverpool presents—with hands recently employed in kneading a mud-pie.

"It's very hard to keep a stitch of clothes on them at all, Father," one woman said by way of apology for the scarecrow, tattered appearance of a half dozen gossoons of hers. "The way they tear and tatter and flitter everything, they'd want clothes made of leather, so they would. Sure, I'm worn out tryin' to mend for them; for it isn't often poor people can buy new clothes for their children, the creatures, God help them!"

In this manner I continued my visitation for a few hours, correcting my predecessor's census book in many particulars, and adding copious annotations. When I inquired, however, about ages in order to supply omissions which I found here and there in the book, I got rather dubious information. The girls were not sure about their natal year; and their mothers, through "bad mimory," and the "confusements" of life, had quite lost count of Mary's or Brigid's age. It dawned on me at last that, as the girls were unmarried, and had a seasoned look about them, to boot, there might possibly be good and sufficient reasons for withholding from me the desired information. In consequence of this suspicion, I made no further inquiry regarding the age of young women who seemed to me to be more than thirty. I let the blanks in the age column stand.

Moreover, after a few trials of this imported English system of visitation among my mountain folk, I concluded it was a work of supererogation. Fishing for souls was unnecessary here. I was struck, too, with the ludicrousness of having to play a game of hide-and-seek with my parishioners when I swooped down on them thus in all the unpreparedness, disorder, and chaotic confusion of a small farmer's house on working-days. In any case, there was no necessity for "Mahomet to go to the mountain," for the mountain came freely enough to Mahomet. Indeed, I

was not long in the parish before my cottage became a sort of Mecca, so numerous were the visitors from among my flock who came seeking advice on all manner of questions, as if I were a Delphic Oracle, or an epitome of human wisdom. I could see that I was expected to be "guide, philosopher and friend" to my parishioners,—every man, woman, and child of them.

All this, no doubt, was very flattering to weak human nature, and calculated to foster in me an overweening opinion of my own consummate wisdom and importance. But the corners had been pretty well rubbed off me by my English experience, a circumstance that made the chances of my being spoiled by kindness here more remote than might otherwise have been the case. Hence, although the Mountain Parish was my first curacy in my diocese, it found me a veteran missionary,—in my own estimation, at least. I must, however, indicate some few of the multifarious offices I was now called on to undertake as curate of this obscure Arcadian parish. I speak, of course, of offices and honors of a quasi-secular kind, thrust on me, willy-nilly, by my parishioners, and not immediately or directly concerned with my purely spiritual duties.

It was plain to me that these faithful, devoted people regarded me, their *soggarth aroon*, as everything to them: a disinterested adviser, a trusted, although unfeeling, doctor and lawyer, and an unfailing friend in every need. "Who else have we to go to," they would say, "for comfort or assistance in our trials or difficulties but our good priests, God bless them, that always stood to us?"

I noticed, at the same time, that in speaking to me they seldom ventured on anything even approaching familiarity,—except, indeed, that an old man or woman might address me as "*avie*, *machree*," or give me an emphatic poke when telling me something, to

drive home a point in an argument. The younger people, however, would invariably approach with an indefinable mixture of deference, respect, and veneration that always touched me. They looked on me, evidently, as one altogether above, beyond, and apart from themselves. In their eyes I dwelt "behind the veil," where they durst not enter, and lived and moved in a serene heaven all my own. Hence they would treat me with a reverence almost amounting to fear, as if I were another Moses fresh from familiar converse with God, and "horned" with rays of glory.

Ah, me! how the simple Irish peasantry treasure their *soggarth aroon* in their heart's core! Their affection for him is of the purest and tenderest kind, combining in itself the deep, strong love of parent for child, and the trusting affection of child for parent, the constant love of sister for brother, and the chivalrous affection of brother for sister.

(Conclusion next week.)

Amen Corner.

Before the so-called Reformation, the clergy used to walk annually in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Corpus Christi Day. They mustered at the upper end of Cheapside, and there began to chant the *Pater Noster*, which they continued through the whole length of the street, thence called Paternoster Row, pronouncing the *Amen* at the spot now called Amen Corner; then, beginning the *Ave Maria*, they turned down Ave Maria Lane. After crossing Ludgate they chanted the *Credo* in Creed Lane. An old writer mentions Creed Lane, and remarks that Amen Lane "is lately added thereto"; from which it may be inferred that the processional chanting ended at that spot. Amen Lane no longer exists.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXIV.—LEONORA SENDS FOR EBEN KNOX.

NEXT day Leonora returned from the convent. She was very pale and grave. When at midday she sat opposite her aunt at the table, the latter was struck with the altered appearance of her face. Something of the radiance was gone, as when a flower is suddenly withdrawn from the sun; but the eyes were peaceful, and held a new purpose, a new resolve, in their depths. Miss Tabitha could not understand. The girl was outside of her category. During the course of the repast, Leonora made no allusion whatever to the subject that was uppermost in the minds of the two; but once the meal was over, she said, very quietly:

"Aunt, will you send Mary Jane to the mill to ask the manager to come here, and then leave him alone with me when he arrives?"

Few more disquieting suggestions could have been made to Miss Tabitha. How could she know what the manager might see fit to impart to the girl, in the furtherance of his own designs? And Miss Tabitha felt that she could not endure the look which would come into Leonora's eyes when she had heard all. Still there was, in her niece's manner, that which forbade further discussion of the subject; and she must risk something to procure, as she believed, the accomplishment of her cherished design.

Moreover, Leonora forestalled all argument by going forth into the garden and beginning to walk about there in an aimless and mechanical fashion. Miss Tabitha looked out of the window and saw her standing near the sunflower stalks, idly binding

them up, with a deep sadness in her eyes, as if she were very sorry for the dismantled shrubs. Possibly Tabitha guessed of what she was thinking.

Meanwhile Mary Jane, who loved excitement and had her own attraction toward the mill, sped thither, nothing loath. She knew just at what window she should see Dave, and proceeded there at once. Dave's look of amazement was succeeded by a grin of satisfaction, as Mary Jane made vigorous signs to him to descend. He contrived to do so; though, as he said, Matt Tobin had bidden him to look sharp, and he might not linger. Those pleasant moments in the morning sunlight were spoiled, moreover, by the reflection that no doubt Knox had his eye upon him.

This was, in fact, the case. No sooner had Dave, full of importance, presented himself at the office, to give what he knew would be a welcome message, than the manager taxed him with his momentary absence from work.

"The time you spent gossiping with that young woman below there will be deducted from your wages, with a penalty for interruption of work."

"Matt Tobin gave me leave, sir."

"He had no right to give you leave. What brought the young person here?"

"She's Miss Brown's hired girl."

A look of interest and curiosity came at once into the manager's face; while Dave, who saw his advantage, added:

"It wasn't my fault. The young lady was timorous about comin' into the mill, and she called me down."

"What did she want?"

"She came with a message."

"For whom?"

"For you, sir."

Eben Knox was deeply stirred, but he did not choose to show it.

"She might have given it and gone away again."

Dave was cunning.

"You won't be too hard, Mr. Knox," he said. "Mary Jane she's my girl;

and I guess, sir, 'twas *your* sweetheart that sent her."

Eben Knox's face lightened. In the delight at hearing Leonora so described, he forgave the lad's audacity.

"Give the message!" he said abruptly.

"Miss Lenora wants you to come over as soon as you can. She's just come home and she wants powerful to see you."

Now, Dave somewhat "doctored" the message to make it the more palatable; though he wondered the while what Leonora could want with the manager, and how she could so much as speak to him when she had young Mr. Bretherton for a beau.

Eben Knox not only forgave the lad, but he did an unprecedented thing besides. He bestowed upon him a dollar, enjoining him to take his sweetheart to the circus which was then in the town. His vinegar face relaxed into a smile while he spoke, and he commended Dave for his astuteness. According to his plan of circulating news which he at least desired should come true, he gave his employee clearly to understand that the latter's intuition was right, and that Leonora was not only his sweetheart, but was very soon to be his wife. Having so spoken, he seized his hat and hastened down the stairs.

Dave stood and examined the dollar bill, fearing at first that it might be a counterfeit. Then he carefully stowed it away, chuckling. After this proceeding, he scratched his head and gazed after the retreating figure of Eben Knox, now visible from the window, hurrying down the path by the alder bushes, the shortest cut to Rose Cottage.

"One thing's sure," the lad said to himself. "The boss is mighty set on Miss Lenora,"—for the dollar was more convincing to his mind than the most elaborate array of argument. "He's scuttling away now to the Cottage like a cat after a bird. Well, I swan! If Lenora marries him, I guess women-

folk will marry anybody. Mehbe young Mr. Bretherton ain't come up to the scratch, and Lenora's scared she might be an old maid like Miss Tabithy."

Slowly and reluctantly, Dave went back to his work. He felt as if he had been called away from assisting at a drama.

Leonora, hearing the manager come in at the gate, turned to receive him with much the same feeling with which she would have confronted a wild beast. Knox advanced toward her, his face aglow with a light which to ordinary eyes would have somewhat redeemed its ugliness, and a humility which softened the savagery of his manner. But Leonora took no heed of these signs. If she had been turned to stone, she could not have been more impassive. Her one care was to conceal her inward loathing, and to treat with some semblance of civility this creature for whom she had sent, and whom she hated thus to see in the garden.

"You sent for me?" Eben Knox began tremblingly, almost afraid that Dave had deceived him. "I was told that you wanted me, and I came."

"Yes; I want to speak to you upon a private matter," Leonora answered.

"Perhaps we had better go in then," he said, indicating Mary Jane, who had her nose flattened against the kitchen window, and very possibly her ear in a position convenient for hearing.

Leonora grasped at the suggestion, though she had at first felt as if it would be easier to talk to this man in the open air. She did not want him in her garden.

"Yes, it may be better to go in," she assented, leading the way, much to the disappointment of Mary Jane.

Once in the sitting-room, she seated herself with the same unsmiling composure, and motioned Eben Knox to a seat. If she had been an empress issuing her commands, she could not more completely have marked the distance

between them, nor could Knox have more implicitly obeyed her.

"Mr. Knox," she said, "there is no use in wasting words. You and I can have very little of interest to say to each other. My aunt has, however, told me that you possess some knowledge of the past, some secret of which you make use to terrorize her."

Eben Knox winced at this unpropitious opening of that interview from which he had hoped so much. Leonora spoke with studied cruelty. It was her aim to discourage, if possible, once and forever those aspirations which he had cherished.

"So completely has this terror seized upon her," the girl continued, "that she has declared it impossible for me to enter into an engagement which, as you are aware, was all but announced."

A malignant light shone in the manager's eyes at this allusion.

"I was not aware of any engagement," he said curtly. "On the contrary, I had hopes of inducing you to marry me."

Waiving this remark, which offended her beyond measure, Leonora inquired:

"Is there any truth in my aunt's declaration that my marriage with— with Mr. Bretherton would bring disgrace and misfortune upon him and his family?"

"There is."

"And you mean that I am to forego this marriage?"

"Or marry at your peril."

Eben Knox faced Leonora resolutely as he spoke. Her tone and manner had filled him with a cold and silent fury, which made him eager to wound, to humiliate, to afflict her. He was a very strange sight at the moment, his shambling figure attired in ill-fitting working clothes; his face, begrimed somewhat by the dust of the mill, more pallid than ever in the stress of his emotion; and his cavernous eyes burning with a fire of hate and malignancy.

But even his repulsiveness was unnoted by Leonora, who had merely a shuddering consciousness of his presence and of his sentiments in her regard.

By a singular incongruity there came before her the vision of Jim Bretherton, in that selfsame room, handsome, laughing, building up a fire upon that hearth. He and she had been foolishly happy that evening, which now seemed so long ago. This recollection brought prominently into relief one of those contrasts which are constantly occurring in life, and which rend the heart and terrify the imagination. In that selfsame scene, so simple in its setting, were enacted a comedy and a tragedy.

"It seems to me," Leonora said, her face paling and her lip quivering, "that I should at least be informed of the precise nature of this mystery, before consenting to take any action."

"It is far better that you should not know," Eben Knox answered; "and, in any case, I am bound to silence."

"My aunt has hinted at some dark tragedy in the past, involving many people. I can not understand what it can possibly be, or how its revival would have the effect which she seems to suppose. Therefore, I beg of you to enlighten me, as you value your own soul, as you value anything in life."

"I value *you*," cried Eben Knox, hoarsely, "far more than anything else in life,—far more than my own soul, if such a thing exists!"

"I beg of you to tell me the truth!" Leonora exclaimed, utterly ignoring this declaration. "Has my aunt exaggerated? Have you deceived her or played upon her feelings? Have you dared to trifle with human happiness, or trade upon human misery by some idle invention?"

"No," answered the manager, "I have invented nothing. Your aunt knows all that I could tell. It is simply a question of binding me to continued silence."

"But, since you have kept this secret

so long, and since its revelation now, as my aunt believes, can do only harm, why do you seek to make it known?"

The manager's face relaxed into the semblance of a smile, which made it only more hideous.

"With all your wisdom, you are very simple. Don't you see, Leonora, that it is because I love you?"

Leonora winced as if she had received a blow; but she was both brave and strong,—brave with a courage rare in one so young; strong with a strength that comes of righteousness. She fixed upon the man before her a look of appeal, which pierced him to the heart, yet which only intensified that hopeless love which devoured him. Never had the girl appeared to him more beautiful than sitting thus in the shaded room, with the sunlight streaming in from an open blind and playing about her. Her face was spiritualized, beautified by the touch of suffering. Her very coldness, her very aloofness, was a powerful stimulus to the man's sentiments.

"Have I not already told you," Leonora said quietly, "that I am all but engaged to another man, and that my engagement was on the point of being announced?"

"It is precisely that which I wish to prevent," he answered vehemently. "Yes, it is because of my fear of that result that I have threatened Miss Tabitha with the disclosure of past secrets. As for the other man, if I could strangle him with these hands of mine, I would rejoice in the act."

There was in this latter declaration a fearful sincerity which caused Leonora to shiver. Her imagination pictured Jim Bretherton done to death by these cruel, claw-like hands,—a victim to the uncontrollable hatred of this wretch, whom she believed to be half mad. She spoke, however, coldly:

"This is not a melodrama, Mr. Knox. We are talking common-sense, and in the twentieth century."

Her coolness had the effect of calming him down and steadying his nerves, while Leonora continued:

"Under the circumstances, I consider your declaration of love an insult."

"And yet," pleaded the wretch, "I have loved you so long! My one aim in life has been to win you; my only sunshine, to catch a glimpse of your face. While your Bretherton was amusing himself upon the other side of the ocean, forgetting your very existence, I was toiling and slaving for that fortune which I hoped you would accept. So, think what you like of me, I can not give you up."

Leonora listened with a growing fear and wonder, and with a touch of pity born of her own love and tenderness for another. Despite her abhorrence of the subject, she had a sense of justice, and she saw that the miserable man, after his own fashion, had been consistent; also that he had, in a certain sense, the right to entertain, if he chose, these sentiments. Only it seemed intolerable that she had to listen while the miserable man poured forth all that had been shut up in his fiery heart during all those years. His uncouth figure, his unlovely face, only added to the pathos. In her innate kindness and womanliness, Leonora perceived this fact rather than the ludicrous element which might have entered into it. She softened her tone, therefore, as she said, gravely:

"You will acquit me of even the slightest attempt to inspire or to encourage the sentiments which you profess. I have been totally ignorant of their existence. Besides, it seems inconsistent to profess to love any one and to act so cruelly toward her."

"Love is cruel as death," the manager said fiercely. "Such love as mine, at least, is like the tempest which sweeps all obstacles before it. Rather than see you married to another man, I would see you dead a hundred times; I would

kill you myself but for the law of the land."

He said this with a cold, repressed vehemence, though his tone was much the same as one might have employed in arranging a business contract.

"We see by the newspapers every day that men kill women who refuse them. So would I do, if I could escape with impunity. Besides, I know it would be the most certain means to defeat my own ends. I hope to prevent your marriage with this other, and ultimately to marry you myself, without resort to violence."

Leonora's calm, steady gaze regarded him as he spoke thus. Her courage rose in proportion as it seemed clear to her that, under certain circumstances, this man might be dangerous. Her pity melted, too, as snow before the sun, because he had dared to threaten her. Her indifference and the stony composure of her demeanor maddened the wretched man.

"You sit there," he said, "like a marble statue, unmoved and contemptuous, as if I were merely raving; and I tell you that I would kill that man, that Bretherton, who has dared to take you from me, with as little compunction as I would destroy a worm, were it not that the act would separate me from you forever. I would have shot him where he stood beside you upon his father's lawn that night, save for that one fact alone."

The forced calmness, the deadly malignity, and the intense determination with which these words were spoken, filled even the courageous heart of the girl with fear,—not for herself, but for that other. She nevertheless continued to regard him as one might regard a wild beast, hoping thus to subdue him. Before she could frame a reply, or warn him that by these very utterances he was making himself amenable to the law, the manager hurried on:

"My alternative at present, should

you proceed with this engagement, is to publish on the housetops the Bretherton secrets, Miss Tabitha's secrets,—my secrets, if you will; to set not only Massachusetts but the whole United States ringing with a new scandal, and to deprive this latest Bretherton of the inheritance he enjoys. I will humble his pride; I will taint his spotless name, and make him and his people rue the day that he ever set eyes on you."

Now, this was an alternative which, indeed, terrified Leonora. What could this secret be, and by what strange irony of fate had it come into the possession of this desperate man? Her eyes distended, her color visibly changed; for against this danger, as she realized, there was no protection. Her eyes grew piteous in their appeal, she clasped and unclasped her slender fingers restlessly, whilst Eben Knox continued:

"On the other hand, Leonora, if you marry me, I will bury this secret forever. It will be my own interest so to do, since Miss Tabitha is involved. I will even destroy all proofs, and—"

He paused a moment, as if to control his emotion and to make the declaration more emphatic.

"I will give you, Leonora—beautiful Leonora,—a love and devotion such as rarely falls to the lot of woman, and which only *you* could inspire. I will give you all that wealth can procure, and will make your life so pleasant that you will have no time for regret. Every whim shall be gratified, every caprice humored. I shall be, not your master, but your slave."

In the hush that followed these words, so vehemently spoken, Leonora's expression changed to something of wistful wonder. How could he, with whom she had scarcely exchanged a word, have learned to feel toward her like this? And, so loving her, how could he suppose that the wealth or other inducements he offered could

in any degree influence her decision? When she spoke, however, it was with firmness and determination, and that gravity beyond her years which had come to her from the constant habit of self-reliance.

"Mr. Knox," she said decisively, "you must not remain for an instant longer under the impression that any pressure of circumstances could induce me to marry you. Feeling as I do, it would be a crime which I dare not commit."

Eben Knox stared at her with an expression of blank despair, as if he had suddenly awakened to the fact that Leonora was no puppet to be managed at will, but a living soul, strong and courageous in the strength of her righteousness.

Leonora, startled still more by his aspect, hastened to say:

"But what I can do to avert what you and my aunt seem to think would be disaster to so many people, I will do. I will give up all thought of marrying any one for the present. My engagement, which was to have been announced, will be broken off indefinitely."

An expression of fierce joy lighted up Eben Knox's uncouth countenance. It was as a respite to a criminal condemned to death; and, while it relieved him from an intolerable fear—that of seeing Leonora publicly engaged to another,—it gratified his revengeful hatred of young Mr. Bretherton. He had not hoped for so much, nor that the girl could make up her mind to so portentous a sacrifice for the sake of any one whatever.

He looked at her with a new admiration in his eyes. She was so far above him, so capable of reaching heights which were to him as the fabled hills of the gods! But he loved her the more for it. Base as he felt himself to be, the pure, white soul, like some luminous beacon, attracted him even more than the beautiful body. From bonds such

as that, it is hard to free oneself. For, after all, the immortal spirit of man, however hedged in by earth and its thousand defilements, seems to rejoice when its love is fixed upon something which reason and judgment commend; and such love binds it most strongly. Hope, too, arose within Eben Knox's heart, so lately despairing. If once the engagement were broken off, Leonora and Bretherton would drift apart, and his own love and patience might in the course of years be rewarded.

"Are you satisfied with these conditions?" Leonora inquired. And it was characteristic that she made no moan over the sacrifice she was making; nor did she upbraid the man who had thus made shipwreck of her dearest hopes. She would not let him see what she was suffering; she disdained any complaint of the extent of her deprivation.

"I am satisfied," Eben Knox murmured, in a broken voice. "I can wait."

And before the girl knew what he was doing, he knelt at her feet and kissed the hem of her garment.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed. "It is because I love you."

Rising, he left the room without even a backward glance.

When Leonora was left alone, she felt as if the world had suddenly become enshrouded in a dense mist. It seemed to absorb youth, life, love,—the future which had stretched so smilingly before her. It had been, in truth, but a mirage,—with no reality, however, as the prototype of its brightness. She rose and moved vaguely about the room, as one undergoing intense physical suffering sometimes hopes for relief in a change of attitude. The desolation of her spirit seemed to turn that Garden of Paradise, which so late she had trodden, into that land pictured by the poet—of chaos, of storm, of night unspeakable; wind-swept, tempest-driven.

She strove with the habit of years to

raise up her soul in prayer, dumbly to ask for mercy. She remembered how they had been taught at the convent to offer up everything,—every childish grief and sorrow. Almost mechanically, she made the offering now to the thorn-crowned Master, to the Heart that was pierced and which would not disdain these earthly griefs.

It was at that very instant that she heard Jim Bretherton's step upon the path without, and his voice calling a cheery greeting to Jesse Craft. He was coming, as she knew, with confident step, despite Aunt Tabitha's warnings and forebodings, to obtain the confirmation of that half promise she had given him upon the lawn at the Manor. As if to add the last poignancy to her grief, he began, as he neared the step, softly to whistle Amaryllis. It was his message to her; and it told her all he had come to say, and reminded her of all that, even for his own sake, she must henceforth forget.

She steadied herself by a supreme effort, and, summoning Mary Jane, bade that astonished domestic tell Mr. Bretherton that the ladies were engaged and could see no one. She was scarcely conscious till afterward how cruel was the message she thus flung into the face of a man who had a right to expect so different a greeting. There was no time to frame any other. Her one thought was to escape at that moment a meeting which would be so painful to them both.

Mary Jane stumbled and hesitated and blundered over the message, thus convincing the visitor still more that it had been deliberately sent. The young man turned away in wondering indignation; and Leonora, hastening to her room, spent the next hour upon her priedieu in voiceless supplication.

(To be continued.)

How great it is always to be stronger than one's self!—*Massillon.*

An Interesting Correspondence.

THE heat unfortunately introduced into a correspondence regarding Catholic boys in non-Catholic schools published in the *London Tablet* has led to the discontinuance of this interesting discussion. We are glad that the familiar editorial notice, "This correspondence may now cease," did not appear until the following letter, which certainly can not be called an obscuration of the main issue, had been published. Certain of the statements made in this letter deserve attention by Catholics in the United States:

Is it not a pity that some of your correspondents have confounded the question of Catholic boys at non-Catholic schools with the entirely different question of Catholic young men at Oxford and Cambridge? A boy is not a young man, and a university differs in kind from a school. Moreover, Catholics are at the universities with the express sanction of the Holy See, given in April, 1895, under certain conditions, which have been duly observed. The sanction given by Leo XIII. was communicated to the faithful of England in a joint letter of the Bishops in August, 1896. In that letter the Bishops are careful to say that the concession does not extend to the sending of Catholic boys to non-Catholic schools.

Another correspondent was in time to express the opinion that in order to preserve young men's faith it is not necessary that their education be completed in Catholic institutions. The need of high-class Catholic colleges is earnestly advocated, and the advantages of such institutions over secular colleges is acknowledged; but the writer thinks "it may even be possible that a Catholic atmosphere may occasionally become too much of the hot-house type, and the boys growing up in it be unfitted to withstand the vicissitudes and temptations they have to face on leaving it for the outside world. Ask any of our Glasgow priests," he says, "which is the stauncher Catholic, the man from the South of Ireland,

steeped in our religion from his cradle, or the Ulster man, who has had to fight for his Faith for generations?"

Most Catholics will agree that there may be some truth in this,—that Catholic educators are not always men capable either of training minds or forming characters; furthermore, that the example they set might often be more beneficial to their young charges than it is. In reply, the accused would assert that they do their best and their utmost, not only to give a good education to their pupils, but to make them thorough Christians, and to prepare them for the battle of life. It would be further maintained, of course, that nowadays Catholic young men need to be steeped in their religion, and that the religious atmosphere surrounding them in Catholic schools is not of the hothouse variety.

Doubtless there is truth on both sides, and it would be well if this were admitted. Parents have a right to express their opinion of the school which they patronize; and when such opinion is unfavorable, no great harm can come of it, provided the school has earned the reputation of excellent teaching and discipline, or is making honest efforts to deserve such repute. The graduates of Catholic colleges ought to be their best advertisement, and the most effective rejoinder to unjust accusations. One sure thing is that the athletic craze, with its betting and gambling, excitement and distractions, profanity, vulgarity, and brutality, would be a serious injury in the long run to any institution deserving to be called a Catholic college.

Yet another correspondent of the *Tablet*, "a convert of some thirteen years' standing, with three daughters to educate," has something to say about convent schools which deserves notice. It would seem that in England as well as in the United States there is a marked difference in these schools;

though the common opinion is that all are of the same grade, and of equal capability for qualifying young women to take their places in the world. The writer claims to have discovered an ideal convent school, his description of which is worth quoting:

The ruling idea of the nuns is to foster the girls' sense of honor, and consequently the tone of the school is that of an idealized and purified public school. The nuns mix with the girls in much the same way that good public-school masters mix with their boys; talebearing is discouraged, and the older and steadier girls are given a certain amount of authority, and taught to use this authority with a maximum of tact and a minimum of reporting. Tennis, hockey, games, dancing and theatricals are encouraged, and a happier set of girls would be hard to find. The education is excellent; most of the teaching nuns have passed the higher local, and particular attention is given to languages and music. I have met many of the girls who have passed through this school, and their distinguishing note is an entire absence of self-consciousness....The terms are not exorbitant, and extras few and moderate.

We should much prefer a convent school where theatricals are *not* encouraged, and where discipline is entirely in the hands of those having authority to maintain it; but in other respects this description is altogether to our satisfaction. We like to believe, however, that the distinguishing trait of the pupils of such a school would be something more notable than "an entire absence of self-consciousness."

Convent schools can not all offer the same educational advantages, much as they may be alike in other respects. The most inferior of them, however, are constantly improving,—enlarging their scope, perfecting their methods, and strengthening their equipment. The moral tone of these schools as a rule is all that could possibly be desired. The only thing to be feared for them is that, in the effort to compete with fashionable boarding-schools, something may be lost of what renders the ideal convent school distinctly and incomparably superior.

Notes and Remarks.

A thought which should be made familiar to Catholics everywhere is expressed in a pastoral to the laity of the diocese of Rochester, announcing the annual collection for the diocesan seminary. Says the Rt. Rev. Bishop:

While priests and religious whose lives are consecrated to the service of God are sensible of their obligations to their Maker, others can not close their eyes to what must come home to them as their share in the great work of man's redemption. We are all concerned in Christ's design and work in our salvation, though in different degrees. Each one gives to Christ what lies within his reach. Time and labor are demanded from some; good will and prayer from all; money from many. The Mass and the sacraments, means to salvation, require the ministry of priests. Without co-operation on the part of the laity in providing for the education of the future ministers of the altar, these would be lacking and there would be no Mass and no sacraments. There can be no second Pentecost Sunday. Our priests must now come to us in the ordinary way, after much study and long preparation.

Appeals for the support of ecclesiastical students and in behalf of the diocesan seminary are always most generously responded to by the laity of the diocese of Rochester. It would be the same everywhere if the people were more frequently reminded of their share in the great work of the Church.

The German Catholic Congress, held this year at Strasburg, was, if anything, still more successful than that of 1904, convened at Ratisbon. The Congress was opened with a demonstration by the workingmen; and the assertion of the Bishop of Strasburg that so immense a procession as theirs had never been witnessed in the city previously, is quite credible when we are told that the number of laborers who marched was thirty-six thousand. One of the strongest claims of the German Centre Party on the admiration of their fellow-

Catholics in other lands, and indeed on the friends of social order everywhere, is the Party's solicitude for the working classes. German Catholic laborers are organized, are enrolled in numerous beneficent societies, are enlightened as to their responsibilities and duties as well as their rights and privileges,—and are therefore practically immune from the virus of anarchistic socialism that effects such ravages among other toilers in their own country and in other lands.

Reliable and up-to-date statistics quoted by a correspondent of the *London Tablet* from a résumé of the work of the Rev. P. Krose, S. J., on the "*Statistique Religieuse du Monde*," published in *Die Katholischen Missionen* of Fribourg, show that the Catholic Church, with her 265,503,922 members is beyond comparison the most numerous and most extended of all the Christian bodies. "Nearly half the Christians of the entire globe—over 43 per cent,—and more than a sixth part of the total population of the world, profess the Catholic Faith. Moreover, the Catholic religion is not divided and subdivided into an infinity of sects, as is the case with Protestantism, Mohammedanism, and Buddhism; but is one. Thus, in spite of her enemies and their most determined efforts against her, the Church is still, at the commencement of the twentieth century, living, flourishing, and spread out over the whole earth, and alone of all the religious systems merits the name of catholic, or universal."

Commenting on the comparative rarity of public drunkenness in all American cities to-day, a New York newspaper has this to say of the increasing sobriety of wage-earners: "Competition carries on a temperance crusade of its own; for the drinking man learns that he is not so valuable to his employer as is his non-drinking

shopmate. When the time comes to lay off a portion of the working force, the total abstainer is not the first to go. His work may be done no better than that of the others, but he is more dependable and thus more valuable to his employers." There is probably considerable truth in the same paper's contention that "beer drives out hard drink"; and while excessive indulgence even in beer is of course to be deprecated, a moderate use of that beverage is patently preferable to the most temperate indulgence in whiskey. On the whole, it would appear that, as compared with conditions existing three or four decades ago, present-day Americans are notably more sober.

The Lyonese organ of the Propagation of the Faith, *Les Missions Catholiques*, states in its issue of the 25th ult. that, on the recommendation of the Propaganda, Pius X. has raised the Vicariate Apostolic of Indian Territory to the dignity of a diocese. The episcopal See is Oklahoma City; and the first bishop, Mgr. Theophilus Meerschaert, who has been Vicar Apostolic of the Territory for several years. While we have not noticed in our American papers, Catholic or secular, any reference to the foregoing bit of ecclesiastical news, we have no doubt regarding its accuracy, as our Lyonese contemporary is habitually well, and promptly, informed about matters of this nature. We have more than once found, in the Roman dispatches of the great New York and Chicago dailies, news that we had previously read in *Les Missions*, although it takes that weekly from ten to fifteen days to reach our office.

We are glad to notice from our foreign exchanges that the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Padre Antonio Rosmini was fittingly observed at Stresa, the little town on the shores of Lake Maggiore where this sublime

philosopher, illustrious patriot and great priest lived and died, and where his mortal remains repose under a magnificent monument of choicest Carrara marble, typical of the purity of his teaching and the spotlessness of his life. The veneration in which he is held, increasing in proportion to the oblivion to which Time has already consigned the foremost of his opponents, inspires the hope that he may yet be enrolled among the saints of Holy Church. The wonder is that such a philosopher, patriot and priest as Rosmini should have had so many bitter enemies in the very household of the Faith,—a philosopher who once declared that "all philosophy is but vanity if it is not the handmaid of religion"; a patriot whose love of country was as disinterested as it was ardent; a priest whose motto was "Universal Charity," and whose distinguishing virtue was meekness, strikingly exemplified in all his trials and afflictions. He was the founder of the Italian Sisters of Providence and of the Institute of Charity, devoted members of which have drawn blessings on the Church in England, Ireland and America, as well as Italy. It was Padre Rosmini's command that the members of his Order should never fail in loyalty to the Holy See; and his desire that they should always undertake any works of charity in their power to perform. For half a century command and desire have been nobly fulfilled.

The Scotch city of Paisley, some six or seven miles to the southwest of Glasgow, is nowadays a manufacturing, rather than a religious, centre. Although the making of the once famous Paisley shawl has almost ceased, the town is still the seat of the thread manufacture for the home and American markets. Like many other flourishing cities in Great Britain, Paisley owes its origin to a band of

monks for whom, in 1163, Walter, High Steward of Scotland, founded a religious house. Dom Michael Barrett, in a recent issue of *St. Andrew's Cross*, tells the interesting story of Paisley Abbey, a portion of which has been restored:

One of the abbots, in the year 1485, built around the monastic precincts a splendid wall, a mile in length. It enclosed spacious gardens and orchards, and even a park for fallow deer. The wall was of cut stone, and was adorned with statues and with shields bearing coats of arms. In one part stood an image of Our Lady, and beneath it was an inscription in Latin, which may be rendered thus:

Pass not along this way,
Ere you an Ave say.

An inscription carved on one of the stones of this wall may still be read. It has been inserted in the wall of the Public Library, east of the entrance. Rendered into modern English, it runs thus: "They called the abbot who caused this wall to be built around this abbey George Shaw. Its date is 1485. [Pray for the salvation of the soul of him] who made this noble foundation." The words in brackets were cut out by an over-zealous minister of the eighteenth century.

In a pastoral issued on the occasion of his investiture with the pallium, the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, presented some facts connected with the history of the Church in that island which will doubtless be new to most persons. It was "the first point of this part of the New World ever beheld by the eye of a European navigator. Its soil was honored by the footprints of the missionary, and its shores sanctified by the celebration of the divine mystery of the Mass, more than one hundred years before other portions of the North American continent enjoyed a like privilege." Archbishop Howley says further:

We know, from unquestionable historical documents, that Cabot, like Columbus, was accompanied by priests with the intention of founding a mission in the New World. Those who accompanied Cabot were Italian friars of the Order of the Augustinians, or "Black Friars"; and, as their landing-place was this harbor of St. John's, and they arrived on the evening of the festival, we have every reason to believe

that the Holy Mass was offered upon this site on June 25, 1497. Immediately after the discovery of the country by Cabot, the enterprising Portuguese navigator, Gaspar de Cortereal, rediscovered it in 1500, and claimed it for the crown of Portugal. There are no accounts extant of this voyage; but some vestiges of it may be found in the names of places which survive to the present day, and in some ancient maps. A Spanish writer, De Suza, tells us that these navigators founded the settlement of Placentia; and, as they always were accompanied by priests, as chaplains and missionaries, we may reasonably believe that they founded chapels and had the Holy Mass celebrated on the site of their first discoveries. In the little settlement of "Spanish Room," in Placentia Bay, are pointed out at the present day the ruins of an old Spanish (or Portuguese) chapel.

A recently published work entitled "*Un Siècle d'Eglise de France*," is authority for the statement that the conversions to Catholicity in the nineteenth century number twenty-six millions. "This has been due, under God, in no small measure," says the *Missionary*, "to the organization of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which to-day is the main support of our missionaries all over the world. When this Society was first organized eighty-three years ago, Catholic missionaries numbered 1000, all told. To-day we count, priests, brothers and nuns, 65,000."

A new story of Gladstone, beautiful enough to be true, and if not well founded, well invented, is related by the *British Weekly*:

About twenty years ago a shoemaker went to London and established a small workshop; but, in spite of industry and strict attention to business, he continued so poor that he had not even enough money to buy leather for work which had been ordered. One day he was in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, with his betrothed wife, to whom he confided the sad condition of his affairs, and the impossibility of their marriage. The young girl gave him all her small savings, with which he went next day to purchase the required leather, without, however, knowing that he was followed by a gentleman commissioned to make inquiries

about him. The shoemaker was not a little surprised when the leather merchant told him that he was willing to open a small account with him. In this way did fortune begin to smile upon him; and soon, to his great astonishment, he received orders from the wealthiest circle in London society; and his business became so well established that he was able to marry, and have a comfortable home of his own. He was known in London for years as the "Parliament Shoemaker." But only when, to please his German wife, he left London for Berlin did the leather merchant tell him that he owed his "credit account" to none other than Mr. Gladstone. The Cabinet Minister had been in the whispering gallery when the poor shoemaker had been telling his betrothed of his poverty, and, owing to the peculiar acoustics of the gallery, had heard what had been said.

It is not often that Protestants resent attacks made by their coreligionists on Catholics,—at least, such instances are not so frequent that one is embarrassed to record them all. The latest occurred at Natal, South Africa, on occasion of the John Knox festivities. A minister named Smith, having indulged in a tirade against the Catholic religion, was promptly and sternly rebuked by Sir Henry Bale and the *Natal Witness*. Our Cape Town contemporary, the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa*, quotes the following paragraph from the *Mercury*, another leading journal of Natal:

Such senseless vilification of a religion believed in by many of the most eminent men in the world and by a great number of the best colonists of Natal, can not be too widely repudiated. There was no occasion for any attack upon the doctrines professed by Roman Catholics, as the other speakers showed most clearly in their interesting addresses; and it is much to be regretted that a Protestant minister, and one so highly esteemed, should have showed himself to be so bigoted and intolerant as Mr. Smith did on Monday evening. In these days of freedom of conscience, men are at liberty to profess any religion they please, and a good Roman Catholic can be as good as a man professing any other faith. There are few things more objectionable than to hear the religious beliefs of an ancient Church denounced in such a manner as that adopted by Mr. Smith; and the many Roman Catholics, who must be greatly pained by the attack made upon their faith, can

rest assured that such an attitude is strongly resented by convinced Protestants. Such attacks are unseemly, to say the very least of them; and particularly when they are so uncalled for as was the case on Monday evening.

Evidently Natal is no place for bigots. The Rev. John Smith's offence was all the greater on account of his name. He disgraced a numerous and well-known family, which has representatives all over the world.

In his recently published lectures on "The Church's Task under the Roman Empire," Dr. Charles Bigg points out how the gnostic, like the modern, was perturbed by the problem of evil, the nature of the will, and the moral difficulties of the Old Testament. The gnostic maintained that the world was "the work of an evil creator, and all things beautiful and good rose up instantly in protest. This is the inevitable lot of all systems of pessimism, agnosticism, or atheism."

It has been remarked that Dr. Bigg's work indicates a notable change in the attitude of Protestant theologians,—a reversion to the habit of treating more centrally the doctrine of the Atonement, in some form or other. According to Dr. Bigg, in the Passion of Our Lord is to be found the real difference between heathenism and Christianity.

The old gnostics called the Cross "Horos," the Boundary or Dividing Line. The gnostics were a curious people, but they were right here. On this side of the Cross all history is, or ought to be, a different thing from what it is on the other; and every one who carries the Cross, in so far as he carries it, is a better citizen, a better philosopher, and a better man than he would have been otherwise.

What is the real difference that Christianity has made in history? is the question which Dr. Bigg essays to answer. The task of the Church, he maintains, "was not to improve but to remake the foundations of education, politics, and morality. It was a gigantic task, not yet completed."



My Share o' the World.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

MY share o' the world,
With your brown head curled,
Close to my fond heart so cosily,—
To the island of dreams
'Neath the pale moon's beams
You've flown on the wings of the Sluagh sidhe.*
On the yellow strand
Of that bright, far land,
Where day dies never, you'll wander free,
Till your boat of pearl,
Like a silver curl
On the green-streamed sea, bears you back to me.
Then safe on my hosom,
O pink-white blossom,
You'll rest till the night's dark wings are furled,
When the dawn of your sleeping—
A blue eye peeping,
Shall greet me, a leanbh,† my share o' the world.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XX.—FLIGHT.

TUAN CARISSO, the Portuguese Negro, had come down from Northern California because of some trouble he had had at Sausalito. He had wounded a man in a fight, and was fearful of arrest should he be discovered. He had revealed this during a game of cards, in which Steffan had adroitly allowed him to win, in order that he might obtain all possible information concerning the children whom he had found missing on awakening from his drunken sleep. Their flight had com-

pletely sobered him; he felt it necessary to use every means in his power to get them once more in his possession. Juan was a harmless fellow, but without any scruples of conscience. The villain found him an easy tool.

Having heard him relate his troubles, Steffan quickly conceived a plan of action. Assuming an air of knowledge, he informed the Negro that the officers were on the lookout for him. Juan became alarmed, and at once announced his intention of getting away as soon as possible. He thought that by crossing "the line" he would be safe; though such would not have been the case, if danger existed. Steffan at once suggested that they unite their forces.

"These children may talk as they please," he said. "They are nothing but two beggars. True, they had a brother that the boy is crazy to find; but who knows whether he is living or dead?"

He then proceeded to give Juan his instructions. He was to secure a good wagon and a pair of fast horses. They would take the children by strategy, drive to Tesora, about fifteen miles distant, and leave the wagon there. They would then take the train for San Diego, to which place Steffan offered to pay Juan's way, in return for his services. This he could afford to do, as, by an extraordinary streak of luck, he had won a considerable sum of money at cards the night after the departure of Rose and Louis. Juan readily accepted the offer; corralled the horses which were afield; got a wagon, seldom used and not likely to be missed soon, from one of the barns; and so the scheme was carried out.

Steffan was jubilant. He was not a man who looked far ahead: for him the present usually sufficed. He had

* Pron. Sluagh Shee.—"The Fairy Host."

† Pron. Alanniv.—"O child!"

Louis and Rose in his power again; sundry prospects had been held out to him by the Negro; he already felt money weighing down his pockets. The story about Florian had not a particle of truth in it, but this did not give Steffan any concern. It would be easy to account for his non-appearance when they reached their destination, where nearly everybody led a free and careless life, and people came and went without questioning. At the proper time Steffan meant to place the imaginary Florian among the floating population usually to be found in frontier towns.

As he sat reflecting, the horses stepping briskly along in the dewy, starlit darkness, he felt life to be a good thing. He already beheld a gorgeous mirage of a gay and prosperous Mexican town, where swarthy *rancheros* and pleasure-loving *ciudadanos* strolling about the streets in gayly-striped *serapes*, silver-banded *sombreros* on their heads, silver spurs clanking as they walked; while their fiery steeds, chafing under heavily embroidered saddles, adorned with gold, awaited their master's good pleasure in front of the vine-covered *posadas*, where, to the tune of tinkling guitar and mandolin, young men and maidens tripped "the light fantastic" all day long.

Steffan had read more than one sensational novel, in which he fancied he had fully caught the local coloring of the Mexican frontier to which he was now journeying; and the prospect pleased him. Life looked fair and smiling. He rolled a cigarette, and offered one to Juan, who shook his head.

"Thank you!" said the Negro. "But I prefer a cigar,"—drawing from his pocket as he spoke a Mexican cheroot, long, thick, and almost black.

"That would choke me," said Steffan.

"They are very good, when you get a mi to them," answered the Negro, the ma
pained by a match.

"Here," said Steffan in a low

whisper, after a few moments' silence. "Couldn't you—couldn't we,—what do you say to risking taking this team down beyond the line?"

"What are you talking about?" retorted Juan. "We're taking great chances as it is, though we're going to leave it at Tesora. We could be arrested for it, and you know it. But I'm not a thief, whatever you may be."

"Of course—of course," answered Steffan, feeling that he had made a mistake. "I meant to buy it, really—to send the price of it to Don Bandini."

The Negro laughed aloud.

"Do you know what these horses are worth?" he asked. "You couldn't buy this team for less than three hundred and fifty. And—well, you're a chump!"

"Well, well!" replied Steffan. "Don't talk so loud,—the kids are asleep."

They were, locked in each other's arms. They had no outer wraps; and Louis, finding Rose's head on his shoulder, had braced himself against the side of the wagon, and drawn her close to him. There, amid quiet little sobs, she had fallen asleep; and Louis soon followed her into a land of unpleasant dreams, where all the world seemed to be turning upside down.

In the cold gray of the morning they approached the little town. Juan got down from the wagon and tied the horses under a sycamore tree, standing alone at some distance from the station. He knew they would be found there later, and recognized as belonging to the Bandinis. He felt no misgivings, as he was certain Alfredo would sooner or later come looking for them. He hoped it might be later, as he wanted to have a good start.

Steffan shook the children roughly by the arms, and bade them wake up.

"The train will be along in fifteen minutes, if it's on time. Isn't that right, Juan?"

"Yes," answered the Negro,—“if it's half-past four by your watch.”

"That's what it is," said Steffan.

Silently the children followed the two men to the railroad tracks. It was really a siding where the train took on water, the accredited stopping-place being about two miles farther on. But Juan had assured Steffan that they were certain of embarking here, while there were times when the train did not stop at Tesora unless flagged.

As the children seated themselves on the edge of the platform, a sudden wild desire for liberty took possession of the boy. He could already hear the rumble of the approaching train. He looked around him: there was no one in sight, no one on whom he could call for assistance. He began seriously to doubt the story Steffan had told him about his brother. And if it were true, the Bandinis could help them to find him.

"Steffan!" he cried out, in a half-frightened tone of despair. "We are not going with you. You can not make us go. If you do, when we get on the train I will tell everybody that we do not belong to you,—that you are taking us away against our will. We are going back, Rose and I. I can drive those horses. I am not afraid. I will take them home to the ranch. You go with Juan wherever you please, but we shall stay here."

"You drive those horses!" exclaimed Juan. "Never! They would run away with you. You may go back if you like, but some one from Tesora will have to take you."

"No, you shall *not* go back!" interposed Steffan, excitedly but positively. "What will you say if I tell you that you would be ashamed to let the Bandinis know *where* your brother is? And you can not see him unless you go to him. He is in jail,—do you hear me? In *jail*!"

"In jail?" echoed Louis. "What has he done?"

"What was it, Juan?" asked Steffan

of the Negro, who came readily to the rescue, though the story had been invented on the spot.

"I don't know. Nothing much," he replied indifferently. "But they keep them locked up a long time in Mexico for the least thing they do."

"Yes, he has been there for months," said Steffan. "And we hoped, by touching the hearts of his jailers with the beautiful songs you could sing for them, and the pretty dances you play, that they might be persuaded to release him."

The effect was magical.

"We will go with you, Steffan," said Louis. "We will do anything to save Florian." And once more their slavery was complete.

A little later two heavy-hearted children, bareheaded and unkempt, were whirling along toward their unknown destination. The Negro and Steffan had gone forward to the smoker.

"Florian in prison, Rose? I can not believe it," said Louis. "How terrible it is!"

"And I *won't* believe it!" answered Rose. "I would have screamed and cried if it had not been for you. If it should be our Florian, you know I would be sorry to be kept from going to him."

"Yes, yes!" said Louis, sadly. "We must be very quiet until we see. Yet Steffan could not be so cruel,—do you think, Rose?"

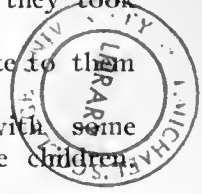
"I think he could do *anything* but tell the truth, Louis. And yet—it may be—it may be!"

"Ah, those good, kind people! What will they think of us for running away in the night?"

"Perhaps they will know that we did not want to go,—that they took us," answered Rose.

"I hope so. We must write to them when we can."

Steffan now appeared with some bananas, which he gave the children



They were very hungry and enjoyed their simple breakfast. From time to time their fellow-travellers would regard them compassionately, believing them to be emigrants, as Steffan spoke to them in Hungarian. And thus several hours passed, the brother and sister gazing silently at the landscape through which they were swiftly passing. But they were no longer amused by new scenes. Joy had deserted them, and the revelation of the morning had fallen with crushing weight on Louis' tender heart.

Meanwhile at the ranch-house all was in commotion. When Natalia went to wake the children, she found them gone, and hastened to tell her mistress. They had left their night-clothes behind them, but the beds had been slept in.

"They have been taken away in the night," said the señora. "Some one has stolen them."

"But how, mother, could they have been taken without our hearing?" asked Alfredo. "They would have made an alarm."

"Perhaps they chloroformed them," said the señora. "I have sometimes read of such things."

"And—yes, the music is gone also!" exclaimed Alfredo.

"Yes; but if it was Steffan—as it must have been,—he would be sure not to forget that."

"I did not think they could have been persuaded to go with that man again," remarked Alfredo. "They seemed to dislike him so much."

"And they did dislike and fear him. But he took them out of their beds, my son,—believe it."

"I do not know, mother," answered the young man. "I will speak to Juan Carisso, who was talking with Steffan."

But a little later Alfredo came in to say that not only Juan Carisso, but two of the best horses and a light wagon, had disappeared.

This information caused the master of the ranch to saddle his mare and go over with all speed to Tesora, where he found everybody talking about the strange occurrence,—Bandinis' team standing for hours under the sycamore tree, while no one had seen its owner.

After that there was only conjecture. Uncertain whether the children were a party to the flight, though his mother did not for a moment cherish the thought that they were, Alfredo presumed they had continued their tramp across the country with Steffan. He saw no reason for interesting himself further in their behalf, and the episode of their coming and going gradually faded into the past. Only the señora and her maid occasionally wondered about the fate of the children.

(To be continued.)

Gem Lore.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

III.—RUBIES.

A solemn little girl sitting upon an ancient sea-chest in an old house by the sea, poring over the wonderful "Arabian Nights,"—this is the picture that comes to my mind at the sound of the word "ruby." The book was a carefully edited one, suitable for a prim New-England child; but the rubies were left in it,—chests full of them, crowns made of them, sacks brimming with them; and they glow and gleam and sparkle in her memory to-day.

The ruby, sapphire and topaz belong to the same family of jewels; but the ruby is far more valuable than the others. Indeed, beside a perfect, flawless ruby of good size, the diamond itself, which has been called the king of gems, has to acknowledge its inferiority; for it would not bring so much in the market. The red gem symbolizes to us everything gorgeous and precious and rare. Even Holy Writ itself can find

nothing more worthy to be compared to wisdom or a virtuous woman than a ruby without blemish.

Rubies are found deep in the ground, and also in the beds of rivers, according to the country where nature has stored them. The most extensive ruby mines in the world are in the Far East, those of India and Ceylon being close rivals. The ruby is a distinctively Oriental stone, and the one above all others of which Eastern monarchs are most fond. It is said that of the numerous proud titles belonging to the King of Burmah, he values most that of "Lord of the Rubies."

This King, by the way, unquestionably owns the finest rubies in the world. His subjects boast that his collection contains one larger than a hen's egg; but, as no European has ever been permitted to set eyes on it, we may take the assertion "with a grain of salt," as the saying is. The stone in question is probably an inferior ruby, not a true Oriental one,—if it exists at all except in the imagination. The King of Burmah claims every ruby found in his dominions, and no one but a native is allowed to approach the mines under any pretext. When word is brought to the King that an especially large stone has been found, there is great rejoicing, and a procession of soldiers and nobles mounted on elephants is sent to escort the gem to the royal treasury.

Rubies are of all shades of red. To be acceptable to experts, however, they must not be too light or too dark, but of the beautiful shade called "pigeon's blood." There is a superstition among the Tartars that rubies are always found in pairs; and when a miner of Tartary has found a particularly fine specimen, he will always seek for its companion before making his discovery known.

It has been found possible to counterfeit rubies so successfully that the

difference is hard to determine; but the stones thus made are so small, and the labor involved so great, that it has not proved a paying experiment.

The ruby has great powers of reflecting light, and among the Brahmins we hear of caverns being lighted by one of these gems. Certain of the ancient writers maintained that the ruby could give light in the dark, which of course is not so.

There are many magical properties attributed to this gem. It is said to keep the wearer in health and spirits, and to be a defence against poison, also to give warning of danger by turning black. In order to guard against evil spirits, Chinamen sometimes bury little bags of rubies under the foundations of their houses.

There are not many perfect rubies of great size in the world; but the stone has had a conspicuous place in history and romance, and there is no end to the pretty stories and legends concerning it. Rubies figure largely, too, in poetry, one writer having in a much-quoted verse called them drops of frozen wine from Eden; and old-fashioned authors were never weary of describing the "ruby lips" of their heroines.

One historical ruby is set in the coronation ring of England. The stone is engraved with the Cross of St. George; and it was formerly the custom, when notifying a sovereign of his accession, to send the ring with the tidings. When James II. was escaping in disguise from England, he had this ring concealed about him, and it narrowly escaped the searching eyes of some fishermen who, imagining the King and his companions to be Jesuits, insisted upon hunting through their attire for articles which might betray them. But the King got off safely with his precious ring. It afterward became the property of his descendants, known as the Old and Young Pretender; and of Cardinal York, called "the last of

the Stuarts." At present the relic is in the hands of the reigning family of England.

After all is said the fact remains that the ruby, the most precious object in the world, is just a little bit of colored crystal,—a wonderful example of the false value put upon human objects by the decree of man.

The True Heir.

Julian was the child of very humble parents. First his mother and then his father died, and Julian was left all alone. He was a little fellow, and a rich man said to him: "Poor child! You have lost father and mother, you are an orphan, you are all by yourself in the world; and I pity you." So the rich man placed Julian with a good family, undertook to pay for his schooling, and, when the boy grew big enough, apprenticed him to a useful trade.

When his apprenticeship was finished, Julian said good-bye to his benefactor, and started out on a tour of France. Five years afterward, he returned to his old home. He had travelled a good deal, and worked pretty steadily; but had not made, or at least had not saved, much money.

On arriving in his native city, his first thought was to pay a visit to his rich friend and protector. Alas! the good man had died only a day or two before. Julian found his heirs in the house. They were all furiously angry because their uncle had not left anything like the great fortune which they had expected would be divided among them.

The disappointed nephews and nieces auctioned off all the effects in the deceased man's house. Julian went to the sale, and observed with surprise that the heirs showed no respect whatever to their uncle's memory. They sold everything. At last he saw them

put up even the dead man's portrait, at which heartless action he became really indignant.

Naturally, Julian had bought the objects which his protector had been fondest of, and of course he purchased also the portrait; but it exhausted his purse to do so. He took the picture to his room—a miserable little chamber in a lodging-house—and hung it on the wall by a piece of string. The string was rotten, however, and the portrait fell to the floor.

Julian picked it up and saw that the frame was broken. Wishing to repair it, he examined it carefully, when he received a great surprise. In a hole in the stout frame were a number of diamonds and a paper on which was written: "I am sure that my heirs are an ungrateful lot. I am sure they will sell even my picture. This portrait will perhaps be purchased by some one whom I have helped. These diamonds are for the purchaser; I give them to him."

The paper was signed, so there was no disputing Julian's claims to the gems; and he accordingly became the true heir to his benefactor's fortune.

He was now rich instead of poor. He took pity on the orphans of the city; he built them a big house, where they were well looked after, and where he often told them the story of his protector's picture.

Black Letter.

This is the modern name for the Old Gothic or Old English letter, introduced into England about the middle of the fourteenth century. When, about a century later, printing was introduced the types were cast in this character, in imitation of manuscript. All the Bibles and other books printed before 1500, are in this character, and are called Black Letter books.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new series of the *Dublin Review* will begin in January. It is announced that thenceforth this time-honored periodical will be under the editorship of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, whose father will be remembered as one of its leading contributors.

—The last work of Cardinal Vaughan's pen was an introduction to a translation from the Italian of C. M. Da Bergamo of a little work on "Humility of Heart," which is announced to appear this month. It will be embellished with a colored frontispiece, *Exaltavit humiles*, after Albertinelli's well-known picture of the Visitation at Florence.

—An excellent book to lend or to give away, for which latter purpose its cheapness commends it, is "Via Veritatis: Lectures on Topics of Catholic Doctrine," by the Rev. P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. The Bible, Confession, Purgatory, the Blessed Virgin, the use of images and relics are among the subjects briefly but clearly explained. Published by the Art and Book Co.

—We have received Part I. of "Grammar of Plain-Song," by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, and are very favorably impressed with the system adopted, as with the practical exemplifications thereof so graphically presented. We note with pleasure, also, that in one of the preliminary chapters, the Italian pronunciation is advocated, and rules are given for the proper sounding of vowels, consonants, and digraphs. Burns & Oates.

—In the course of a readable article on "Work" which appeared in one of the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the writer speaks frankly in favor of night work: "If you can work at all at night, one hour at that time is worth any two in the morning. The house is hushed, the brain is clear, the distracting influences of the day are at an end. You have not to disturb yourself with thoughts of what you are about to do, or what you are about to suffer. You know that there is a gulf between you and the affairs of the outside world, almost like the charm of death; and that you need not take thought of the morrow until the morrow has come."

—Many pious readers will welcome a new book by the author of "My Queen and My Mother." It is entitled "Rex Meus," and its main object, as the author states, is to put before young people unfamiliar with the Old Testament, "one of the most beautiful characters God ever made, that of the man after His own Heart, the holy King and prophet David, in hopes that by gazing at it, and comparing it point by point with Our Lord's, they may be brought to understand

better Him and His Sacred Heart, and grasp the truth of what is said in the Book of Wisdom that by the beauty of the creature the Creator may be seen so as to be known thereby." Published by the Art and Book Co.

—*Le Propagateur*, of Montreal, notes the fact that French-Canadian literature is constantly being enriched with interesting publications. Among recent works reflecting credit not merely upon their authors but upon the race to which these authors belong, mention is made of Dom Benoit's Life of Mgr. Taché, Judge Routhier's *Conférences et Discours*, the *Mélanges* of M. Chapais, and *La Parole Divine* of Abbé Henri Defoy.

—"The Scething Pot" is hardly worth reading, as a whole; however, there is one passage in this novel which should be of interest to Protestant enthusiasts for the conversion of Ireland. Others will be edified at the heroine's frank reply to the hero, who hears people speaking in Irish and is curious to know what they are saying:

I know only a few words of Irish, but I can translate that much for you. That man shouted, "God bless you!" and the woman answered him, "The blessing of God and Mary on yourself!" Almost every Irish phrase of greeting and parting has God's name in it. If the sun shines, it is a fine day, "thank God!" If everything is being ruined by the rain, it is "the weather the Lord is pleased to send us!" We are ashamed to talk to each other in this way. If we believe in God, we don't want any one to find it out. Is it not an annoying piece of arrogance for any one to start trying to convert these people?

—A new book by Bishop Hedley for which prelates, priests and ecclesiastical students everywhere will have a welcome, has just been issued by the Art and Book Co. The title-page runs: "Lex Levitarum, or Preparation for the Cure of Souls. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, Bishop of Newport; to which is added *Regula Pastoralis* by St. Gregory the Great." Of this important but much neglected volume by one of the greatest of the Popes, Bishop Hedley remarks in his preface: "The *Regula Pastoralis* of St. Gregory the Great is not a book that is out of date. I should like bishops, pastors and church students to be familiar with its text. But what I have tried to do in the following pages is to pick out one or two of the holy Pope's more profound and fertile views and principles, and to work them out in some detail, for the benefit of church students."

—"The Life and Writings of St. Patrick" is the title of a new work by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, which is sure to have a large number of readers. It will contain over seven hundred pages, and it proposes to give a full and accurate account of the Saint's missionary labors

in Ireland. The distinguished author makes the writings of St. Patrick himself the basis of his work, and for the rest trusts chiefly to the ancient authorities, whose reliability as historians he first carefully and candidly examines. Wherever possible, too, he has personally visited the scenes of the Saint's labors, and so has been able, he says, "to give a local coloring to the dry record, and also to catch up, as far as possible, the echoes, daily growing fainter, of the once vivid traditions of the past." The many controverted questions of the birthplace of St. Patrick, his Roman mission, his burial-place, etc., come in for the fullest and clearest treatment. Amongst the nine appendices is a very valuable one containing the text of the Saint's writings in Latin and Irish, with their English translations. In the preface Mgr. Healy submits that his purpose in writing this Life is not controversial: "it is to show St. Patrick as he was known to his contemporaries and their immediate successors who had known the man, or received the living stories of his disciples." "Most people," he justly claims, "will think such a narrative of far more value from every point of view than the speculations of some of our modern critics and philologists, who would rather do away with St. Patrick altogether than admit that he got his mission from Rome."

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.

- "Grammar of Plain-Song." Benedictines of Stanbrook. 50 cts.
- "Rex Meus." \$1.
- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.
- "The Yoke of Christ." Rev. Robert Eaton. \$1, net.
- "Some Little London Children." Mother M. Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "Ireland's Story." Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. \$1.55.
- "The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." Canon Fleming. 75 cts., net.
- "The Common Lot." Robert Herrick. \$1.50.

- "Sermons Preached at St. Edmund's College." \$1.60, net.
- "Jubilee Gems of the Visitation Order." \$1.
- "Plain Chant and Solesmes." Dom Paul Cagin, Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B. 45 cts., net.
- "Reminiscences of an Oblate." Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C. 75 cts., net.
- "The Mirror of St. Edmund." 80 cts., net.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.
- "The Cenacle." 54 cts.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.
- "Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sädler. \$1, net.
- "Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.
- "A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.
- "The Ridingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.
- "By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.
- "Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.
- "Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.
- "Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse." Eliza L. Mulcahy. \$1, net.

Obituary.

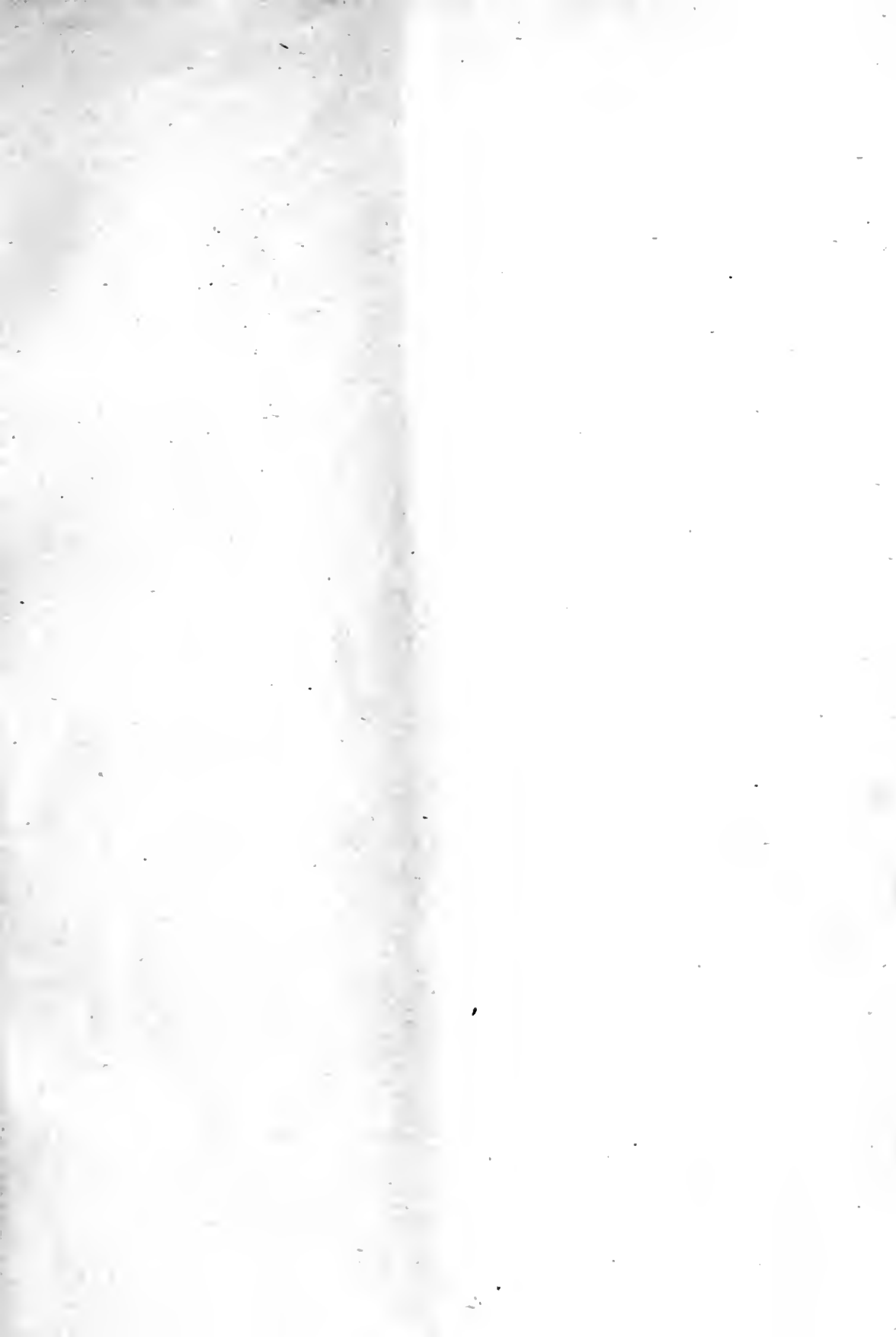
Remember them that are in hands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Very Rev. Cyprian Rubio, of the diocese of Monterey; and Rev. F. Olivier, Hilo, Hawaii.

Sister M. of St. Ursula, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John Hall and Mr. Joseph Simon, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Concannon, Cumberland, Md.; Julia Cleary, Ishpeming, Mich.; Mrs. John Pierce, Sandusky, Ohio; Mrs. S. A. Strype, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Flood, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Muga, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Barbara Duerr, Hamilton, Ohio; Mrs. Richard Morley, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Dennis Britt, Tipperary, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Gibbons, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Mabel Kirk, Akron, Ohio; Mr. J. P. Sigg, Toledo, Ohio; Miss Josephine Power, Lonsdale, R. I.; Mr. William Dwyer, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Margaret Lehner, Des Moines, Iowa; Miss J. Rauer, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Frank Hannigan and Mrs. Catherine Hannigan, Pawtucket, R. I.; and Mrs. Martin Solon, Richmond, Wis.

Requiescant in pace!





OUR LADY OF MERCY.

(G. Bargellini.)



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.

NO. 13

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

Grief and Gladness.

BY D. A. MCCARTHY.

A SUDDEN sorrow darkened Mary's breast,
A sudden sense of loneliness and loss,
A premonition of the cruel cross
Which future years would rear on Calvary's crest,—
The Boy was gone! He was not with the rest!
She saw the other children race, and toss
Their bounding ball amid the meadow moss,
But where,—oh, where was He, the Best, the Best?
Three days of grief were hers. And then came joy
That filled and flooded all her being when,
Awed of her search in street and mart,
Within the temple walls she found her Boy.
How tenderly she called His name again,
And strained Him, thanking God, unto her heart!

A Summary of Catholic Doctrines.*

BY THE ABBÉ FÉLIX KLEIN.

I.—THE TRINITY.

THE study of Christian doctrine necessarily begins with the Trinity. That God is one without being alone,—that is the first of dogmas. It is impossible to speak of the others before knowing that one. All the others suppose it, since the Christian religion relates in its whole scope to communications made to us of divine life; and the dogma of the Trinity considers that life in itself,

such as it interchanges itself, in the unity of one nature, among the three Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It is clear that we must have some idea of the Divine Persons in order to think of one of them as uniting Himself to human nature; some idea of life divine in order to think that we possess it now by grace, and are destined to enjoy it more fully, more consciously, after death.

Nor can this dogma be dependent upon any other. Catholic dogmas being merely the expression of certain facts, they necessarily have, one with another, the same relations as the facts themselves. Now, the fact made known to us by the dogma of the Trinity is what goes on in God,—namely, the fruition of His unique nature by a mysterious society of three Persons who are at one and the same time distinct yet inseparable. Such a fact can have no antecedents; there is nothing antecedent to the mode of God's existence. God is of Himself and eternally all that He is. Other known facts of religion may be deduced from this fact, but they can not in any way condition it. In the absolute sense of the word, it is primordial.

II.—CHRIST.

1. The Man-God.—Most intimately attached, in the doctrine of the Church, to the fact that in God there are one nature and three persons is this other fact that one of these three Divine Persons assumed a created nature, human nature, and so associated Him-

* It is to be understood that the teachings of the Church appear in their full light and convincingness only when each doctrine, taken by itself, is made the subject of a special treatise.

self therewith that one and the same individual became at the same time both God and man. After the Trinity, the Christ; after the fact of the Three Persons possessing conjointly the one divine nature, the fact of one of these Persons appropriating to Himself human nature without losing the divine. In Jesus Christ, God and man are so united as to form only one person; in Him, a creature—a man's body and soul—is put in enjoyment of the integral life of God; in Him is realized the perfect association of God and man, absolute religion. Through Him God is projected into the creation; in Him creation is aggrandized to the point of entering into the condition of the divine personality. And thus, far otherwise than in pantheism which confounds God and the world, is realized the lofty aspiration that prompts us to bring the two together.

2. The Mediator.—There would be nothing repugnant to right reason in the thought of the Incarnation's being its own unique end. That there should exist a being in whom God and man come together even to the point of a personal union, so that they form only one individual; that the creature should be raised to this supreme dignity; that divine goodness should be carried to this degree of condescension,—this assuredly is enough to constitute a fact superior to any other actual or even conceivable fact; this is the marvel of time as of eternity.

But if, in the order of humano-divine relations, there exists no fact greater in itself than the Incarnation, there does exist, however, another fact which, so far as we are concerned, is yet more interesting. Among the characteristics of Christ there is one which makes Him, with regard to us, a prototype and a mediator of participation in the divine life. Communicated in its totality to human nature in Christ, this life descends from Him to us as abundantly

as is compatible with the non-effacement of our personal life. In virtue of His intervention, we are placed in such intimate communication with God that His life becomes our life, that even now He lives in us and we in Him. Jesus Christ is both Man-God and mediator between man and God; He establishes between them a social and vital intercourse. Generous "eldest of many brothers," He gives them a portion of His inheritance; by means of His grace, He unites them, and as closely as they are willing to be united, to that divine life which He Himself possesses of right, and in its entirety.

This is the greatest benefit ever conferred upon us; and it is admirable that in this unparalleled work, which superadds to our own life the very life of God, there is some certain portion which reverts to human nature, human will, human initiative. For it is not solely in His capacity as God that Christ deifies us, but in His capacity as God made man, by a rôle that is purely personal and peculiar to Himself, by an intervention different here from that of the two other Divine Persons; in His character, in a word, of intermediary between the Trinity group to which He belongs and the human race to which He also belongs.

3. The Redeemer.—Here our plan is confronted with one of these complications which must be expected as often as there is question of real things, and above all of a system of life. Abstract sciences alone, mathematics, can in an uninterrupted and unimpeded fashion follow in an unswerving line the series of their deductions; creations of the mind, they regulate themselves readily by the simplest of laws. The religion which the Church offers to us is not, however, the work of men; and men when studying it must adapt themselves thereto. Thus it is with all concrete objects of knowledge, from

physical or physiological phenomena to the events of history.

Symmetrical elegance would demand that from the idea of the mediating Christ we should be led to the effect of His mediation,—to that communication of divine life which He obtains and merits for us. This, without doubt, would be the method of a systematic mind. But the Church is not inventing systems: she professes, as a simple organ of transmission, to recount that which God has revealed. Here, then, she tells us that, before Christ and independently of His intervention, divine life was communicated first to spiritual creatures called angels, a certain number of whom lost it voluntarily; and afterward to man himself, who also showed his unworthiness of it by a fault which had hereditary consequences.

This unfortunate past of the human race influences the manner in which the Man-God's mediation is exercised in our favor. Instead of being simply gracious, it is reparative; it becomes a redemption. Jesus Christ has not so much to establish as to re-establish the social relations between God and us, and at the same time to remedy the weakening of our nature, a consequence of sin. To secure our rehabilitation in grace, it would have sufficed for the Word made flesh to solicit it, or rather merely to desire it; and this is what is too often forgotten by those who accuse the Church of showing them God ferociously intent upon avenging on the innocent Son the crime of His guilty brethren. Voluntarily, however, the Saviour accepted a method of redemption most proper to convince us of His love, to inspire us with a horror of evil, to console us in our sufferings, to draw us after Him in the path of well-doing and of necessary sacrifices. If, to redeem us, He has shed His blood, it is because, as He Himself said, there is in love nothing more beautiful than to give one's life for the sake of the beloved.

III.—GRACE.

Divine life which Christ, as second Person of the Trinity, possesses in its plenitude, is, then, by His intervention, communicated to men, His brothers; and while in His person He carries the creation up to God Himself, all the race attend Him as a retinue.

Divine life, however, can not belong to us in the same way as to Christ. He possesses it as being entirely His own and due to Him by nature; it is as a favor only that we participate therein,—a boon that we are permitted to enjoy. Whilst in Him the divine person is the sole centre of prerogatives, in vain are we plunged into the divine substance,—we preserve our personality as men. It is while remaining ourselves that we are associated with the life of another, who is God. We partake of the divine essence as we partake of the intelligence and the love of one who loves us and imparts to us his ideas, but with an intimacy, a penetration unrivalled by such human relations. Were it not that grace does not imply a personal union, a better illustration would be the relation between our soul and our body, the material part of our being having the power of elevating itself to the joys and depressing itself to the sufferings of the spirit.

To every human being who has reached the conscious and accountable state, God offers this astounding possibility of association with His life in the Trinity. Or, rather, He is not content with merely offering it: by the play of that tendency which we are wont to call the religious sense, He condescends, while leaving us quite free to oppose Him, to solicit our acceptance. It is the first action of God in the soul, and to no one is it refused; to every adult is given help enough to arrive, if he will, at participation in the divine life. If, in very deed, men meet these advances from on high, then they enter into a compact with God, as occurs in earthly

conventions when, after preliminary discussions, delegates concur in promoting a common work.

Apart from the specific acts by which God and men co-operate, there is question of a radical, fundamental union, which, like friendship avowed or love given, constitutes a state—or, in the philosophical sense of the word, a habit,—and attaches to the person himself, not accidentally to this or that one of his works. Between God and us there is no longer simply a parity of procedure: there is an enduring association, a linking of persons. Divine life is within us to remain; it communicates to our life, all penetrated therewith, a value that is divine, and meritorious of divine recompense. This is the state which theologians call habitual, or sanctifying, grace.

As to those acts by which God solicits us to union with Him, helps us to accept that union, and then makes it our permanent principle of life, the Church's idea is not at all that they work in the same way as the acts by which, through our reason, God makes us know His existence; or, through our conscience, makes us acknowledge our responsibility to Him. Conscience and reason form, so to speak, an instrumentality essential to our nature and external to God (as far as anything *can* be external to Him); a sort of organism by which He warns us of what must be known to attain our natural end. Grace, on the contrary, is of the very being of God, who communicates Himself to us, unites Himself to us, acts in us, transforms our life into His own. Through reason and conscience, God gives us only messages; by grace He gives us Himself.

IV.—THE SACRAMENTS.

In two ways does God give us His grace, associating us with His eternal life. Directly, without any intermediary, and by the interior processes which we

have been describing, He proposes the gift of His own life to the intelligence and the will of every human being who has acquired full consciousness; indirectly, He makes a special or more intense communication of that same life depend on certain proceedings, certain determinate acts, certain positive and visible institutions. The sacraments are nothing else than these exterior means of grace.

One would form an erroneous idea of the sacraments in supposing the Church to teach that they act independently of the obstacles with which they may meet in man. It is for man, on his own responsibility, to draw loss or gain from the particular advantages which the sacraments offer to him. To produce their essential effect, they exact only that we do not oppose them; but their action is all the more salutary according as they meet in us, along with this absence of obstacles, a better preparation of soul. The adult who knows them is obliged to have recourse to them in determinate circumstances, and they constitute for him an invaluable help. In a measure which has not been revealed to us, but which leaves consoling perspectives of mercy and justice, they may be supplied, in the case of an adult who does not know them, by other impulses of direct grace encountering the adhesion of the human will.

Nowhere more eminently than in the sacraments does Religion show herself under her aspect of supernatural biology. They all have for their object the entrance, the restoration, or the development of the life divine in men. By Baptism we are born into this life divine; by Confirmation we receive an increase thereof analogous to that which marks in natural life the passage from childhood to virility. The divine life is strengthened in us by the Eucharist,—an assimilation, a communication that we may call physically real with

the God-Man, who on the one hand becomes our food, our bread, our nourishment, and on the other offers Himself in perpetuity for our redemption. Do we lose the divine life by some crime that is well named *mortal*, and are we incapable by ourselves of recovering it through the perfection of our repentance? Penance is there to restore it to us, supplying from Christ's merits what is wanting in us. Extreme Unction substitutes in a certain fashion life divine for the human life that is ebbing away, and supernaturally sustains our soul in the decadence of our bodily strength. Holy Orders provides for the perpetual continuance of ministers charged with the putting in action of all these supplementary means of grace, and with outpouring through these channels the floods of divine life. Marriage, by consecrating the principle of natural generation, prepares the way for a second and higher birth: to humanity which awaits divine life, it gives an origin in harmony with this exalted destiny; it sanctifies in advance, the family, the institution charged with perpetuating and rearing the race of the children of God.

V.—HEAVEN, PURGATORY, HELL.

1. By whatever method the life of grace has been deposited and developed within us—whether simply by the secret action of God, or by additional processes exterior and visible,—the effects thereof become fully known to us only on our departure from this world. Up to our death we can not have any other than a vague and clouded conception of our union with God. Sons of God in reality, and participants of His intelligence by faith, and of His love by charity, we do not as yet feel all that we are and all that we possess. But when the veil is torn away, we shall see; when the material chains cease to restrain us, we shall spring forward. God will become visible to us,

and we shall lose ourselves in Him. His own light will illumine us, His own joy make us happy. We will take account of the life divine that was in us, and it will develop all its consequences. Save that we shall preserve our personality sweetly humble and grateful, eternal light and eternal beatitude will be ours as they are God's. Even could he feel and think as an adult, the child just released from the maternal womb would not be more dazzled by his entrance into the sunlight of this world than will be our soul when, quitting its corporeal envelope, it finds itself in the midst of divine splendors.

2. If, through weakness and inconsistency, even while allowing grace the upper hand within us, we have not permitted it to permeate our whole being, and if there remain in us at the moment of death some inordinate affections, these last obstacles will have to be eliminated before we enter upon our definitive fruition of the life of God. A second, provisional existence will be granted to us for the entire purification of our soul, its perfect preparation for the beatific vision and union. This is what is meant when we are told of purgatory, of that postponed heaven, that heaven desired amid the sufferings of a holy impatience. Such is the destiny of those who, at the close of their earthly existence, possess within them incomplete life divine, whether as children they received it in Baptism only, or as adults they hold it either through their collaboration with invisible action from on high, or through sacramental grace.

3. As for those who die aliens to the state of grace, their destiny, of which we know little, varies according as they are or are not responsible for that privation. Children dying unbaptized, they remain on that account in the natural state; and all we know about them is that their condition is worthy of the infinite justice and infinite good-

ness of God. Adults who have refused the grace, a sufficiency of which is offered to all, and who, by an evil use of their free will, have degenerated from the natural condition of man, suffer the painful consequences of their attitude according to the exact measure in which it was voluntary. In an order of things regulated by God Himself, it is blasphemy to believe that the punishment can ever surpass the crime.

VI.—COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

If the principal effect of grace is to unite men to God, that is not its only effect: it unites in like manner among themselves the men who possess it.

1. Reversible Merits.—The life divine produces in all through whom it circulates still other effects than traits of resemblance and a heavenly brotherhood: it links them in a fruitful solidarity; it levies on their good acts, without thereby diminishing individual benefit, a sort of supplementary tax expended for the benefit of all. Just as account is taken in the world not only of our personal qualities, but of our friends, our relatives, or our country, so God condescends with regard to each participant of His most high life, to take account of the worth and work of those whom I shall call His co-associates. The merit of a father redounds upon his whole family, as does that of eminent men upon all their fellow-citizens. In accordance with a similar law of reversibility, the merits of Christ, of the Blessed Virgin and the saints redound upon each member of the chosen race, and every soul that does good not only enhances its personal worth but augments the social treasure of the other children of God.

2. Intercession.—In addition to this effect, which is, so to speak, automatic, and is produced without our advertence thereto, the communion of saints operates another which is more dependent upon us, one which we may

bring about as often as we will. By intercessory prayer we may claim from God a special application of the merits of Christ and the saints; we may add, if I may say so, an effective endorsement to this or that petition of our own. The saints in heaven or the faithful on earth can, either at our request or spontaneously, intervene in our favor in the name of that friendship which God entertains for them and which leads Him to take account of their wishes; we, on the other hand, can likewise intervene on behalf of others.

To this spiritual commerce of merits and of prayers among "the saints," not even death can oppose an effective obstacle; it can not assail the divine life which reigns in them and makes of them a single family. The faithful who are sustaining their earthly combat, honor and petition the triumphant elect in heaven as they pray and offer their merits for the suffering souls in purgatory; the saints of heaven, and doubtless the souls in purgatory as well, surround us with intercedings for our welfare. Nay, this solidarity that we call the communion of saints breaks, it may be, stronger barriers than those of death,—barriers that separate from one another created beings of different natures. There are other children of God than men, other beneficiaries of the life of grace. In virtue of that title, the angels, as we style those spirits who are scarcely known to us, but whose existence is attested by revelation,—the angels are our brethren, and they too participate in this communication of intercessions and merits.

Thus from the living to the dead, and from the child newly baptized to the first of pure spirits, to the Virgin Mother of Christ, the divine life circulates and establishes union. God is one in all, and all in God are one. Who can conceive a society more widespread as

to the numbers it embraces, more intimately bound together by the kind of union effected among its members? We have said that religion is a phenomenon of society. Assuredly, it appears such in Christianity, where there is seen a society, in God, of three distinct persons; a society, in Jesus Christ, of the divine and the human nature possessed by one person; a society, in grace, of God and the souls penetrated with His life; a society, in the communion of saints, of all souls among themselves,—a communion superior to death,—a communion with the angels themselves.

VII.—THE CHURCH.

Besides this purely spiritual society which comprises all men, all beings in the possession of grace, an external society, the Church, has been instituted to aid by perceptible means in the diffusion of divine life. It is she who, through her head the Pope, or her bishops assembled with him in ecumenical council, makes known the very existence of this system of life, preserves it in its integrity, and explains, according to the needs of souls, its import and its scope; in which office, moreover, she is guaranteed against error by the assistance of Christ, her invisible Chief.

Not content with teaching the Revelation of the kingdom of grace, the Church, by her priesthood, practically assists men to enter and make progress therein. She exhorts them to make good use of the natural means which favor the action of grace. She invites and prepares them to profit by those supplementary resources, the sacraments, performing for them, and in certain cases making them perform for themselves, those rites, those conventional signs to which the Man-God has attached an efficacy productive of grace.

She possesses, in fine, and she exercises a true power of jurisdiction. It belongs to her, while maintaining herself in the

limits of her essential constitution, to legislate, to govern, to administer. She determines the performance of certain duties which would else remain somewhat vague and indefinite,—duties regarding at times acts individually necessary, such as the adoration of God; at other times acts of general interest, like the practice of worship in common. Her magistracy mounts still higher, even to its constituting a species of merciful arbitration between Heaven and us, as when she dissolves vows, or when, by indulgences, she attaches to the performance of certain acts already good in themselves an expiatory virtue beyond their own merit and borrowed from the superabundant reserve of the communion of saints.

The Church, in a word, perpetuates the ministry of the Man-God. In His name, and in virtue of the powers received from Him, she exercises the mediatorial mission which by nature and right is His alone. He has revealed and founded the kingdom of grace; she diffuses the knowledge thereof, and, if we may say so, causes it to function. Just as, in the words of St. Paul, God was in the Christ reconciling the world to Himself, so Christ is in the Church, outpouring, through her, light and life over the world; drawing after Him, through her, the world to the possession of God.

VIII.—THE RELIGIOUS PAST.

The visible society of the children of God has not always existed in its present form. Religious humanity, whose actual organization we have been studying, has a past of which there remain traces; it will have a future which already declares itself.

Although she proclaims that she is the normal intermediary of heavenly communications, the intermediary through whom should pass all those who know her, the Church does not pretend that God can not without her

distribute His grace. We have seen her teaching that God may act directly upon each adult, and, Himself, put salvation within the reach of every good will. In the same order of ideas, she tells us that God had made known to the world, long before she was established, the rudiments of true religion.

Prior to the birth of Christ, and with the purpose of preparing His reign, Israel had received in germ, and had progressively developed under an impulsion, a protection of an order more than human, revelations of the divine unity, of restored morality, of spiritual worship, of Messianic hopes. Prior to Judaism, and from the very beginning, primitive humanity possessed in an unknown form certain fundamental revelations; and if it be true that it very often as well as very quickly lost or travestied these revelations, it nevertheless remains certain that the world has never been totally deprived of the supernatural communications of God. It is the trace of these facts that we see round about us, whether in the Jewish religion which has survived itself like the withered coating of an acorn grown into an oak, or among the strange cults which still cover three-quarters of the globe with their human follies and their fragments of divine wisdom, but which are continually receding before the lights of reason and the Gospel sun.

IX.—THE FUTURE.

The Church does not shrink from the hardihood of saying what will be the religious future of the world.

1. From her very establishment, she has made her own, by defining it with precision and freeing it from material dreams, the Messianic idea of one cult for all nations. She proclaims herself destined to establish the true religion everywhere. This prophecy of universality is not so very astounding to-day, when it is becoming an accomplished fact, and when the frontiers of Chris-

tianity, for so long a period equivalent to those of civilization, are advancing in the East and West even to the extent of becoming united and thus disappearing. But what risk of being belied by events did the Church not run when she affirmed this prophecy for the first time before twelve apostles and a few poor disciples, in one of the lesser provinces of the Roman Empire, at an epoch when the known world comprised less than one-tenth of our globe!

Even now, let us not forget, this prediction retains something of hardihood; for it applies to time as well as space; and the same religion that declares she is destined to be known by all peoples, affirms also that she has the promise of imperishable life. Is there on the face of the earth any other institution that will take upon itself to announce that it will spread as far and last as long as there will exist men?

2. The Church promulgates, relative to the religious future, another affirmation which we have here only to mention, without inquiring whether its sublime character will be acclaimed with joy, or whether it will cause as much scandal as when Jesus announced it to the Sadducees, and St. Paul to his auditory on the slope of the Areopagus.

Carnis resurrectionem! In circumstances of which no detail is revealed with clearness, but whose essential character demands our faith, the terrestrial history of humanity will end with the resurrection of the body. Men, separated from their flesh by death, will see themselves reconstituted in the normal condition of spirits joined to matter. That body which has been an accomplice in evil will partake of the wreck of the soul, while the just will resume in a glorified form the envelope once associated with their highest acts.

To this humanity, integrally reconstituted, and evermore living, Christ radiant with glory will assign, in a sentence divinely equitable, their defin-

itive destinies; and the cycle will close with the supreme act which will bring back to God, even as it went out from Him, humanity in spirit and flesh,—humanity representative of all nations, of the whole creation. As God was the universal principle, so will He be the universal end. Then shall we enjoy with Him that eternal life revealed to us in the dogma of the Trinity, of which we catch a glimpse in the fact of the Incarnation, and which, possessed in secret under the name of grace, constitutes at present our richest treasure.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXV.—EBEN KNOX FEASTS. MOTHER MOULTON PROPHESES.

EBEN KNOX hurried back to the mill, whereof the bell had sounded almost unheeded, and whence Matt Tobin had dismissed the workers. With the exception of Dave Morse, most of them wondered at the unwonted absence of the "boss," an event which very rarely occurred. But they asked no question; and if they had, Matt could have given them little information. He was a singularly incurious man, for whom his work and his pipe, and a few quiet hours at home with his wife and family of an evening, were sufficient.

Though Matt had dismissed the mill hands, he was still in the deserted building when Eben Knox returned thither. He handed the "boss" the keys, with no comment whatever upon the latter's peculiar aspect, and no visible surprise at the slap upon the shoulder which Eben gave him, with a facetious remark such as he did not remember having heard before in all his years of service.

Eben Knox was, in fact, filled with an insensate delight. He was frantic

with exultation, not only because of the respite, the commutation of his sentence of life-separation from Leonora, but at the mere thought that Jim Bretherton, humiliated, heart-stricken, would have to endure, in his turn, such pangs as those which the manager himself had suffered. His joy abounded; it tingled in every nerve; it rose into his throat and almost choked him. His sense of wrong and injury against mankind, his envy, his consciousness of his own inferiority in appearance, in station, in surroundings, found an outlet in a bitter personal hatred of Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton. And this animosity was intensified a hundredfold by the fact that the young gentleman was his successful rival in his ill-starred love affair with Leonora.

Now, however, he had found a means of revenge, which, as a dark and ominous cloud at sunset time, was likewise tinged with the roseate glow of hope. It was the most deadly vengeance he could take upon his foe, and it offered to himself a possibility of unlimited joy. Had Leonora accepted him outright, he could scarcely have felt more elated. With Jim Bretherton once out of the way, a struggle would begin for the winning of Leonora. It might, indeed, be long and difficult, as that of one who would climb an Alpine height in the face of a biting blast, with slippery foothold and chasms of despair on either side; but he felt in his nature that terrible strength which is capable of overleaping all obstacles, or at least of aiming at the unattainable.

When Matt Tobin handed over the keys, he left his employer, with his ordinary curt nod and word of farewell. And the latter remained alone in the great building, and saw with unseeing eyes the looms standing idle, with their burden of unfinished work, like so many lives suddenly brought to a close; while the shadows deepened and scarcely a glimmer of light came in from without.

He stood and stared at the looms. Work as represented by them for the first time palled upon him. He was feverishly anxious to be done with it, and, having secured Leonora, to be a man of leisure, able to go away and travel.

He hated those toil-worn years, which had left their ugly traces upon him; hated the grinding spirit of greed, which had planted far more legible imprints; hated the sordid materialism, the "baser stars which had shut him up in wishes." He even regretted, in that instant of illumination and of bitter retrospection, that he had not had religion, like Leonora, like Jim Bretherton,—a worship which had raised them up to a plane whither he could never soar. He felt just then that subtle bond of sympathy which united those two, which purified and strengthened their love, and endued it with the promise of "spring perpetual."

He turned impatiently from these thoughts; but he did not linger amongst the books, as was his custom, till supper time; nor go round feverishly inspecting the work, to calculate how much had been accomplished during the day. He locked up carefully and went out, directing his steps homeward to the mill-house.

It was an unprecedented occurrence, and it dismayed Mother Moulton. In the first place, she was astonished at this early return. It was as if a cataclysm had occurred within the mill precincts. Moreover, she had not time to take her precautions. The two unbidden guests who still lingered at the mill-house, and whose movements were carefully timed that they might not encounter the manager, were out, and might return at any moment. They usually came in before the closing of the mill, took a hasty supper and retired to the loft, where even the child had learned to preserve an unnatural stillness.

Eben Knox entered the dingy living room, where Mother Moulton sat thinking her own dark thoughts in the dusk. For it was forbidden to light a lamp or candle until Eben Knox's return, save in the kitchen, where the scanty meal was prepared half an hour before his arrival. Mother Moulton believed at first that her employer had been drinking. Not that she had ever seen him under alcoholic influence; to her knowledge, he had never tasted any stimulating beverage. She very soon saw her error; but she was more than ever puzzled by the manager's demeanor.

"Come," he cried,—“come, Mother Moulton, light a fire on the hearth,—a good one, do you hear?—none of your smouldering, smoky smudges, but a blaze, woman,—a blaze! Don't spare the wood-pile.”

"It's the first time I've heard that order in all the years I have been here," the crone responded dryly.

"You shall hear many a new command from me in the time to come. But light up the fire, I say, and give us a royal supper to-night."

"Royal, indeed!" snapped the crone. "What is there in the pantry but yesterday's scraps?"

"Here!" said the manager, taking a bill from his pocketbook and holding it toward Mother Moulton, who fairly gasped with astonishment. "Go now! Perhaps you will find Dave Morse loafing about somewhere; or if you don't, go yourself and buy meat and sweetmeats,—dainty things such as a woman likes. I like them too,—pies and cakes and candies."

"You're daft!" said Mother Moulton.

"Maybe I am," Eben Knox replied, laughing. "But go you and get the materials for the feast."

Mother Moulton rose unwillingly. In his present mood, she was not sure whether or not it would be safe to dispute his commands. Besides, she

very rarely got a chance to gratify her taste for solid food, much less for these unusual delicacies. Never a feast had been spread for her in all the course of these years. And she reflected, too, that she would be able to regale with the remnants of the feast those guests whom, all unknown to Eben Knox, she harbored under his roof.

Still looking askance at her master, she edged toward the door; and, once outside, her eyes peered about in the gloom, hoping that she might see the mother and child hovering about, and warn them to bide their time. Look as she might, she saw no sign of them, and she concluded that the next best thing was to hurry upon her errand. She trusted that if the worst came to the worst, and the woman presented herself at the door, she would have the wit to pretend that she was merely a strolling beggar, and that Knox would have no means of knowing that she had been a guest in the house. As the old woman hastened on, she reflected that the master must be "fey" and that his death was probably near.

Meanwhile Eben Knox went about the room with a new sense which had suddenly come to him. The cheerless squalor of the environment smote upon him. He pulled at the window curtain, a ragged tapestry which the crone had hung up for warmth. He moved the furniture about, striving to impart something of comfort to its arrangement. He was curiously dissatisfied with the result, and he devoted himself, while he awaited Mother Moulton's return, to piling up logs upon the hearth, as he had seen them piled in Miss Tabitha's sitting-room. The leaping blaze certainly improved that dismal apartment as nothing else could have done, and gave it an air of weird and picturesque comfort.

He was still on his knees before the hearth, his saturnine face lighted by the glow, his uncouth figure resembling

that of some dark enchanter, when he was startled by a sound without—the patter of childish feet, the prattle of an infantile voice. He shivered from some strange association of ideas, and cast an apprehensive glance toward the window, upon which the reflection of the firelight blazed with mimic splendor. To his terror, he distinctly perceived there, though but for a fleeting instant, a face pressed close against the glass. It was a face, he thought, which he had seen before somewhere,—which he had known, it might be in the distant past.

He shook as with the ague, while his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. It was Mother Moulton as he had seen her long ago when he was but a boy. He knelt transfixed, with the poker still in his hand, and the blaze flaming and dancing about him. A moaning wind had arisen, and was sweeping eerily about the house and stirring the alder bushes. After a moment or two of stupefaction, Eben Knox arose and threw open the door. Crouching against the window was a woman with a child clinging to her skirts. The manager regarded her with hollow, staring eyes, terror for the moment overmastering all other impressions. He fancied he saw a vision, a familiar scene from the past reproduced before his distraught imagination.

But when he had gazed awhile his practical common-sense reasserted itself. He strode forward and, seizing the woman roughly by the arm, asked:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

She made no answer, but clasped her hands in mute entreaty. He turned her round, that he might see her face once more in the light streaming from the open doorway; and again he started and shivered, while the woman regarded him appealingly. When he had gazed at her for a second or two, he tightened his grasp upon her arm,

and, with a swift, furtive glance at the mill windows, as if he feared observers even in their blankness, he exclaimed:

"Come in,—come in quickly to the mill-house!"

He could scarcely have explained to himself this sudden, uncontrollable impulse to screen the wandering vagrant from possible observers.

The woman silently obeyed what was rather a command than an invitation. She entered the room, which was now so brightened and vitalized by the cheerful blaze that she scarcely recognized it; and she stood, trembling and terrified, clasping to her breast the child whom she had hastily caught up.

Eben Knox sank into an armchair and stared hard at the figure before him, in a silence which was more alarming to the woman than any speech; and when at last he spoke, it was to himself, as if this were no living being at all, but a shadowy abstraction.

"If it be you," he muttered, "in the figure of your youth, why do you come here? Have you changed from age to youth, and where is your hideous presentment of half an hour ago?"

A cool observer might have thought that the man's mind was wandering somewhat. Momentarily, at least, his reason seemed unhinged; time and place and the flight of years had lost for him their respective proportions.

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and Mother Moulton, throwing open the door, stood, quite breathless, upon the threshold. She had sped to the village with a swiftness which belied her years; and, returning laden with parcels, had seen from afar the meeting of Eben Knox with the woman crouching under his window. She had seen them disappear, and had hastened thither, fearing that, in his anger and in the strange humor which possessed him, the manager might do his unbidden guest an injury.

(To be continued.)

Soggarth Aroon.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN
AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE
IN DOON."

(CONCLUSION.)

I WAS often called on to arbitrate in cases of disputes. More especially when things had come to such a pass that there was question of "taking the law of one another," or "following one another in law," I was generally invoked by one side or the other, or by both, to settle the point at issue,—to the entire satisfaction of both disputants, of course. It was well known that I strongly discouraged law proceedings—to the intense chagrin of the neighboring solicitors,—as expensive, often unnecessary, and always, or nearly so, uncharitable. I was, in consequence, frequently resorted to as to a High Court of Appeal.

I found, as a rule, that an appeal to reason, and especially religion, combined with the healing effect of a little time, sufficed to reconcile those that at first sight would seem to be the most deadly and implacable enemies. The hearts of these mountain people were naturally forgiving, warm and kindly, and could not long retain hatred; and I have known many an angry quarrel between them to end like that famous quarrel between Brutus and Cassius,—by each giving the other not merely "his hand" but "his heart" too. My experience is that the Irish peasant is an overgrown child,—a child in simplicity and docility, in reverence for superiors, and all those engaging and ingenuous qualities that make a child so lovable, so forgiving and forgivable. If he is quick to say the hot, choleric word, he is equally prompt to repent of it, when the short-lived "splutter o' timper" subsides.

"I was sorry for what I said before

the word was well out of my mouth," was an expression I often heard among the mountain folk; and I had no reason to doubt their sincerity.

Another of my occasional functions was to reprove and correct erring ones. The complaints came chiefly from anxious mothers who, in all good faith, colored the delinquencies of son, daughter, or husband with a deeper dye than, in my belief, they really deserved. I found, when I investigated the matter, that their sins, although probably deserving of reprehension, were not so very black. A few examples will suffice to show the character of the high crimes and misdemeanors of this class which I had to deal with.

Mrs. Muldowney, of Creggan, a widow whose family consisted of three daughters and one son—to wit, Peter,—complained to me of the latter's undue partiality for rambling of nights to the neighbors' houses, thus missing the nightly Rosary, and sometimes, besides, keeping the household up "all hours" waiting for his return. Some time afterward I met this redoubtable Rambler at a Sunday crossroads' gathering of young people, and I took him aside for purposes of correction and reproof. I was, however, agreeably disappointed to find that Peter was by no means the unrepentant villain whom I had imagined him to be from his fond mother's account of him. There was an honest, open, innocent look in his clear blue eye that quite disarmed me when I opened fire on him with look severe and tone reproachful—although paternal, as I hoped. He was a fine, strapping, rollicking, light-hearted young fellow, full of the lusty life and the rude health and vigor of glorious nineteen. I was fully convinced, from a short conversation with him, that of guile or malice aforethought he was as innocent as a child of three.

"Musha, your reverence," he said in reply to my remark about his rambling

propensities, "what great harm is it to make a *ceildth* back and forward to a neighbor's house? Sure, if I was to stay at home every night lookin' on at my mother and the girls knittin' and sewin' there like dummies, I'd feel as lonesome as a milestone. So, your reverence, I only just run over as far as Heavey's, to hear old Jim tellin' stories about ghosts and fairies; or to the pensioner Lahy's, to hear the sergeant tellin' all about the Rooshian War. So there's all the harm I do. Musha, if I only go a yard from the door at night they think at home some one will ate me, so they do."

He promised me, however, that he would try to curb the vagabond spirit within him, and, at least, be always "in for the Rosary," whenever he went for a ramble.

Mrs. Connor, of the Derries, complained to me, with a face of much concern, that her oldest girl, Julia, was very fond of going to dances on Sunday evenings,—in fact, would "give her two eyes for a dance."

"It has her entirely distracted from her work," she said; "for when she gets my back turned she's liltin' and jiggin' for herself like a mad thing. And she's took up greatly this time back with learnin' a concerteen instead of mindin' her little duties. So I want your reverence to spake to her, and check her, without sayin' I told you; for she's a good creature, only for bein' a bit airy and foolish. Sure, a mother can't be too careful about keepin' her daughters out of harm's way."

Well, I chanced to meet the notorious dancer one day on her way to market with a big basket of eggs. She certainly looked like one who could dance, for she fairly spun along the road under her burden; and I verily believe she had been humming a dance tune when I encountered her at a turn of the road. She was a very demure, dark-haired, dark-eyed colleen; and she

made me so graceful a little "curchy," and bade me "Good-morning, Father!" with so sweet and bewitching a smile, that I hadn't the heart to begin scolding her, and quite forgot the little lecture I had composed in my mind. Accordingly, I went beating round the bush with the view of discovering if dances were held often in her neighborhood. She replied with delightful *naïveté* and simplicity that there was very little amusement in the country, only an odd dance now and then among her immediate friends, never lasting longer than nine o'clock or so. Surely, I thought, this shy, mild-mannered, innocent-looking little maid could not be the notorious *danseuse* of whom I had heard so much. At any rate, I must confess that the lecture I had intended for her remained unread.

It was invariably the womenfolk, as I have already hinted, who conveyed complaints to me, whether about son, daughter, or husband. They themselves, seemingly, like the king, could do no wrong. Whenever the "time was out of joint" it was their especial province to come on the scene and "set it right."

Murmurs reached me occasionally from anxious wives about a husband who was fond of taking "a sup too much" at fair or market. In this connection I might mention that Mrs. Nally, of Curren, earnestly requested me "to spake" to her husband Tom, who was an occasional cow-jobber in a small way, with a view to induce him to take a total-abstinence pledge, or at least "stint himself" to an allowance when he went to a fair; for that lately he was "goin' beyond the beyonds." She stipulated, however, that I should not mention that she had given me "the hard word" about his misdeeds; for he was 'a quiet, simple-goïn' man, and a good head to her and her family.'

When I spoke to him on the subject, he admitted that he had been indeed,

"gentle-hearted a turn or two of late." But, in extenuation thereof, he pleaded that he had been to a far-distant fair, and had endured so much unheard-of "cowld and wet and hunger and hardship," that a "little drop o' sperits" was absolutely essential, in his belief, to keep the 'cowld out of his heart and keep the life in his body' till he returned home. He believed that, by reason of the nature of his avocation of jobber, total abstinence would not suit him at all; he much preferred the doctrine of a little in moderation or 'stintin' himself to a reasonable share.' At any rate, we came to a compromise on these lines, to his great delight, as I could see from the twinkle of his keen grey eye, wherein lurked humor as well as the shrewdness of the small jobber skilled in deciphering the age of a cow from the hieroglyphic rings on her horns.

These are but a few of my experiences as peacemaker-in-ordinary and adviser-general for the simple folk of the Mountain Parish. I had, besides, to adjudicate in cases of family settlements and marriage fortunes, in disputes affecting the repair of fences, the tracing of boundaries, and such like. I even ventured to assess the damage caused by the nocturnal trespass of a donkey that had spent some luxurious hours in a field of half-ripe oats; also that done by a flock of geese that had passed a night of delights in a field of dead-ripe barley. In truth, I was a justice of the peace as well as everything else.

I was expected also, by my faithful people, to be their physician, not only as healer of their spiritual maladies, but of all manner of corporal infirmities as well. Their faith in my healing powers was simply unshakable. "You're the best doctor yourself; and if you don't cure me, no one can," was the invariable answer when I inquired if the local doctor had been sent for, or had yet seen the patient whom I had been called on to visit. Of course I frequently

insisted on their sending for the doctor, sometimes to the satisfaction of the latter, when it was a "paying case," often to his chagrin when it was a "scarlet-runner" call.

I do, indeed, firmly believe that miracles were sometimes wrought among them,—not indeed by my unworthy ministry, but by their own wonderful and extraordinary faith. All the same, they would have it that my prayers or my "holy hand" cured them, rather than any merit of theirs, or the doctor's skill. I knew a man to say that he felt immediate relief from pain when I laid my hand on his fevered brow; and a woman declared that my blessing had cured her infant, whom the doctor considered hopeless. Yes, the strength and intensity of the faith of those poor mountain folk was an ever-fresh wonder to me, and a source of great edification as well.

Then, too, when their stock fell sick, they came to me to implore me to "kill the murrain" in the cattle or "quinch the disorder" amongst the geese. "Sure, they're our little manes," they would say; "and if that goes, what's to become of us at all? So we put our dependance in your reverence to banish the disease." Indeed, were I to enumerate all the strange requests for favors that came to me from time to time, I fear they would provoke irreverent merriment.

Their belief in the blessings of the Church was great and edifying. They brought all kinds of things to me to be blessed,—pictures, statues, salt for cattle, and seed corn, with a view to forestall the "cutworm." As for Holy Water, I could scarce keep a sufficient supply of it. For any household to be without it would be considered an indication—and rightly so—of great laxity and lukewarmness in the observances of religion. Few, if any, houses in Killanure were ever without a copious supply of it; for the people

used it freely, not merely for sprinkling themselves and their stock also, but likewise for drinking in illness, as I sometimes found to be the case.

The distinctions and offices heaped upon me were not of my seeking, but rather accorded me by the popular acclaim of my flock as the inalienable privileges and honors of their *soggarth aroon*. I could, therefore, bear my "blushing honors" with all the more equanimity when I remembered that they were regarded by my parishioners as belonging to my office *jure ordinario*, as the theologians say; and so there was, in my estimation, at least, little room for egotism or for complacently hugging myself in the smug self-satisfaction that all this was due to my personal magnetism, influence, or prestige. All unworthy and unambitious though I was of so unique a position, they would regard me as one similar to that admirable personage, the Man of Ross, immortalized by Pope:

Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, the contest is no more.

Thus, although young, and by no means a sage, unqualified in medicine and "un-articled" to law, I experienced almost daily the half-gratification and half-mortification of seeing myself, an humble country curate, regarded by these simple, confiding folk as an unerring oracle in crucial difficulties, a consulting physician in cases of illness, a chamber-counsel in matters litigious; and, chiefly and above all things, a thaumaturgus—a wonder-worker, as a matter of course. They placed no limit to the power of the priest; and I have heard practical people tell in all seriousness stories of the wonderful things done by priests in the past,—things so wildly extravagant and improbable that I could not credit them. Here is an instance of my own experience,

A man came to me on a certain occasion to complain that some person or persons unknown were nightly stealing the turf on his bog, and he requested me to do for him what a certain Father Pat M. was known to have done in precisely similar circumstances. He stuck the turf-stealer to the bog, where he was found the next morning, as if frozen or petrified, in the thieving act and attitude of stooping for a sod of turf. My parishioner believed I could do the same thing for his benefit, 'if I liked'; and he was not half pleased when I did not promise to undertake the charitable office of "paralyzing" the nocturnal thief.

Ah, theirs was faith, indeed,—the simple, confiding belief of little children! They were children in their virtues as in their vices; occasionally wayward and foolish, but at all times amenable to my authority. They were impulsive, big-hearted and generous; but, more than all else, loyal to their Church and their priests with a deep, strong, silent devotion that few can realize so well as their own *soggarth aroon*. The world, I am convinced, knows very little of the great heart and grand virtues of the simple, unlettered, God-fearing Irish peasant. To him his holy religion is all in all; and it strews over the privations and poverty of his humble lot, and seemingly cheerless life, the purest and sweetest of earthly joys. His is the privilege to ascend at any time on the viewless wings of faith into heights serene, of calm peace and ecstatic happiness, of which scoffing sceptics know nothing. He can, by the aid of religion, make for himself a heaven of his own in the midst of cold and nakedness, hunger and sickness and death. His religion is truly an Aladdin's lamp by means of which he can possess at will the magic power of transforming his lowly cabin into a fairy palace of Cathay.

Was it not, I used often ask myself,

guerdon and reward enough to be privileged to labor for such a people, and to receive in return their fervent blessings and their prayers, that must surely avail much? How could I ever requite them for their love, respect, and almost idolatrous veneration—if I might use such an expression—for my sacred character? Why, I could not pass along a public road in the parish without receiving, all unsought, such an ovation of respectful homage as a sovereign might envy. I remember that when I was on the English mission I might pass through streets and streets, even in my own district—in the Protestant quarters, of course,—without any one's noticing me; unless, perhaps, some fellow-Christian vouchsafed to regard me with a cold, indifferent glance, not unmingled, probably, with contempt or disdain.

Here, however, the contrast was marked. When I passed through the crowd to the mountain chapel from my house of a Sunday, I could scarce return all the respectful salutes and "curchies" I received; and if I were as many-eyed as one of the "living creatures" mentioned in the Apocalypse, I could not return the kindly looks of unspoken yet heartfelt veneration and love. Ah, what could I do—I the son of a peasant like one of themselves—but bless them deep down in my heart of hearts, and sing therein and make melody, because God had raised me up from nothing to be what I was—the *soggarth aroon* of an Irish parish?

A Boy.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

CHANGEFUL as March, as April gay;
 Strange, unsure as the young Year's weather!
 Rude as the winds of a Springtide day,
 Loving and plaguing by turns and together;
 Rollicking, petulant, impudent, coy,—
 Bless me! a marvellous mixture's a boy.

Beppo's Madonna.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

IT was early morning in Rome. Cool and sweet came the breath of the dawn, bearing from the Alban hills the freshness of heaven into the city by the Tiber. So sweet and fair dawned the day that it seemed as though all the world should be wrapped in the mantle of happiness, and every face unclouded as the sky of soft Italian blue.

Yet Giovanna's face was clouded, and she sat wistful and sad at the door of her little home. She was a beautiful creature, of the softest type of Italian beauty. Broad-browed, ebony-haired, her brown eyes were soft and deep, as if the windows of a soul filled with thoughts unutterable. Her nose was slender and delicate, her mouth was sweet and wistful in its curves; but over all the radiant beauty of her womanhood there lay a veil of sadness.

There were those who whispered that all was not as it should be in the little home under the vines. Beppo, the husband, was "a merry dog." Handsome and gay, he too often wandered from home, and left the business of his little wineshop to care for itself, or Giovanna to care for it as well as for her two lovely boys. He was not an evil fellow, gay Beppo: he was only selfish and pleasure-loving; and he liked to wander beside the Tiber banks with pleasant companions, or to go to the wide Campagna under skies of blue, where all nature appealed to his beauty-loving soul. Of Giovanna at home he thought not when the fit of roving seized him; and yet in his careless fashion he loved her truly.

No reproach ever passed her lips: she was too sweet for ugly words; but day by day the iron of his neglect entered into her soul, and day by day

her face took sadder curves. For a woman who loves a man, no lesson is harder to learn than that to him she is not necessary, or that he enjoys life without the sunshine of her presence. Her two boys were her comfort. Sturdy chaps they were,—the older, helpful and serious, his mother's right hand; the younger, a babe of two, a gentle, loving boy with something of his mother's sadness in his great, dark eyes.

On this fair summer morning Giovanna sat beneath the vine-covered trellis of her little *auberge* in the outskirts of Rome. Vines of bryony wreathed themselves above her head and twined the pillar at her back, and through the frame made by the leaves and tendrils one could catch glimpses of the towers and palaces of the city outlined against the morning sky. Her baby in her arms, Giovanna sat silent, brooding, dreaming, her older boy at her knee.

Where was Beppo? She asked herself the question with many a foreboding. He had not been at home since the day before, when he had left her to go to see some fine new pictures brought to Rome by Raphael,—works of which the whole city was talking. It was not to be wondered at, thought Giovanna; there was nothing at home to keep there a brilliant, beauty-loving fellow like Beppo. Of course a man could not live with the things which sufficed her woman's soul—love and home and children, and a murmured Rosary at night.

As she thought, and leaned her head upon the baby, clasping him close to her, a gentle sadness stole into her sweet face,—not the sadness of unrest, but a chastened resignation, which lent rare beauty to her countenance.

"Donna!" said a voice. "I pray you move not an inch!"

And, glancing up, she saw the great painter standing beside her. In surprise

her eyes questioned him, but he spoke again:

"Move not, fair *donna*, I beseech you! Let me picture your face and that of your sweet boys. I have no canvas, but here is a cask upturned, its surface smooth and hard enough to serve. Long have I sought such a model. Move not till I have made your beautiful features live forever. I pray you let me also picture your boys, for seldom have I beheld such perfect little creatures."

Won by the tact of Raphael—what mother is not pleased at praise of her children?—the gentle *donna* posed for the great artist, quieting her little ones with loving words until they, too, were still.

The fire of his genius burning brightly, Raphael sketched rapidly the graceful figures, drawing them upon the head of the cask. And as he sketched, a crowd drew near, drawn by the presence of the "sweet painter," as they called him; for all Rome loved the Umbrian artist who had shed lustre upon the Eternal City herself. Eagerly they watched his work. As with every line there grew more clearly the likeness of Giovanna's face, expressions of wondering surprise fell from each lip, and as he finished cries of admiration burst from the crowd.

"Behold!" one cried. "'Tis she, the wife of Beppo! See the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the striped scarf, the Roman coif of many hues!"

"Her very self!" exclaimed another. "And the *bambino* within her arms! He almost speaks; and see how his brother looks upon him. 'Tis thus Beppo gazes upon the little one, surely!"

And as they spoke, with eager glance and gesture, while Raphael touched the picture here and there with loving brush, a figure stole quietly up unseen, and gazed upon the work and then upon the model. Truly it was Giovanna! Yet changed indeed! What sweet, sad

curves lay about the lips, what holy brooding in the eyes, what eager motherliness was in the clasping arms, as of one to whom all joys had been denied save those of children's love! The fair boy who gazed so lovingly upon his brother, within the picture,—what devotion he expressed for the Blessed *Bambino* who sat enthroned within His Mother's arms, within whose far-seeing eyes lay more than childish wisdom, far more than childish sadness!

As he gazed, Beppo's heart smote him. Was it through him that all this sorrow came,—sorrow which stamped their faces thus? He leaned a little forward to gaze again upon his wife; and one within the crowd espied him, crying:

"See, Signor Beppo! Behold the honor of thy house! The Signor Raphael has deemed thy wife fair enough to paint her likeness. See how he hath made thy *donna*!"

Beppo gazed at the picture, then at the fair face of his wife, as she sat flushing happily at his return. He stepped to her side and stooped to kiss her hand; then, bowing low to the painter, he said:

"My *donna*, nay! The Signor Raphael has painted as the angels of heaven, and made *Madonna*!" And his Roman cap swept low the ground in reverence.

Raphael smiled, well pleased that so simple a man should so readily read his picture's meaning; and he answered:

"Of a truth art thou right, friend Beppo; for thy lady's face of purest chastity has served me for the Madonna's countenance, and thy two fair boys for the Holy Christ and His St. John. Take now the picture upon the cask for thy very own, but give me leave to come and copy it at my free will."

Then, as the crowd dispersed, the painter added:

"And hark you, friend! Certain

things have I heard concerning you. I advise you stay more at home. Rich jewels need careful guarding. Methinks had I a wife so fair, so chaste as thine, I should bestow upon her a great largess of devotion, lest others see the beauty her husband doth neglect. Methinks I would not like to see within such tender eyes the sorrow of a neglected wife."

Beppo hung his head, abashed. Giovanna, admired by the rich and great, seemed of a sudden priceless in his eyes. But her little hand slipped into his; and, gazing into her eyes, he saw but wifely constancy as her sweet lips murmured:

"I love thee, *Beppo mio!*"

And within his heart he swore a great oath henceforth to be lover as well as husband.

From that day success came to the little house beside the vines. All Rome flocked to see the sketch of Raphael, and Beppo worked early and late to serve his customers within the little shop. Contentment reigned, and love lightened labor; and when the Eternal City rang with the fame of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," Beppo pointed to his cask, saying, with a proud air about his wife, as he gazed fondly at her happy face:

"Behold, from this it came, the wonderful picture of Our Lady,—from *ma donna!*"

THE word "effigy" originally meant the "features." In a MS. declaration by Lord Colerain in 1675, bound up in "Dugdale's History of St. Paul's Cathedral," in the library of the Earl of Oxford, there is an account of the disinterment of the body of Bishop Braybrooke, who had been buried two hundred and fifty years. In this account the following words occur: "On the right side of ye cheek there was flesh and hair visible enough to give some notice of his *effigy*."

College Discipline in Olden Times.

WE lately heard it stated that at a certain well-known university the rules formulated are only three—namely, students shall be present at registration and on Commencement day; no one shall set fire to any of the college buildings; and no one shall assault the president or any member of the faculty. It might be interesting to compare these up-to-date rules with the following regulations which obtained at Harvard College in 1660:

It is hereby ordered that the president and fellows of Harvard College have the power to punish all misdeeds of the young men in their College. They are to use their best judgment, and punish by fines or whipping in the hall publicly, as the nature of the offence shall call for.

No student shall live or board in the family or private house of any person in Cambridge without permission from the president and his teachers. And if any shall have leave to do so, yet they shall attend all college exercises both for religion and schooling.

They shall also be under college rules, and do as others ought to do. In case any student shall be and live in town and out of the college grounds, more than one month or several times, without permission, he shall afterward be looked upon as no member of the College.

Former orders have not prevented unnecessary damage to the College by the roughness and carelessness of certain of the students. Yet for their benefit a great amount of money has been spent on these things.

It is therefore ordered that hereafter all possible care be taken to prevent such injury to things. And when any damage shall be found done to any study room or other room used, the person or persons living in it shall pay for this.

And when any damage shall be done to any part of the college building (except by the act of God), this shall be made good or paid for by all the students living in the College at the time when such damage shall be done or found to be done. This means damage to any empty room, the college fences, pump, bell, clock, etc.

But if the person or persons that did these things be discovered, he or they shall make good the damage. He or they shall also be in danger of further punishment and fines.

If any student shall take any study room for his use, he shall pay the rent for it for a whole year, whether he live in it so long or not. He

shall be under promise to leave the room in as good condition as he found it.

Parents are greatly annoyed by reason of ill-treatment put upon their children when they first come to College. For the future great care shall be taken to prevent this same thing.

All doings of this kind shall be severely punished, by a fine paid by such persons as shall do so. Or they shall receive bodily punishment, if it is considered best.

Times have changed since regulations like these could be enforced. Nowadays there is a deplorable tendency to sacrifice the interest of schools of all grades to a pernicious ideal—to the whims of foolish parents and the caprices of students, a large number of whom are either incapable of receiving, or have no desire to receive, education. Heads of educational institutions are too weak—they declare that it would be useless—to oppose public sentiment on the subject of discipline; they manage to fill their class-rooms, and the machinery is kept going; but the able and industrious have to be sacrificed to the idle and incapable.

There is no end to specifics for all educational evils, and no lack of enthusiasm on the part of reformers. The force of discipline, however, is generally ignored by these enthusiasts. The so-called school strike in Chicago last summer showed to what extremes rebellious pupils will go. It showed furthermore to what extent schools might be injured by temporizing with mutinous attendants. It ought to be plain to educators, of all people, that if pupils with idle, lazy or vicious tendencies are not to be restrained, are not to be controlled by discipline, the schools will become demoralized. An eminent English educationist lately declared that "the overloading of time-tables has made our schooling of less value than it was forty years ago." He might have asserted with equal confidence that good discipline in schools is a *sine qua non* of any degree of efficiency.

Ethical Epitaphs.

THE commemorative inscription on a tomb or other monument over a grave is a species of composition which dates back to the Egyptian sarcophagi. In English and other modern languages, as well as in Greek and Latin, this inscription has often been made a distinct literary form, as may be seen in the works of Ben Jonson and Alexander Pope. Among the most famous of epitaphs in English is that of Benjamin Franklin, composed by himself, and treating of its author in the terms of the printer or bookmaker. Another, of similar tenure, though not so well known, is that of a New Hampshire watchmaker who died in 1822. It runs:

Here lies, in horizontal position, the outside case of George Ritter, whose abiding place in that line was an honor to his profession. Integrity was his mainspring, and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. He never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key. Even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of dispensing of his time so well that his hours glided by in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky minute put an end to his existence: He departed this life Sept. 11, 1822. His case rests and moulders and decays beneath the sod, but his good works will never die.

An epitaph, notable because of the beauty of its oft-quoted concluding couplet, is that of Elihu Yale (chief founder of Yale University), still legible on his tombstone at Wrexham, in Wales. Following the dates of his birth and death are these lines:

Born in America, in Enrope bred,
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived; at London dead.
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare;
For only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Notes and Remarks.

We noted last week the exceptional success attendant on this year's German Catholic Congress, held in Strasburg. Of still greater interest to the majority of our readers is the recent German-American Convention in Cincinnati. The celebration of the Central Verein's golden jubilee took on proportions that made it a notable event in the annals of the "Queen City"; and the parade, sixteen thousand strong, of sterling Catholics was a magnificent demonstration that might well gladden the hearts of Mgr. Falconio, Archbishop Moeller, and the half dozen other prelates who witnessed it.

Notable features of the celebration were the discourses, not less practical than eloquent, of Father Bonaventura, O. P., Bishop McFaul, and Dr. Conde B. Pallen. The energetic prelate of Trenton, in particular, made an excellent and convincing defence of the Federation of Catholic Societies, effectively disposing of the various criticisms by which that movement has been assailed, and instancing the important work that it is surely destined to achieve. The Federation, it is interesting to know, numbers at present a million and a half of members. We understand that one of the subjects discussed, at least informally, at the Cincinnati convention was the extension of the Federated idea all over the Catholic world,—that is, the union of all the various Catholic societies of Christendom in one homogeneous body. Such a union would clearly be of immense and blessed potentiality.

Our Chicago contemporary, the *New World*, indulges in some moderate and quite justifiable glorification of the Catholic schools in its home city. Commenting on the tendency of individual Catholics to disparage the

excellence and minimize the utility of our parochial schools, it cites the published records of such graduates of these schools as have recently taken the examination for entrance to the Chicago Normal School, an institution which no one will accuse of being unduly partial to members of the Church. The records show that of the students of five Catholic schools, all who took the examination were successful. "Bear in mind," says the *New World*, "that in these examinations the pupils of those Catholic institutions were in open competition with the pupils of the public and high schools of the city of Chicago, and that the latter can not truthfully boast such record. They had many failures. It is a striking victory for the Catholic school."

So eminent a medical authority as Sir Andrew Clarke once said: "I am speaking deliberately. Going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten there owed their ill-health to alcohol. Sometimes I say to myself: 'Shall I not do more for health if I give up the practice of medicine and go about the country to prevent the vice of intoxicating drink?'"

These deliberate words of the great English physician emphasize the fact that, while progress in temperance reform has undoubtedly been made since the days when Father Mathew began his crusade, the drinking evil still retains mammoth proportions and needs to be constantly assailed. The evil, we learn, has made considerable headway in India; and we are glad to see that Father C. Dias, of Jannagar, has organized an effective opposition thereto. The St. Anne's Temperance and Total Abstinence Society which this good priest has established is, so far as we are aware, unique among Catholic societies for the promotion of temperance in this, that one class of members admitted is composed of

"adult temperates." These pledge themselves simply not to drink without necessity and not to drink more than they reasonably require. While such a pledge may impress some total abstinence advocates as practically futile, yet so sane a publicist as Father Hull, of the *Examiner*, applauds it as being entirely rational,—more rational, indeed, than most other pledges designed to limit without altogether tabooing the use of liquor. In the meantime those of our readers who are genuinely interested in the spread of total abstinence will be doing a good work by forwarding to Father Dias all the temperance literature at their disposal.

Anglican controversialists have made much of the differences or strained relations which for a time existed between Cardinals Newman and Manning. Nothing in that regrettable Life of the latter, in fact, is more frequently referred to than a certain correspondence between these worthies. One letter certainly is rather hard to forget, and it must have been a painful memory to writer and recipient "when the cloud was lifted." But, as the Rev. George Angus points out in some reminiscences contributed to the London *Tablet*, there is no parity between that unpleasantness and the Anglican differences with which we are all familiar, and for which so many sad apologies are offered. Says Father Angus:

Long ago two Apostles, Paul and Barnabas, fell out, and the contention was so sharp between them that they parted asunder, and, as far as we know, did not meet again upon earth. And what was it all about? Merely the propriety of taking John, whose surname was Mark, with them on a mission. This difference seems a poor reason for the "parting of friends"; but so it was, and such things are written for our edification. Now, why did Manning and Newman disagree? Was it on matters of faith—on the Roman Primacy, or the Sacraments, or the position of Mary in the economy of grace, or purgatory, or the Immaculate Conception, or the honor due to the saints and servants of God?

No, on no such things. In faith and doctrine they were one. What they differed about was a matter of policy. Newman thought that Catholics might go to Oxford, and wanted to have a Catholic college there. Manning, on the other hand, thought that Catholics should not go to Oxford or Cambridge. In the event, the Holy See decided against them both. There was to be no Catholic college at Oxford, while Catholics were to be allowed to go to the English universities,—just as Catholics have always gone, if they pleased, to the Scottish universities. And in this decision on the part of Rome I have always rejoiced.

Benedictines and Jesuits have, of course, their own halls; but ordinary Catholic laymen should, I have always thought, be allowed, as Rome allows them, to go to any of the existing colleges in the universities, and so mix freely with those with whom they will, possibly and probably, have to come in contact in after life, when college days have passed away. I shall be told, of course, that this endangers faith and morals; to which I reply that Rome does not seem to think so; and, further, that if Catholics are likely to be blown away when they encounter the winds of Protestantism, then they must be somewhat fragile flowers, and also must be very badly instructed or very poor creatures; and I refuse to believe our English Catholic young men to be either one or the other.... And as to differences on a point of policy existing between two Cardinals, both now "gone to glory," I see nothing remarkable. *Tot homines, quot sententie*, and Cardinals may differ in matters of opinion just as may other Christians.

Nothing could be more frank than this explanation of a now famous disagreement. Whenever a writer like Father Angus is "tempted to say a few words," he ought to succumb at once. We admire and share this venerable convert's faith in the Catholic young men of England; and we are in as little dread as he of the winds of Protestantism. These can work havoc only among leaves that are ready to fall, and among flowers that have already faded.

In view of the fairly wide field of action that may legitimately occupy the attention, and give full play to the energies, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Pittsburg, it is passing strange, as well as distinctly

regrettable, that the well-meaning ladies of that organization should make a bid for the title of busybodies by taking President Roosevelt to task on the subject of some beer alleged to have been presented to that gentleman and accepted by him with thanks. Mr. Roosevelt will not, of course, administer to the W. C. T. U. the rebuke to which their action in inviting him to "clear himself of the beer charge" lays them provokingly open,—but 'tis rather a pity he won't. These good women need to be reminded that what would be inexcusable impropriety in an individual does not become laudable public duty in a corporate body, even if that body is the W. C. T. U. As a matter of fact, it appears that the beer in question—a case of the best brewed by a Western company—was declined by the President; but, declined or accepted, it afforded no one save Mr. Roosevelt himself ground for considering the matter his—or her—business. This is another instance in which impracticable extremists manifest a lamentable lack of sanity in the matter of riding their particular hobby.

A recent issue of our Canadian contemporary, the *Casket*, contains an extended account of the golden jubilee celebration of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish. The commemorative function was carried out with befitting pomp and ceremony; and the unqualified success of the execution of every item on the programme must have been exceedingly gratifying to the authorities of the college, and more especially to its scholarly and venerable chancellor, the Rt. Reverend Bishop Cameron. The *Casket* discriminatingly remarks that "the diocese of Antigonish has a body of native clergy surpassed by no other diocese in the land. Without our diocesan college we could not have had them." We will add that another glory due, we believe, in very

large measure to St. Francis Xavier's is the *Casket* itself. The editors of that distinctly superior Catholic weekly have generally, not to say always, been graduates, if not professors, of the college; and if their output is a fair sample of the educative work done in their *Alma Mater*, then is that work exceptionally good.

To a French exchange, Mgr. Fallize, Vicar Apostolic of Norway, contributes a very interesting letter dealing with recent political changes in that Northern land. Premising that, as ecclesiastical history shows, the Norwegian people in Reformation days did not apostatize, but under foreign rulers were robbed of their Faith partly by trickery and partly by violence, the Bishop says that God has rewarded the fidelity with which during a whole century they resisted the Reformers, by leaving them true baptism, and by preserving them from a multitude of errors professed by Protestants elsewhere. "Norway has remained thoroughly Christian," declares Mgr. Fallize; "and the public authorities deem it their honor to be religious." As an instance in point, he states that before voting on the recent resolution dissolving the Norwegian-Swedish union, the legislators of Norway, without previous communication or concert, bowed their heads and addressed a prayer to Heaven, begging the King of kings and of nations to inspire them to vote for the best interests of their country.

Furthermore, the vote once taken, the Legislative Chamber addressed to the Norwegian people a proclamation, which the Government sent to all pastors, asking them to read it to their congregations on Pentecost Sunday, and invite the faithful to unite their prayers with those of the Government and the Chamber to implore the blessing of God upon Norway in the crisis then existing. Bishop Fallize declares that

the churches on the appointed day could hardly hold the crowds, and that the whole Norwegian nation was prostrate before the Most High, imploring His protection. As Mgr. Fallize comments in conclusion: "In our day a people that prays is rare enough to merit special mention."

Commenting upon a discussion occasioned by an Anglican prelate's reference to the care of the poor by the Catholic Church, the Birmingham correspondent of the *Church Times* remarks:

Through it all runs a general endorsement, backed by personal experiences, that the churches of the city, with few exceptions, are practically closed to the self-respecting poor. Fashion and furbelows seated in closely preserved pews, with remote corners reserved for the unwelcome poor; the want of sympathy displayed by many of the clergy and wardens toward people of the lower orders; and the general absence of tact and a desire to bridge over the chasm that, it is freely alleged, exists between the clergy and the man of small means, are among the chief reasons advanced to account for the abstention of the masses from places of worship.... It is all very sad; but until the Church of England as a whole comes to regard the souls of men as of more account than their worldly position, and recognizes the paramount importance of making the church a free and open place of assembly where definite teaching may be heard by all who care to come for instruction and profit, there seems little hope of an effective reformation. Under present conditions, as Bishop Gore truly says, the Church [of England] is to a very great extent the Church of the well-to-do classes.

What a reproach,—the Church of the well-to-do classes! "We don't make no claims to infallibility or anything of that sort," an ardent Episcopalian was once heard to remark; "but there is one thing nobody can deny: our church is the genteeldest in town."

The death of Mayor Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, has closed the career of an Irish-American Catholic of national, not to say international, prominence. The news of his decease will affect very

many Americans, even outside the large circle of his friends and acquaintances, with a sentiment of regret verging closely upon the sense of a personal loss. Not since Boyle O'Reilly passed away, has Boston lost a citizen more generally esteemed, not merely by his coreligionists but by the city, the State of Massachusetts, and the nation at large. And Mr. Collins thoroughly merited the good-will and affection which all classes entertained for him. He was a virile man, a loyal Catholic—which is equivalent to saying that he was an excellent American,—and a politician of whom even his opponents render the testimony that, "as a party counsellor and as an administrator of public business, he made himself regarded as a straight, clean man."

Brought to this country from Ireland when only four years of age by his mother, a poor widow, Mr. Collins' boyhood and early youth were devoted to hard manual labor, varied by private study that looked to the law as its objective. At the age of twenty-four, while yet a student of Harvard Law School, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and thenceforward took a prominent part in political work. It was generally understood that more than once in later years he declined a Cabinet office under President Cleveland, from whom, however, he did accept the position of Consul-General at London, 1893-97.

It is a truism to declare that a man's true inwardness is known best to his neighbors; and most readers will admit that it would be hard to find a more honorable tribute to Patrick A. Collins than the statement made in Boston on the day of his death,—“that in no city in the country would it have been so hard for a man to win the esteem and affection of all the cliques and classes of the population,—but Mayor Collins did.” *R. I. P.*

FOR YOUNG FOLK

The title 'FOR YOUNG FOLK' is rendered in a large, stylized, hand-drawn font. A small illustration of a child is integrated into the letter 'F'. A banner or ribbon weaves through the letters, containing the words 'UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER'.

Some Friends of the Woodland.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.



ERY much of the loneliness and dulness of which country dwellers complain, and which furnishes the young folks with an excuse for rushing off to the crowded haunts of men where all things happen, would cease to worry them if they would take the trouble to cultivate the acquaintances in woodland. The trees, the birds, the wild flowers, the furry and finny tribes, of whose existence the average country boy or girl—or man or woman, for that matter,—is scarcely vaguely aware, are apt to be infinitely more interesting than nine out of ten of the people they are likely to meet in the city.

It is really worth while getting on intimate terms with elms and oaks and pines and poplars and birches, and the other members of the tree family. I take it for granted you have at least a "calling acquaintance" with a few of the fruit trees. Trees are always at home; and they are never too busy to see you, as human beings are sometimes; and, once you learn their language, they always have something interesting and helpful to tell you. "How can any one get on intimate terms with trees?" I hear a small sceptic say, rather contemptuously.

Why, just the same as you get on intimate terms with people: by going to see them often, and by studying their ways, and by being sympathetic. Trees have individualities much as boys and girls have. If you don't believe it,

go out and see if you can find two trees just alike. As for family traditions, trees are the real aristocrats; and you know we Americans respect aristocrats so much we're making a brand-new lot for ourselves. But that's another story.

You ought by all means to get acquainted with the elms. You may not be able to cultivate the whole family—there are about one hundred and sixty-eight branches,—but you'll probably find a few representatives of it along the nearest road or in a near-by field. Some one has suggested that if we are to have a national tree to keep the golden-rod (or whatever the national flower is) company, we ought to choose the elm. It might be handy for our national bird to roost on; though, come to think of it, the elm isn't a favorite with the eagle. The oriole would go better with the elm. Elms are preferred sites for oriole homes. When the leaves have fallen in the autumn, you may see them by the dozen, hanging from the ends of branchlets so frail you wonder how they ever hung on when the summer gales twisted the great limbs. I have counted as many as eight or ten of these deserted homes in a single elm on a city street.

The elm would be suitable for a national tree for another reason. There are more elms mixed up with American history than you'd believe. Perhaps you know about the Washington Elm in Boston, and the Penn Elm in Philadelphia, and the Treaty Elm, and a host of others. If you don't, of course that's yet another story.

The elm leaf is a simple oval in shape, about twice as long as it is wide. Its edges are deeply serrated, or notched, and irregular. If you were to pick up

a hundred leaves and examine them closely, you would find that every one of them was more or less one-sided. There are always a great many fine veins laced and interlaced on each side of the centre rib. In the spring the leaves are light green; they darken as the season advances. The trees grow to an immense height,—immense, that is, for anything but a giant California redwood.

The American or white elm has many great branches which grow upward and bend over in majestic curves. Very often these great arms are fringed with small, leafy boughs, making a thick mass of leaves, in which the bird homes are completely hidden. The elms seem to say: "Don't be foolish and think you must be rough and course in order to be strong. Look at us, how beautiful and graceful we are, yet how sturdy and strong! We resist the strongest gales, yet we add much to the beauty of the landscape."

A good way to begin your acquaintance with trees is by observing their leaves. The leaves of different trees are often much alike; but if you will also notice the sort of bark, and the way the branches grow, you will have no difficulty in recalling the name of your tree acquaintance at sight. The leaf of the sour gum somewhat resembles that of the elm, but it has only one main rib and a smooth edge. It is also very tough and thick and shiny, all of which the elm is not. The leaves of the sweet gum are sometimes mistaken for those of the maple. There is really not so much resemblance, after all. The sweet gum's leaves have five very distinct lobes, and grow much more evenly than those of the maple. Besides, they are much larger. It is not unusual to find one six inches long. The fruit of the sweet gum is very interesting to boys and girls who know trees. You will find it on the ground along in September. It is a prickly brown ball,

about an inch in diameter. It is stiff and will not bend easily, which always seems queer, because it appears to be full of holes. Inside you will find the seeds.

The bark of the gum trees is dark-colored and deeply ridged. In the South, where they come from, a sweet, spicy gum oozes from it. In the Mississippi bottom lands the gums grow to an immense height, and are very valuable for lumber. Up North the trees do not amount to much, except for shade and the beauty they add to the landscape. That's considerable of course, especially in a city. In the fall the gum trees are particularly handsome. The sweet gum turns a gorgeous yellow, while the sour gum becomes a crimson torch that is worth going a mile to see.

No doubt most of you have a "bow-ing acquaintance" with some members of the maple family. They grow easily, and are not troubled with caterpillars, as are the elms and oaks. This makes them great favorites for shade along the highways in both city and country. The bark is smooth and light gray when the tree is young. As it grows older, the bark becomes ridged and very dark; but if you look up among the branches, you will find them smooth and light-colored. The red maples are the most common, probably. Sometimes they are called swamp maples, or soft maples, to distinguish them from the hard maples from which we get our delicious maple sugar.

They are very beautiful early in the spring, when they are covered with little bunchy tassels of red fringe. You have probably noticed the sidewalks completely covered with these crimson maple flowers before the leaves have begun to show. Later in the summer, you will see the curious seed pods hanging in thick clusters underneath the leaves. The children like to hang the pods in their ears and make believe they are earrings. They do look a little like the long pendants which women

wore thirty years ago. The swamp maples are particularly noticeable in the fall, when they become a mass of glowing orange.

Then, there is the sweet birch, one of the first trees boys and girls get acquainted with in the country. They like the sweet, spicy taste of the smooth, brown bark, with small, white spots on it. The shiny, deep-green leaves, egg-shaped, and edged with fine saw teeth, are much like those of the garden cherry trees. Beeches often grow among birches, but they are so different you could not possibly mistake them for their slim neighbors.

The beech, when it has room, grows to be a large and graceful tree, almost twice as tall as the birch. The branches extend far out, horizontally, or drooping toward the ground. The bark is light gray, the leaf about the same size as the birch's. Perhaps you know the fruit—the small, four-celled, prickly burr with two three-sided nuts inside.

Then there are the oaks, sturdy, warrior-looking giants; the chunky, matronly horse-chestnuts; the magnificent chestnuts, loving the centre of the stage or the field; the catalpas and tulip trees, and a host of others whose acquaintance you may cultivate any day you choose to take a walk along a country road. You'll probably need a guide at first, and you can't find a better one than Schuyler Franklin Mathews' "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," which you can get from the nearest public library.

THE "locusts" on which we are told St. John the Baptist fed were probably not the insects so called, but the leguminous fruit of the carob tree (*ceratonia siliqua*), the dried pods of which are the "locust beans" sold in the shops as food for cattle. The carob tree is sometimes called the honey tree, from the sweet pulp contained in its pods while they are fresh.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XXI.—INTO MEXICO.

Steffan took the children to a cheap lodging-house, from the windows of which, under the roof, they could have a fine view of the incomparable bay and harbor, with the ocean beyond, stretching far away to the horizon. The purity of the atmosphere, the blueness of the sky, the shimmer of the lapping waves in the distance, enchanted Louis and Rose. But they did not go out until evening, when Steffan took them to have dinner in a dirty restaurant close to the wharves. They were, however, accustomed to such things; and ate and drank mechanically, without observing the soiled oilcloth on the table, or the fly-specked walls.

When they came out the band was playing on the Plaza. They followed the sound of the music, and soon found themselves seated on the curbstone, watching the throngs of people walking about or filling the benches scattered under the palm trees.

"This makes me think a little of the Square, Rose," said Louis, after they had sat in silence for some time. "True, there is no fountain; but that house opposite is something like one that faces the Square at home. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, a little; but everything is so different! Here the people are well dressed, and there they were all poor Hungarians."

"That makes it much pleasanter," said Louis.

"I hope we won't have to play here," rejoined Rose, in a low voice.

"I don't think it is likely," said her brother. "Steffan will be afraid,—we might be arrested."

After a while Steffan, who had been talking to a man at a short distance from the children, came toward them. Juan Carisso had left them on the arrival of the train, saying that he had met on the trip a *ranchero* who wanted some one to work for him, and that they would go down to Ti Juana together.

"This man says," began Steffan, indicating his new friend, who was a swarthy individual,—"this man says there will be a grand bullfight at Ti Juana on Sunday. He is one of the projectors. He invites us to accompany him to-morrow morning, at his expense; and when we get there, he is sure there will be lots of money for us."

"Did you ask him about Florian?" questioned Louis, who thought continually of his brother.

"No, of course I did not," answered Steffan, angrily. "Would I be such a fool as to begin the first moment the fellow made a proposition to me, and tell him I had a son in jail down there? He thinks you kids belong to me; and I want to tell you to go very slow in asking questions of folks about that brother of yours. The Mexicans are very suspicious, and might take us for a lot of spies. Just hold your tongues and be patient, and you'll find him all right. But first you've got to worm yourselves into the affections of those people, who are very kind and hospitable, if they *are* suspicious. Once they like and trust you, they'll do anything for you. And I've often heard that with music you can walk right through their hearts and souls."

Louis did not reply, and the Mexican stepped nearer.

"Mr. Mornio, these are my little kids. They can beat that band out there all to pieces playing music."

"My name is Moreno," he said. "I'm pleased to know them. The people will be glad to hear the music. You will make money if you come down."

"Well, Mr. Mororno—"

"*Moreno!*" corrected the Mexican.

"Mr. Morion—"

"*Moreno*, Agostino *Moreno!*" again interrupted the stranger. "*Moreno* means Brown in English."

"Then I'll just call you Brown," said Steffan. "It's so much easier. To go on, Mr. Brown, these children are very talented; and I'm sure that, in the atmosphere of your orange groves and flowery courtyards and tinkling fountains, they will do the best they know how,—though they always do that."

Moreno looked perplexed at this speech, but said nothing.

"In the morning, then, I will come round," he observed. "The train leaves at 9.10. In two hours we shall be there. In the evening there can be music; and the next day the bullfight, when many people come from Los Angeles, and hundreds of miles around, to see the grand sight. Two bulls will be killed."

"I understand one of your fighters is from Spain," said Steffan. "It was in the papers."

"Oh, yes,—a champion! The other two, quite famous, are from the city of Mexico."

"I'm sure that will be a fine sight. I have always wanted to see a bullfight. Think of it, children!" he continued, placing a caressing hand on the head of each. "To-morrow, at this time, you will be upon the beautiful soil of Mexico, famous for brave men, beautiful women, and the witchery of music and song. To-morrow, at this time, if you are not in bed and asleep, you will be listening to the gay tinkle of guitars played under the windows of the lovely señoritas."

Moreno smiled, Louis thought a little scornfully; but the boy did not speak. He feared Steffan had been drinking, which was the case. Then Moreno went away, and they returned to the lodging-house.

Next morning Louis asked Steffan if he would not buy them some necessary articles of clothing.

"Here," he exclaimed, "when in a few hours we can attire ourselves in the picturesque garments of Mexico? That would be double trouble and expense."

"Mr. Moreno was dressed just as you are," said Louis.

"Yes, but below the line you will see that he attires himself like the others," replied Steffan.

"If we only had two or three handkerchiefs even!" pleaded Rose.

"Well, I don't mind that," was the response. "There is a place right here where we can buy them."

On their way from breakfast, Steffan entered a cheap department store and asked to see some children's handkerchiefs. He was at once attracted by some gayly pictured squares, over the surface of which were scattered highly colored Indians in every stage of battle. He purchased half a dozen of these for twenty-five cents, and presented them to the children, who quickly put them out of sight.

"After they are washed we can use them, Louis," said Rose, as she tucked hers away in her pocket. "Some day I'll wash them. I know they will fade, and then we can use them."

Moreno was waiting for them at the lodging-house. The depot was not far distant. In a few moments they were again *en route*. After about two hours had passed, Moreno said:

"Now we will be there in five minutes. Over yonder is Ti Juana."

The children looked out of the car windows, but could see nothing except a forlorn and solitary platform, with a house close by, and beyond it a few other houses, poor, mean, and scattered.

"It is a very small place," remarked Louis, in a tone of disappointment.

"Yes, it is," answered Moreno. "But

this is the American side. The Mexican town is larger."

The children's spirits rose again. Steffan also had been quite chagrined at the contrast between the reality and what he had pictured to himself.

Presently the train stopped. They left the car, and Moreno led them to a dilapidated stage, into which a crowd of tourists were pouring, following the lead of a "personal conductor."

"You go in this over to the Mexican side," said Moreno to the children. "Your father and I will walk."

The stage started, stopping in less than five minutes, in order that the tourists might be shown the dividing line between the United States dominions and those of Mexico, marked by a granite shaft enclosed in an iron fence. Then they pursued their way through shifting sand and dust, with many an upward heave and downward jolt; and in a short time the stage stopped once more to let off the visitors, who scattered among several very attractive curio stores in that otherwise most unattractive town, consisting of a few miserable buildings, over the doors of most of which was inscribed the word "Saloon," in English and Spanish.

There was not one inviting prospect to greet the eye, though later on the children discovered some pretty little places with neatly kept gardens. The dust was ankle-deep, the sun scorching. The children stood sorrowfully at the corner where the stage had stopped, wondering what had become of Steffan. In a moment they saw him coming out of a saloon, accompanied by Mr. Moreno. He was wiping his lips on his sleeve. They had taken a short cut over the fields, and arrived before the stage.

Steffan came over to them at once.

"Well, if *this* isn't a sell!" he cried.

"This is the most God-forsaken spot we've struck yet. Nothing but shacks and dust and saloons, and hogs

grunting along the road! Where are your marble courtyards, your beautiful gardens, your jaunty *caballeros*?"

Moreno shrugged his shoulders.

"In your fancy, señor, they must be," he replied. "I have told you of none—at Ti Juana."

"But, I imagined—" began Steffan.

"I am not responsible for that," said Moreno. "This is like nearly all frontier towns,—a mere business place for the customs. We do not even call it Mexico. But I tell you that in Mexico proper—at Guadalajara and Chihuahua and in the capital—you will find all these things. I have lived there, and I know."

"Those are some of your *caballeros*, I suppose?" rejoined Steffan, sweeping the place with his glance, while his eyes rested for a moment on several swarthy, stalwart forms leaning idly against the doorposts of their dwellings. "And the dark-eyed señoritas,—I have not seen any of them."

"We have them," replied Moreno, dryly. "But we do not send them forth to display themselves before strangers. They are busy in their houses, with their mothers. And as for our *caballeros*, at whom you sneer,—señor, there is not a man in the town who can not tame the most fiery horse, or sit in the saddle as if he were born there. And I say to you, señor, just now, that if you do not like to stay here with your children, the train returns to San Diego in an hour. And I say, besides, that when we Mexicans go up to your city, we may sometimes see things that do not please us; but if so, either we keep silent or talk only among ourselves. We have at least the good manners not to abuse American things to an American."

"Tut, tut, Brown! Don't get huffed," said Steffan. "I am not an American: I am a Hungarian, a foreigner, like yourself. I may have been a little bit hasty, but I didn't mean anything.

I'll mind my business after this; and be glad to stay, if there's money in it. That is what I'm after."

"Yes, we want to stay," said Louis, anxiously. "To-morrow there will be a good many people here."

"You bet there will!" returned Moreno. "You will not be sorry. But come now to dinner, and I beg pardon if I too have been a little hasty, Señor Steffan."

"It's all right,—it's all right!" replied Steffan, condescendingly, as they followed Moreno to the vine-covered veranda of the hotel, where they were neatly and deftly served by one of the "dark-eyed señoritas" Steffan had been so anxious to see, and enjoyed their first Spanish dinner very much, although *chile* and tomatoes seemed to be the foundation of every dish.

"And now," said Steffan, when they had finished, "I'd like you to show me where I can buy something for these kids to wear."

(To be continued.)

An Ancient Coin.

This was the name of an ancient English coin, originally of the value of 6s. 8d.; but for a long period its value was 10s. The coin was so called from its obverse bearing the figure of the Archangel Michael overcoming the dragon. An old verse in which its name appears is a very convenient "ready reckoner"; it runs thus:

Compute but the pence

Of one day's expense,

So many pounds, *angels*, groats, and pence,

Are spent in one whole year's circumference.

So that if a penny a day be spent, the amount at the end of the year will be equal to one pound, one angel, one groat, and one penny, or 1*l.* 10s. 5d. Twopence a day is equal to two pounds, two angels, two groats, and two pennies, or 3*l.* 0s. 10d., and so on.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new volume of "Literary Essays" by Augustine Birrell is announced for publication this month.

—A critical edition of the English works of Blessed Thomas More is announced. Mr. D. S. O'Connor and Mr. Joseph Delcourt are already at work on it.

—Among the books which Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons have in press is a new novel by Father Benson, author of "By What Authority," etc., entitled "The King's Achievement." It is an historical romance of the reign of Henry VIII., and introduces many well-known personages.

—We welcome another new book from the ever-industrious pen of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald—"The Life of Charles Dickens as Revealed in His Writings." Portraits and facsimiles enhance the value and interest of the work. Mr. Fitzgerald is almost the last, we believe, of those who were numbered among the friends and associates of Dickens.

—From G. P. Putnam's Sons there has come to us "Man and the Incarnation," by Samuel J. Andrews, a non-Catholic theologian. The introduction states that "this book is written for those only who believe that Jesus Christ is the Incarnate Son of God, very God and very Man..."; and in so far as it may help to preserve in many of those outside the true Church an abiding faith in Christ's Divinity, now so commonly denied, we may wish it Godspeed. The fact that in neither table of contents, index, nor the 300 pages of the book proper (rather more than cursorily examined) have we been able to find a single reference to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is a sufficient indication that the volume is not one for profitable Catholic reading.

—In a controversial pamphlet entitled "Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims," Dom John Chapman, O. S. B., deals, chapter by chapter, with "Roman Catholic Claims," a book first published some sixteen years ago by the Rt. Rev. Charles Gore, recently enthroned as bishop of the new Anglican See of Birmingham. Dr. Gore's appointment to that See synchronized with the appearance of a sixpenny edition of his controversial treatise, and this circumstance Dom Chapman rightly regarded as a challenge which it behooved some one on the Catholic side to accept. Readers of the pamphlet in reply to Dr. Gore will be thankful that the latter's glove, somewhat ostentatiously thrown down, has been picked up by a knight so thoroughly equipped for the onset as is the scholarly Benedictine, himself a convert from Anglicanism. Kindly intone, temperate throughout, and uniformly courteous, the reply

is nevertheless a triumphant vindication of the Catholic position on all the points assailed. The doughty champion of Anglicanism, jauntily riding with couched lance into the polemic lists, has been rather ignominiously unhorsed; and whether or not he and his friends recognize the fact, impartial spectators of the joust will proclaim him "down and out." Longmans, Green & Co.

—A noteworthy rarity soon to be sold by auction in Philadelphia is a piece of music entitled "The Battle of Trenton, a Sonata for the Piano-Forte," dedicated to General Washington, and printed in New York by James Hewitt. The outer sheet contains a portrait on copper of Washington, the only one known to exist, and doubly interesting from the fact that it once belonged to Washington himself.

—In a laudatory notice of Father de Zulueta's "Letters on Christian Doctrine," the excellent handbook of Catholic belief and practice recently noticed in these columns, the *Irish Monthly* has this comment: "The foreign look of the writer's name might give one a wrong impression. In England the owners of foreign names are often thoroughly naturalized, as we see in the Bishops of Salford and Southwark in one department and Dante Rossetti in another."

—It is altogether too soon for publishers to announce the "inside history of the peace conference between Russia and Japan"; however, some fresh information concerning the workings of this great conference is given in the current *Harper's Weekly* by Dr. E. J. Dillon, St. Petersburg correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, who stands in close relations with the Russian diplomats. Neither the Russians nor the Japanese, writes Dr. Dillon, really desired to end the war. Witté was sent on his mission by the bureaucracy with the idea that his expected failure would ruin his career; and the Japanese were made to feel that they were going through a set of mere formalities. The wholly unexpected result of the deliberations was as surprising to the Russian envoys as it was bitterly disappointing to the great mass of the Japanese people.

—One of the best abused men in the United States is Mr. Anthony Comstock of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He has endured more than is publicly known for the cause which he has so much at heart. But, nothing daunts or discourages him—misrepresentation, calumny, position, insults, threats, personal injury. He has uncomplainingly endured this for long years,



sustained by the co-operation of men who appreciate his services, and encouraged to continue his laborious work by its far-reaching beneficial results. It is always gratifying to hear of an advantage gained by this strenuous, ever-alert opponent of immoral literature. The following paragraph is from a New York newspaper which at times has manifested a decidedly unsympathetic attitude toward Mr. Comstock:

The picture post card craze has inspired some of the publishers of Continental Europe, with a business instinct uncurbed by moral considerations, to make a strong effort to flood the United States with cards that are popular with a certain class abroad. Anthony Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, said yesterday that he had put a stop to much of this sort of traffic by working against the foreign publisher in his own city. Recently a publisher in Amsterdam was suspected of supplying dealers here. Mr. Comstock, using another name and pretending to be a dealer, wrote to the publisher for a lot of cards, and got them. Then he put the case before the State Department, which notified the American Minister to Holland, who informed the Dutch authorities that the publisher was violating the American postal and other laws. The publisher was invited to leave Holland. He did so, but took his business with him and continued it at Budapest. From there he sent word of his change of base to Comstock, supposing him to be a dealer in improper pictures and not knowing that it was Mr. Comstock that had got him into trouble. The American Minister to Austria-Hungary was notified, and the publisher was ordered out of Budapest.

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.

"Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.

"Grammar of Plain-Song." Benedictines of Stanbrook. 50 cts.

"Rex Meus." \$1.

"Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.

"The Yoke of Christ." Rev. Robert Eaton. \$1, net.

"Some Little London Children." Mother M. Salome. 75 cts., net.

"Ireland's Story." Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. \$1.55.

"The Common Lot." Robert Herrick. \$1.50.

"The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." Canon Fleming. 75 cts., net.

"Sermons Preached at St. Edmund's College." \$1.60, net.

"Jubilee Gems of the Visitation Order." \$1.

"Plain Chant and Solismes." Dom Paul Cagin, Dom André Moequereau, O. S. B. 45 cts., net.

"Reminiscences of an Oblate." Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C. 75 cts., net.

"The Mirror of St. Edmund." 80 cts., net.

"The Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.

"The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.

"Elizabeth Seton, Her Life and Work." Agnes Sadlier. \$1, net.

"Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.25.

"The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1, net.

"A Gleaner's Sheaf." 30 cts., net.

"The Ridingdale Boys." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.85, net.

"By What Authority?" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.60, net.

"Historical Criticism and the Old Testament." Père J. M. Lagrange, O. P. \$1, net.

"Divorce. A Domestic Tragedy of Modern France." Paul Bourget. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William O'Brien, of the diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. Louis Green, S. J.

Sister M. Xavier (Scott), of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Elizabeth and Mother M. Angela, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. Robert Warren, of Montreal, Canada; Mr. T. F. Wood, La Salle, Ill.; Mr. John Doherty, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Honora Carroll, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mr. J. C. Sammon, Leadville, Colo.; Mrs. Mary Conaboy, Mendota, Ill.; Mr. Andrew and Mrs. Johanna O'Neill, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Gilbert Cuttle and Mr. John Cuttle, Fall River, Mass.; Miss Maria Flynn, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mr. John Durkin, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Lennon, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. Peter Borland, Archbald, Pa.; Mr. A. Kessler, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Elizabeth Hatton, N. Adams, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Finnan, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Anne McClusky and Mr. Richard O'Toole, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mrs. Catherine Grover, Littlestown, Pa.; and Mrs. Mary Shorb, Gettysburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1905.

NO. 14.

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

En Voyage.

BY ELMER MURPHY.

SUNSET and sea and the night again!
The call of the land afar!

Now do they lay them down once more
Where the hills and the valleys are.

Now do they lay them down to sleep
'Twixt the tides of the circling sea.
I wonder, in all the dreams they dream,
Is there ever a thought of me?

Nothing to keep them kin of mine,
To bridge the void that bars
Our parted ways, save the stars above,
And Him above the stars.

Youthful Devotion to Our Lady.

AS PRACTISED DURING THE AGES OF FAITH.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



DEVOTION to Our Lady is like a finely cut diamond, of which the many facets give forth rainbow gleams of exquisite and sometimes startling brilliance. Perhaps one of the brightest and most striking examples shines out in the unfailing and scrupulous assiduity with which this devotion was inculcated by parents during the Ages of Faith. If we take the trouble to glance back into the far-distant past, we shall see that in childhood, boyhood, and youth, a high, chivalrous love, and a deep, tender reverence for

Mary, God's "purest of creatures," were strenuously advocated and widely practised.

"British children," we are told by one who has given much studious thought to this subject, "were carefully trained up in the love of Our Ladye." The great St. Dunstan, whilst yet "a fair diminutive boy," was sent to the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury, in order there to dedicate himself "to the service of God, and of Blessed Marye, Mother of God." (Act S. S. p. 348.)

Before giving details, however, attention must be drawn to the fact that, from the earliest days of Christianity, the name of our Blessed Lady has been held in the greatest honor; although, curiously enough, says a reliable authority, "this veneration has differed widely in its expression in different ages." At one time the name of Mary was refused even to queens; at another, it was found in almost every family. But it is sufficiently evident that many centuries elapsed before the name was habitually conferred or borne, and this out of reverence for her whose immaculate purity raised her to the dignity of Mother of God.

The Irish carried their reverence for the holy name of Mary to quite a remarkable length. Influenced, in early ages, by profound sentiments of humility and respect, they never assumed the name of the Blessed Virgin, or indeed of the saints; instead, they adopted the prefix of *Mael*, or *Maol*, so common in Irish names, which signifies servant.

Thus, Maelisa means servant of Jesus; Maelmuire, servant of Mary; Mael Padraic, servant of Patrick. Maelmuire was borne indiscriminately either by men or women; and, as a proof of the antiquity of this charming and pious custom, we quote at random two out of many such instances. Maelmuire, son of Flannagan, Lord of Feara-Li, died A. D. 893. Maelmuire, daughter of Nial, son of Aedh, died A. D. 964.*

A curious survival of another prefix—that, namely, of Giolla, or Gilla (a servant),—is to be found in the surnames of Gilchrist and Gilmurray; meaning, it is scarcely necessary to state, servant of Christ and servant of Mary. The name Gilmurray is doubtless a modern form of the ancient Gillamuire; for we read that in A. D. 1159 Gillamuire, an anchorite, of Ard-macha, died; and a century earlier we find mention of one Gillmuire, who was killed in the year 1018. Need we add that the term “gilly,” is derived from this prefix?

At what period the name of Mary came into habitual use, it is impossible to fix with any degree of certitude. One writer—Edmund Waterton, F. S. A.,—says that he “does not remember to have found an instance of it in the Saxon chronicle, or the Codex.” Stowe, however, when speaking of the foundation of St. Marye Overy, over the Rie (i. e., over or across the river), now St. Saviour’s, Southwark, mentions an Anglo-Saxon maiden called Marye, who owned a ferryboat—or traverse-ferry, as he calls it,—close to where London Bridge stands to-day. This maiden, “with the goods left by her parents, as also with the profits rising out of the said ferry, builded a house of

sisters, in place whereof now standeth the east part of St. Marye Overy church, above the choir where she was buried, into which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry.”

Reginald of Durham, in his life of St. Godric, makes mention of a curious fact. He tells us that a certain maiden called Juliana, who had been miraculously cured at the tomb of the saint, thereafter changed her name to that of Mary.* The record of this change of name would appear to imply that the girl, who had been chosen by God for the manifestation of His divine power, was henceforward considered worthy to bear the sweet name of Christ’s most Holy Mother.

A word must be said here about the form of addressing the Blessed Virgin in use amongst different nations. The title “Our Lady,” with which we are all so familiar, is found constantly and continually in the writings of the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Church, even from the earliest ages; and, with the exception of Ireland, it has been adopted by practically every Catholic nation.

The Anglo-Saxons called Mary, Immaculate *ure Lavedi*; the Normans, Our Lady St. Mary; the French, *Notre Dame*; the Germans, *unsere liebe Frau*. So, too, we find *Nostra Donna*, *Nuestra Señora*; and, in old Catalan, *Madona Sancta Maria*. In Spain, children often receive the name of the feasts of our Blessed Lady, such as Anunciada, Dolores, Rosaria; whilst to this day in Paraguay we meet with Loreto, Immacolata, and the like. The Anglo-Saxons also called the Blessed Mary Queen of the Whole World.† The Irish invoked her as “Lady or Mistress of the Tribes.”‡ By a decree of the Diet in 1655, under John Casimir, the “Queen

* The full beauty of this unique and happy combination can not be given by any translation; nor would it be easy to guess that the name of the celebrated monk of Ratisbon, known under the Latinized form of Marianus Scotus, was in reality Maelmuire; yet such, a learned authority tells us, was actually the case.

* See Libellus de Vita S. Godrici, p. 435, Surtees-Society.

† Aelfric’s Homilies.

‡ See the Leabhar Mor, now called Leabhar Brae, f. 121, in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

of Heaven" was proclaimed "Queen of Poland." From that time onward the Poles have continued to invoke her in the Litany thus: *Regina Cœli et Poloniæ*.*

It has been suggested that the reason why Erin, the Island of Saints, did not adopt the title of "Our Lady"—an appellation almost universal in Christian countries—was because of the facility afforded by the rich and beautiful Irish language "for the use of terms which to other nations would be impossible without the sacrifice of elegance and euphony." This explanation seems by no means improbable, seeing how many and varied are the Celtic turns of expression. To come, however, to the instructions given in childhood and boyhood.

From what we find in old books and manuals on this subject, it is abundantly evident that, after the God who made them, and the Saviour who redeemed them, children were taught to love and honor Mary, the "Virgin bright,"—that tenderest of tender mothers, whom they early learned to recognize as their gentle advocate with her Divine Son.

It is said in the Icelandic Saga, or the story of Archbishop Thomas, the "Blissful Martyr" of Canterbury, that he grew up in London, "obedient to father and to mother, pleasing and gentle toward every man, bright and blithe of visage, and of a turn of countenance, as it seemed to wise men, that the sweetness of God's grace was clearly seen in him." His mother, Maïld, true type of the devout women of her day, weighed her boy each year on his birthday, against money, clothes, and provisions, which she gave to the poor. She was, moreover, "both wise and willing to give counsels to him. Concerning these counsels, there is this amongst other matters to be read, that

she taught him to adore and reverence the Blessed Maiden, God's Mother Mary, beyond all other saints, and to select her as the wisest guide of his life and of all his ways."

Children were taught the "Hail Mary," together with the *Pater Noster* and Creed, as we see from the "Instructions for Parish Priests."* And it is interesting to note that an ancient font at Bradley, in Lincolnshire, bears the inscription: "*Pater Noster, Ave Maria, and Crede, leren ye chylde et es nede.*" This plainly indicates and inculcates an accepted custom. Again we read: "Godfaders and godmod's of this chylde, we charge you that ye charge the fader and moder to kepe it from fyer and water, and other perils to the age of VII yere; and that ye lerne, or see it be lerned, the *Pater Noster, Ave, and Crede.*"

In a most interesting old work, entitled "The Boke of Curtesay," printed by Caxton about the year 1477-8, Lytyl John is admonished to "worshiþe God" on rising in the morning; and the quaint rhyme further adds:

With Chryste's Crosse loke ye blesse you thrise,
Your *Pater Noster* saye in devoute wise,
Ave Maria with the holy Crede;
Thenne alle the day the better shal ye spede.

After their prayers, the next lesson children were taught was that of courtesy, in which, says the author of the "Lytylle Children's Lytyl Boke," writing about 1480, "alle vertues arne closide," seeing that "courtesy from hevyn come—

When Gabryelle Our Lady grette,
And Elizabeth with Mary mette."†

It would appear, moreover, that the Office of the Blessed Virgin was a devotion which English children were urged to practise as soon as they could read. We have already seen how Lytyl John was instructed with regard to his morning prayers; and, later on, in the

* Montalembert, *Œuvres*, t. iv, p. 245. Paris, 1860.

* Written by John Myre, about the year 1450.
† See *Babies' Book*. Early English Text Society.

same book, he is told to say Our Lady's Hours "withouten drede," and to "use this observance every day."

At Catholic Eton, the statutes prescribed that all the choristers, after the Matins and Prime of the day, should recite the Hours of Our Lady according to the use and ordinal of Sarum; the scholars also were expected to recite the Matins of Our Lady before going into school; and in the evening, before leaving, they were to sing an antiphon of Our Lady, with the *Ave Maria* and a collect. After Vespers (of the B. V. M.), which were said before supper, the choristers and scholars, in surplices, had to recite, every day excepting Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, a *Pater Noster* on their knees before the crucifix, and then, rising, to sing the *Salve Regina* before the image of Our Lady. Ere retiring to rest, "at the first peal of the curfew bell," more psalms, prayers, the entire hymn, *Salvator Mundi Domine*, and another antiphon were said. Besides the above devotions—strange contrast, indeed, to the few religious exercises practised in our great English public schools at the present day,—the whole *Psalter of Our Lady* was recited.

At Winchester—which, it need scarcely be added, was founded by that learned man and devout client of Mary, William of Wykeham,—either the *Stella Cœli* (an antiphon given in all the editions of the well-known "Libellus Precum") or the *Salve Regina* was always sung in the evening; and "the prior's charity boys in like manner sang an evening antiphon of Our Lady, together with the *De Profundis*."

As Henry VI. founded his public school at Eton wholly upon the plan of Wykeham, whose statutes he transcribed without any material alteration, it is evident that the scholars at Winchester were not less assiduous in their prayers and Offices; for Eton was, so to say, the daughter of Winchester,

and its royal founder took the greatest personal interest in his pious work, going five times to Winchester in order that, in the words of the Protestant historian, "he might more nearly inspect and personally examine the laws, the spirit, the success, and good effects of an institution which he proposed to himself as a model."

William of Wykeham dedicated his college to our Blessed Lady, whose statue yet stands in a niche over the principal gate; and it is interesting to note that the old Catholic custom of raising their caps as they passed Our Lady was observed by the scholars until a comparatively recent date.

Our Lady of Eton is also frequently mentioned. In the expenses of Elizabeth of York, under the date "March 24, 1502: Offering to Our Lady of Eton, *xxd.*" It is interesting to see that this offering was made on the eve of Our Lady's Annunciation. Again, in the accounts of the Duke of Buckingham, April 14, 1521, this entry occurs: "To Our Ladye of Eyton, near Windsor, 6s. 8d."

But if devotion to Mary was inculcated and religiously practised in big schools like Winchester and Eton, not less did it grow and flourish in the universities. In the statutes of Magdalen College, Oxford, founded by Bishop Wayneflete, we read the following regulation concerning the antiphon of Our Lady: "Our pleasure is that on every Saturday throughout the year, and on all the eves of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Marye, after Compline, all and each of the said Fellows and scholars and ministers of our chapel do devoutly perform among themselves in the common hall, by note, an antiphon of the said glorious Virgin."

Again, after instructions as to the saying and hearing of daily Mass, there is a very definite statement in respect to the recitation of the third part of the *Psalter* or *Rosary*, by the presi-

dent and each of the Fellows, who are ordered to say every day, "in honor and remembrance of the Most Blessed Virgin Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all possible devotion, on their bended knees, fifty times over the Angelical Salutation, together with the Lord's Prayer after every ten rehearsals of the Salutation aforesaid."

The statutes of King's College, Cambridge, founded by Henry VI., are not less exact on this point. Besides the Divine Office, the Hours of the Blessed Virgin were to be said "every day, at proper appointed times"; and "on each and every day of the year, in the evening, the Provost, or, in his absence, the Vice-Provost, all the choristers present at our Royal College, together with the choir-master, shall come to the church, and therein with lighted candles, and arrayed in surplices, shall sing before the image of the Blessed Virgin, solemnly, and in the best manner they know, an antiphon of our Blessed Ladye, with the verse *Ave Maria* and a prayer."

In schools and colleges, the same grace before and after meals as is now said with us was recited, but with the addition of an antiphon of Our Lady.*

It is pleasant to picture the Oxford student of bygone days sitting in his "poure scholer's room," amidst "bokes gret and smale," and making—

On night's melodie
So sweteley, that all the chambre rong
Whilst *Angelus ad Virginem* he song.

All that might be said on this interesting subject would far exceed the limits of one short article; but the few examples given above will at least suffice to prove that our Catholic forefathers held Mary Immaculate ever before the eyes of their children, representing her, as in truth she is, as the tenderest of mothers, the true Morning Star of boyhood and of youth.

* See Early English Meals and Manners.
Edited by F. J. Furnevall, M. A.

Katrina and the Baby.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was a hot day in August. The sergeant of New York Police Station No. — sat at his desk checking off the names of inebriates, disorderlies, and petty criminals, on the long daily list that lay before him.

"If you please, sir—"

He scarcely heard the timid words or was aware that some one stood outside the railing.

"If you please, sir, I want that you have my husband arrested."

The tone was louder and the voice more resolute.

The sergeant looked up from the record of miserable "cases already sent on," and inquired sharply:

"Well, what is the trouble?"

Confronting him stood a young woman, blue-eyed and round-faced, unmistakably a daughter of "the Fatherland." No hat or bonnet covered her smoothly parted yellow hair, which, wound in a heavy braid about her head, shone like silk; her sleeves were rolled up; she was in her workaday attire, and had evidently run over in haste to the station. But her dark print gown was trim and neat, and there was a wholesome freshness about her which suggested a liberal acquaintance with soap and water.

Shining too, as after a vigorous washing with soapsuds, was the face of the year-old baby she carried in her arms,—a smiling, dimpled, pink-cheeked little creature, the image of what the mother must have been at the same age.

The brows of the sergeant unbent. The girl—for she was only a girl in age—and the child made a picture very different from those that usually passed before him in the precinct's living biography of wretchedness and sin. Familiar as he was with the

aspect of painted and tawdry misery, he thought of the country and of breezes blowing over fields of new-mown hay, as his keen glance rested upon the young wife who so sturdily invoked the power of the law.

"What is the trouble?" he repeated, twirling his pencil.

At this moment the baby, stretching out a tiny hand to him, uttered a sociable "Goo-goo," and shrieked with delight when he smiled.

The mother took courage to tell her story.

"My Fritz, he his evenings at the saloon spends; he good wages earns; his meals I must cook, yet he gives me no money. All the time he is cross; he no longer takes notice of his baby and me. Is it not that he must be kind with us?"

"Ah, I see! Non-support. What is his name?"

"He is Fritz Siebert, I am Katrina, and the baby is just *das kleine Kätchen*."

"Katrina, he shall be promptly brought into court. But think a moment. You may be sorry when it is too late. Your husband can be required to take care of you; but as to 'being kind,' I am afraid no tribunal in the land can compass that. And if you take this step, will it bring you any nearer to your wish?"

The sergeant had seen so many homes wrecked by sullen anger on one side and spite on the other, that, whenever possible, he strove to pour oil on the surging waters of domestic strife.

"My Fritz will not heed what I say. I no more patience have. Let him then heed what the law says," persisted Katrina, placidly.

"Oh, very well, very well!"

The precinct's representative of the city's authority over its citizens wrote down the name and the address which she gave. The baby gurgled and patted its rosy hands together. Hushing the child, Katrina turned abruptly, and, as if

fearful lest her resolution might desert her, walked quickly out of the station.

Thus it happened that a few days later Fritz Siebert was summoned before the judge of the District Court, to answer his wife's charge against him. In the courtroom sat Katrina, now dressed in her best,—a neat black skirt and white shirt-waist, with a blue ribbon around her neck, and her pretty hair crowned by a glory of red roses apparently growing out of a mass of cheap black lace.

The baby was resplendent in bright blue, with a little white Dutch cap. The strings of the cap being untied, *das kleine Kätchen* coquettishly pulled it down over one of her small ears, in an infantile attempt to attract the attention of an officer of the court whose gilt buttons caught her feminine admiration.

Katrina had her will. Fritz was here to account to the law for his neglect of her. Yet, as she looked across the room at him while they sat awaiting a hearing of the case, her air was neither triumphant nor happy; on the contrary, she looked frightened, and her face was flushed as though she had been crying. As a matter of fact, the young wife was dismayed by the dilemma she had brought about. But two years out from Germany, she had expected simply that Fritz would be required to appear before the sergeant, whereupon the latter would lecture him with regard to his duties. Now it seemed to her that she was causing him to be arraigned like a criminal.

"Oh, I never meant to shame him thus before the world! I never meant it?" she whispered convulsively, burying her face amid the short rings of the baby's flaxen curls. "Ah, instead of acting so I should have gone to the church and prayed for him to Our Lady of Good Counsel. Is it not true, *kleine?*"

In response, *das kleine Kätchen*

stretched out a pair of azure-shod feet and laughed up at her.

The judge had reserved this hearing to the last. It was a commonplace one to the auditors who all the afternoon had crowded the room; and they slipped away gradually, until only a few individuals remained present when Fritz was called up.

Katrina uttered an involuntary exclamation of distress, which she quickly smothered behind the baby's head. Her husband threw her an angry glance, that softened, however, as it rested upon *das kleine Kätchen*. The judge, a shrewd, kindly man, noted the bit of byplay.

Fritz was not a bad-looking fellow. He stood six feet in his stout, broad-soled shoes, and one could see from his bearing that he had served his three years of conscription in the Kaiser's army. His clothes, though cheap, were clean; his shirt, open at the throat, slightly revealed a splendid chest. Like Katrina, he was light-haired; but *his* blue eyes had a sleepy expression, and one could tell at a glance that he loved his ease; also that he would be indolently good-natured if let alone, but surly when taken to task or contradicted.

"Where is the complainant in this case?" demanded the judge.

"Here, your honor," answered the official of the gilt buttons.

Katrina found herself thrust forward.

"You are this man's wife?" inquired the court, with a sternness that almost made her think her relation to Fritz quite reprehensible.

"Yes, sir," she faltered, hardly above a whisper.

"And what is your complaint against him?"

Katrina's eyes sought Fritz, and suddenly the enormity of her disloyalty (to her mind) overcame her. Was it for a wife to turn against her husband as she had turned against him?

"What is the complaint, I say?" repeated the judge, with impatience.

Katrina trembled, then grew brave.

"O sir, there is none at all!" she stammered excitedly. "My husband he a good man is, the best man in all the world,—only—he so much to do, so many friends has, that he forgets some small things like me and *das kleine Kätchen* here. So I just thought it might please you, sir, to order him to be kind with us, already yet."

The baby, feeling called upon to confirm its mother's words, here nodded to the judge, and then, in an effort to reach its father, almost escaped from Katrina's arms.

The judge was something of a wit, and the impulse seized him to mete out justice in kind to this simple couple; or, in other words, "to make the punishment fit the crime," after the manner of his Serene Highness in the extravaganza of the Mikado.

"Frederick Siebert," he commanded, assuming his most judicial manner, "listen attentively to what I am about to say."

Fritz shifted from one foot to the other, and then met his gaze for an instant.

"You are required by the court to comply with the following conditions, under penalty of the law if you disregard them. You are to kiss your wife at least once a day. On the Saturday half-holiday, you are to take her and the baby on an excursion of some sort. On these occasions or at home you are not, however, to speak an unnecessary word to her. You are only to watch the baby play. Remember what I tell you,—watch the baby play!"

Here the judge actually smiled, and nodded his grey head at *das kleine Kätchen*. Then he went on:

"Further, Frederick Siebert, for the present, out of your wages you are to pay over to Katrina six dollars a

week. You understand the order of the court?"

"Yes, your honor," mumbled Fritz, studying the cracks between the boards of the floor without being conscious that he saw them.

"You understand, Katrina?"

"Yes, your honor," echoed Katrina, with a beaming face.

If *das kleine Kätchen* did not understand, it might be inferred from the exuberance of her spirits that she considered the situation a very jolly state of affairs.

During the next few days Fritz was surly enough. Katrina knew he felt a bitter grudge against her for what she had done; and in her heart she reproached herself for it, although she would not admit as much to him. She could not have told whether she had reason to be sorry or glad over her husband's daily kiss, so perfunctorily yet scrupulously given. For, in his peasant simplicity, Fritz obeyed the judge's injunction to the letter, fearing that if he disregarded it, he should fall into the clutches of the law.

And Katrina, too, was not free from concern on his account. She sometimes imagined that he was shadowed by detectives whose duty it was to make sure he observed the conditions upon which he had been permitted to go at large. Therefore, indignant as the unwilling demonstration made her, she dared not decline it. If she might only push Fritz away, and vow he should never kiss her again; or else, on the other side, if, casting herself with all her strength against the barrier of constraint that had grown up between them, she might just throw her arms around his neck and give him a genuine, fond, wifely kiss straight from her heart! But no! Such an exhibition of feeling on her part would, she sadly felt, be unwelcome.

When Saturday came, Fritz threw

down his weekly wage on the table of the living room and bade her: "Take it all." But Katrina silently picked up the sum decreed to her by the court, and left the remainder to him.

She had made herself and the baby ready for the required outing. Fritz noted the preparations without a word. When he had taken his dinner he stood up, put on his hat, took *das kleine Kätchen* in his arms, and nodded to his wife to follow him.

They went in a trolley car uptown. The ride was a novelty to Katrina, and she would joyfully have shared with her companion the delight she found in the many objects of interest that greeted her eyes, or the pleasant little incidents that pleased her fancy. But, alas! he was forbidden to speak to her. Worse than all, he did not want to speak to her! For, after transferring the baby to her lap, he hid his face behind a copy of a socialist journal, and was gloomy as a thundercloud when they alighted from the car at the farther end of Central Park.

Here there were not many people to be met upon the walks, and comparatively few equipages bowled along the winding roads, which were beyond the fashionable driveway. Katrina sat on a bench under a tree; and from another bench, a short distance away, Fritz, looking over the edge of his newspaper, dutifully watched *das kleine Kätchen* as she rolled on the grass, or, holding tight to Katrina's finger, took her first steps on the smooth path. Then, when the dusk began to fall, the estranged husband and wife, with the baby, went back to their close tenement on a West Side street that teemed with population.

The change of scene to the rural beauties and pure air of the park had been-like a glimpse of paradise to the couple. The baby's little face glowed like a dainty pink rose petal because of the wholesomeness of the summ

breeze blowing across the wide lawns, over the broad lakes, and through the shady groves. Nevertheless, Katrina felt that the afternoon had not been a success. She and Fritz had not exchanged a word with each other. For her part, she would rather have stayed at home.

The working-days of the following week were a repetition of the ones that had gone before. Fritz did not go to the saloon, but he had to work at his trade in the evenings, he said. He was a carpenter, and a contract made by his employer must be finished on time. Katrina heard the statement without comment.

On the second Saturday the couple, with the baby, went again to the park. Fritz was moodier than ever, and again intrenched himself behind the paper his wife hated. Katrina made up her mind not to care. In defiance of the park regulations and the sign "Keep off the grass," she sat on a little green knoll and entertained both herself and the baby. Never had *das kleine Kätschen* been sweeter or in a prettier humor. Musical as a bird's was her light treble voice; like the sound of the plashing fountain was her merry laugh. Mother and child coquetted and played hide-and-seek together. Katrina herself felt like a child; and when at last the shining braids of her hair, clutched at by gleeful baby hands, fell down about her shoulders, she laughed almost as gaily as the little one.

Both had, for the nonce, entirely forgotten Fritz. But now, looking up suddenly, Katrina saw her husband standing above them and looking down with a tense expression that frightened her. Misunderstanding it, she stopped short in her romping with the baby, and, coloring with annoyance—for his glance seemed to take her to task for her childishness,—she hastily began to pin up her hair.

To her amazement, however, and

regardless of legal consequences, Fritz broke out into a torrent of impetuous speech:

"*Ach, liebchen*, do not your golden braids put up already yet! To-day you are like the pretty *fräulein* you in Germany were when we first each other knew. Only here, now, you prettier than ever are, my Katrina,—here *das kleine Kätschen* with. But this silence I can no longer bear. I must to you, my Katrina, speak. But I must say that I you more than ever love,—you and *das kleine*."

At the beginning of this unexpected outburst Katrina had started to her feet, growing by turns red and white with astonishment. As he finished speaking he folded her in his arms and kissed her with a lover's fervor. Katrina began to cry softly, and buried her face in his breast.

Das kleine Kätschen was not going to be left out of the reconciliation. Raising a shout of infantile satisfaction, as though the dramatic little scene had been enacted for her amusement, she clung to her father's knees, calling to him imperatively. Fritz caught her up, and, with the abandon of a boy, pranced away down the walk, while she rode on his shoulder like a tiny queen carried in state. The socialist sheet, to which Katrina laid the blame for all his unkindness, lay on the ground forgotten. Dazedly happy, she now followed the runaways. Presently, however, when the trio sat all together on the same bench now, she exclaimed in perfect seriousness, a frown gathering upon her usually smooth forehead:

"Ah, my Fritz, but what will the judge say once when he finds that you have defied his command and have spoken with me,—when he finds out that we intend to speak every day with each other, and so much as we please ourselves?"

"*Donner und Blitzen!* what he says I do not care," answered the young man,

recklessly. "He may, indeed, fine me much money, he may put me in the prison if he will; but that to me will be nothing. For no punishment so great to me seems as to be separated from you by a wall of silence, *liebchen*."

Again Katrina melted to tears.

"In this quarrel I too have been something to blame. I ask your forgiveness, my husband!" she faltered.

A few moments of blissful silence followed. Suddenly the truth dawned upon Katrina.

"*Himmel*, the daylight I begin to see!" she cried. "The judge, he did but make a jest of us. He a married man is, he quarrels with his wife sometimes,—yes, of course. He knows what he himself deserves; then he tries it on you, my poor Fritz! How can it be that a man should be forbid with his own wife to speak? That nonsense is."

"*Liebchen*, you are right!" agreed Fritz, as, taking pipe and tobacco from his coat pocket, he celebrated his happiness by a quiet smoke.

From that day he and Katrina got on very amicably together. Satisfied with this assertion of his independence *versus* the law, as he termed it, Fritz dropped his socialistic club and spent his evenings at home.

"Your honor is a Solon!" said the police sergeant to the judge, one morning before the end of the term. "Fritz Siebert, the man whom you forbade to speak to his wife, has become a devoted husband."

"Humph! I am glad to hear it," returned the judge, with a laugh. "But I take no credit to myself: it all belongs to the baby. I bowed to the superior wisdom of the baby in its knowledge of how to bring about a reconciliation between the parties. And, so long as Fritz is kind to Katrina and *das kleine Kätchen*, we will overlook his flagrant contempt of court."

A Beautiful River.

BY E. P. CURRAN.

WHAT makes a beautiful river?

The clear, cool water that fills its bed,
And speeds along with a rippling song
To the ocean far ahead.

What makes a beautiful mind?

The sweet, pure thoughts that mingle there,
And blissfully to memory's sea
They pass—an endless prayer.

In Seelen Dorf.

BY E. M. WALKER.

SEELLEN is not a well-known place. It is just a tiny Alpine village in the canton of Graubünden, Switzerland, not very many miles from the fashionable Engadine. Yet to me it is one of the dearest and the most beautiful little places in the world, and its very remoteness and unobtrusiveness do but add to its charm. Perhaps I love it so much on account of my friend, Maurice Fairholme. It is a chapter in his history that I am now about to confide to you.

A year or two ago, while on a solitary walking tour in Switzerland, I was overtaken by a thunderstorm. The road led through a pine forest, and I sheltered for a while under the trees,—not a very wise thing to do, by the way. But the thunder muttered all round me, and the rain fell as only Swiss rain *can* fall; and so after a time I determined to push on, hoping that a village was not far distant.

I was soon drenched to the skin; and when at last some houses came into sight, I quickened my pace to a run, turned into a tiny village street, and came to a halt before a very old and dilapidated inn,—the one inn of the place, apparently. Notwithstanding my plight, I hesitated before entering, it

looked so utterly God-forsaken, dirty and deserted. The sign which swung before the door was so faded as to be quite unintelligible; many of the window panes were broken, and there was not a soul in sight. The door was open, however, and I walked in.

I found myself in a large kitchen with a stone floor. At first I thought that it was empty; then, growing accustomed to the gloom, I made out the figure of a man sitting by the long wooden table, his head in his hands. Thinking that he had something to do with the inn, I went up to him and accosted him in German. He raised his head, smiled faintly, and answered in English:

"Caught in the rain like me, I suppose? Better sit down, if you can find a chair with more than two legs."

It was no easy matter to take his advice; but, after searching for a minute or two, I lit upon a chair which seemed capable of bearing my weight, and cautiously sat down upon it. The stranger's head was resting on his hands again, and there was silence for the space of half an hour, broken only by occasional claps of thunder and the steady beating of the rain against the windows.

At last I could stand it no longer; I felt I *must* hazard a remark.

"The rain's coming in," I said. "There's quite a little pool on the floor."

And I rose and struggled with the window, which resisted all my efforts to shut it.

"Leave it alone," said the stranger, languidly. "There's nothing to spoil."

This was undeniable; and I sat down again, thinking what a handsome, interesting face my chance companion had. His hair and eyes were very dark, and he had something of a gipsy look about him. But he was evidently ill: his cheeks were hollow and his face drawn, and his air of weariness and melancholy went to my heart.

"I believe we shall have to stay the night here," I said presently.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That would be a last resource indeed."

"Aren't you hungry? Can't we get anything to eat in this miserable place?"

At this moment a little, dripping woman, with a face prematurely aged and wrinkled, dashed in at the door. She seemed quite taken aback at the sight of two visitors installed in her kitchen. Whatever her reason for keeping an inn, it was certainly not with a view to guests. I addressed her in my best German, but she replied only in sulky monosyllables.

"Don't bother her," said my companion in English. "She's not quite all there. You seem a big, strong fellow: rain won't hurt you. I advise you to push on to the next village, which is only about five miles. As for me, I must stay here, I suppose. A thorough wetting might cost me my life,—not that *that* would matter."

"I shall stay here with you," I returned quietly. "The rain, as you say, would not hurt me; but, then, I have only one suit of clothes."

And I turned to the old woman and demanded a bedroom. She led me up a creaking staircase and opened a door.

"That will do," I said.

There was absolutely no furniture in the room except a bed. I laid hold of a rug and some blankets which had apparently not been used for months—years, for all I knew,—and carried them downstairs to air.

"Now sticks to make a fire," I ordered.

My new friend began to look interested. He sat up in his chair, and volunteered to make coffee if the materials could be found. After some expostulation, the poor, crazy woman, with what sounded like a muttered curse, darted out into the rain again to buy bread and eggs. Ultimately we got

some sort of a meal, and spent the evening smoking in front of a glowing fire. My companion became more communicative. He told me that his name was Maurice Fairholme, and that he was an artist by profession.

"Once upon a time," he said, "this was quite a decent inn, just like many of these little Swiss places,—neat and clean and well-managed. When the proprietor died, his wife and son continued to keep it, until one day young Moritz fell over a precipice. He was all his mother had in the world, and the loss unhinged her mind. She stays on here, but she has let everything go to rack and ruin. She spends most of her time wandering about on the mountains as if she were looking for him and expecting him to come back."

"How did you find all this out?" I asked.

"Oh, I have often been here before—not to stay, though!" he added, smiling. "I live out here for my health, and know most of the villages round. Shall we go to bed now? Are we each to carry up our own blankets? I think they're well aired, thanks to you."

At the top of the stairs he paused.

"Good-night!" he said. "I'm glad you stopped."

This was all, yet I fancied the grip of his hand was both friendly and grateful.

Next morning when I awoke, the brilliant sunshine was streaming in upon me. I rose and dressed, and went down, expecting a struggle over the breakfast, or at least to have to get it myself. What was my surprise to find some coffee ready, and two cracked cups, one plate and a teaspoon laid upon the table? The poor woman seemed a little less "grumpy" than she had done the night before.

Presently Maurice Fairholme put in an appearance. In spite of the sunshine, his talkative mood had vanished and he ate his breakfast in silence. I could not help feeling that if he would

only cut his hair shorter and shave regularly, it would vastly improve his appearance; he would look less melancholy, even though not quite so picturesque.

After breakfast we sauntered out together. It was still early, and the air was delightfully fresh and pure after the rain. Opposite us was the post-office, a primitive, whitewashed building, with a huge painting of St. Michael over the doorway. Indeed, there was hardly a house in the village that was not painted with some design or other. Pictures of the saints and of our Blessed Lady predominated.

At the end of the village street was a steep hill, and on the top was perched a tiny church. We climbed up to it by a rough, stony path, pausing before the little wayside chapels containing the Stations of the Cross. At the summit, a hole in a low stone wall admitted us into the churchyard. I think I shall never as long as I live forget that churchyard, with its long, green grass, its luxuriant Alpine flowers, and the hum of the bees mingling with the rush of the stream below. In front lay a long, wooded valley, rising up and up until at the far end it was closed by snow-capped mountains. It was an exquisite scene.

"Who could help being happy in such a beautiful world!" I exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Why, our poor old friend at the inn, for one," said Maurice, with his melancholy smile. "But, then, she has not the artistic sense. Indeed, I'm afraid the Swiss are singularly lacking in it, or they would not tolerate such gaudy daubs on their chapel walls."

I followed the direction of his glance. The chapel door was open, and through it I caught a glimpse of brilliantly painted figures; but I looked beyond them to the flickering red light which showed that He was there who made the pine woods and the rivers and the

snow-mountains. Through the hot summer and the long, cold, snowy winter, He was pleased to stay in the humble home these simple-minded peasants had built for Him. They gave Him of their best. Since He was content, who were we that we should criticise?

Suddenly the voice, beside me said, more gently:

"Don't speak! I understand. I, too, was brought up a Catholic. Come and say a prayer at Moritz Rückert's grave."

Some one was there before us,—a lone little figure, that rose as we approached and fled down the steep path.

"Poor old soul!" said my companion. "You think she's mad: I don't. She's only one of us—us unfortunates. It's so easy to understand how she gave way when the great trouble came, and lacked courage to pull herself together, and just let everything go; and how people came first to shun and ridicule, and then to fear her. But who knows? Perhaps even yet she may one day wake out of her bad dream. I—I understand her, and I believe she half likes me. It appears I resemble her dead Moritz, and I bear his name too. She got our breakfast this morning: she wouldn't have done that for any one else."

Poor fellow! I felt singularly drawn toward him. He seemed so alone and so embittered. While he murmured a prayer for the dead Moritz, I sent up a flying petition for the living one,—four little words which express so well the great need of the lonely and unhappy: "*Monstra te esse Matrem*,"—a mother's care, a mother's patience! Yes, that was what he needed; and there is only one Mother whose patience never fails, and who sometimes seems to love the unreasonable children best.

As we turned to go, Maurice pointed to a little stone hut near the church porch. It was piled up with human

skulls and bones. I suppose they had been dug up out of the churchyard to make room for newcomers, and placed here, within sight of the altar, to await the resurrection.

"As I was, so be yee;
As I am, yee shall be,"

quoted Maurice.

"They take all the horror out of death," I remarked. "They look so clean and white and shining."

"Come away, you incorrigible optimist!" he exclaimed. "I ought to have brought you here on a gloomy, windy evening, and then you would have had the creeps."

One last look at Piz Michel and the Tinzenhorn, their glorious, snowy peaks gleaming in the sunshine, and then we retraced our steps toward the village. As we descended the hill, Maurice said bitterly:

"This country which seems so beautiful to you, is a desert to me. Would *you* be happy, think you, if you were exiled from your own land, forced to abandon the profession you loved, and to give up all hope of a career? What is a man's life worth without work? There is no place for me in the world."

"But you said you were an artist, and surely *here* you have only to paint what lies before your eyes."

"My dear fellow, I am no genius to evolve things unaided out of my own head. I ought to study in Paris, in Italy; and here I am, stuck five thousand feet above sea level."

I was silent. I should have liked to know something about his past life, his home, his friends; but his reserved and moody countenance forbade questions. We went for a walk, and talked of Alpine flora.

It was noon when we regained the inn, and Maurice said:

"I suppose you'll go on now? You can't stay here: it's too comfortless. As for me, I've a fancy to retouch that

old sign this afternoon, and I've sent for some paints by the carrier. Look at it. Can you tell me what it's meant for?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Look again! You can just trace the lines of the letters, *Der Silberne Stern*,—'The Silver Star.' It's a pretty name, isn't it? Probably it has a religious significance, for on the other side there is a rude painting of the Blessed Virgin."

At this moment Frau Rückert appeared on the threshold. "Herr Moritz must stop to dinner," she said authoritatively. "The butcher has been here. I am cooking."

"Of course," said Moritz, kindly. Then, turning to me, "A miracle!" he muttered. "Will you stop too?"

"Willingly," I replied. "And if you are going to spend the afternoon repainting the sign, I shall mend the chairs; for carpentering is my hobby."

The hours fled all too quickly, and supper-time found us still at Seelen. Then, half in fun, I said, laughing:

"Suppose we stay here for a few days and put the crazy old place shipshape?"

"Well," returned Maurice, "I don't mind. It would certainly be a novel way of spending your holiday. *Mütterchen*, if you will wash out the guest room, this gentleman and I will stay with you for a week."

"*Lieber Himmel!*" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands. "It has not been touched for a twelvemonth."

But Maurice had his way. And I think I never worked so hard in my life as I did during the ensuing week. Frau Rückert scrubbed the floors, while I mended the tables and chairs; and then there was varnishing and painting to be done, and all the broken panes of glass to put in, and windows to clean, and mattresses and rugs to beat, and blankets to wash. By the end of the week it looked quite a different place; and three stray

tourists, struck by the beauty and solitude of the quaint little village, insisted on staying at the Silver Star. The next step was to induce Frau Rückert to engage a servant. She gave in at last.

It was a sad day when I had to say good-bye to Seelen, with its pure, snowy peaks, and rushing mountain torrent, and great, dark, whispering pine woods. No more should I hear the cowbells tinkle on the mountain-side, nor go out in the evening to watch the goats come home. I was going back to a big city, and to the constant whirl and buzz of machinery. I almost envied Maurice.

I left him at the Silver Star.

"I am not going yet," he said. "The priest has asked me to paint his house."

"Well, I shall come back next year," I answered, teasingly. "I dare say you will still be here, and by that time you will have painted all the houses in the village."

Jesting words; but there is many a true word spoken in jest, they say. Maurice is still at Seelen. He is always delicate, but he has filled out a little, his cheeks are less hollow, and, though naturally grave, he has a quietly cheerful air. He has painted the houses, too,—or rather he has brought to life again the curious and crude designs which were fast fading from the walls. Whether his artistic sense is less keen, or whether his soul is more in tune with the simple peasant nature, I can not say; yet I am glad to think that when the children of Seelen look up with reverent admiration at the great St. Michael mounting guard, with drawn sword, over the doorway of the little post-office, it is the selfsame St. Michael that their grandfathers loved before them. "Perhaps it is not always necessary that a symbol be æsthetic," says Maurice in excuse.

The Hotel of the Silver Star is run by a Limited Company, and Maurice is

director, with Frau Rückert as manageress. For she has awakened out of her bad dream, and so has Maurice. And now when I come across any poor fellow, ill morally or physically, at an end of strength and courage, I send him out to Seelen; and Maurice looks after him, and *Mütterchen* scolds him and pets him by turns in that impossible Swiss-German tongue. Ah, he is a very important and useful man, the excellent Maurice! I really don't know what I should do without him.

Only this September, when I parted from him, we had the following conversation:

"You are content now, Maurice?"

"Why, yes! Now I have a little niche in the world, though a humble one."

"And if your masterpiece never gets painted?"

"*Fiat!* I am content still. After all, I have eternity to paint it in. Besides, who knows? I am working."

"*Auf Wiedersehen, Herr Direktor.*"

"*Auf Wiedersehen*, my friend. Post me those new patent labels you spoke of directly you get to England. This season's jams are in such a confounded mess, and I do want to get my store-room in order."

Was I not right when I said that a mother's care was all he needed?

GOD knoweth best what is needful for us, and all that He does is for our good. If we knew how much He loves us, we should always be ready to receive equally and with indifference from His hand the sweet and the bitter: all would please that came from Him. The sorest afflictions never appear intolerable, except when we see them in the wrong light. When we see them as dispensed by the hand of God, when we know that it is our loving Father who thus tries us, our sufferings will lose their bitterness and become even matter of consolation.

—*Brother Lawrence.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXV.—(Continued.)

AT first Eben Knox, continuing to stare at the woman where she stood, tightly clasping her child, took no heed of his housekeeper's appearance. Finally, however, as if by a sudden realization of her presence, he turned toward her and, indicating the others by a gesture, demanded:

"Who are they? Who is *she*?"

It was upon Mother Moulton's tongue to deny all knowledge of their identity, and to ask in turn why she should be expected to have knowledge of all strolling vagrants. But something in the mill-manager's face told her that he could not be deceived, and that frankness was the better policy. She answered, therefore, defiantly:

"She is my daughter."

"Your daughter? I might have known. That is why I thought for an instant it was you,—your wraith, your spirit come back from the past. I thought you had grown young again, Mother Moulton."

He laughed hideously. Then another thought struck him.

"And if she is your daughter," he said, sitting erect in the chair, "she is also *his*."

His visage lit up with eagerness. He rose and began to pace the room. An expression of malignant cunning stole over Mother Moulton's face as she watched him.

"And if it be," she said,—"and if it be, what's that to you, Eben Knox?"

"It's the devil's own luck," the manager retorted, "that brought her here just now. You're welcome, my dear woman, to my fireside,—to the hospitality of this house, though it ill befits your father's daughter. Sit down close to the hearth until your good

mother has spread out a feast for us."

This address, and the base joy which lighted the saturnine countenance of Eben Knox, seemed to terrify the young woman more than any anger could have done. She glanced helplessly at Mother Moulton, who made a sign for her to obey the manager.

"What happy chance brought you to my door just now?" he asked, again addressing the woman, who sat down tremblingly upon a chair near the fire, and took the child upon her knee, still keeping watchful eyes upon the dreaded manager. "We want you here just now," the latter resumed. "You will help to make things spin,—not at the mill: I am not referring to the looms. But I may want to introduce you to young Mr. Bretherton."

He laughed and chuckled delightedly at his own grim humor; and the little one, who had been regarding him with solemn eyes, suddenly began to cry. The manifestations of that hideous mirth were too much for its infantile composure. The mother bent over, trying to hush the child, and fearful of the effect of its untimely weeping upon the grim master of the house.

The latter, however, approached with elephantine playfulness.

"Come, come, little one! I am Uncle Eben, the friend of children."

The child, for only answer, hid its face in its mother's dress and wept more passionately than ever.

"Mother Moulton," cried the man, "hasten to spread the festal board, and then these tears will disappear in the sunshine of confectionery."

Mother Moulton, who entertained doubts, certainly not ill-founded, of her employer's sanity, kept a sharp eye upon him as she laid the table and bustled in and out of the kitchen, in preparation for such a meal as she had never before seen in the mill-house.

When all was ready, Eben Knox, with mock ceremony, led Mother

Moulton's trembling daughter to the table, addressing her as his honored guest. During the progress of that singular festivity he looked from her to Mother Moulton, and from Mother Moulton back again to her, indulging each time in a prolonged "Ha, ha, ha!" which very nearly had the effect of causing a renewal of the infantile tears. It was only the saving power of Miss Spencer's tarts and cakes and candies, plentifully displayed upon the table, which prevented the relapse.

Never had there been a stranger repast than this over which the master of the house presided like a death's-head. His hideous mirth, into which Mother Moulton, after her fashion, entered, seemed like those phosphorescent lights which play over noisome marshes. The very plenty of that hitherto parsimonious board seemed a portent. The younger woman, in her terror and amazement, ate little, but watched, with distended eyes and a lip which still quivered, the ghoulish avidity with which her mother consumed the unaccustomed good things, and the robust appetite of the manager. The child was helped plentifully, and certainly enjoyed its share of the sweets.

Every once in a while Eben Knox arose and piled more fuel upon the fire; and he lit a second and a third and even a fourth lamp, till the room was fairly ablaze. When the meal was near its close, he raised a bumper of water to his lips.

"Here's to you, Mother Moulton," he exclaimed, "loveliest of your sex!"

"I was fair enough once," the crone responded, with a flash of her bleared eyes. "Aye, I was bonnie enough to win the favor of a score of men, and the marriageable love of two."

"Ho! ho!" roared the mill-manager. "Here's to Mother Moulton, who brought down the stars from heaven and wedded a proud gentleman! I

pledge you in water, my lady; though there is a superstition that she whose health is drunk in water dies within the year. In another year's time, Mother Moulton, if all goes well, I'll have no need of you. Who knows but I'll have another to keep house for me?"

It was a baleful fire which shot from the beldame's eyes as she answered:

"Will you so, Eben Knox? Then I wish her joy of as ill a job as ever a woman attempted."

"Oh, it won't be an ill job for her! She'll be fed on dainty fare and clothed in silken raiment; she'll live in a palace, if she wills, and have servants to wait on her, and Eben Knox to worship her all the year round."

"I'm thinking she'll hold that to be the worst of the bargain," snarled Mother Moulton, casting a furious look upon the manager, whose face had changed and softened and become almost human at thought of Leonora. "She'll value your worship as much as the sun values the worship of that dirty yellow weed that they say turns its face toward him daily. In the lady's beauty and her youth, she'll regard you as she does the mud that soils her dainty shoon."

The old woman forgot all prudence in the wrath which Eben Knox had evoked in her by his allusion to her death and to his determination to be rid of her. For, wretched as was the mill-house, Mother Moulton had not only found therein food, shelter, and certain, if ill-paid, employment; but she had dominated that sordid domain absolutely, and had been, in its complete isolation, far happier and more peaceful than elsewhere.

Possibly, she now realized for the first time what Eben Knox's marriage would mean to her, and how completely he was resolved to cut away from his squalid surroundings, and to set her adrift with the rest. For her it would mean destitution, the breaking up of

the habits of years, and the misery of a forlorn old age. Nor was she entirely sure that her employer spoke without foundation for his words. She had lived long enough to know that the most unlikely things very frequently happen; also that wealth can sometimes buy youth and beauty. She had recourse, however, to that vein of superstition which, as in many godless men, existed strongly in Eben Knox; and she took a certain comfort from her own gipsy arts, in which she had at least a half belief.

"The stars in their course are against you!" she cried, bending toward her master from the other side of the table, with a malignant laugh. "You do not cross her horoscope, Ebenezer Knox, save as a dark cloud obscuring a brilliant planet. Her star follows the course of another—of *another*,—do you hear, my love-struck man?"

A look of fury replaced the sinister mirthfulness which had contorted the manager's face.

"You hag!" he screeched, shaking his fist at her. "How dare you taunt me with your cursed witchcraft? You lie, or the stars lie in their courses! My beautiful one shall never marry another."

"She shall dree her weird," declared Mother Moulton; "and neither you nor mortal man shall say her nay. I read the stars that night at the big house yonder, and hers and the handsome gentleman's ran side by side. Oh, a bonnie lad he is, and as good as bonnie! She'll be a happy woman that he loves,—a happy woman!"

With a glare of concentrated rage and hate, Eben Knox rose from the table, pushing back his chair, and bringing down his fist with a force that set the dishes rattling and the child crying.

"Take your squealing brat," he said to the younger woman, "and get out of my sight!"

“The woman obeyed, nothing loath; but as she was about to leave the house he stopped her.

“No!” he roared, “you’ll not leave here. I have need of you. There,—go there,—go into her room! She’ll find a bed for you.”

He pushed the trembling woman with her child through the door leading into Mother Moulton’s apartments; and then he turned, with livid face and burning eyes, to confront his sturdy housekeeper.

“You witch-woman! you beldame! you wild-cat!” he screamed, seizing a fagot from the hearth. “I could kill you where you sit, and stop your lying tongue forever!”

Mother Moulton laughed. Whatever inward tremors she may have felt, her mien was undismayed.

“And that’ll bring you the sooner to the bride that’s most fit for you—the hangman’s daughter.”

Though Eben Knox still glared at her, he let fall the arm which held the fagot, and turned away with a muttered curse.

But Mother Moulton was not satisfied with her victory.

“Think you,” she said, “that the lily will wed with pitch? Faugh! Have sense, my man, and seek such a mate as befits you.”

He stared at her sullenly, wiping from his forehead the great beads of sweat. Then he turned and rushed out of the door, banging it after him; and Mother Moulton, with a laugh, extinguished the mocking lamps which Eben Knox in his unnatural mirth had lighted, and went to seek her daughter.

(To be continued.)

Heart Legacies.

IN the quaint old Middle Ages the human heart, supposed to be the seat of the affections, was regarded as a precious object, and it was often the custom for people to leave their hearts as bequests to some favorite abbey or shrine. When such legacies were made, the relatives of the deceased would carefully embalm the heart, place it in a costly casket, and deposit it in the place named.

Robert of Leicester, dying in 1118, was buried in the Abbey of Preaux; but he left his heart to the hospital at Brackley, which he had founded. Isabella of Gloucester, who died in 1239, ordered that her heart be sent in a silver cup to her brother, the Abbot of Tewkesbury, “to be buried there beefore ye high altar.” “The noble Countess of Gloucester,” says Matthew Paris, “was taken dangerously ill of the yellow jaundice, and was at the point of death. After having caused the ample tresses of her flaxen hair to be cut off, she made a full confession of her sins, and departed to her Lord.”

Henry, her son, while hearing Mass in the Church of St. Laurence in Viterbo, was assassinated by Simon de Montfort, in revenge for the death of the latter’s father at the battle of Evesham, for which death, however, Henry was in no manner to blame. His heart was sent in a golden vessel to Westminster Abbey, and interred in the tomb of Edward the Confessor. His monument was decorated with a heart inscribed: “I bequeath to my father my heart pierced with a dagger.” His father died of grief at the murder, and his heart was buried in the church of the Minorites at Oxford.

A curious disposition of a heart was made by the widow of John Baliol, Lord of Castle Barnard. He died in 1269, and his widow had his heart

WHAT is it to resign one’s self? It is to put God between self and sorrow.

—Mme. Swetchine.

WHEN Fortune caresses us, she wishes to deceive us.—P. Cyrus.

embalmed in an ivory casket ornamented with silver. This the Lady Devorgilla caused to be placed on the table beside her at every meal; and when she died, commanded that it be laid upon her bosom within the casket which was the last resting-place of her own faithful heart. She was buried in New Abbey, and from this it received the name of Dulce Cor, or Sweetheart Abbey.

The Crusaders who died in the Holy Land bequeathed their hearts to their friends at home; though it was also the custom for the pious to send their hearts to Jerusalem. Edward I. having promised to return to Palestine, was prevented by the Scotch wars and the troubles of his reign, and died suddenly in 1307 without fulfilling his vow. Upon his deathbed he commanded his son to send his heart to Palestine with an escort of one hundred and forty knights, and he provided two thousand pounds of silver for the expedition. "My heart being conveyed thitherward," he said, "I trust me that God will accept this fulfilment of my vow, and grant His blessing upon this undertaking; and may eternal damnation rest upon any one who shall expend the money for aught else!"

Edward's foe, Robert Bruce, also left strict injunctions that his heart should be interred in the Holy Land; but in the case of neither was the wish carried out. As King Robert lay dying he called to him his tried friend, James Douglas, and entreated him to carry his heart to Jerusalem, because he had been unable, on account of the hostility of England, to keep his promise to assist in the Crusade against the Saracens. Upon his honor as a knight, Sir James promised to fulfil the trust; and after the King's death embalmed the heart, placed it in a silver case, and suspended it from his neck by a silver chain. With a retinue of knights and squires he started for the Holy Land.

Upon crossing Spain, he found the King of that country engaged in a fierce conflict with the Saracens, and lent his aid. Completely ignorant of Moorish methods of warfare, he was soon surrounded, and saw that escape was impossible. Despairing but still courageous, he threw the heart of Bruce far ahead of him into the conflict, and charged after it, crying, "Pass on as thou wert wont: I follow thee or die!" His dead body was found at the close of the battle, covered with wounds, lying over the heart of Bruce; and his remains were interred in the family church of St. Bride at Douglas. The heart of the King was brought back to Scotland by Sir Simon Locard, and buried in Melrose Abbey, where it still rests,—a fact which Mrs. Hemans commemorates:

Heart that didst press forward still,
Where the trumpets' notes rang shrill,
Where knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing!
Leader of the charging spear,
Fiery heart, and liest thou here?

Lord Edward Bruce, who was slain in a duel at Bergen in 1613, was buried in that place; but a story became current that his heart had secretly been sent away to Scotland to be interred in the burial ground of the abbey church of Culross, in Perthshire. No one had ever seen the grave, and the tale was generally disbelieved until the year 1806, when search was made for the relic. Two flat stones peculiarly set together were found about two feet below the level of the ground. They bore no inscription, but, upon being separated, there appeared a silver case embellished with the name and arms of Lord Edward Bruce. When this was opened it was found to contain a heart preserved in a brown liquid; and, after drawings had been made of it, it was replaced in its former position.

One of the latest bequests of a heart

is that of Paul Whitehead in 1775. Poet and littérateur, he was greatly under obligation to Lord Le Despencer, and left to him his heart "to be deposited in his mausoleum at West Wycomb"; and here it was placed with great ceremony, the sepulchre being inscribed with the lines:

Unhallowed hands, this urn forbear:
No gems nor Orient spoil
Lie here concealed, but what's more rare—
A heart that knew no guile.

Children and Prosperity.

Contrary to an opinion that seems to be gaining ground in more than one modern nation, the old Arabs believed that children bring prosperity. In Lamartine's "Turkey," we read that the nurses of the desert, who came usually to compete for the newborn children of the wealthy, did not present themselves at the door of Amina, Mahomet's mother, because she was a widow, and that widows, usually poor, did not remunerate so liberally as the fathers the nurses of their children. At length Halima, one of those women of the desert who sold their milk, not having been able to find another nursing in the city, returned to Amina toward evening, and took her infant.

The observant Arabs remarked that from the day when this child was introduced into the tent of Halima "all the prosperities and fecundities of nomad life made it their centre." This is merely the Oriental method of declaring what would be expressed in Occidental parlance by the statement that little Mahomet brought good luck to Halima's dwelling. The nurse indeed fully recognized the desirability of prolonging the child's stay with her as much as possible, and she actually refused to give him back to his mother, for fear of losing with his departure the benedictions of her tent.

Notes and Remarks.

Newspaper reports of the recent unveiling of a number of stained-glass windows in the Protestant Episcopal cathedral of St. Louis, Missouri, state that one window bears the inscription, "The Blessed Virgin Holding the Christ Child." Commenting upon this significant fact, the *Western World* says:

We note this matter simply to call attention to the fact that it is becoming the fashion among Protestants to refer to the Mother of God as the "Blessed Virgin," instead of merely "the Virgin," as was formerly the custom. The Episcopalians—that is, the High Church Episcopalians,—now carry rosaries and crucifixes. Even some other denominations speak at least with respect of the Blessed Virgin and the saints of the Church. Not long ago a minister eulogized St. Joseph and held him up as a model for the heads of families. All this goes to show that the rabid bigotry and ignorance which once prevailed, and that not so long since, with regard to the Catholic doctrine and practice of honoring the saints, are passing away.

The comment is just. As the real Catholic doctrine is beginning to drive from Protestant minds the hideous caricature which they so long accepted as a truthful portrait, their attitude toward the Church and her teachings grows notably saner and more respectful. As for the specific point mentioned above, we wish that even all Catholics would place the traditional "Blessed" before the name of Our Lady; but we have before us a learned work, by an exemplary and scholarly cleric, dedicated "To the Virgin Mary." The abridged form, we confess, grates harshly on our ears.

The most surprising circumstance regarding recent disclosures of the methods by which funds for the great political campaigns are collected is that the surprise occasioned should be so general. We had supposed that almost every voter knew how the wind was raised, as the expression is. The

great corporations were made to feel, with the farmers, pensioners, and others, that it would be money in their pocket to have one or the other political candidate elected; and these monied men were simply, and sometimes rather unceremoniously, requested to "pony up." We have it from one of themselves that the late Senator Hanna could demand one hundred thousand dollars with perfect blandness. Our informant stated further that he once heard a great political manager declare that for a certain sum—we forget how many millions it was—he could place any reputable American citizen in the White House. The late Senator from Ohio secured the election of President McKinley by methods of which he was a master, and which are no secret even outside of political inner circles. One must be simple indeed to suppose that political machinery in the United States is operated on any other than a cash basis. "Money talks," is a common saying among political leaders; and none know better than they that it can be made to shout on occasion.

The return of the "campaign gifts" accepted last fall would not, we feel confident, have the effect of stopping the scandal that has been raised. What excuse can possibly be offered for demanding and accepting the money in the first place? The only sane thing to do under the circumstances has occurred to the mind of President Roosevelt—namely, to enact legislation prohibiting the acceptance by national campaign committees of any political party of contributions from any corporation affected in any way by Congressional action.

The successes of Catholic students at the recent Oxford Local and other public examinations was the inspiration of a ringing leader in the *London Catholic Times*, urging that in future greater efforts be made to secure

scholarships in the universities and technical schools under Government auspices. American Catholics will find food for thought in the following paragraph. To our mind it suggests even more than it expresses:

Catholics are but a small body compared with the general population. If they are to make headway they must fortify themselves at every hand. The obstacles and difficulties they have to face are great, but there is no real ground for discouragement. The advance they have made within the last fifty years in these islands is marvellous. The hostility and prejudice which beset them have largely disappeared. The day when they were hated has passed away; so has the day when they were barely tolerated. At the present time they are treated pretty much as other citizens, and will be judged in the same way. If they let it be seen that their creed ensures success in life—not the success of money-getting, but the success of earnest endeavor to procure and spread enlightenment and to benefit the public,—people will respect it and be drawn to it. To bring about this end we know of no better means than that of enabling Catholic boys and girls to cultivate and make the fullest use of the talents with which they are endowed. They are thus best fitted for being of service to others, for reflecting credit on the Faith they profess, and for promoting the progress of the land in which their lot is cast.

The truth of the saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," is frequently and sometimes strikingly illustrated. A missionary among the Basutos tells of a method, long in use among this tribe, of sending messages from village to village, which is only another form of wireless telegraphy. The code of signals is a secret which is carefully guarded by the operators, whose skill is said to be remarkable. The instrument employed is a common gourd covered with the dried and stretched skin of a kid; it gives out a sound which travels and can be heard at a distance of from five to eight miles. (*Amateur Work.*)

In the excavation of Bismya, the ancient Sumerian or pre-Babylonian city which flourished 4500 years ago,

a most ingenious system of drainage, perfectly adapted to the alluvial plain of the Mesopotamian desert, has been discovered; it is described at length by Prof. Edgar Banks, of the University of Chicago. Not less surprising is the announcement that the arch, until recently supposed to have been unknown to the ancients, was frequently employed by pre-Babylonians. "Such an arch, in a poor state of preservation, was, a few years ago, discovered in the lowest stratum, beneath the Babylonian city of Nippur. More recently an arched drain was found beneath the old city of Fara, which the Germans have excavated in central Babylonia. The city, although one of the earliest known, was built upon an earlier ruin, and provided with an arched drain constructed of small, plano-convex bricks. It measures about one meter in height, and has an equal width." (*Scientific American*.)

In concluding his interesting article, Prof. Banks remarks: "While delving among the ruins of the oldest cities of the world, we are thus finding that at the time when we supposed that man was primitive and savage, he provided his home and city with 'improvements' which we are inclined to call modern, but which we are only reinventing."

The current issue of *The Nineteenth Century and After* contains an interesting paper by Lord Avebury on the recent increase, in England, of Sunday trading. The author is arguing for the passage of a new Sunday closing bill, the object of which, he declares, is "not to make Sunday trading illegal,—it is illegal now. The object is to make the present law effective." The scope of the proposed legislation, while fairly wide, can not justly be styled extreme. The exemptions which the bill suggests, indeed, have won for it the opposition of the Lord's Day Observance Society, an organization which in England, as in Canada, often defeats its aims by

absolutely refusing to compromise, even when no real principle is involved. The point is made that the shopkeepers themselves desire to close on Sunday; and that they keep open simply in self-defence; that is, "a few insist on remaining open, and all in the same kind of business feel they must do so too." The fact that the bill is supported by more than three hundred tradesmen's associations in all parts of England is an encouraging sign. The concluding paragraph of Lord Avebury's paper is worth reproducing in full:

One day's rest in seven—rest for the body and rest for the mind—has from time immemorial been found of supreme importance from the point of view of health. But rest of the spirit is even more necessary. Philosophers, theologians, and men of business in all ages have agreed that every man ought to be set free on one day in the week to study, to pray, and to think; to examine his own life, his conduct, and his opinions; to lift his mind and thoughts from the labors and cares, from the petty but harassing worries and troubles of everyday life, and of this splendid but complex and mysterious world, and to raise them to the calmer and nobler, the higher and purer regions of Heaven above.

Rather interesting, if not particularly edifying, are the "Confessions of a Yellow Journalist," reprinted from *Public Opinion* by the *National Review*. Discussing the method of manufacturing news for the journals of which he writes, the author relates that on one occasion it was desired to secure an expression of opinion from Archbishop Farley on a notorious case of lynching in Delaware. Premising that "probably no man in New York is more reluctant to give an interview than the Archbishop," this journalist declares that the reporter who was sent to the prelate's residence saw only Mgr. Farley's secretary. We quote the sequel:

"His Grace would never consent to an interview on such a subject as you suggest," said Father Hayes. "His opinions on such matters are always directed by the laws of the Church and the laws of the country." With this for a basis, there appeared in the *American* a two-

column interview. That interview was not denied. You, who read this, should admit that we must have written that interview cleverly. Around the words of the Archbishop's secretary we built statements which he dared not deny. To have done so must necessarily have been construed as a denial of the facts of the interview, which were based solely on the premise, "the laws of the Church and the laws of the country." We took care that his Grace should not be made to say anything heretical.

On another occasion, Mgr. Farley being in Rome, this typical "great newspaper" had the impertinence to request his Grace to act as its special commissioner in securing from the Pope some kind of greeting to American Catholics. The request was, of course, peremptorily denied. Then:

A few days afterward we printed, under a Roman date line, something which we knew had been written by the Archbishop. We called it a greeting from the Pope through his Grace to the Catholics of this country; and also said it had been obtained especially for the Hearst publications; but really it was only an excerpt from the Archbishop's annual pastoral letter given out before he left for the Vatican. Archbishop Farley heard of our work before the mails took him the news. And then we did get a cablegram from him. We had to discover that our correspondent in Rome had been "imposed upon."

This is certainly illuminative as to the genuineness and authenticity of much that appears in yellow journals over the signatures of men eminent in Church and State; but, as Barnum discovered long ago, the American people like to be humbugged.

The first exile to Siberia was the famous bell of Uglitch, which was flogged and banished to Tobolsk in 1593, by order of the Tsar, for having rung the signal for the insurrection in Uglitch at the time of the assassination of the Crown Prince Dimitri. The insubordinate church bell has been purged of its iniquity, has received ecclesiastical consecration, and now calls the orthodox people of Tobolsk to prayers. The inhabitants of Uglitch have recently been trying to recover their

bell, on the plea that it has been sufficiently punished by three centuries of exile for its political untrustworthiness in 1593, and that it ought now to be allowed to return to its home. The mayor of Tobolsk, however, argues that the bell was exiled for life, and therefore its term of banishment has not yet expired. He contends, furthermore, that, even admitting the original title of the Uglitch people, three centuries of adverse possession by the city of Tobolsk has divested the claimants of their rights, and that the bell should be allowed to remain where it is. The question, it is said, will be carried into the Russian courts.

The cynicism of the chaplain of the Anglican chapel at Boulogne, who in a communication to the *Church Times* declared that an expression of sympathy with the Church of France was "sheer nonsense and waste of breath," is rebuked by another Anglican clergyman, the Rev. A. P. Loxley, of St. Ninian's, Whitby, writing in the same journal. He says in part:

The Church of France, all defects and shortcomings notwithstanding, has done a noble work for God in the land, and she is at the present moment suffering cruel wrong and indignity. Her churches and revenues are being confiscated; her clergy (perhaps the best and most devoted in Christendom) reduced to almost beggary; worst of all, her schools closed and destroyed.... No thinking person can doubt that the real object of what is going on now in France is the complete overthrow of the Church, and, indeed, of religion altogether. It is not much more than a year ago that the figure of the Crucified was removed by order from every Court of Justice throughout France, and the day chosen for the deed was Good Friday. That shows the animus of it all. The fight is not against clericalism or the religious Orders, but against Christianity, against Christ.

An Anglican layman, Mr. Edward Asling, of Barnes, England, also protests in the strongest manner against what he characterizes as the "cynical callousness" of the English chaplain at Boulogne.

Notable New Books.

The Gospel of the Four: A Life of Christ. By Rev. A. Lloyd, M. A. The Kinkodo Publishing Co., Tokyo.

The author of this volume states that it is the outcome of his personal needs. He found it necessary for himself to investigate the foundations of his religious faith, and this work is the result of his study. It is an outline of the Life of our Blessed Lord drawn from the Gospels, with comments which are always readable, and footnotes and appendixes of varying interest and value. We should hesitate, however, to recommend this book to Catholic readers in general, much as we have enjoyed its perusal. Dr. Lloyd gives one the impression that he is not always sure of his ground, and that on some points of Christian doctrine his convictions are as yet unsettled. The diatessaron published a few years ago by Father Henry Beaupre, S. J., is an incomparably better book for those who hold the Catholic faith in its entirety and are fairly well instructed in it. For such as are in Dr. Lloyd's position—alienated from the Christian sect in which they were born, yet hesitating to become members of God's great Church—his book may be of much service. Indeed, such passages as the following might be read with profit by all classes of Christians. The wonder is that the first of these could be quoted approvingly by any one who is not a Catholic:

"Christ will not suffer those men who will not obey Him to comprehend Him with the understanding. He could not do so without denying Himself. He will not surrender His doctrine or the offices of His house as a prize to classical attainment and critical acumen. The understanding of the prudent shall not have the glory of doing that which the Holy Spirit has been sent to effect. Therefore has so little been written of the sacred history and doctrine; and even that, in such a form that the understanding of those who do not walk in the light finds obscurities and stumbling-blocks, exhausts itself on apparent contradictions, and stumbles with all its pretended sincerity. Thus does the Lord take the wise in their own craftiness. Yet the sacred record is the most certain of all records. No other, be it confirmed with a thousand oaths, has the same continual divine confirmation. All other heroes and teachers of antiquity have died, and continue dead. Christ alone lives; and His Church is as immortal as He. He works in her as her ever-present Head. She knows Him as the same whom the fourfold Gospel presents to us. His life is continued in her; He acts and speaks in the midst of her by His Spirit, as He once did in person on earth. All that Scripture says of Him becomes intelligible in the Church. For her it is living truth, and therefore perfect certainty. The history of Christ is written for the Church. No book of the New Testament, especially no Gospel, was written for unbelieving or ignorant persons. The sacred books were committed to those churches which the labors of living witnesses had brought into being. They are the repetition, combination, confirmation, completion of that which had been orally declared for the edifying of

the Church of God. But this declaration, and its commitment to writing, were both guided by profound wisdom and depth of purpose. The Gospels are a work not only of inspiration, but also of the greatest human care. They are written by faithful hands, and afford every security against misrepresentation. Yet the inquiries and representations of their authors were not intended to supply what the adversaries demand, and indeed then demanded. The Evangelists did not, in the choice or management of their matter, inquire what the criticism of apostates might approve, but what would most enlighten the children of God and carry them on to perfection.

"It is undeniable that Christ, during the forty days after His resurrection, imparted to His disciples, then endowed with increased capacity, most important things, which took deep root in their hearts. Yet the Gospels dismiss the subject with a few lines. Another and fifth Gospel could well have been written, containing the mysteries of the kingdom which Christ then communicated to the Apostles. Here, therefore, the silence has been evidently intentional. The same was the case with the acts and discourses related for the first time by John, and with the history of Our Lord's childhood. So great was the reserve and caution of these writers. The recklessness of antichristian criticism is the complete opposite of the delicate reverence and prudence with which the holy writers handled holy things."

The Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa. By Henry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S. With 125 Illustrations and Maps. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We have had occasion more than once to quote from this interesting and informing volume; but it deserves more formal notice, as the most complete history that has yet appeared of the conception, formation, and development of the Congo Free State. The campaign of calumny against the government of this wondrously successful colony, though still carried on in England, has been abandoned in this country, thanks to our author, whose work appeared just in time to nullify reports of cruelty and oppression on the part of the Congo officials, which were likely to obtain general credence, and which could hardly fail of causing serious embarrassment to the Belgian Government. Our readers are aware of how those reports originated. Mr. Wack confirms the statement made in these pages a year or more ago, that sectarian missionaries in Mid-Africa were the real offenders; jealousy of their more successful Catholic brethren, and their commercial spirit, rendering them easy dupes of English merchants whose dishonesty was on a par with their greed. Says our author:

Protestant missionaries of various sects, in rivalry with each other, but often alike in being envious of the superior results obtained by Roman Catholic missionaries in the Congo Free State, denounce the Congo Government as a gang of barbarous extortioners, oppressors, murderers. A small but active set of Liverpool merchants, dismayed at finding that what twenty years ago they regarded as worthless, has under judicious Belgian administration, become a valuable asset, and some of whom appear willing to resort to any means by which they

may at least be enabled to share the prize, join their forces to those of the missionaries. [p. 367.]

Among the denounciators of the Congo Administration a prominent place must be assigned to Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, a part medical, part missionary, wholly illogical perverter of facts. The plunges made by this eccentric individual into the depths of human credulity would certainly receive no attention in this place but for the strange circumstance that some people have actually so far belied their intelligence as to accept them without investigation. [p. 424.]...

It is an unfortunate fact that among missionaries of the Protestant faith have been included certain quasi-political agents who believe that they find advantage in depreciating the Government under which they voluntarily elect to live. Others, again, for the purpose of increasing the zeal of the congregations of the churches in their fatherland to provide for them sufficient support, have permitted themselves to excite the sympathies of the home associations by exaggerated tales of oppression and cruelty. Acquisitiveness is not an unknown quality among missionaries. Mr. Stokes, the so-called martyr, who suffered for supplying arms in time of war to the enemies of the Congo Free State, was originally a Protestant missionary, but he abandoned that vocation to become a trader. [p. 307.]

In his chapter on missions and schools, Mr. Wack refers to the wide-reaching results of the earnest labors of our self-sacrificing priests and religious in Central Africa. ("There are no harder workers in the world than the Catholic missionaries of the Congo.") Statistics are given to show the marvellous progress of the Church in this part of Africa since 1878, when the White Fathers founded the first Catholic mission. ("The prevailing faith in Congoland is the Roman Catholic.") From statistics our author passes to records in words; and, after quoting from that kept by the priest stationed at Yanonghi, remarks:

It is out of material such as Kalonda [a young cannibal chief] that Christian missionaries and just laws carefully administered are evolving a peaceful, pastoral people. That so large a part of this prodigious task should have been achieved during the brief period that the Congo State has existed places its triumphant completion in the near future beyond all doubt. The patience, skill, and energy of the men who in circumstances so difficult have achieved so much, if not appreciated at their true worth now, will assuredly be regarded by posterity as one of the brightest pages in the history of our time.

There can be no question that the Congolese civilization movement is the greatest colonization success in the history of the world. The straightforward story of its origin and development, its many obstacles and wondrous triumphs, presented by Mr. Wack, will be welcomed by all who love justice and feel an interest in the world's progress toward better things. The high importance of this contribution to contemporary history demanded that it should be adequately published, and we are glad to state that Messrs. Putnam's Sons have done all that the most exacting critic could desire to produce a perfect specimen of bookmaking.

The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories. Benziger Brothers.

This is the day of the short story, and it is well that the Catholic reading public should have abundant material from their own writers to satisfy their growing demand for this particular species of fiction. The present volume contains thirty tales by as many different Catholic writers, many of them familiar to our readers as past and present contributors to the pages of THE AVE MARIA, others bearing names often found in the columns of our Catholic contemporaries, and still others who are yet struggling for an assured position in the ranks of Catholic authors. The stories are naturally of varying merit and technical excellence; but all are interesting enough, and well enough written, to warrant our hearty commendation of the volume as a whole.

George Eastmount: Wanderer. By John Law. Benziger Brothers.

During the great Dock Strike of London, in 1889, the author of this volume was associated with Cardinal Manning, and to the memory of that eminent friend of the masses the book is dedicated. The story deals with the fortunes of an aristocrat who becomes enamored of the cause of the laboring classes, marries beneath him to identify himself with the people, is discarded by his family, and goes through the varied experiences of a social agitator and leader. Under the title of Cardinal Loraine, Cardinal Manning is introduced into the narrative; and the author's treatment of the great churchman is sympathetic and appreciative. We have read this book with considerable pleasure.

The Angel of Syon. By Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. Sands & Co.

"The Angel of Syon" is Blessed Richard Reynolds, Bridgettine monk, martyred at Tyburn May 4, 1535; and to read the records here set forth is to be led as through a portal to scenes edifying and instructive, viewed either as history or as lessons of faith. We of to-day think too little of our heritage of the past; and this chapter from the archives of the Bridgettines of Syon should awaken not only interest, but also deep gratitude to God.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis. With eight Illustrations by Paul Woodruff. Keegan Paul & Co.

This is another and a charming edition of the "Fioretti," which to-day is at least talked about all over the world. The teachings of St. Francis inculcate the simple life in the only genuine way; and those who talk glibly of getting close to Nature should read the stories that cluster round the Saint of Assisi, in order to know that to be near to Nature one must draw near to God.



The Call from Slumber.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

AWAKE, O little children!

The morning star has set;
I saw it fading from the eastern sky
As dawn went gliding by.

Awake, O little children!

Day and the breeze have met;
Up from the earth sweet scents and sounds, ascend
To greet the morn, their friend.

Awake, O little children!

Now that the stars have gone,
The laughing flowers unfold their petals bright,
Close folded all the night.

Rise, rise, O little children!

How can you still sleep on?
The nightingale has ceased her tender lay,
The lark proclaims the day.

The Emperor and the Abbot.

CHARLEMAGNE, Emperor of Germany, was out riding one day, when he arrived at St. Gall's Abbey and saw the Abbot quietly walking in his garden. This Abbot was fresh, rosy, and portly; for he liked good cheer, didn't work much, and slept soundly every night. The Emperor looked at the stout monk for a moment, and said to himself: "I feel sure that this good man has too easy a life. I must give him something to do."

Charlemagne accordingly rode up to the monastery, called the Abbot, greeted him cordially, put a few questions to him, and finally said:

"Father Abbot, I have three questions to ask you, and within three months you must give me the exact answers. If you succeed, you may remain Abbot

of St. Gall's; if you fail, you will have to make the tour of the city, seated on a donkey, your head facing his tail, which you will hold in your hand as a bridle."

The poor monk grew pale and trembled, for he knew he wasn't very quick-witted; and, naturally, the idea of going through the city on a jackass in the style mentioned didn't please him.

The Emperor smiled at his embarrassment, and proceeded:

"Here are the questions. Pay strict attention, for I shall exact the answers in three months at the latest. The first is: How long a time, within a minute of the precise period, would it take me to ride around the world? The second is: How much am I worth, within a cent of the exact value, when I have my crown on my head, my sceptre in my hand, and all my kingly dress on? The third question is: What is my thought? And you'll be obliged to prove that the thought is not true."

The monk grew still paler on hearing the nature of the questions; and the Emperor rode off, laughing, with a warning to find the right answers under penalty of the donkey-ride he had threatened.

The Abbot thought day and night of these three terrible questions. He was no longer happy, his appetite left him, he couldn't sleep. After consulting, without avail, the Prior, who was noted throughout the whole country as a man of sound scholarship and excellent judgment; and then Brother Bernard, who had charge of the monastery library, and was thought to know from cover to cover every book it contained, wrote to a number of universities and to all the famous scholars with whose names he was

acquainted, entreating them to help him out of his quandary. In the meantime he himself became an indefatigable student, spending long hours in the library trying to solve the problem,—or, rather, to guess the riddle. All in vain: neither he nor those whom he consulted could find the required answers.

The first month passed with frightful rapidity; the second went just as swiftly; and the third was almost finished without a single answer's being ready. One day, in despair, the Abbot went out for a walk through his fields. He was lamenting to himself the disgrace that awaited him, and grew so absorbed that he started in surprise when one of his shepherds suddenly addressed him:

"Good-day, Father Abbot! Are you sick? You look pale and thin; you appear very sad. What is the matter, may I ask?"

Touched by the shepherd's sympathy, the poor monk replied:

"Ah, my good friend, you are well off to be only a shepherd! Just imagine! The Emperor has asked me how long, within a minute, it would take him to ride around the world; how much he's worth with his royal dress and crown on and his sceptre in his hand; and, then, what his thought is; obliging me, moreover, to prove that his thought isn't true. If I don't answer correctly, I will lose my office and be forced to sit on a jackass, facing his tail and holding it as a bridle, while I make the round of the city."

Tears came to the Abbot's eyes as he mentioned the penalty threatened, and he was proceeding sadly on his way when the shepherd stopped him.

"Your reverence," said he, "I'm only a simple shepherd, but I'm convinced I can answer those three questions. If you'll lend me your habit, I'll go to the Emperor's court in your place. We are not unlike in height and appearance."

The Abbot reflected a moment; then, thinking that the shepherd would be obliged to replace him on the jackass' back in case the questions were incorrectly answered, he joyfully consented to the proposal.

Several days later, when the three months had quite passed, the Emperor was told that a monk had arrived and wished an audience. Charlemagne began to laugh, and said to his servant:

"Show him in."

A moment afterward the pretended Abbot appeared. The Emperor regarded him mischievously for a while, then addressed him:

"Father Abbot, you are not so stout and ruddy, it appears to me, as you were three months ago. Now, remember that your position depends on the correctness of your answers, and that if they are not perfectly accurate you are doomed to take that donkey-ride I promised you."

The Abbot bowed and gravely replied:

"Yes, Sire, I understand the conditions perfectly, and I'm prepared to answer your questions."

Astonished at the monk's apparent coolness and unconcern, the Emperor went on:

"Very well. How long, within a minute, would it take me to ride on horseback around the world? Take your time and answer exactly."

The shepherd looked the Emperor in the face, and, with perfect assurance, replied:

"If your Majesty gets on your horse at the very instant the sun appears above the horizon, and travels just as fast as that daystar, your Majesty will ride around the earth in just twenty-four hours,—not a second more or less."

Charlemagne was nonplussed at this answer. Having nothing to say against its correctness, he put the second question:

"How much, within a cent, am I

worth when I have all my royal habits and my crown on, and my sceptre in my hand?"

The supposed Abbot, without manifesting the slightest difficulty, and facing the Emperor squarely, rejoined:

"The Saviour of the whole world was sold for thirty pieces of silver. Your Majesty can not, of course, pretend to be worth as much as the Redeemer, so I estimate your value at twenty-nine pieces of silver."

This answer was so good that, although it didn't please the Emperor any too well, he could say nothing against it; so he returned:

"You have found answers to the first two questions; but if you don't guess the third one correctly, you'll have to take that humiliating ride all the same. Tell me, then, what is my thought?"

"Your thought is that I'm the Abbot of St. Gall's."

"Certainly," said the Emperor; "and I'd like to know how you are going to prove that my thought is not true."

"I am *not* the Abbot of St. Gall's, because I'm only one of his shepherds."

And the pretended monk, taking off his habit, presented himself in his ordinary garments.

Charlemagne was so delighted with the shepherd's wit that he promised him any reward he should ask.

The shepherd was as humble and good as he was clever; he refused the honor, and answered:

"Since your Majesty has promised me any reward I wish, I ask that my master, who is one of the best of men, be allowed to remain in his place till he dies."

Moved by the devotion of the shrewd servant, Charlemagne left the Abbot in peace; but he obliged him to pay extra wages to the shepherd, who grew in consequence so rich that he could afford to wear good clothes and have meat for dinner every day.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XXII.—A NEW FRIEND.

Moreno took his new friends to a respectable shop, where, though the stock was not very extensive, clothing could be found for all necessities. But Steffan would not permit the children to choose what they desired. For Louis he purchased a pair of light blue overalls in lieu of trousers, with a shirt of pink and white, two brightly flowered handkerchiefs sewed together to serve as a sash, and a large sombrero with a band of green and red,—the Mexican colors. A crimson neckerchief, loosely knotted, completed the boy's attire,—one in which he felt very uncomfortable and embarrassed.

For Rose Steffan bought a ready-made frock of turkey-red, while a couple of yards of green cambric did duty as a sash. He also purchased a red and white cotton cap, which looked very pretty on her dark, wavy hair.

"You are all right, Rose; but I look like a guy," said Louis, when he found an opportunity. "What will Florian think of us?"

"He won't mind it at all," answered Rose, who had been looking in the glass, not without satisfaction at the reflection she saw there. "Maybe he has no clothes himself, and maybe he is chained to the wall."

"O Rosie, don't say that!" rejoined her brother. "It is too dreadful."

"I don't believe he is, though," observed Rose, cheerfully. "These people don't look as though they would chain anybody to anything."

And so it seemed. Everyone helped them, everyone was kind to them, everyone smiled at them. The woman of the shop brought a comb and brush, curled Rose's hair on her finger, and gave the children water, soap and towels, to

wash themselves before they donned their new garments. Louis took heart, and hoped they were not unkind to the captive within their gates.

Now came the question of lodgings.

"The town is full: there is not a room at the hotel," said Moreno. "My brother is the jailer; he lives there, with his wife; they have a spare room they rent sometimes. If you would put the children there, Señor Steffan, my sister-in-law would take good care of them; and you could sleep in that tent that stands behind my saloon, in the yard. Will you come over and see?"

Louis looked imploringly at Steffan, who could not understand whether he wished him to accept the proposition or not. It did not matter to him. The fiction of Florian might as well be demolished as soon as possible. This was the opportunity to do it.

In reality, Louis was hoping that he would *not* accept. He had fancied himself stealing beneath the windows of the jail, in the twilight; Florian would be looking out; Louis would recognize his brother at once, but Florian would not know him, he had grown so much. And then after he, Louis, had striven in every way, to ingratiate himself with the jailer—who, he had imagined, would be a very fierce person, but susceptible to music,—he would reveal the identity of the poor suffering prisoner behind the bars. He had not calculated on being put down unceremoniously under Florian's very eyes,—he did not think he could bear it.

Steffan's decisive answer brought him to earth again.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "That will be very good. Where is the jail?"

"Yonder," replied Moreno, pointing to a small adobe building standing close to the customhouse. Behind it, and built onto it, was a frame cottage, neatly painted, with a whitewashed fence surrounding the little garden. And before they could realize it, or

exchange a word with each other, the children found themselves standing alone in a neat little parlor, while a sweet-faced Mexican woman, young and comely, was smiling down upon them, and saying in broken English:

"But how pretty! The dress, how pretty! And you will play music and sing? How nice! How glad will I be to hear you, and all of us will be! Come now, *chiquitos*,—come to the jail," she went on, with a silvery laugh, pulling them after her. "But you will not be afraid? No? And it is a clean room, for never has anybody yet been in there. We are good Christian people in Ti Juana: we do not get much in the jail."

Directly into the adobe building she led them, through a door opening from her own sitting-room into another with bars on the windows, but no glass. At either end stood a cot, clean and white. On a box covered with a towel stood a basin and pitcher. Above it hung a small mirror. Two chairs completed the furniture.

"I have fixed this," she chattered on, "because I think maybe the people come down from town to stay all night, and will rent it from me. And so they have come,—the kind of people I best like—the little children."

They could not utter a word. The voice of the kind woman reminded them of Natalia. Their fancied proximity to Florian completely unnerved them. Tears began to roll down Louis' cheeks, and when Rose saw them she sobbed aloud.

"But what is the matter?" asked the Mexican woman, in surprise. "Maybe you are afraid to stay here in the jail?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" answered Louis. "We are very tired, but we are not afraid. You are very good to us, and we thank you. But we hardly slept last night, and—"

"I go to get a screen which I will make for you," she said. "I have lived

in town before I was married, and I know the Americans are like that,—they do not wish to be in one room that way. Is that maybe why you cry?"

"No, not at all," rejoined Louis. "But it will be nice to have the screen."

"And then you can undress and lie down and sleep," she said, hurrying away.

In a short time she returned, accompanied by a boy shouldering a clothes-horse and some patchwork quilts. The señora carried a box and tin basin, with two towels on her arm.

"Now we make two rooms here," said the woman.

She extended the clotheshorse, and balanced it. Then she covered it with the quilts, and stood back admiringly as she exclaimed:

"Oh, that is real pretty, real pretty, that screen! And there I will put the box, and on it this towel, with one to wipe; and now, now, we have two rooms! Juan, run out and bring in the tin basin that I have just washed, and the clean lard-pail with water, and the little tin lid with the soap. Here will *you* sleep," she said, turning to Louis; "and *there*, where is the real basin and pitcher, your sister."

"You are too good!" said Louis; while Rose shyly approached and smiled up into her face.

"You are a dear child!" cried the kind woman, stooping and kissing her.

The boy returned with the various articles, and Señora Moreno said:

"Now undress, both of you, and go to sleep. But where are your things, children? Have you no baggage—no nightgowns?"

"No. We have almost forgotten what they are."

The woman looked at the boy thoughtfully.

"Never mind," she said. "If you stay long here, I will see that you have some. Go to rest now, and sleep long."

After she had gone, Louis pointed to a barred door at the end of the room, where Rose's bed stood.

"Perhaps Florian is in there," he said. "Isn't it terrible to think of, Rose?"

"Don't let us think of it till we wake up," she answered. "It won't do any good; and I don't feel as though Florian were there at all, Louis."

"I think he must be, if he is here at all. There is only one other room."

"Well, I don't believe he is there. I have told you that before, Louis."

"That would be dreadful," said her brother.

"Dreadful?" exclaimed Rose. "Dreadful not to find our brother in jail?"

"But after we had expected it."

"Would you rather think him in jail than not to find him ever?"

"Yes, I would," rejoined Louis, after a pause.

He was already behind the screen, undressing. Rose thrust her curly head around the corner.

"I would rather know that he was dead than find him here," she said vehemently.

"Even though he were perfectly innocent, Rose?"

"Yes; for he might be as innocent as you or I, and yet they could punish him and keep him in jail as long as they pleased,—all his lifetime."

"And they might let him go free."

"Yes, but there would always be some one to tell that he had been in jail. Don't you remember poor Mrs. Mullen's brother, who once almost killed a man when he got angry? Well, after he had come out of jail he was getting on fine till some one went and told on him."

"Yes, indeed," said Louis, "I remember it. Still I would rather we found our brother in jail than not find him at all."

"Oh, you are so obstinate, Louis!" murmured Rose, drowsily.

There was no reply. The weary boy had fallen asleep.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Little, Brown & Co. announce "Il Libro D'Oro," a collection of miracle stories and sacred legends, translated from the Italian by Mrs. Francis Alexander; and a new illustrated edition of "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson.

—Prof. John Phillimore, M. A., of Glasgow University, who was received into the Church last month, is the author of a volume of poems, a translation of three plays of Sophocles, a number of Latin versions entitled "Musa Clauda," etc. He is the fourth son of the late Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K. C. B., D. L.

—A list of forthcoming books by Longmans, Green & Co., includes "Addresses to Cardinal Newman, with His Replies, 1879-81," edited by the Rev. W. P. Neville, of the Oratory; "St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age," by the Abbé Constant Fouard (the final—sixth—volume of the series of histories of the First Century); "Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline," by the Rev. B. W. Maturin; and "Aspects of Anglicanism; or, A Comment on Certain Incidents in the Nineties," by Mgr. Moyes, D. D.

—A fresh and most welcome addition to Franciscan literature is announced by Messrs. Burns & Oates—namely, "The Scraphic Keepsake: A Talisman against Temptation written for Brother Leo by Saint Francis of Assisi: also his Words of Counsel and Praise of God Most High. Printed in facsimile from the Saint's Handwriting, and Set forth in English by Reginald Balfour, of the Third Order of St. Francis, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." The "Talisman" is better known as the Blessing of St. Francis. "Praise of God Most High" was written in thanksgiving for the impression of the stigmata, which, according to Mr. Balfour and the eminent Franciscan scholar, M. Sabatier (a Protestant), is as well established as any other fact of history.

—It is interesting to find in the current *Fortnightly Review*, under the title "Two Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary," a pair of mediæval legends such as our readers not infrequently meet with in our own pages,—The Vigils of the Dead, and The Lily. Of the latter, a preliminary note states that "a short and imperfect version will be found in Canton's 'Golden Legend.'" Catholics, however, are familiar with a longer and more beautiful version, James Clarence Mangan's fine poem, "The Virgin Mary's Knight," beginning "There lived a knight long years ago," and having as its oft-repeated refrain "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!" Possibly the *Fortnightly* writer is unaware, also, that there still exists, even in

this twentieth century, and among a respectable number of millions, "an attitude of mind which... associates the Hosts of Heaven with every act of diurnal life, and sees in the Virgin Mary the watchful and kindly Help of Christians as well as the Mystic Rose." The *Fortnightly's* readers will doubtless welcome yet other Legends of Our Lady Saint Mary.

—The Premium Library (H. L. Kilner & Co.) offers its readers an entertaining bit of fiction in "That Scamp, or the Days of Decatur in Tripoli," by John J. O'Shea, author of "The Two Kenricks." The element of adventure predominates throughout the story; the hairbreadth escapes of the youthful heroes, Joe Danby and Kit Ronan, from among the pirates of the deep will hold the attention of every lad into whose hands this volume may fall.

—Under the happy caption "Saints and Sinners," Mr. Charles F. Lummis, editor of *Out West*, lays down some rules, which, though unvarying, are almost invariably transgressed by authors, editors and educators. Roars the "lion" from his "den":

It ought to be possible for some of the leading reviews in the East to learn the very simple rule which governs the masculine Saints of Spanish extraction in our geographic calendar. There are thousands of Spanish names on our map; we ought to be able to find some one to spell what's on our map. There certainly is no excuse for the *New York Evening Post* to persist in talking about "San Domingo." It would be just as scholarly to talk of St. Francisco, Cal., or San Louis, Mo. In the Spanish language there are four Saints, and only four, that invariably take the form "Santo" instead of "San." These are: Santo Domingo, Santo Tomás, Santo Tomé, and Santo Toribio. All the other Saints of the harder sex are "San"; all the ladies are "Santa."

—A probable and quite natural result of the canonization of Blessed John Baptist Vianney will be a charming volume on the lines of St. Francis' *Fioretti*, and called "The Little Flowers of the Curé of Ars." Habitual readers of the *Annales*, published monthly in the town made famous by the saintly pastor, can recall a number of exquisite episodes, delightful anecdotes, poetic prodigies, and graceful dialogues that would find their proper setting in just such a book, and there is little doubt that within a few years the work will be undertaken. In the meantime we feel prompted to cull, beforehand, for our readers, one of these little flowers. A lady from Lyons visited Ars, in 1858, as a pilgrim. In her company were her two sons, eleven and five years old. The elder boy had a brief interview with the Curé, told him that he desired to know his vocation, and heard the holy man unhesitatingly reply: "You will be a

good priest of God, a good missionary"—a prediction which, be it said incidentally, was verified later on. As the mother and elder son were talking about the matter during the evening, the younger brother listened attentively. For some months past he had been set to work at his primer, a book he cordially detested. The mere sight of the A B C's moved him to tears. Now, since the Curé of Ars decided what was right and could read the future, why shouldn't he be consulted by the little as well as the big brother? "Mamma," he declared in a very positive tone, "I'm going to ask the Curé if I must learn to read."—"Very well, dear. Tomorrow you may ask him; but, remember, you must do as he says."—"Yes, mamma." Accordingly, at noon the next day, when M. Vianney came out of the church, the first thing he saw was a tiny little fellow who dropped on his knees before him and demanded with a well-defined tremor in his voice: "Monsieur the Curé, must I *study* or must I *play*?" The good priest looked down, patted the rosy cheek, and, with a smile such as his Master must have worn when He welcomed the little ones, said: "Play, my child; yours is the age for it." One jump, and the boy was at his mother's side, exclaiming in triumph: "Mamma, mamma! the Curé of Ars says I must *play*!"

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 Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa." Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S. \$3.50, net.
- "George Eastmount: Wanderer." John Law. \$1.10, net.
- "The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Angel of Syon." Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. \$1.10, net.
- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Illustrations by Paul Woodruffe. \$1.60, net.

- "That Scamp, or the Days of Decatur in Tripoli." John J. O'Shea. 60 cts.
- "Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.
- "Grammar of Plain-Song." Benedictines of Stanbrook. 50 cts.
- "Rex Meus." \$1.
- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.
- "The Yoke of Christ." Rev. Robert Eaton. \$1, net.
- "Some Little London Children." Mother M. Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "Ireland's Story." Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. \$1.55.
- "The Common Lot." Robert Herrick. \$1.50.
- "The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." Canon Fleming. 75 cts., net.
- "Sermons Preached at St. Edmund's College." \$1.60, net.
- "Jubilee Gems of the Visitation Order." \$1.
- "Plain Chant and Solismes." Dom Paul Cagin, Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B. 45 cts., net.
- "Reminiscences of an Oblate." Rev. Francis Kirk, O. S. C. 75 cts., net.
- "The Mirror of St. Edmund." 80 cts., net.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Most Rev. Antoine de Porrentruy. \$1.10.
- "The Christian Maiden." Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O. M. Cap. 50 cts.

Obituary.

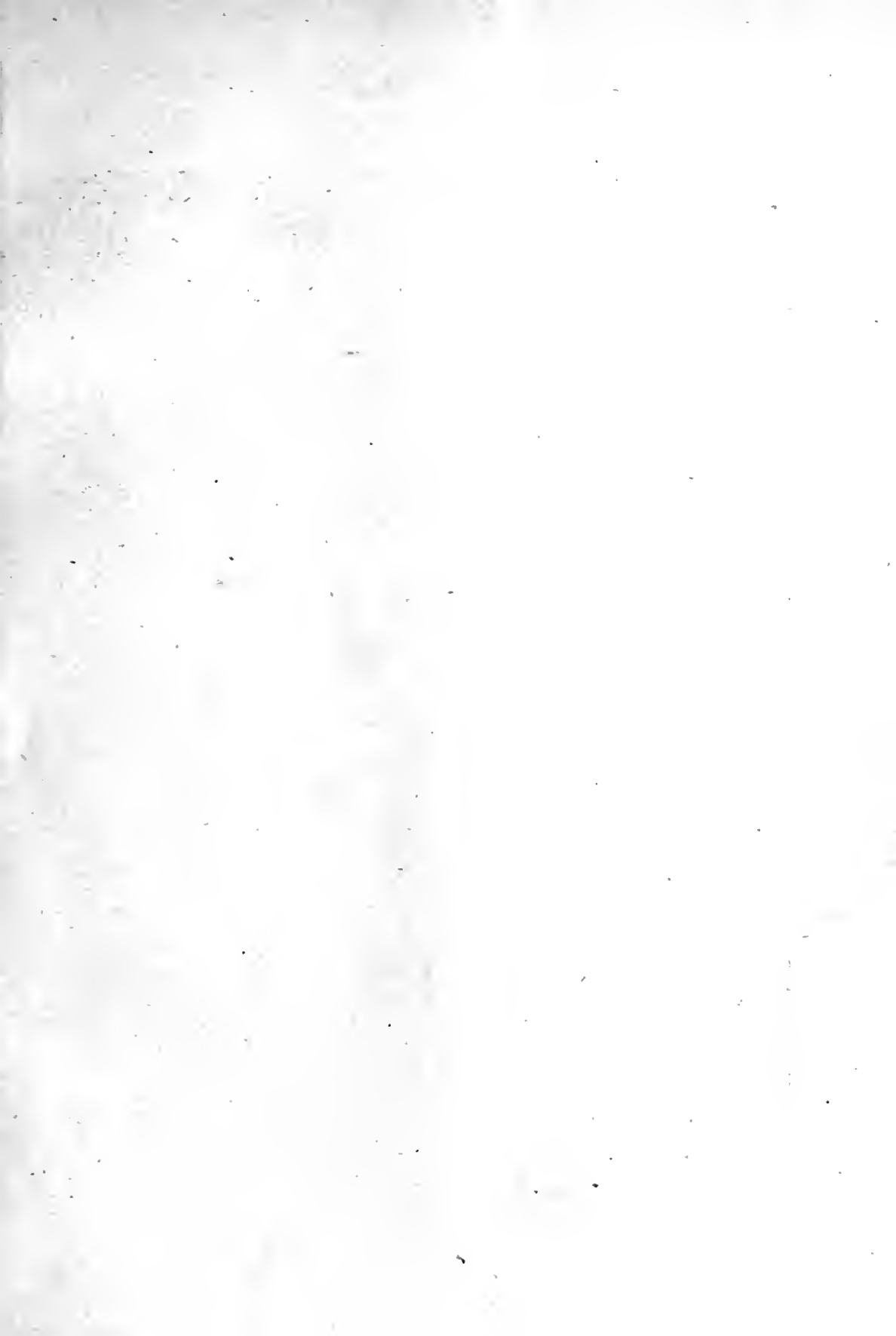
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Stapley, of the diocese of Southwark; Rev. F. S. Henneberry, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Edward Lafferty, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. T. B. Nolan, diocese of Trenton; and Rev. Edward Purcell, diocese of Buffalo.

Sister Marie Antoine, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Madame Purdy, Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Dr. A. G. Blincoe, of Bardstown, Ky.; Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. James Carey, Wheaton, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. Shevlin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. George Butler, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Charles Cannon, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Mary Delany, Chester, Pa.; Mr. George Schwartz, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret McGrady, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Henry Waldeck, Warren, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Kelleher, Seymour, Conn.; Mr. R. Gebele, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Maloney, Wichita, Kansas; Mr. John Boland, Thompsonville, Conn.; and Mr. James Hammond, Sr., Winsted, Ct.

Requiescant in pace!





MATER AMABILIS.

(Raphael.)



VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

NO. 15.

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

October Jewels.

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

I FEASTED my eyes on a casket of gems,
And joyed in the riot of color
That flashed from rings, bracelets, and diadems,
Than tints of the rainbow scarce duller.

There was sparkle of diamonds varied of hue,
There were rubies rich-red in their glowing,
Fair opals, with amethysts violet-blue,
And pearls of a lustre outflowing.

Rose-topazes nestled with emeralds green,
Moss-agates and garnets beside them;
While a cluster of sapphires glittered between,
Too brilliant for rivals to hide them.

With vision quite dazzled, I turned me away
From the casket—an earthly queen's treasure,—
And mused on the jewels, all purest of ray,
That outvalue these stones beyond measure.

My gems, they are strung on a chaplet of beads—
Small wealth and less art in their stringing,—
But I count them with love, and Our Lady e'er
heads
My requests while her praises I'm singing.

IF we knew the secrets of the lives of those—alas! innumerable—who seem to have no real apprehension of anything, none of the light which, it is said, lighteth every man that cometh into the world, it would probably be found that they have not been born without, but have forfeited, their noblest human heritage by repeated practical denials of the things which they have seen.

—Coventry Patmore.

A Hundred Years Ago.

A GLANCE AT THE FORMER POSITION OF ENGLISH AND IRISH CATHOLICS.*

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O. S. B., D. D.

SCARCELY more than a century ago—that is, at the very beginning of the year 1801,—Pitt, the illustrious Pitt, greater son of a great father, felt himself compelled to resign the office of Prime Minister of England because King George III. obstinately refused to agree to the measure of Catholic Emancipation proposed by the ministry. At the present day, when for more than two generations we have been accustomed to enjoy full liberty in religious matters and to claim our rightful position in the State as citizens, it is somewhat difficult for us English, and more difficult for you in free America, to realize the meaning of that term “Emancipation,” and to understand the actual position of our English and Irish Catholic forefathers at the dawn of the nineteenth century. They were still suffering under the very real remnants of the penal code which had been designed to destroy them, and from which Pitt had pledged himself to his Irish supporters to free them.

Pitt was not alone in his desire to assist the small and impoverished body of Catholics to obtain some relief

* A lecture now first published.

from the intolerable yoke which they had borne so long with exemplary fortitude. For the last quarter of the previous century most, if not all, serious English politicians had recognized the essential injustice of the attempt to force men by pains, penalties and disabilities, to accept what their consciences rejected; and already some measures of relief had eased the pressure of the previous two hundred years. The success, in 1774, of Lord North's Bill, which practically established Catholicism in Canada, led Parliament a few years later to look nearer home. In spite of Chatham's denunciation of the "Quebec Act," as the Canadian measure was called, which he declared to be an overt "breach of the Reformation," Sir George Savile introduced a bill in 1778 to relieve English Catholics from some part of what Mr. Lecky characterizes as "the atrocious penal laws to which they were still subject."

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the hopeless condition to which at this time Catholics had been reduced. Ingenious repressive measures had taken the place of more active persecution, and the Catholic at best found himself an alien in his own country. Whilst the statute book still recorded against his property, his liberty, and even his life, laws which were ever held in terror over him, and which were at times, through spite or religious fanaticism, even invoked against him, he was sedulously shut out from all participation in the national life of his country, and all professions were equally barred against him. At first, and for generations, Catholics had struggled to free themselves from the strong grip of the State upon their throats, which was intentionally choking the life out of them. Like a suffocating man under like conditions, some did not stop to think whether their efforts were right or politic, or

could be justified by the cut-and-dried principles of casuistry.

It is easy for us, who do not feel the strong arm of the law ever threatening our existence, to criticise and condemn the action of this or that individual amongst them who, as he saw himself and others lying, writhing, helpless and dying, thought to make terms which would give them air and life and hope again. But at the time of which I now speak, even these bids for liberty were things of the past; and—to carry out my simile—the Catholic body had ceased to struggle in its agony, and lay breathless and almost without any visible sign of life under the mailed hand of the State, assisted by the studied repression and neglect of the Protestant nation. Hope had long since departed from the breasts of most; and almost the only prayer which in the records of that terrible time the historian can recognize as uttered by the rapidly dwindling body of English Catholics, is one for resignation and for the grace to be left to die in peace.

There were, of course, exceptions; but gloom and despair seem to have settled down as a black cloud over English Catholics from the middle of the eighteenth century. Those who persisted in acting and agitating were looked on, even by those for whom they fought and strove, as dangerous disturbers of a tacit truce, and as men who by their indiscretions might well bring down again upon the heads of all the rigors of active persecution. Sad indeed—terribly sad—was the lot of that band of the faithful few at that time. In all the chronicles of history I know of no page which records a more touching, a more heart-rending story than that of this yearly diminishing remnant of those who had never bowed their knees to Baal, who had proved themselves ready to undergo the long-drawn agony of a life-martyrdom for the faith of their fathers.

"My thoughts," says the great Daniel O'Connell, speaking to English Catholics,— "my thoughts turn to that period in your history when religious dissension assembled all its elements together, and scattered to the wind the faith and ritual of your forefathers. Sad, indeed, since that time has been the record of religion and its sufferings in England. He who would follow it seems to himself as though present at a shipwreck where nought may be discerned on every side but scattered and disjointed fragments,—here perhaps the broken plank, there the shattered spar. But still the helm was left; it was fashioned of the heart of oak, and while that survived there was hope for those who clung to it."

But even hope itself had well-nigh departed; and in the darkest hours that went before the dawn of better times, the thoughts of many hearts were but little removed, except by resignation to God's will, from blank despair. Still, some souls chafed at the situation, and were restless under the debasing and precarious condition in which they found themselves.

"Shall I," wrote one of the most vigorous of the malcontents,— "shall I sit down silently satisfied, because the good humor of a magistrate chooses to indulge me, whilst there are laws of which any miscreant has daily power to enforce the execution? My ease, my property and my life are at the disposal of every villain, and I am to be pleased because he is not at this time disposed to deprive me of them. To-morrow his humor may vary, and I shall then be obliged to hide my head in some dark corner, or to fly from this land of boasted liberty."

From time to time this did take place; and, as the historian of the eighteenth century has recorded, the poor Papist was forcibly reminded that the harsh measures of the penal code could still with a little ingenuity be applied to

him. Some busybody of an individual—an enemy or a zealot—not unfrequently exhumed obsolete and half-forgotten laws for the purpose of extorting money, of gratifying revenge, or appeasing his thirst for the persecution of those who differed from him. In 1761 a lady was tried at Westminster to recover a penalty of £20 under a law of Elizabeth, because she had not been to a place of worship for the previous month. Down to the days of Pitt, the law still adjudged £100 reward to any one who would procure the conviction of a priest. As late as 1767 a priest was tried at Croydon on the charge of having administered the sacrament to a sick person, found guilty and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He actually lay in jail for three or four years for his offence, and then was banished out of England. In the same year a chapel in Southwark was forcibly suppressed, and the priest escaped from the officers by the back door; and although probably Father Malony was the only priest actually convicted and sentenced for being a priest during the reign of George III., the attempts were sufficiently numerous to cause constant apprehension of what might at any time happen, and to render the position of Catholics sufficiently precarious.

Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden, the former in particular, incurred odium, and in fact suffered popular violence, for the way in which they set themselves as judges to defeat the end of such vexatious prosecutions. In 1768 and 1769 two priests named Webb and Talbot—the latter a brother of Lord Shrewsbury—were prosecuted, but acquitted because their orders were held by the judge as not legally proven; and another priest escaped by Lord Mansfield's suggesting all kinds of difficulties from the bench. So careful were the clergy to abstain from attracting notice of any kind that Dr. Oliver relates that Mrs. Lingard, the mother of the

historian, who died in 1824 at the age of ninety-two, remembered the time when her family had to go to hear Mass at night, with the priest (wearing a round frock to make him look like a poor countryman) the driver of the cart which carried them.

The position of the laity was no better. In 1770 Sir William Stanley, of Hooton, was indicted at the Assizes for refusing to part with his four-coach horses for a £20 note, under a law that gave the right to any Protestant neighbor to claim possession of any horse owned by a Catholic on the payment of £5. Another gentleman is said to have shot a valuable hunter thus claimed by an enemy rather than let him get possession of it; and though Sir William Stanley was acquitted by the jury, it was merely on the technical ground that a bank note was not legal tender.

As Mr. Lecky has pointed out, the position of every Catholic landowner was one of extreme precariousness. He was subject to a double land-tax; he was shut out of every learned profession and every civil position; whilst a commission in either the army or navy of his country was refused to him. He was at the mercy of every common informer, who could find two justices ready to tender to him the oath of supremacy; whilst the oath of allegiance, which might have saved him and his forefathers for almost nearly two centuries had he been allowed to take it, was declared by the keepers of his conscience to be unlawful. Ground to the dust between the upper and nether millstones of the law and conscience, the lot of the English Catholic gentleman during the century about which I speak may well stir the deepest feeling of pity and command our unfeigned admiration. "They" (the English Catholic gentry), writes Mr. Lecky, "were virtually outlaws in their

own country, doomed to a life of secrecy and retirement, and sometimes obliged to purchase by regular contributions 'an exemption from persecution.'"

The Relief Bill of 1778 was intended to redress some of the most glaring items of legal injustice which the Catholics had long endured with the fortitude of Christian martyrs. It did not effect much in the way of actual freedom, but it repealed such galling provisions of the penal code as that any Catholic bishop or priest could be summarily apprehended and tried at the Assizes for his sacerdotal character; as that any Catholic keeping a school could on conviction be condemned to perpetual imprisonment; as that no Catholic could legally inherit or purchase land in his native country. Still no one could send his boy over the seas, say to Douai or St. Omer's, except in peril of the law; and every informer on conviction could still claim his £100 reward. A Catholic schoolmaster could no longer be put in prison for *life*, but he could for a year; and Catholic chapels and Catholic meetings of any kind were still contrary to the law. But it was the beginning of a measure of justice, or rather the beginning of the end of many measures of injustice; and Charles Butler, the trustworthy witness to whose account of the troubles of our Catholic ancestors we owe so much, has recorded that, "though the legal benefits Catholics derived from the Act were limited,...it [the Act] shook the general prejudice against them to the centre....It restored to them a thousand indescribable charities in the ordinary intercourse of social life which they had seldom experienced." As a sign of their acceptance of this measure of justice, the Vicars Apostolic, on June 4, 1778, ordered prayers to be said in all churches for the King, and even directed that his name be inserted in the Canon of the Mass.

Her Guardian Angel.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

LED by an impulse she could not control, Mme. Jaline entered the large department store, through whose imposing glass doors the crowds went hurrying all day long. They closed insolently after her, as though resenting her presence in that sumptuous palace, to which she could pay only the tribute of admiration which the feminine soul must ever yield to beauty.

In truth, the atmosphere of the place penetrated her very being. As she entered she recognized the advent of the sensations which always assailed her. The noise of the crowd, albeit subdued; the questions, remarks; the tinkle of silver dropping from the purses of the customers on the glass show-cases; the tap-tap of the saleswomen's pencils as they summoned the cash-boys; the rustle of silk, the thousand and one perfumes pervading the place,—all pressed and crowded upon her, filling her with a nameless fever which she at once dreaded and invited.

At first she glided with the crowd, her eyes cast down, imbibing the delicious, sensuous atmosphere to which she was an alien, of which she could never hope to be a part. But after a while she opened them, to find herself in the centre of the immense caravansary of humanity and the wares with which it adorns itself. Every sort of finery that a woman might hope and desire was there displayed. Suddenly she felt herself stifled with admiration and hopeless longing. Then her mood changed once more, and gradually she began to accustom herself to the enchantment around her. She could enjoy it only vicariously, from afar; but that she was resolved to do.

All at once she found herself in

front of a monstrous pile of laces. The lightness of foam, the softness of down, the brilliancy of satin, and the glitter of *passementerie*,—all swirled and billowed before her. She no longer heard the murmur of the crowd, the tinkle of silver and gold, the tap-tap of pencils, the flutter of silken gowns. For her, at that moment, there was nothing in the world but laces. Her brain throbbed, her heart beat like a hammer in her breast; the blood rushed to her cheeks, then flowed back again, leaving them pallid. She cast her eyes furtively around, extended her hand, drew it back; stretched it forth again, and once more withdrew it, saying between her closed lips: "O my God, help me! Thou knowest the struggle that is within me."

And then she returned to herself again; her breath came more freely; she looked about her, wondering how she could ever for a single instant have dreamed the mad dream which possessed her. Every time she entered the place she went through the same programme. It enthralled her, possessed her, tempted her. For a moment she would find herself on the point of yielding; then the prayer rising to her lips would act like a wave of cooling water upon a burning wound; and, taking her will in both hands, she would walk swiftly away from the fatal spot.

It had all come about so strangely, so inexplicably. She was thirty years of age, the widow of a naval officer, with one child,—a little girl ten years old. Her husband had left her comparatively poor. While he lived they had spent more than they could afford, although she was not aware of it. He had liked to see her well dressed, and she was fond of beautiful things. When he died she was forced to deny herself all but the necessities of life. She was a devoted mother; the little girl had all her own sweetness of disposition, with the gravity of her father. To her mother

she was a reminder of the past, her only hope for the future. They were seldom apart. Mme. Jaline would not confide the education of her daughter to any one but herself. She had the artistic temperament in a superlative degree. Her touch on the piano was exquisite, she painted skilfully, and added to her slender resources by decorating fans.

It was one day when she was seeking to enlarge the sphere of her labor that she first entered the department store, to which she now made many a stolen visit. Stolen we may say, because she had come to know in her inmost soul that it was to her a repetition of the story of the Garden of Eden. Suddenly she paused, unable to move in the crowd surging about her, near a table covered with beautiful handkerchiefs. At her side, as close to her as she could possibly stand, was a woman who, deftly stretching forth her hand, seized a dozen fine handkerchiefs tied together by a blue ribbon, and hid them under her cloak. At first, shocked and disgusted, Mme. Jaline had wanted to cry out: "Thief! thief!" But her lips would not move.

She followed the woman through the crowd; she saw her take here a pair of gloves, there a comb; followed her to the very door, without denouncing her. She felt herself in some sort to be an accomplice. She could not help reproaching herself for cowardice; she had violated her conscience. She felt ashamed to look into the eyes of her child. The thought of what had happened clung to her, pursued her, tormented her.

After a few days she returned to the shop, and passed, almost without her own volition, to the handkerchief table. There they lay, piled up before her—hundreds, thousands of them,—filmy, lacy, so fine that they could pass through her wedding ring, so delicately embroidered that they might have been worked by genuine fairy fingers.

And then—and then—the temptation

assailed her; like the grasp of a demon it fastened upon her, prodded her, goaded her, devoured her. The crowd pressed up behind her, would not let her escape, enveloped her,—and five minutes later she was hurrying through the glass doors with a dozen fine handkerchiefs, embroidered and lace-edged, under her mantle. She was a thief!

And now, before the bewildering pile of laces, she battled with herself once more; thinking to atone, by thrusting herself into temptation and resisting it, for the crime she had committed a fortnight ago. In her heart of hearts she felt that one day she would succumb; that her only refuge was in flight, in absenting herself from the scene of her former offence. To-day the temptation was fiercely upon her. She repressed the words of supplication which were about to rise to her lips. Her hand was stealthily extended, when she felt a touch on her shoulder. Terrified, she drew back, only to find that another woman had thus tried to steady herself in the throng.

The moment passed. She returned to her senses, made her way through the crowd, walked slowly up the broad stairway to the gallery which ran all around the store. There she seated herself on a sofa from which she could overlook the foamy pile, the scene of her latest temptation. Something stirred near her. She looked around quickly. Behind a heavy *portière* stood a man surveying the crowd, watching lest some one should carry away—steal—an atom of the costly, heaped-up, lacy billows on which she had been about to lay her fingers. She shuddered and grew cold. The man had a clear, steely blue eye. She thought he could read her very soul. He looked all-seeing. All-seeing? Ah, there was only One who could be called that; and He was looking into her heart every moment of her life.

The problem always confronted her.

How was it, why was it, that, after years of the most scrupulous honesty, she should suddenly find herself assailed by a temptation to which she had hitherto been an entire stranger? And why should it have presented itself in this guise? Often, on going to the bank, she could see piles of gold and sheafs of bills within the enclosure that separated the sacred precincts of Midas from the outside world. It must be a peculiar madness which had attacked her brain. She could not understand it, she could not explain it.

On the particular day of which we are speaking, after the *portière* had fallen again and the watcher disappeared, the temptation had disappeared also. She remained seated for some time, trying, as she had done a hundred times before, to solve her despairing problem. But she could find no solution in her poor weary brain.

"Are you ill, Madame?" inquired a masculine voice.

Mme. Jaline started, confused and embarrassed. It was the man of the steely eye; he had been watching, perhaps suspecting her. It might be that he had seen her take the handkerchiefs, and was only awaiting the opportunity to surprise her in another theft.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" she replied. "I am not very well."

Rising, she hurried away, half fearful of a detaining hand.

II.

Returning home, Mme. Jaline's first impulse was to seek the *fauteuil* under which she had hidden her stolen treasure. It stood in an obscure corner; it was not likely that little Hélène would ever disturb it; and yet, if she should, and ask a question about the handkerchiefs, what could the mother reply? She had always meant to return them, but lacked courage to make the effort; on the contrary, she was daily on the point of adding fresh plunder to her store.

The handkerchiefs were still there. She longed to remove them, to hurry with them to the shop from which she had abstracted them; but her hands trembled, her limbs failed her. Once more she murmured: "O God, help me! O God, come to my assistance! Show me the way!"

She was not a religious woman, but hers was a fervent prayer. And as the words came slowly, through her agonized breath, to this woman, frail, sinful, unfortunate, God put forth His merciful hand. She was to be saved, and that through the medium of her adored and adoring child. A sudden resolution seized her. She almost ran into the bedroom where Hélène was sitting, making a dress for her doll. She sat down beside her.

"Listen to me, darling!" she cried. "Try to understand what I am going to tell you. I am very, very unhappy. You must tell me what to do."

The child gazed at her wonderingly.

"First, mamma," she said, "let me take off your hat. You look so tired."

The mother submitted. The little girl removed the pins, and laid the hat on the table, after which she seated herself on her mother's knee. Then the mother began her story.

Ah, that lamentable confession!—which, after all, was not complete; for she told only of the temptation constantly assailing her, not of the crime she had committed. That she could not bring herself to do.

When she had finished she said:

"Do you understand, my darling? I am like a poor sick creature who must be taken care of, and you are the one who must take care of me. Come with me when I go to the store, as I have done for some time past every day. I have resolved to continue going there until I feel the temptation no longer,—until I can resist it. And you shall come with me, you shall hold my hand, you shall watch me, my dear little guardian

angel! You will save me, I know it. You will deliver me from the peril that besets me."

Serious, profoundly moved, the child threw her arms around her mother's neck, hiding her head, and kissing her passionately.

"Mamma," she said, "I will go with you, I will watch you, I will help you all I can. But you must pray,—you must ask God to help you."

"I have asked Him, my treasure! It is He who inspired me to tell you about it. I feel it, I know it."

"Do not cry, mamma dear!" said the child. "We will try, and it will be all right very soon."

The innocent child had fully understood. Day after day, whenever her mother was ready to go out, she would put on her hat and accompany her. Sometimes they walked past the department store, but usually they went in. With the child beside her, the poor woman never experienced the temptation to touch anything she saw before her.

One afternoon, however, while Hélène was visiting a neighbor, Mme. Jaline suddenly felt the desire to know what would happen if she went without her. Hastily putting on her bonnet, she left the house, and soon found herself standing in front of the lace counter, in the heart of a bustling, seething crowd. Her eyes glistened upon the beauty around her; a dozen times her hand was outstretched, a dozen times she resisted. Then as the tips of her fingers came in contact with a piece of the delicate fabric, a sweet, childish face seemed to float in the air before her.

Forcing her way through the crowd, she hurried down the stairs and through the long aisles to the door. On the threshold she met the child, her hair streaming from beneath her hat, her breath coming quick and fast, from the speed with which she had run through the streets.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed, in a tone of agonized pleading.

"No, darling,—no! It is all right!" answered the mother, seizing the feverish little hand as they passed into the street together.

And thus it went on for weeks, till the child grew as haggard as the mother, and the mother as frail and delicate as the child. And then, after a night of wakefulness, Mme. Jaline arose, went to the *fauteuil*, removed the handkerchiefs and threw them on Hélène's bed.

"My darling," she said, "I have deceived you, and the horror through which we are passing is killing us both."

In a few moments she had revealed everything, and the child said:

"Mamma, we will take them back to-day, and then God will begin to help us. He could not have done it before. Now everything will be easy,—I know it."

And so it proved. From the moment she thrust the stolen handkerchiefs under the great piles that filled the table in the centre of the immense shop, Mme. Jaline never had a single temptation to take what did not belong to her,—neither that year nor the next, nor even after the death of her angelic daughter, who left her at the age of fifteen.

As the young girl lay dying of consumption, an angel—though never since the day of her baptism had she been within the walls of a church,—the mother began to recall the time when, a supposed orphan, and a pupil of the Sisters of Charity, she had dwelt in an atmosphere of virtue and holiness. Finally, she began to teach her child the truths she herself had almost forgotten, paving the way for the priest, whom she soon called to supplement her instructions by his own. Hélène drank eagerly of the sublime truths of religion, received her first Holy Communion on her deathbed, and expired a few days

later in the arms of her heart-broken mother. Thenceforward Mme. Jaline led a life of great piety, and the terrible temptation never returned.

One day, in front of a church in Paris, two retired naval officers—men quite advanced in life—were engaged in conversation. As they stood there, a lady in black passed them on her way to Mass.

"That is a beautiful woman," said one of them.

"Yes," replied the other; "and I had her in my mind the other day when we were quarrelling about your pet hobby of heredity. I did not mention her, however; but now that you have seen her, and probably will never see her again, I can not refrain from telling you about her."

"Well? I am interested," observed the first speaker.

"She is Mme. Jaline, the widow of a Lieutenant of Marines who died long since. She was a *pensionnaire* of the Sisters of Charity, who supposed her to be an orphan. You know what a good man my brother was,—the judge, I mean? It was he who paid her tuition at the convent, after having sentenced her mother to a long term of imprisonment. She was then a child of four. Jaline had a sister in the same school, and so met his wife. My brother Arnand felt it his duty to inform the young fellow of the girl's antecedents; but he was so deeply in love that he seemed to care nothing about them. And it was a very happy marriage, while it lasted."

"And did she herself know?"

"No. She remembered and was told nothing."

"Just as well. But I can hardly believe that angelic-looking woman to be the daughter of a criminal. What was her crime?"

"Stealing, shoplifting. Her mother was one of the most notorious of her class. They called her 'the lace-fiend,'

on account of her *penchant* for fine laces and embroideries. She served time in nearly every large prison in the country. For aught I know she may still be living. And *that* woman," continued the old man, indicating with an inclination of the head the black-robed figure which had just entered the church,—"*that* woman is a living saint."

St. Francis and the Birds.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

THERE is an ancient story—
I have read the quaint old words,—
Of how the blest St. Francis came
And preached to the wayside birds.

Around his feet they gathered,
Down drooped each little head;
St. Francis made the Sign of the Cross,
And these were the words he said:

"Oh, come, my friends, draw near me,—
Come every fluttering bird!
For ye are my little sisters.
Now hearken to God's word.

"Praise God for all His goodness:
He has given you home and nest;
Praise Him for air and sunshine,
And the plumage over your breast.

"He has given you wings and freedom.—
All praise to Him doth belong.
But, best of all His giving,
He has given the gift of song.

"Then sing, O sing, little sisters!
And hearken to my words:
Praise God that here in the treetops
He has made a home for His birds.

"He has given you food and raiment,—
So praise to Him doth belong.
But, best of all, little sisters,
He has given the gift of song."

The good Saint ended his preaching,
And he blessed them on head and on breast;
And they flew to the north and the southward,
And they flew to the east and the west.

All over God's world they are singing:
"All praise to God doth belong!
He has given us wings and freedom,
But, best, He has given us song!"

My Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

LOURDES! Is there on the face of the earth a Catholic who does not feel drawn as if by an interior charm toward the city of the Immaculate Conception? From my childhood I had yearned for a visit there. The necessity of crossing the Atlantic, with its monstrous angry waves, does not stop the faithful American child of Our Lady; but the obstacles in my way, if less dangerous, had hitherto been even more formidable. Year after year the cherished project had to be abandoned, until at last, on the eve of the Assumption, I was able to secure for my mother and myself two tickets for the National Pilgrimage.

Having arrived at the Parisian Gare d'Orléans an hour and a half before the departure of our train, we settled ourselves comfortably in one of the ladies' compartments,—each of us choosing, of course, a corner seat. The two other corners were soon occupied by a Sister of the Congregation of St. Paul de Chartres and a lady in black. In time two other ladies joined us, and we were thankful for the agreeable company. Before the train started, a young priest passed through all the carriages, distributing red woolen crosses to be pinned, in true pilgrim fashion, on one's breast.

The night wore on amid prayers and occasional naps, and we were all glad when, about six in the morning, the train made a five minutes' stop at a way station. As the time was too short to think of repairing to the dressing-rooms, there was a general rush to the public fountains on the quay. A picturesque sight,—ladies, gentlemen, priests also, running as for their lives, with towel and soap in hand, and then performing a summary ablution as best they could in the open air. There was no rudeness or disorder

of any kind; all were good-humored and ready to allow others a place at the fountains. Be it said here that the railway officials proclaim pilgrims the easiest travellers to manage, as they never give the slightest trouble. The employees, in fact, merely stand by, contenting themselves with opening or shutting the carriage doors.

When the train went on again, devotions began anew in every car. The prayers of the Holy Sacrifice were said in union with the Masses being celebrated in every village church we passed; and then the Rosary was recited over and over again. Later on, hunger began to assert its claims. The pilgrims had been warned to provide their own food, as there would be no stoppage admitting of a meal until Bordeaux was reached. Now, even in a railway carriage one can easily judge of character, and I forthwith formed one judgment. The rosy-faced Sister, while tasting nothing herself, opened her basket betimes to offer her companion some dainty or other. We had been informed that this lady was an invalid. "At least," I thought, "she is not going to Lourdes to regain her appetite"; and I wondered what ailment could beset her. She looked wonderfully hale, the only peculiarity about her being an apparently gloomy disposition. Some time afterward, when we exchanged a few words, she whispered mysteriously: "I am mad!"

The startling intelligence sent a chill through me, you may be sure. In a second my imagination pictured some wild fit, and no man to come to the rescue. A glance at the strong wrists of the Sister, however, and at the other two ladies, restored my peace of mind. If the lunatic pilgrim became frantic, we three would unite our efforts to the nun's, and my mother could at least pull the alarm-bell. Fortunately, however, the occasion to test our muscular powers did not arise.

From Tarbes the hours appeared interminable. The train went on like a snail; and, to keep our patience, we had to remember the poor sick that had passed over the same track some hours before, many of them in an agony of pain the whole time. A glorious sunset, followed by twilight, deepened into black night, and still the train rolled on, when at last we perceived, to our right, a blaze of lights near the ground. "Oh, the Grotto! See the tapers!" we exclaimed. All six of us were gazing for the first time on the celebrated shrine. The Basilica above, delineated in lights, seemed studded with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, exquisite in effect.

A minute later the journey was over, and our companions set out for their lodgings. Mother and I rather envied them as we stood forlorn in a town where we knew not a soul. And the lodging-houses were either so full or so uninviting that we almost despaired of getting a roof over our heads at all that night. An earnest prayer to Our Lady and St. Joseph kept up our courage. At last a hotel-keeper furnished us with a guide, who led us to a countrified house, where an honest widow welcomed us to a large, airy room,—just what we wished for.

Our first wish the next morning, Sunday, was to hear Mass at the Grotto. On arriving there, however, we found that a sermon was being preached before an immense congregation. We accordingly returned to the Basilica, likewise crammed to overflowing, and managed to hear Mass at a side altar. So incessant was the flow of worshipers approaching the high altar, we found it would be impossible to receive Holy Communion for hours to come; so we retraced our steps and came once more into the open air. I left my mother leaning against a low wall while I went to see whether the Crypt or Rosary Church was more accessible. Vain hope! The congregation, densely

thronged, rendered any attempt to reach the high altar simply out of the question.

Sadly disappointed, I thought that the water of Lourdes at least ought to be the first thing we tasted; and, going to the blessed fountain, I filled my glass. Oh, the delicious beverage! Often had I drunk the same water conveyed to Paris in bottles, but how different was it from this ever fresh spring! I drew another glass to take to my mother, and was carrying it cautiously, when I heard the *Magnificat* intoned behind me. Several *brancardiers* at once cleared the way for a sick person coming out of the piscina, cured. In his excitement to witness the sight, a pilgrim spilled half my precious water; but I readily forgave the accident, so enchanted did I feel at my first contact with a miracle.

About the time of the Angelus, the churches were slowly emptied of their worshipers; and while the well-to-do pilgrims went toward the town in quest of a repast, the majority remained close to the sanctuaries, sitting upon stone benches or steps—anywhere, in fact,—and, opening their baskets, spread out their provisions. These honest peasants, from every part of France, were most edifying to observe, even during their meals. They ate merely to satisfy nature, speaking little, without even a smile,—all being as recollected as if in a hallowed place. For the four days during which the pilgrimage lasted, their demeanor never varied. At meal hours the fountains were beset with men and women filling bottles of the miraculous water, their sole beverage. Numbers had no shelter, and spent the nights either in the churches *praying*, or slept upon steps, or in any available corner.

Taking advantage of the momentary solitude of the churches, we visited them at leisure. The Basilica, less spacious than I expected, is of elegant proportions, and gives an impression

of exquisite taste in even the smallest detail. Every one of the side chapels would deserve a devout and artistic inspection.

It is the miracles wrought at Lourdes, however, that, after all, exert the greatest fascination over the multitude of pilgrims; and the cures of Saturday, the 19th, at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, immediately after the arrival of the White Train, raised buoyant hopes. We are told of a little child who during the procession kept repeating: "Blessed Virgin, cure baby!" His poor mother had taught him this simple prayer before parting from him in Paris. The ladies around him tried to hush the shrill little voice; but the tiny invalid, quite astonished, protested; "Baby is good! Baby knows his prayer!" He was among the first to rise and walk.

As for scenes at the holy Grotto, any one anticipating theatrical display or sensational excitement would be disappointed. No such thing exists at Lourdes. The impartial observer could notice nothing but prayer,—fervent, unceasing prayer. Pilgrims have no other purpose. They pray in the churches, on the Esplanade, on the way to and from the Grotto. Human respect is a feeling unknown near the Rock of Massabielle. Before the Grotto prayer is incessant; and the pulpit is ever occupied by priests of admirable zeal, who exhort the pilgrims, recite the Rosary or the Litany of Our Lady, and give out invocations, repeated with the most ardent faith. Thousands of souls are constantly beseeching Heaven—*Parce Domine!*—and the pilgrims drop on their knees and kiss the dust.

The sick are here in the reserved space forbidden to the crowd; they, too, pray with all their might. I can still see a poor young workman, his eyes sunken in their orbits, shouting like the blind man of Jericho: "Lord, make me see!" While the prayers go on—they never

stop—people are allowed to pass through the Grotto and kiss the rock beneath the recess of the Apparition, occupied, as everybody knows, by the famous statue of Fabisch. The rock appears polished by the touch and kisses of millions of loving clients of Our Lady. Owing to the crowd, one is not allowed to tarry.

Before the piscinas, the scene is even more touching still. When a *grand malade* is carried behind the drapery, the pilgrims are breathless. "Will he come out cured?" A priest stands in the enclosure before the piscinas, and implores the mercy of Almighty God, through the intercession of the Health of the Sick. The priest throws himself on his knees; the supplications seem irresistible. I confess that my own idea of Lourdes was of an undisciplined, noisy, though pious throng, each indulging in loud extemporaneous ejaculations,—outbursts of individual devotion. Quite a mistake! Not a word is spoken aloud except the docile repetition of the priest's invocations; no shouting, only an earnest tone that might be allowed within the precincts of a church.

The most sublime feature of the National Pilgrimage is the daily procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The sacred cortege leaves the Basilica at half-past four, while the chiming bells announce the advent of the Lord. Benediction is given at the Grotto to a number of sick—the Blessed Sacrament rests upon the head of each, and the procession wends its way to the Esplanade.

On the 21st I was before the piscinas, assisting at the procession. Hundreds of men with lighted tapers passed; and I admired the rich banners, particularly that of the diocese of Verdun, representing the Sacred Heart embroidered on white watered silk, with the inscription in gold: *Cœur Sacré de Jésus, de l'ingratitude, nous vous consolons.* Instead of the usual flowing ribbons

held by dignitaries, two crystal rosaries glistened in the sun like diamonds. Each diocese had its own banner, recalling some famous local pilgrimage,—that of Aix-en-Provence having one of its ribbons held by a Negro. Are not all men equal before the Creator?

The procession advanced, with its interminable double row of priests—fifteen hundred,—various types from the different provinces easily recognizable. One hand held a lighted taper, while the other held a rosary, generally of the commonest kind. Every face bore the stamp of strong faith. The procession stopped just before me, and the Blessed Sacrament entered the enclosure where the sick await their turn at the piscina. The monstrance was placed on the head of each suffering creature. The priests and *brancardiers* following the Blessed Sacrament looked intently at the invalids, watching for a change. Suddenly one of the sick rose from his couch,—and the procession moved on.

At the Esplanade, the function grew still more imposing, the surrounding mountains in their splendor seeming especially to glorify their Maker. Fifteen hundred sick lay on mattresses or litters, or in bath-chairs; others were seated on benches,—all awaiting their God. Behind these was the multitude, in number thirty thousand, some say more. Of the prayer on the Esplanade, I will only say it resembled the billows of the sea. Shutting one's eyes as the air re-echoed, "Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" one could fancy one's self nineteen centuries back, in the days of our Saviour in Palestine. One is carried away, not by enthusiastic excitement, but by faith, and compassion for the sufferers so touchingly helpless, so anxiously hopeful. Private wants and requests retreat to the background, and every pilgrim, however selfish by nature, joins with his whole heart in the plea: "Lord, make me see!

Lord, make me hear! Lord, make me walk! Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst cure me! Lord, cure our sick! Lord, pity them!" While the Blessed Sacrament was borne around the immense Esplanade, the multitude on their knees, with outstretched arms or bowing low, received Benediction given from the peristyle of the Rosary Church.

A commotion ran through the crowd. Four sick people had risen! The *brancardiers* linked their arms, making a stout rampart for the favored ones against popular demonstrations of joy. Being fortunately placed near the Bureau des Constatations, I had full view of a young girl with a white veil, a man, and two little boys, these latter raised high on the shoulders of the *brancardiers*. The little boy with flowing curls had risen out of a surgical apparatus. The doors of the Investigation Office remain hermetically closed to idle or pious curiosity; they are wide open to physicians.

The Bishop of Tarbes, Mgr. Shoopfer, always presides at the National Pilgrimage, and, moreover, welcomes his brothers in the episcopate. They were numerous at this season: Mgr. Dubois, the zealous Bishop of Verdun, so devoted to the sick; the eloquent Mgr. Pagis, his predecessor in the See of Verdun; Mgr. Lavigne, Vicar Apostolic of Ceylon; Mgr. Espinosa, Archbishop of Buenos Ayres, who in 1883 came to offer to the Virgin of Massabielle the flag of the Argentine Republic; Mgr. Ferrero y Escolada, Bishop of La Plata; Mgr. Frischler y Cordova, Bishop of Yucatan, Mexico; Bishop La Rocque, of Sherbrooke, Canada, with his Vicar-General, Mgr. Chalifoux; Bishop O'Dea; of Nesqually, U. S. A.; and Bishop Keiley, of Savannah. The American prelates were accompanied by a number of their clergy, whose piety greatly edified the pilgrims. The genial manner of Bishop Keiley won all who had the privilege of speaking to his Lordship.

A word about the litter-bearers,—*brancardiers*, as they are called. This noble phalanx perform their work of charity as perfectly as if they wore the habit of St. John of God. They carry the sick long distances to and from the hospitals,—invalids in a precarious state being conveyed slowly and gently to avoid the least jolt, whilst ladies fan their face or hold smelling-salts to their nostrils. This is far from being the only duty assumed by these true Christians: they nurse their sick, feed them, wash them, dress their wounds, etc. When one reflects that these offices are performed by men of rank and fortune—at least the greater number being magistrates, officers of the army and navy; for instance, Admiral Mathieu, the ever kind and active friend of the poor,—the words of the Abbé Bertrin summarize one's feelings: "Lourdes is a school of charity."

To sum up Lourdes, I should say that the great miracle there is the prayer, the importuning supplications of thirty thousand souls. The mere vocal prayer is not so striking as the countenance of the worshippers: the weather-beaten faces are ennobled by a supernatural look of reverence. Peasants make the Sign of the Cross with a slow and impressive gesture, that is an act of faith in itself. An old man beside me chanted the *Ave Maris Stella* in Latin. And let it not be thought that they exceed in piety men of gentle birth. The fervor, absolutely free from human respect, of men of refined mien is perhaps what surprises one most. To give an instance, in no wise exceptional, of the spirit of prayer manifested by a class of men little given to public worship: on the afternoon of the 23d the space before the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes on the Esplanade was, as usual, thronged by devotees. Among them knelt a gentleman well groomed, as the English term it. He prayed with extended arms—the customary attitude

at Lourdes,—kneeling upon the damp soil; damp, for the rain had fallen heavily in the morning. Having finished his prayer, he kissed the ground on a muddy spot strewn with litter. Such men were legion at the National Pilgrimage.

The time for departure approaching, we hurried back to assist at the last procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The White Train was off for Paris, but many sick of other places called upon Divine Mercy to heal them at the last hour. A Franciscan nun confined to a bath-chair interested us particularly. We had met her and her two companions frequently during these days. Her name is Sœur Marie Céline, of the Petites Sœurs Franciscaines of Montpellier. Utterly disabled from walking for seven years on account of caries, at the procession she stepped out of the bath-chair, and I had the joy of seeing her walk to the Investigation Office. A little later we were paying a parting visit to the dear Grotto, when she appeared, surrounded by the *brancardiers*, to give thanks to God and His blessed Mother. Sœur Marie Céline walked with a firm step, unsupported; and while other *miraculés* beamed with joy at recovered health, no such emotion could be traced upon her pale face. True daughter of St. Francis, she welcomed the will of God, whatever it might be, with holy indifference.

The National Pilgrimage is concluded only at the evening meeting of the 25th of August, at Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris. I took care to be present, and so did Sœur Marie Céline and her two Sisters; all three slipped noiselessly to a retired spot in the crowded church. The front rows before Our Lady's altar were occupied by the favored ones of the pilgrimage; behind them were the sick and maimed, still hopeful. (Is not this hope one of the marvels of Lourdes?) After a stirring sermon by the Abbé Vié, Vicar-General of Orleans,

and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied by the typical hymn of the pilgrims, *Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!* that seemed a prolonged echo of the poetic torchlight processions, most of the faithful slowly left the church; while others lingered and drew near Our Lady's altar, as if to impress more deeply on their hearts the lessons of the hour, and to implore an increase of the faith that moves mountains. Happy those who possess that gift! And to acquire it, surely no more effective means can be found in our day than a pilgrimage to Mary's Pyrenean shrine. M. M.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXVI.—LEONORA WRITES A NOTE OF DISMISSAL.

IT must be owned that when Jim Bretherton turned away from the door of Rose Cottage, it was with a burning sense of indignation. He knew almost to a certainty from Mary Jane's manner that Leonora was at home, and he felt that it was a most cavalier way for her to treat a visitor whom she had every reason to expect. In fact, a visit from him, under the circumstances, was imperative; and it was no less incumbent upon Leonora to be prepared to receive that visit.

As he passed out of the gate, he was hailed by Jesse Craft, who, despite the coldness of the weather, sat as was his wont upon the porch.

"Hi there! Whew!" he called out.

Jim Bretherton stopped, though he was in no mood to relish the old man's pleasantries nor his probable references to Leonora. He stood still, with compressed lips and darkened brow, and that general appearance which had led Miss Spencer, the confectioner, to surmise that he had a

temper of his own. Jesse Craft, either unobservant of these signs or disregarding them, made divers signals to the young man to approach his gate. This, after a moment's hesitation, Jim Bretherton did. Jesse then hobbled down as fast as a touch of rheumatics would permit, and at once undisguisedly revealed the fact that he had been listening.

"I heerd what the girl said, and I kin guess pretty certainly what brought you here. 'Twas advertised pretty generally through Millbrook the other night of them picters up yonder. Besides, I noted some passages between you and her from time to time in the garden."

Bretherton's brown cheek flushed beneath the tan. But for that innate gentlemanliness, which made Craft's age and his inferior social station ramparts against attack, he would most certainly have made a sharp rejoinder.

"Anyhow, battered old hulk as you see me, I know a lover by the cut of his jib, and I suspieioned when I see you comin' down the street that you were goin' to put things straight with Miss Tabithy, and clinch the bargain with Miss Lenora."

Bretherton made no remark, nor did the old man give him time to reflect upon what he ought to say, but rapidly pursued his way:

"Thar's one thing jest about as certain as Gospel truth: that Miss Lenora sets great store by you."

"She takes a peculiar way of showing it," the young man observed, with involuntary bitterness.

"So she do, and so do every woman that ever was born since the time of Mother Eve. They're upon the airth, first and foremost, for the purpose of cajolin' men and makin' things lively generally. If they didn't keep the ball rollin', why, they'd seem somehow or other to have failed in their mission."

The eyes of the rustic philosopher twinkled as he thus rambled on. It

evidently afforded him a particular gratification to dilate upon feminine foibles. He continued, more gravely:

"If 'twas any other specimen of the female sex as ever I came across, I'd vow that she was actin' in the way she did to-day jest to show her power over you and to bring you down on your marrowbones. 'Tain't so with Miss Lenora. She turned you away from that door, for she is in the Cottage all right enough. I seen her come in, and she hasn't gone out since."

Bretherton listened with growing irritation. Whatever Craft's reason was in speaking thus, he was only making things worse, and seemed inclined to act that venerable but always unpopular rôle of Job's comforter. The impatient lover would willingly have stopped him in the mid-stream of his eloquence, only that Craft made it extremely difficult so to do. He laid a hand impressively upon the young man's shoulder.

"If Lenora refused to see you, 'twas for some good reason of her own. You take my word for it. Crows are signs of dirty weather, and jest before you come I seen goin' into the Cottage a crow as black as any the Creator ever put feathers on. And a hanged sight slimier and dirtier he is; for them thar birds attend to their own business, and if they do dirty work it's because it's appointed them. Now, that critter went in and he stayed talkin' to Miss Lenora, as I knowed by Miss Tabithy's puttin' her head out of the windy overhead, pale and scared like. Jest a short while before you come, out steps the crow, mighty cocky, with a grin on his face. I had a desire stronger than was natural to let fly at him. I knew right off by the look of his face that he'd been up to mischief, and that he'd got what he wanted, too."

Now, this was anything but agreeable intelligence to Jim Bretherton. Why should Leonora, who was almost, as he considered, engaged to himself, remain

for a length of time in private conversation with any man, and particularly this one, who was not only objectionable in himself, but, by his absurd pretensions to the girl's favor, had given rise to talk in Millbrook? What could she possibly have to say to such a fellow? Why say anything at all? He did not, however, give any indication of his feelings to Jesse Craft, whatever that shrewd observer may have secretly surmised; while the latter impressively continued, changing at will the pet metaphor in relation to snakes which he had employed in conversing with Lord Aylward:

"Now, you and I had better watch the movements of the crows, and when we see a chance *pot* them."

Bretherton thought that he would have no objection to pot *that* crow, or at least to engage in some sort of warfare against him. But, in truth, there was nothing to be done. He could not very well proceed to the mill and engage in an altercation with a man for the sole offence of calling upon a lady who was apparently willing to receive his visit. He was downright angry, however, with Miss Chandler, and considered her conduct altogether unjustifiable.

It is to be feared that he indulged in some bitter reflections, as he wended his homeward way, upon the coquetry of womankind. Leonora, he thought, had certainly given him what was, for a girl of her type, a good deal of encouragement; and it did seem that, even if she had changed her mind, she might have taken a more considerate means of acquainting him with the circumstance. He showed some of the signs and symptoms of that malady which is said to be inseparable from true love, and which is commonly ascribed to the green-eyed monster. It was a ~~state~~ state of mind totally foreign to his ordinary habit of thought, and he had worked himself up to quite an

uncomfortable condition by the time that he had reached the Manor.

He almost persuaded himself that, by some singular perversity of taste, Leonora might prefer the ill-favored manager of the mill. He recalled many things which he had heard or read of women's reversing all ordinary laws, and upsetting every theory, in the matter of choosing a husband. Nor was it calculated to improve matters when, on reaching home, a note was handed to him by Nort Jenkins, who in turn had received it from Dave Morse. It was from Leonora, and it briefly said 'that her first intuition had been correct: that any engagement between them would be a disastrous mistake, and that circumstances indeed rendered such an engagement impossible.' This epistle was expressed as tersely and briefly as possible, not a regret expressed, not a word of tenderness or of sentiment.

Bretherton, feeling as one stunned by some unexpected blow, put the missive in his pocket, and paced up and down the lawn in silence and dejection. During dinner, however, the course of which seemed to him interminable, he made a valiant effort to appear as if nothing had happened.

He was relieved when Lord Aylward afterward suggested that they should walk down together to Smith Jackson's, as he was anxious to have a word with Reuben about a football match. Though he had so lately traversed that selfsame road, Bretherton felt that anything was better than remaining indoors. There was, moreover, a certain gratification in walking past Rose Cottage, as if it could have changed its aspect in that short interval of time. Possibly, too, despite his resentment, he had hopes of catching a glimpse of Leonora.

The two set out, walking side by side through the darkness. The last gleam of the sunset, with its streaks of dull

red on a leaden sky, had faded. The wind was blowing the dust and leaves before them. It was a contrast to those lovely summer dusks in which the two had often walked together. Their way was mostly in silence. Jim Bretherton smoked hard, the tip of his cigar making a fiery point of red in the gloom. Once only he laughed, and his mirth had a harsh and unpleasant sound. It was when Lord Aylward, in perfectly good faith, urged his friend to come over with him next morning for a game of golf at Thorneycroft. The thought suggested itself that the links over there were to be a kind of asylum for Leonora's rejected lovers, where they should find consolation in the use of the clubs or in the smiles of the hours who inhabited those elysian fields.

Lord Aylward glanced at his friend with a quiet, searching look, but he asked no question. Perhaps he divined that something was amiss; and presently Bretherton said, in his lightest and most careless tone:

"No, Bob, I'm not in good form for golf just now; and the Thorneycroft girls don't cotton to me. There would be a regular freeze-out if I were to appear upon the links."

Lord Aylward was, no doubt, of opinion that this was a frost which might be easily dispelled by a very slight effort on the part of "the young gentleman from the Manor." He did not say so, however; and both relapsed into silence, and walked rapidly along the familiar roadway.

As they reached the mill, young Mr. Bretherton looked at it as if it had suddenly assumed a human form, like those malignant genii of ancient lore. Lord Aylward likewise cast a long glance in its direction, mindful of the alliance into which he had entered with Jesse Craft to make war on "pizen snakes." He could not see precisely in what manner the campaign was to be conducted, but he was willing to adopt

any fair and honorable means of carrying out that militant project.

Rose Cottage lay silent and dark, save for a faint light from the sitting-room lamp, which gave both young men a pleasant recollection of an interior brightened by a blazing wood fire, and still more by the presence of a woman young and fair and possessed of a subtle attraction.

At the door of the Jackson emporium, the brown and white spaniel began to jump upon Jim Bretherton, evidently in memory of his association with Leonora. The soft, woolly thing thus added another pang to the lover's heart; but he bent and caressed the dog, responding genially to its advances.

When the two young men entered, a sudden and significant silence fell upon the group assembled in the shop. It was evident that the conversation had been of a personal nature, touching one or both of the newcomers. In fact, the rustic assemblage had been in the full tide of a discussion upon the pros and cons of the mysterious "pull" which Eben Knox seemed to possess at Rose Cottage, and which apparently threatened the outcome of a love affair which was now dear to the whole of Millbrook.

For was not a Bretherton of the Manor about to choose a wife from the very heart of the town, and raise its most beautiful girl to a position befitting her charms? The prospect pleased the democratic spirit of the people, without derogating from that aristocratic and exclusive air which had from generation to generation surrounded the Manor. And now Eben Knox was circulating in all directions the unwelcome intelligence that he, the hated and despised, was to carry off that prize which popular sentiment had declared worthy of a Bretherton.

The two young men may have been conscious of the atmosphere; for they stood an instant or two, uncertainly, a

distinguished and interesting pair, the cynosure of all eyes. Tommy Briggs felt so keen a sympathy for one, at least, of the two, that he was tempted to thrust into his hand a copy of verses which he had surreptitiously written touching the entire episode.

Reuben Jackson, whom the fellow-feeling of having hopelessly admired Miss Chandler for many years rendered wondrous kind, cast sheepish but expressive glances toward these two victims of the tender passion, and especially the popular favorite.

Up from a quiet corner sprang Mr. Venn's German assistant, to wring Jim Bretherton's hand in demonstrative friendliness. He had understood scarcely a word of the previous conversation, but had somehow gathered from its general tenor an impression that something was wrong with almost the only personage in Millbrook for whom he felt a cordial regard. The young magnate, despite his preoccupation, exchanged a few kindly words in his own tongue with the butcher's assistant.

Mr. Venn, who was in close conversation over a pipe with Smith Jackson at the rear of the store, and who had totally misunderstood the trend of the talk that had lately been in progress, cried out in stentorian tones:

"Good-evenin' to you, Mr. Bretherton! So you're gettin' married, are you, sir?"

A flush mounted to the very roots of Jim Bretherton's hair, while every eye was upon him; and the speaker proceeded:

"Well, I thought as much ever since that night of the show up to the Manor, when you was in the picters with Miss Tabithy's pretty niece. I'm real glad the old woman's euchred, anyway. She wanted the other fellow."

There was no way of making the irrepressible butcher cease, since he had become more deaf than ever. The group were aghast. Lord Aylward muttered execrations under his breath. Jim stood

beside him, holding his head very high, and with that look upon his face which at critical junctures made him resemble his father.

"You have my good wishes, sir; and I will say that I guess you'll have about as good-lookin' a wife as any man in the State of Massachusetts."

This was a great deal from Mr. Venn, and in ordinary circumstances would have been received with applause. As it was, a second and more awful pause ensued. The butcher began to be uneasy, the more so that he felt the force of a vigorous kick from Smith Jackson. He glanced about him, noted the expressions upon the various faces, and especially that upon Jim Bretherton's. He stopped in the middle of his congratulatory remarks, and, turning to his neighbor, asked in a very audible whisper:

"What's the matter? Isn't he goin' to get married, after all?"

Smith Jackson made further but still ineffectual efforts to suppress him. The butcher, putting his hand behind his ear, asked with anxious solicitation:

"What do you say? Is it the other young man that's goin' to carry off the prize?" And, turning to Lord Aylward, he proceeded to offer his hearty felicitations: "My respects to you, Lord Aylward; though we may in a manner regret the young woman's choice. I reckon you stand in the estimation of Millbrook a good second-best."

It was Lord Aylward's turn to blush furiously and look helplessly round; while Miss Spencer muttered to Mrs. Stubbs, who sat near her:

"Will no one get that man out?"

Bretherton, however, made a diversion; smiling and observing with a happy assumption of carelessness:

"Mr. Venn seems determined to have a wedding. We are sorry to disappoint him, but Lord Aylward and I came down here instead to make arrangements for a football match."

Immediately there was a chorus from all the younger men present. Everyone began to talk at once about the approaching contest, with a view to drowning any further remarks which Mr. Venn might see fit to make. Miss Spencer, Mrs. Stubbs, and the other womenfolk present, breathed freely; the former fanning her rubicund countenance, casting ireful glances the while at the discomfited butcher, who began to be aware that he had "put his foot in it." Lord Aylward, following his friend's lead, quickly rallied; and the discussion became animated and extremely technical, so that Miss Spencer and her cronies, listening with benevolent interest, could scarcely understand a word.

There was an atmosphere of rude comfort about the shop, which was distinctly inviting upon that bleak wintry night, and of which the two friends were fully sensible. The homely, kindly faces of the townspeople, so many of whom were there assembled, the somewhat motley display of good cheer, fitches of bacon and hams suspended from the rafters, the huge cheeses, the bins full of assorted biscuits, the fruits and candies, and the warmth diffused from the great stove,—all were pleasantly suggestive; and it was with something of regret that the two young men passed out again into the gloom of the night.

It was a dreary evening; a driving blast raised a cloud of dust, and sent the lingering dead leaves whirling in a chaotic race. The pair hastened to button up their coats, while Lord Aylward exclaimed:

"It's uncommonly chilly."

"Yes," assented Bretherton, with a laugh; "and we're both frozen out,—left out in the cold."

Aylward glanced hastily at his friend; but in the dim light he could make nothing of his countenance, and he did not like to ask a question. He

waited, therefore, for the information which he felt sure his companion would presently impart.

Passing the Cottage, both involuntarily looked toward the light which, as a mocking will-o'-the-wisp, shone out upon the darkness; but the silence remained unbroken till the two had reached that point where the short cut went down past the alder bushes to the mill. Bretherton, as if moved by some association of ideas, announced abruptly:

"She's thrown me over, Bob!"

The note of pain in his voice was so observable that Lord Aylward involuntarily stretched forth his hand.

"Oh," he cried, "I'm quite sure, Jimmy, there must be some mistake!"

"Not much room for mistake in the terms of my dismissal. They were direct and to the point. But I shouldn't complain: I should try to be as plucky as you have been, dear old fellow!"

"You have at least this consolation," Aylward said quietly: "that, whatever may be the motive of her action, she loves you."

"I wish I were sure of that! She certainly takes a strange way of manifesting her preference: turns me from the door and writes me half a dozen formal lines of dismissal—"

"Probably for the very reason that she does care for you."

"Well, in any case I won't blame her. I suppose she had sufficient cause to change her mind."

"And the cause, I am convinced, is there!" declared Aylward, emphatically, as he pointed toward the mill.

Bretherton followed the direction of his friend's gesture, while both stood and regarded the huge building as if it had been a sentient being.

"I wonder," he said, "what influence the manager can exert upon her?"

"She is reached only through her aunt," Lord Aylward explained. "From what Miss Tabitha intimated, and old

Craft has shrewdly surmised, I feel assured that the mystery lies there; and by Jove, Jimmy, if I were in your place, I would solve that mystery!"

"If I could only solve in the first place that initial mystery of a woman's heart, and assure myself that she really cares a farthing about me!"

As they thus stood and reflected, Jim Bretherton, who was a little behind his friend, and a trifle nearer to the clump of skeleton alder bushes, suddenly heard a voice, which seemed at first as if it had come up out of the ground. He started and listened. There was no sound but the wind rustling the dry branches. He thought for an instant that the voice was the effect of an overwrought imagination. Presently, however, he heard the sound very distinctly repeated; and, turning, began a careful scrutiny of the surroundings.

(To be continued.)

The Story of an Ex-Voto.

THE Archconfraternity of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, erected first of all in the year 1836 in the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Paris, and thence propagated throughout Christendom, is noted for the frequency wherewith miracles of grace are worked in the case of hardened sinners, in answer to the prayers of the members, and particularly their invocation of the Holy Heart of Mary. Father Des Genettes, the founder and for many years the director of this Sodality, alleges that never since its institution has the feast of the Heart of Mary or that of the Conversion of St. Paul been known to pass without some striking and wonderful conversion, being effected by her who is the channel of grace to us all. Both before and immediately after those feasts, special and fervent prayers are offered in the Church of Our Lady of Victories on behalf of sinners.

The annals of the Confraternity record that in the year 1863 both festivals were kept on the same day—January 25,—and that day was marked by a signal conversion. A gentleman, comparatively young, of good family, well educated, and brought up piously by Christian parents, had almost from boyhood entirely neglected his religious duties and become estranged from God. It might almost be said that he had practically apostatized, since he never entered a church or said a prayer; moreover, his way of life and his conversation were enough to prove how utterly irreligious he had become. The only Christian sign that he possessed was a medal of the Immaculate Conception which his mother had given him; this he kept always in his purse as a souvenir of his childish days, and a remembrance of his mother. Sometimes he took it out and read the words on it, but without regarding them in the light of a prayer.

Fortunately for him, however, he had a pious sister who was a cloistered nun. She was, under God, the means of his salvation. Deeply grieved at his prevarication, she entreated a Trappist Father to visit him, with what intent we may easily guess. The young man would not allow him to say a word about religion, yet the sight of the monk awakened within him thoughts of a serious nature. These, however, he quickly banished from his mind; something more was needed to effect his reformation.

On January 25 he happened to be leaving a friend's house about nine o'clock in the evening, just as the service of the Confraternity of the Most Pure Heart of Mary was ended. Prayer had been offered for him specially by the members, his sister having repeatedly and earnestly commended him to their charitable intercession. As he stepped into the street he suddenly fancied he heard a voice—his sister's

voice—say quite audibly: "Augustus, now is the moment in which you will experience the mercy of God." At the same time a vision rose up before his eyes: he seemed to see the measure of divine justice filled to the brim by his misdeeds, only a grain of sand being needed to cause it to overflow, and the divine chastisements to fall on him.

He hastened home, and on his knees determined to amend his evil life; yet he could not bring himself to resolve that he would thenceforth serve God faithfully and keep His commandments. For a week the struggle between good and evil went on within his soul. The next Sunday evening, as he was passing a church, an interior impulse prompted him to enter. He did so. Now, in that church there was established a sodality which was affiliated to the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Victories; and it was the custom whenever the members were assembled there to recite, besides other prayers for the conversion of sinners, one decade of the Rosary, mentioning before each Ave the particular class of sinners for whom it was offered,—“For those who are in their last agony; for the most friendless and forsaken; for the most obdurate and farthest from God, for those whose transgressions cause the perdition of souls,” and so forth.

This decade was being recited at the precise moment when the young man entered the church. He distinctly heard the officiating priest give out the intention for the eighth and ninth Aves: “For the sinner who is nearest to his conversion.” “I am that sinner!” the stranger said to himself. He dropped on his knees, and with tears in his eyes promised before God, whose grace he could no longer resist, truly and thoroughly to amend his life. The conversion effected in his soul was real and permanent.

A few days later he went to the Trappist convent, the residence of the

good Father who visited him at his sister's request three months before, and whose visit had proved so fruitless. There he made the spiritual exercises, and the work of grace was consummated. In order to atone for his past life and prevent the danger of relapse, he resolved, after a short visit to Paris, to return to the monastery and end his days as a Trappist monk.

On the morning of the day which witnessed his departure, the newly converted man received Holy Communion at the altar of the Archconfraternity in the Church of Our Lady of Victories. Afterward he told the sub-director of the Confraternity the story of his conversion, authorizing him to publish it for the greater glory of the Blessed Virgin. At the side of the altar, where many ex-votos may be seen, he caused a tablet to be set up with the inscription:

"I give thanks to God for my conversion, effected through Mary's intercession on January 25, 1863, when the Confraternity of the Most Pure Heart of Mary prayed for me.—A. S."

The Trend of Events in France.

SEVERAL paragraphs of a paper, "Church and State in France," contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by Eugène Tavernier, are worth reproducing as illustrating the views of an already large and constantly increasing body of Frenchmen:

The anti-militarism developed within the school, round about the school, and in industrial and agricultural centres, appears to be a national peril, and renders more visible the damage caused to morals and to both public and private interests.

This anxiety is bringing about a *rapprochement* between men who for long believed that no tie could ever again unite them. Liberals, citizens hitherto indifferent to religious matters, Conservatives, Catholics, have again adopted the practice of acting in concert for the defence of their common interest, which they have now discovered as though it were a fact newly come into being. Religious liberty, and even the religious idea itself,

have been replaced in the forefront of their programme of political action.

To whom is due this result, which seemed formerly so impossible? To the free-thinking Radicals themselves. They flattered themselves that religious faith was dead and buried: they have caused its resurrection by the very obstinacy with which they have attacked it.

Equally interesting is the following statement, the truth of which will scarcely be questioned by any thoughtful student of contemporary events in France:

But the struggle for religious liberty has in its turn given cause for another awakening; for a very large number of citizens, persuaded that the soul of France is in jeopardy, are reflecting upon the sentiments which gave life and strength to that soul. National traditions are being spoken of once more; respect for the past is being asserted, without, however, creating illusions as to the needs and realities of the present. A hundred years of revolution have made the French very uncertain in regard to the political attitude which they ought to adopt.... Republic; Empire; another Republic; religious, military, and social crises,—what form will this long agitation finally assume? No one can guess.

One fact only can be clearly distinguished,—a fact utterly unexpected twenty-five years ago: this is the *rapprochement* between very diverse classes of people with a view to reconstituting in the country a spirit of unity and liberty which shall be in accordance with general tradition. All the constituent elements of the nation are mingling and fermenting.

Every historian, annalist, and essayist who has written of the great French Revolution has invariably considered it the inevitable whirlwind, the wind of which was sown by the royalty and old nobility of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Is it not conceivable that the present rulers of France are sowing, in the extravagance of their anti-religious activity, a wind destined to develop in due time into an equally destructive whirlwind,—one that will sweep them and their political doctrines from off the field of public life?

IF Mary is the Mother of God, Christ must be literally Emmanuel—God with us.—*Newman*.

Notes and Remarks.

It will be no news to the average reader of American newspapers to learn that "in some instances prominent and widely advertised proprietary medicines have been found to contain as high as 45 per cent of alcohol, while there are many on the market, it is said, that contain 25 per cent of alcohol." Very many citizens, however, will be interested in hearing that the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue has recently made a ruling which will in all probability lessen the sale of these medicines; or, in case the sale is not affected, will considerably increase the revenue derived therefrom. Collectors are authorized to impose the special tax upon manufacturers of every compound composed of distilled spirits, even though drugs are declared to have been added thereto, "when their presence is not discovered by chemical analysis, or it is found that the quantity of drugs in the preparation is so small as to have no appreciable effect on the liquor."

It is notorious that, in prohibition districts, "druggist" is very often synonymous with "retail liquor dealer"; and that, even in cities and towns wherein liquor selling is duly licensed, many patrons of drug-stores purchase such medicines as are described above purely and simply for the alcohol which they contain. On the face of it, the determination to tax the vendors of these counterfeit medicines is good law and sound sense.

Judging from a letter recently received from Mgr. Jarosseau, Vicar Apostolic in Western Africa, our foreign missionaries in that quarter of the world are witnessing a graphic representation of one of the Old Testament Egyptian plagues, that of the locusts. "The grasshoppers," writes the Vicar, under

date of August 7, "do not quit us. Yesterday and to-day the swarms have been so dense as actually to hide the sun. For the second time, our fields have been utterly ravaged; barley, corn, peas—everything devoured to the very root. . . . For the third time, we have set to work, and, despite the hordes of insects, have succeeded in sowing our crops; but if Providence permits the repetition of the disaster by which our two former ones have been overtaken, our misery will be of the blackest. For that matter, our actual misery is great. I have given away every cent I possessed, and am still surrounded by the wretched poor who beseech my assistance."

It is the multiplicity of such misfortunes as the foregoing that constitutes a heavy and almost continuous drain on the funds of the Propagation of the Faith; and well-to-do Catholics the world over should see to it that those funds are not lessened.

A recent press dispatch from San Angelo, Texas, told of the slaughter, by the city marshal, of a large number of the pigeons that made their home in the steeple of the Catholic church. They had become so numerous as to constitute "a nuisance," and it was decided that the only thing to do was to kill them off. The gentle creatures were oftentimes fed from the hands of the priests, and could not understand why their friends should become enemies. When they saw many of their number fall to the ground, others flew down and lit on the shoulders of the priests. This at once put an end to the shooting, and it was determined that the steeple must be cleared in another way.

The slaughter should not have begun. Some wire netting would have effected the migration of the birds. The incident shows that, in certain respects, the world is less civilized than it was in

the Dark Ages,—so called, as Maitland says, “because many persons are still in the dark regarding them.” The killing of a tame bird was then considered almost a crime, and the rules of religious Orders imposed severe penances for cruelty to any animal. Birds especially were objects of tender care, as being Our Lord’s figure of devout souls, who direct their flight to heaven, and who, like the birds, love to dwell on high, and take from earth only what is sufficient for them. “Behold the birds of the air.” St. Francis would have shed tears to see those pigeons slaughtered, and the sight of their companions flocking for protection to the priests would have inspired another of his canticles of praise.

An article written for a religious periodical by Mr. W. J. Bryan was refused publication because of a reference to the business methods, more oily than honorable, of a certain millionaire who is known to be as pious on Sunday as he is said to be unscrupulous on the other days of the week. We are rather glad that the article was rejected. In the periodical for which it was written it might have escaped our notice. Appearing in Mr. Bryan’s own paper, the *Commoner*, its title “The Price of a Soul,” attracted immediate attention; and we are happy to reproduce the following passages:

The desire to secure social distinction has led a multitude of men and women to disregard their higher interests in order to conform to customs sanctioned by the exclusive set. If the teachings of Christ can be accepted as a rule of conduct—and what Christian can deny that they are the only rule?—how can the Christian justify a lavish expenditure on fashionable dress and extravagant entertainments when the money is sorely needed to help the poor, the sick and the distressed? There is no more stony ground upon which the words of truth can fall than that furnished by the heart of one who makes social distinction the aim of life. All of the pure and tender emotions are stifled by the selfishness of a life devoted to personal display and social success....

But enough has been said to show that in every department of life one is constantly tempted to put selfish considerations above that which appeals to his better nature; and what reward does he secure? It is easier to discuss this question with the old than with the young; for those who are advanced in years are prepared to say, with Solomon, that “all is vanity and vexation of spirit.” Neither wealth nor social distinction nor yet political power can bring peace to the human heart or satisfy the aspiration of man’s soul. The conscience “void of offence toward God and man” is the one possession which is above value; and, no matter by what route one seeks to escape from his conscience, he is doomed to disappointment at last. The asking of a question is a familiar form of argument, and no one ever used this form of argument with more effect than Christ. Of all the questions propounded by Him, no question goes more unerringly to the heart than this supreme one: “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

If this isn’t good preaching—plain, practical, earnest,—then we confess we are no judge of it. Mr. Bryan ought to keep such articles as this for his own paper, and write as many of them as possible.

As a rule, first reports of calamitous events are apt to be magnified rather than minimized. There was no exaggeration, however, in the published accounts of the recent earthquake in Calabria. Whole villages were destroyed and a great number of people killed or injured. So numerous were the victims at Stefaconi that they were buried in a common grave, a sufficient supply of coffins not being immediately obtainable. Only two churches remain standing at Palmi; indeed, the whole district is marked by ruins of churches, monasteries, seminaries, schools, and other public buildings. Hundreds of families were rendered homeless.

The King visited the scene of the disaster, and contributed generously from his private purse to relieve the distress. The Holy Father sent a message of sympathy to the bishops, and announced his intention to aid to the

extent of his power in the reconstruction of the churches, seminaries, etc. The suffering poor were charitably remembered by the Emperor of Germany, who was among the first to express sympathy and to send aid. When public subscriptions for the relief of the survivors were started in Rome, the anti-clerical press, with characteristic perverseness, announced that the Pope's contribution consisted of prayers and blessings. It turned out, however, that his alms was by far the most generous that had been offered.

Compassion for the suffering poor would seem to be a distinguishing trait of the Spanish episcopate. The example of St. Thomas of Villanova, who was Archbishop of Valencia, has been a thousand times emulated. The recent famine in Andalusia was the occasion of ardent charity on the part of the Archbishop of Seville. Not content with the organization and direction of diocesan and parochial relief committees, his Grace put himself at the head of a band of collectors who went from door to door in Seville, soliciting alms for the famine-stricken. Thanks to this generous action, the sad situation in Andalusia has been greatly relieved.

Habitual readers of the *Examiner*, of Bombay, have frequent occasion to admire not only the versatility and erudition of its reverend editor, but the robust common-sense of his attitude toward any and all questions that come up for discussion in the *Examiner's* columns. A case in point is Father Hull's comment on the Penitents of New Mexico, concerning whom we gave some time ago interesting and authoritative information. After quoting THE AVE MARIA'S note, our much-esteemed contemporary says:

The above story brings out something which is more valuable than a refutation. It proves the existence of fanaticism and superstition among

ignorant Catholics—a fact which no one can deny,—and at the same time the attitude of the Church in opposing and condemning such aberrations and abuses. This is the essential point to be proved: that, however superstitious and misguided certain sections of the Catholic community may be in divers places, this is not in consequence, but in spite, of the official teaching of the Church and the efforts of the clergy for the improvement of their flocks. The Church must tolerate a great deal which the perversity of half-regenerated man clings to, simply because it is so difficult to uproot from the uneducated mind. But the Church never initiates, sanctions or positively encourages such vagaries,—suffering them under tacit protest only when active protest is impossible or unavailing.

As for the congruous attitude of Catholic papers toward specific instances of Catholic fanaticism or superstition, the *Examiner* declares:

There may still exist certain people who would wish that all such occurrences should be hushed up and kept from the ears and eyes of outsiders, who are ever eager to seize upon them, circulate them, and if possible make capital out of the fact that they are acknowledged by Catholics themselves. They think that we should not make presents to the enemy in this way. Our view is quite different. In the first place, there is no such thing as hushing up such matters. The anti-Catholic press bristles with them on every side; and the policy of suppression is as futile as that of the ostrich, which buries its head in the sand and thinks it can not be seen. The method now generally followed by the Catholic press is just the contrary. Everywhere it gives publicity to each instance, accompanied with a critical examination. In nine cases out of ten the thing proves a hoax, with at the most a microscopic nucleus of fact in the centre and a thick fluff of falsehoods, exaggerations, and misrepresentations woven round it like the cocoon of a chrysalis.

This, we submit, is sane counsel. Let the truth be frankly admitted in the first place. Explanations, excuses, or justification may follow, and will invariably have greater force precisely on account of the admission.

The Sister Superior of St.-Jean-de-Losne hospital was recently decorated by the French Minister of the Interior. The incident emphasizes one fact about the Legion of Honor that merits men-

tion: since the creation of the French order of distinction, the great majority of the women who have received its Cross have been nuns. The first Sister to receive the decoration was not, as is commonly believed, Sister Martha of the Visitandines, although in the days of Napoleon I. that eminent nun was notified that the Cross would be awarded to her. It was Sister Rosalie, superioress at the age of twenty-eight of a Parisian convent, who first actually received the honor. She had acquired very great influence in the St. Marcel quarter, where she was looked upon as a saint; and her prestige enabled her to secure a number of pardons for the insurgents of 1848. The whole faubourg greeted her reception of the Cross with enthusiasm; and, as her biographer, Viscount de Melun, relates, "each one of her poor people thought himself decorated in her person." One of the avenues of the quarter in which she dwelt was called after Sister Rosalie; and a signal proof of the veneration in which her memory is held is the fact that no municipal council, however irreligious, has yet dared to alter the avenue's name.

We hear that a wealthy real-estate owner in Chicago, who failed of reelection as trustee of a large Methodist church in that city, has founded a new congregation and built a church to accommodate its membership, just opposite the one of which he was formerly trustee. This is only another illustration of the tendency of Protestantism toward disintegration; and it accounts for the numerous divisions of all the leading sects. There are as many as seventeen kinds of Methodists, the so-called "Primitive Methodists" being among those with the smallest number of congregations.

This tendency of Protestantism was observed from its beginning. It is thus

quaintly shown in a little book published in 1645 by one Thomas Vane, "doctor of divinity, and lately chaplaine to his Majesty the King of England":

The *Catholique Roman Church* hath in it the propriety of heat, and doth *congregare homogenea*, gather together things of the same kind, and *disgregare heterogenea*, separate things that are of different natures; casting out of her Communion all sorts of *Heretiques*. And on the contrary the *Protestant Religion* hath the property of cold, which is *congregare heterogenea*, to gather together things of different natures, enfoulding under her name a miscellane of Religions, freezing them altogether, and withall making them so brittle that every chance breakes them into smaller sects and sub-divisions, which in the end will be the destruction of the whole, as it hath been of all foregoing heresies.

And this truth Sir *Edwin Sandys*, a learned *Protestant* (In his *Relation of Religion of the Western parts*) confesseth, saying, 'The Papists have the Pope, as a common father, adviser and conductor, to reconcile their jarres, to decide their differences, to draw their Religion by consent of Councill unto unity, &c. whereas on the other side, Protestants are like severed or rather scattered troupes, each drawing adverse way, without any meanes to pacifie their quarrells, no Patriarch one or more, to have a common superintendency or care of their Churches, for correspondency and unity: no ordinary way to assemble a generall Councill on their part, the only hope remaining ever to asswage their contentions.'

"A Lost Sheep Returned Home; or, The Motives of the Conversion to the Catholic Faith of Thomas Vane," from which we quote, besides its "forraigne and unknowne habit," was "apparelled both in the French and Latine tongue," and printed at Paris.

The late Cardinal Pierotti, of the Order of St. Dominic, though born in 1836, was not classed among the ancients of the Sacred College, many of its members being much more advanced in years. His Eminence was a distinguished theologian, and before his elevation to the cardinalate was a professor in the Dominican University. He was noted for his deep humility and boundless charity. *R. I. P.*



To My Guardian Angel.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

SWEET Angel, let me cling to thee;
Keep me from sin and danger free.
O be thou near me all the day,
Whether I work or rest or play!
And when the night falls, dark and still,
With gentle thoughts my bosom fill.
When I my evening prayers have said,
Stay close beside my little bed;
Enfold me in thy spotless wings,
Driving away all evil things.
Banish all strange and fearful dreams
Until again the morning beams,—
Until, night's nameless terrors o'er,
I wake within thy arms once more.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XXIII.—AN EVENTFUL DAY.

IT was nearly dark when the children awoke after their long nap, roused by the voice of Steffan, who was asking for them. They dressed hurriedly and went out. They were met on the porch by their hostess, who told them their father had gone down to the Hot Springs with her husband and brother-in-law, and would not return until late; one of the bullfighters was at the Springs, and refused to come up unless some change was made in the agreement relative to payment for his services.

"Come now and have a little supper, and then we will go out and take a walk," she continued, setting chairs close to a neatly spread table. "I like so much to have company. I am nearly always alone. After supper we will go

and see the place where the fight will be to-morrow."

It seemed to Louis that the moment for learning something about Florian had now arrived. Steffan was absent, their hostess was kind and communicative, and they would be able to hear from her all that was to be known. He had not yet decided whether or not he would tell her everything, but felt very much inclined to do so.

"Who takes care of the prisoners when your husband goes away?" he ventured, in a tremulous voice, very evident to Rose, but which the Mexican woman did not observe.

"The door is always locked and bolted," she rejoined. "No one ever escapes. Very seldom do we have any one in the *cuartel*, excepting when a man gets drunk and will not be still. Then we put him in over night, and let him go in the morning. Yes, sometimes there are men who steal horses or like that; but very seldom, very seldom."

"Did you ever have any murderers?" asked Rose, in a solemn tone.

"No," answered the señora, after a pause for reflection. "I do not remember any, and we have been here five years—at the jail."

"How many are in jail now?" asked Louis.

"Not one," was the response.

"When did the last one get out?"

"Yesterday. He had been a little drunk, and making a noise; but the judge would not keep him for that."

"And before that, were there many?"

"Oh, no! We are quite peaceable here at Ti Juana."

"And the man who was in for months,—where is he?"

"No man has been in for months."

"No young man with dark curly hair

and dark eyes, tall and handsome?"

"I can't think of any one."

"Not a Mexican, but looking like one, speaking very good English?"

"Named Florian," added Rose.

"Named Florian—Florian?" repeated the señora. "No."

"Or Vladych?" said Rose.

"Nor Vladych," answered the Mexican woman. "Why do you ask?"

Before the boy could reply a man passed the window,—a burly Negro, with rings in his ears. He knocked, and entered without invitation.

"Where is Steffan?" he demanded peremptorily. "He gave me four bad dollars, and I want to settle with him."

"He is not here," replied the jailer's wife. "He has gone with my husband, and will not be home till late."

"All right! I am not going away till after the bullfight," said the Negro in a stern voice.

"Maybe he did not know the money was bad," said Louis.

"Maybe not, but he has to make them good. I'm glad to see you are in such a comfortable place, little ones."

"Yes; we like it," answered Louis. "But, Juan, I have just been talking to this lady, and she does not know anything about Florian."

"Florian!" laughed the Negro. "So Steffan hasn't told you yet? Poor little ones! I made that up about your brother, to get you to come away from the Bandinis without any trouble. Your brother is not here."

"Oh, I am glad, I am glad!" cried Rose, clapping her little hands together.

But Louis walked silently over to the window. When he turned around, Juan Carisso had gone. But in the few seconds that intervened the boy had made a firm resolve.

"Señora," he said, resuming his seat, "I like you: you are kind and good. I am going to tell you, as not long ago I told another kind woman, our sad story. I hope you will believe me, and

try to help us. We are not the children of Steffan,—thank God, we are not the children of Steffan! He enticed us away, not only once but twice. A third time he can not do it. Unless he makes the people here believe that we are liars, we are going to get away from Steffan."

Standing beside her as she washed and Rose wiped the supper dishes, Louis told the señora the miserable tale of their orphanhood, the threatened separation, their meeting with the wily abductor, and their subsequent wanderings.

Full of compassion, the gentle little woman consoled and soothed them, promising to enlist the good-will of her husband and friends in their favor, and predicting the complete confusion of Steffan.

"But we will do nothing until the *fiesta* is over," she said; "for there will be many curious people here to-morrow,—people like that man Steffan, who may be friends of his, and who would help him to get you away if he thought you would leave him. Yes, *chiquitos*, we will keep quiet. I will not even tell my husband till the *fiesta* is over; and then—if that man Steffan wishes to leave, it must be without you. Everything will come all right."

Cheered and encouraged, the children accompanied their entertainer on a short walk, followed at some distance by a crowd of small children who were interested in their singular costumes. The Señora Moreno showed them the auditorium, built of rough boards, tier over tier, from which the spectators were to witness the fight next day. Everything was crude and primitive, but there was accommodation for several thousand persons. Everywhere booths were being erected for the sale of ice-cream, candy, peanuts, and so forth. The floors of the saloons were being deluged with water. All Ti Juana was arraying itself in festal garb.

"I do not know where you will sing and play your music," remarked the señora. "This place here will be too large. But maybe in front of the hotel."

"There is a church!" exclaimed Rose. "Can we go to Mass to-morrow?"

"Oh, no! We have not Mass here but only three or four times a year; and not to-morrow, for the priest does not come again till October."

Their hostess, seeing that they were tired, proposed that they return and go to bed. They were glad to do so; though Louis lay awake a long time, reviewing the past, and trying to arrange the future. He had determined to go back to their old home as soon as possible. At last he had begun to feel that the pursuit of Florian was vain, and would result only in making them wanderers and vagabonds.

Steffan came for them about eight next morning, telling them they were to play and sing on the veranda of the hotel. Many ranchers had already arrived,—young men on horseback, families in farm-wagons, and lighter vehicles filled with merry boys and girls. The trains began to discharge their freight early; and from nine till one the children played and sang, with but few intermissions. Money was dropped freely into the boy's sombrero; but, though there was a gentle smile on his lips, his cheeks burned, and he inwardly vowed that it would be for the last time under the leadership of Steffan.

After a slight lunch, the children started for the scene of action. The señora had reserved seats in one of the best positions for seeing. Immense crowds were already gathered when they arrived. After some time three matadors entered the arena; they were clad in spangled velvet, and looked very jaunty. After them came another, dressed in white, with a white cap, and his face powdered to ghastliness. Taking his seat on a white stool in the centre of the arena, he announced, in

Spanish and afterward in very halting English, that he was about to mesmerize the first bull. But the bull, a bay animal, refused to be mesmerized; he seemed neither to fear nor to attach any importance to the white figure before him, but started toward it with intentions so evidently warlike that the "mesmerizer" disappeared quickly through one of the entrances, and was seen no more.

A grey bull followed, but showed no disposition to fight; on the contrary, he seemed very much frightened, and was led away. Then came a white bull, and after that a spotted animal, which the matadors succeeded in torturing a good deal, but without much display of recognition from the audience. Finally the bay—or one looking very much like it—was once more ushered into the ring. After several ineffectual attempts to wound it by the great (?) Spanish champion, Manuel Guiterra, the entire audience hastily rose, and with one disgusted shout bade him desist. He wanted only the word. Making a most profound bow to the spectators who had paid their dollars to see a farce, Guiterra left the arena, and the bullfight was over. Everyone was loud in denunciation of the management.

Moreno, the jailer, whom the children had not yet seen, joined his wife at the gates, and the party went home. Moreno was a decent fellow, and did not go out again that night. A crowd of roughs had remained over drinking in the various saloons, where money flowed as freely as beer.

Toward midnight the jailer was awakened by loud knocking at the door.

"What is it?" he inquired, thrusting his head out of the window.

"It is I—Gabriel Perez," was the response,—Gabriel Perez was the only policeman of the little hamlet.

"What is wrong?"

"Come quickly! A man is killed."

"What man?"

"The Hungarian."

"Where?"

"In Doro's saloon."

"Who killed him? (Yes, yes, I am dressing.)"

"A. Negro. They call him Juan Carisso."

Louis had heard every word, and the blood seemed to freeze in his veins. All his wrongs were forgotten; only horror took possession of him. He rose, dressed, and went to the room of his hostess, whom he heard moving rapidly about. She knew no more than he did about what had occurred. Together they went into the other room of the jail, lit two lamps, and set out a cot in the middle of the floor.

Presently they heard the sound of tramping feet, and four silent men entered and deposited a burthen, covered with a sheet, on the waiting cot. As they placed it there the sheet fell away from the white, still face. It was Steffan, and he was dead.

Louis shrank away without asking a question. Once more he lay down upon his bed, the murmur of many voices penetrating through the thick partition. Rose was sleeping so peacefully that he could not hear her breathe. But the boy slept no more that night.

(To be continued.)

The Word Jubilee.

"Jubilee" comes from the Hebrew *yobel*—a horn. Its application to the peculiar institution known amongst the ancient Jews as the Yobel, or Jubilee, comes from the fact that the beginning of the Year of Jubilee was proclaimed on the Day of Atonement—the 10th of the 7th month—by the sound of a peculiar horn called the *yobel*. It is a current error that the Jubilee occurred every forty-ninth year. The forty-ninth year expired before the *Yobel* began.

The Piety of a Great Patriot.

Andreas Hofer and his brave followers were as skilled in the use of the Rosary as in that of the carbine. It was their custom when on a particularly difficult march through the mountains, or when caught in one of those frightful storms which deluge the country in a few moments, to recite the Rosary together as they went bravely forward, sometimes in the middle of the night. But foremost among all in these pious devotions was the leader, who never neglected to recite the Rosary, not once only but several times every day.

When, in the capacity of commandant and governor of the Tyrol, he took possession of the imperial palace of Innsbruck, he caused a large crucifix and a picture of the Blessed Virgin to be hung on the walls of the dining-room. Morning and evening he paid a visit to the church noted for the famous picture of Notre Dame de Bon Secours; and every evening, after supper, he recited the Rosary with his entire suite. Thus this sincere and consistent Christian never omitted in the palace any of the pious exercises he was accustomed to perform in his humble hostelry. In misfortune he was equally faithful, as will be seen.

On the 20th of February, 1810, we behold him at Mantua, the place of immolation. All through his last sorrowful march he carried in his hand his large Rosary, made of great beads of cocoa, with a silver cross. Twelve soldiers, fully armed, ranged themselves in front of him. Hofer faced them with all the calm of a grand, heroic soul. As a last remembrance, he handed his Rosary to the priest who accompanied him,—that Rosary from which he had been inseparable for many years. Then in a firm voice he commanded the soldiers to fire. In a moment the hero of the Tyrol was no more.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new volume in "The Saints" series is announced—"Saint Mary the Virgin," by René Marie de Broise, translated by Harold Gidney.

—A London publisher will soon bring out "The Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary," by Evelyn Underhill, to which reference was made in these columns last week.

—Still another addition to Franciscan literature is included among new publications of Messrs. Dent & Co.—"Franciscan Legends in Italian Art," by E. G. Salter, with illustrations.

—Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce a new book by Hilaire Belloc, author of "The Path to Rome," entitled "Esto Perpetua," with illustrations and colored frontispiece by the author.

—The first volume of the new Catholic Encyclopædia will be ready in about a year from now, and it is expected that the whole work will be completed within five years. It is to consist of fifteen volumes, quarto, each containing about 850 pages, with numerous illustrations and maps. Specimen pages of this important work are now in press and will be ready for distribution next month.

—Directors of choirs will welcome a new work by Mr. R. R. Terry, soon to be issued by the Marlborough Press under the title "Catholic Church Music." Following a reprint of the Pope's *Motu Proprio* and a review of past legislation on the subject, there are chapters on Plainsong, Polyphony, Modern Music, Liturgical Offices, the Order of Musical Daily Offices, Music at Occasional Offices, the Pronunciation of Church Latin, Present Condition of Church Music, Forming a Choir, Training a Choir, Music for Choirs, the Organist, the Choir Master, Congregational Singing, etc.

—An historical work of much value and of curious interest, certain to have numerous readers on both sides of the Atlantic, has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Dent & Co. We refer to "Queen Mary of Modena: Her Life and Letters," by Martin Haile. Most of the material in the book, such as the Queen's own letters, and the dispatches and letters of her contemporaries, have never before appeared in English. The beauty of Queen Mary's character and her saintliness are strikingly brought out. The work contains thirteen illustrations, two of which have special interest—viz., the portrait of Queen Mary's mother, the Duchess Laura of Modena, before her widowhood, taken by the kind permission of the nuns of the Visitation Convent at Modena, from a miniature in their

possession; and the portrait of Duke Francesco II., the Queen's brother, remarkable for the strong family likeness it shows to his nephew, James Stuart—one more proof, if proof were still needed, of the baselessness of the aspersions against the latter's birth. The original engraving is in the Museo Civico at Modena, and is reproduced by the kind permission of the director.

—Father Lejeune, C. S. Sp., who died recently of a malady contracted on the Niger, was a voluminous correspondent and the author of many important books. Notable among these were a French-Fan Dictionary, the first work ever published on the language of that powerful African tribe, and his Fan Catechism. The distinguished scholar and missionary was cut off in his prime; he had not yet attained his forty-sixth year. *R. I. P.*

—It is not often that naivete attains loftier heights of ingenuousness than in a circular announcing a new volume of poems which we received last week from an author in one of our Western cities. It reads as follows:

I send this circular out as an advance agent of my book —. I find it imperative for me to do something to increase my income. There is nothing I can do except write a little; and I place this book before a generous public, hoping they will come forward and buy. It is well worth the money. I am now working on another volume which will be of superior merit.

It is to be hoped that the public will be properly appreciative in this case.

—"Infallibility," a well-printed pamphlet of eighty-six pages, published by Longmans, Green & Co., is a paper read before the (Anglican) Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury, by the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. The scholarly Dominican discusses the question under these heads: Antecedent Probabilities, Nature, Object, Subject, and Objections. The grouping of arguments, and the lucidity of style manifested in their treatment, are as noteworthy as they are gratifying. We should not omit stating that the introduction, contributed by the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A., president of the society named above, is as readable and interesting as the pamphlet itself.

—Mr. Froude tells us that Carlyle toward the end of his days came to regard the Mass as "the most genuine relic of religious belief now left us." While reading "The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Mass," by the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., one is apt to be reminded of St. Augustine's oft-quoted words, "O Beauty ever ancient, ever new!" The Adorable Sacrifice, indeed, has been for centuries the constant theme of spiritual writers,

and still the treasury of its loveliness seems never to decrease. The venerable author of the present work has evidently been guided by the golden rule, "Look into thy heart and write." The priest will find in Father Coppens' work a burning coal with which to animate his fervor, and the faithful will come into possession of a practical knowledge of the grand external ceremonies of the Mass and of its internal mystic treasures. Published by B. Herder.

—The musical scheme of the recent festival at Worcester, England, included three works by Sir Edward Elgar; the first, "The Dream of Gerontius," being given on the morning of the opening. It was preceded by the ceremony of conferring the freedom of the city on the distinguished composer. In the course of a very interesting speech acknowledging the honor, he gave some reminiscences of his boyish days; but afterward, in a serious vein, said how much he owed to early study of English church music, a sound foundation on which few now build. The early impressions of young composers who live in large cities are of a thoroughly modern and frequently of a dangerous character. Sir Edward also stated that he had tried to influence some of the younger men, assuring them that they "do not lose any sign of intellectuality if they take up religious subjects."

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.

- "Infallibility." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. 36 cts., net.
- "The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts., net.
- "The Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa." Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S. \$3.50, net.
- "George Eastmount: Wanderer." John Law. \$1.10, net.
- "The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories." \$1.25.

- "The Angel of Syon." Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. \$1.10, net.
- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Illustrations by Paul Woodruffe. \$1.60, net.
- "That Scamp, or the Days of Decatur in Tripoli." John J. O'Shea. 60 cts.
- "Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.
- "Grammar of Plain-Song." Benedictines of Stanbrook. 75 cts., net.
- "Rex Meus." \$1.25.
- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Downey, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Edward Kenney, diocese of Indianapolis; Very Rev. Thomas Smith, C. M.; Rev. Gabriel Fromm, C. P.; and Rev. Frederick Holland, S. J. Sister Mary Thomas, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. of St. Honora, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Antoine, Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Mr. Blaine Salisbury, of Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Helen Pernin, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Agnes Graham, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John McQuade, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. J. A. Hutter and Mr. Francis Schwab, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Walsh, Fall River, Mass.; Miss Catherine McKone, Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. Andrew Warnement, Tiffin, Ohio; Miss Maud Plante, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Rose Flynn and Mr. John Walsh, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Frank Schele, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Victor Lavalley, Taftville, Conn.; Miss Anastasia Healy and Mrs. Ellen O'Neill, Marquette, Mich.; Mr. Jacob Miller, Brookville, Ohio; Miss Irene Mulcrone, St. Ignace, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Condren, Middletown, Conn.; and Mrs. Mary Pepper, Savannah, Ga.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

- "Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the seminary at Harar, E. Africa: M. J. W., \$5.
- Three poor missionaries: M. J. W., \$10.
- The leper priest at Mandalay, Burma: M. A. McN., \$1; M. J. W., \$5.
- To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: B. S., \$2; Mrs. M. E. B., \$3; M. J. W., \$2.
- Sister M. Claver, Kisoubo hospital, Uganda: M. R. O., \$10; Mrs. F. S., \$10; D. Daly, \$1.



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 14, 1905.

NO. 16.

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

Evening.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SLOW come the clanking herds toward pasture bars;
Across the bridge loud creaks the lumbering wain;
The thrush sings as at sunrise, and again
Bloom in the skies of eve the lilled stars.
Dim poppies clasp to hearts of drowsy sleep
The honeybees that waver, tired of flight;
And butterflies drop anchor for the night
Where golden roses ope cool harbors deep.
From wayside tree there comes a rustle sweet:
(O Angelus of silence and of calm!)
And in the boughs there wakes a sound of psalm—
The Angel's *Ave* that the airs repeat.
Now fades the afterglow in twilight wan;
The wind drops to its nest with falling lark;
And only dew's toil silvery through the dark,
Building the roof of roses for the dawn.

The Queen of the Schelde.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE combination of ancient memories and historical reminiscences with the up-to-date activities of modern industry, has a decided attraction. A city that has nothing to boast of but its past glories may, at first sight, be singularly poetical and picturesque: in the long run our twentieth-century minds, trained to other ideals, will miss the activity, even the hurry and flurry, that have become

the usual conditions of modern life. On the other hand, a city that is wholly and solely modern and mercantile is totally lacking in that subtle, seductive charm attached to the past,—a charm we appreciate all the more from the contrast it presents to our accustomed surroundings.

Antwerp, the "Queen of the Schelde," is, in the first place, a thriving, flourishing seaport, whose commercial importance is ever on the increase; but at the same time it possesses a glorious history and can boast of artistic attractions of no common order. Antwerp was founded in the seventh century, but it was destroyed two hundred years later by the Normans; and it was only toward the end of the fifteenth century that its unrivalled geographical position on the banks of the broad Schelde made it an important commercial centre, the successful rival of Bruges.

In the early sixteenth century the city numbered 125,000 souls. Thousands of ships lay at anchor in the river; and over a thousand trading houses were founded within the city walls by foreign merchants, many of whom acquired princely fortunes. Spices from the East, brocades and silks from Italy, corn from the Baltic, wines from France, were brought to Antwerp; and in exchange the inhabitants sent the carpets, tapestries, and gold and silver work manufactured in the country, not only to the chief cities in Europe, but as far as Persia and India.

With the conquest of the Low Countries by the Spaniards, and the internal disturbances that followed, the "Queen of the Schelde" fell from her high estate; many of her chief citizens sought peace and safety in foreign lands,—some of her silk-weavers, for instance, settling in England. In 1576 Antwerp was taken and sacked by the Spaniards. In 1583 it was besieged by Alexander Farnese, and capitulated at the end of eighteen months. In 1589, out of its 125,000 inhabitants, only 55,000 remained.

Worse was to come. In 1648 the Treaty of Westphalia, by depriving the citizens of the right of navigation on the Schelde, dealt a fatal blow to their commercial interests. This right, which to them meant so much, was not restored till 1863. But from that date a new era of prosperity began for the city; and at the present moment, among less picturesque surroundings than in former days, the "Queen of the Schelde" has recovered much of her past importance.

The Antwerp of to-day probably presents a less splendid appearance than the sixteenth-century seaport; but it possesses singularly interesting features, combining as it does an unrivalled geographical position on the broad waters of the Schelde, a port teeming with life and activity, and artistic treasures that are alone worth a visit. Let us note, as a characteristic proof of German expansion, that of late years much of the trade of Antwerp has passed into German hands.

The king of artistic Antwerp is Rubens, whose magnificent talent and vigorous personality meet us at every turn. In the pictures that he painted during the first years that followed his return from Italy, we trace the powerful influence of Michael Angelo, Carracci, and Titian. But Peter Paul had a vigorous and distinct personality; his brilliant coloring, intense vitality,

vivid imagination, are all his own.

In 1609 Rubens married Isabel Brandt, who died in 1626. Ten years later he married Hélène Froment, who was much younger than himself. Besides introducing the features of his two wives into several of his large pictures, he painted their portraits; these are now to be seen in that small and interesting picture-gallery, the Mauritzhuis, at the Hague.

Antwerp is full of Rubens and his work. At No. 52, Place de Meir, is his father's house, originally built in 1567, and considerably restored in 1854. Close by stood another house erected by the great painter, and of which a portico in a garden alone remains. In the neighboring church of St. Jacques, rich in marbles and paintings, is the Rubens Chapel, where, in the shadow of an "Assumption" painted by himself, Peter Paul was laid to rest.

But we feel most in touch with the master when face to face with his noble picture, the "Descent from the Cross," in Antwerp cathedral. The cathedral in itself is worth a long visit. It is the largest church in Belgium; its aspect is at once simple and imposing, its proportions noble and harmonious.

Two companion pictures, both the work of Rubens, but of unequal merit, are, according to the general custom in Belgian churches, covered with a large curtain, which is withdrawn at the hours when, on the payment of a trifling fee, visitors are admitted to view them. The "Raising of the Cross," to the right of the high altar, does not by any means equal its neighbor, the magnificent and pathetic "Descent from the Cross," Rubens' masterpiece. The best characteristics of the painter—his sense of coloring, his vigor of drawing, and boldness of conception—reveal themselves in this splendid creation.

At the Antwerp Museum, a fine modern building in a distant quarter,

we are again brought face to face with Peter Paul. He is excellent as a portrait painter in the triptych representing Nicholas Rockox and his wife; the expressive Flemish faces, if not classically beautiful, have all the charm of truth and vitality. It was this same Nicholas, a generous and devout citizen of Antwerp, who ordered from his friend Rubens the tragical picture that hangs not far from his own portrait—"Our Lord between Two Thieves." It was painted for the Franciscan convent.

Nine rooms on the ground-floor of the Museum are devoted to engravings and photographs of Rubens' work. There are here over eleven hundred of these prints or photographs, consisting of sacred subjects, historical or mythological incidents, portraits, hunting scenes, and even landscapes. Nothing seems to have come amiss to the great magician. Occasionally, however, his vigorous anatomy is not only realistic but almost coarse in its effects, and forms a very curious contrast to the pictures of the primitive Flemish artists, of which the Antwerp Museum possesses many excellent specimens.

With a familiar feeling, as if meeting with old friends, we wander among Memling's sweet-faced angels, Van Eyck's plain but devout Madonnas,—noting that, if their drawing is often defective, these early masters are remarkable for the finest conscientiousness and reverence that breathe in their works. The "Seven Sacraments" of Roger Van der Weyden is a wonderful example of these characteristics,—a transparently clear composition, full of quaint meaning and expression.

Rich as it is in works of art, the Antwerp Museum is, after all, only a museum, and lacks the fascination of a dwelling-house that has practically remained untouched since the sixteenth century,—a house in which still linger the halo of bygone art and industry,

and the picturesqueness of Old-World surroundings unspoiled by tasteless transformations. In this respect the "Plantin-Moretus" Museum is unique of its kind.

In 1549, when Antwerp was the most flourishing of European cities, there came to settle within its walls a French bookbinder, casket-maker, and printer, named Christopher Plantin. He was a native of Touraine, the "Garden of France"; and could not fail, at any rate at the outset, to contrast the soft climate and blue skies of his native province and the gay temper of its inhabitants with his greyer and more stolid surroundings on the banks of the Schelde.

The clever and artistic Frenchman soon became a celebrity. The merchant princes of the city, the chief scholars and artists of the Netherlands, Gabriel de Cayas, Secretary of State to Philip II.; the famous Cardinal Granvelle, and Margaret of Parma, "governess of the Low Countries," were his patrons. In 1550 he became a citizen of Antwerp, and some years later was chosen by Philip II. to print the royal Bible in five languages,—the most important work ever printed in the Netherlands.

Like his fellow-citizens and contemporaries, Plantin suffered considerably from the troubled times in which he lived. After the pillage of the city by its Spanish conquerors in 1576, he had to reduce his business; but his patience, perseverance, and passionate love for his work carried him triumphantly through adverse circumstances. His printing mark—a compass—and his characteristic motto, *Labore et constantia*, were honorably known throughout Europe. All the books published by him were executed with the minutest care, and were illustrated in a manner that proves this "Tourangeau" printer to have had an artist's soul.

Plantin died in 1589, leaving five daughters. One, married to Francis

Raphelengien, kept the printing house founded by her father at Leyden; another, Martine, married Jan Moerentorf—or, as he called himself, Moretus,—who became Plantin's successor at Antwerp.

The house, with its pictures, engravings, books, and valuable china, is more fascinating than any mere museum, however interesting. It has the *human* charm of a place where men and women have lived and labored, rejoiced and suffered, wept and laughed. Children's voices once roused the echoes of the long, low rooms; and to the old walls cling the memories of three hundred years of family life, together with noble traditions of valuable work.

The walls of one large room on the ground-floor are hung with ancient Flemish tapestry; in another are curious cabinets in tortoise shell and ebony,—also Flemish work; a silver clock, the gift of the sovereigns Albert and Isabella to a Moretus; and a number of portraits, many of which are the work of Rubens. James Moerentorf, John Moretus' father, and Adrienne Gras, his mother; Arias Montanus, the learned Orientalist, a friend of the house; Abraham Ortelius, a famous geographer, also an intimate of the family; Jeanne Rivière, Plantin's Norman wife, wearing the headgear of her French province; Christopher Plantin himself, a strong, honest, brave countenance; John Moretus, his son-in-law and successor; Justus Lipsius, his friend and guest,—all these and many others were painted by the renowned Peter Paul.

Scarcely less interesting than the portraits of those whose living personality once filled the now empty rooms is the paper, exhibited under a glass case, in which "Pietro Paolo Rubens" acknowledges having received from Balthasar Moretus, on the 27th of April, 1612, the sum of six hundred florins, in "payment of his

father's epitaph, painted by myself."

Long hours might be spent among the manuscripts, books, engravings, illuminated missals, and numerous Plantinian editions that fill the rooms. One scrap of paper reminds us that the most prosperous career has its shadows, and that royal patronage is not always a cause of wealth. It is written in French and is pathetically called: "Simple and true accounts of some grievances that I, Christopher Plantin, have suffered for about fifteen years, for having obeyed the commands and services of his Majesty without having received either payment, or reward." We know that, although the King patronized the Plantin printing house, he owed its founder enormous sums, the non-payment of which considerably hampered worthy Christopher in his business transactions.

On the ground-floor are the shops, the counting-house, the correctors' room, the composing room, the printing room with its seven presses, two of which are three centuries old,—all the offices, in fact, where Plantin and his successors carried on their business during long years. The old-fashioned desks, the quaint furniture, have remained untouched; and we easily picture to ourselves Christopher and his learned friends and helpers moving to and fro among the familiar surroundings. Perhaps the most fascinating spot in the quaint old building is the inner courtyard, where vine and Virginia creeper cluster freely along the windows, forming a picturesque background for the busts of the former masters of the dwelling—Christopher Plantin, John Moretus and his descendants, John James, and the three Balthasars.

When on a bright July afternoon, only a few months ago, we strolled through this unique Museum, it was almost empty, and in the green courtyard especially the atmosphere was curiously still,—stiller certainly than when the

Plantin printing house was the centre of the learned and artistic world of Antwerp; when the busy craftsmen worked the presses that even now stand ready for use; and the masters of the house discussed the subtleties of their art with their scholarly visitors and patrons. Gayer sounds roused the echoes of the old courtyard in the distant days when Plantin's five young daughters, their French vivacity tempered by their Flemish training, flitted to and fro, bringing into the learned atmosphere of the place the freshness and brightness of youth.

Before taking leave of the "Queen of the Schelde" we must mention a feature in her general aspect that will surely appeal to readers of a magazine that is, in a special manner, placed under the patronage of Mary. At every corner of the city streets, almost in every room of the Plantin house, are images of the Mother of God. They are more or less artistic, it may be; but they testify, one and all, to the love of the people for their Heavenly Patroness, and therefore are full of meaning. At night tiny lamps are lit before these humble shrines, telling us of a love that never fails or tires.

Of late years, as our readers are aware, the Belgian Catholics have come bravely to the front in the defence of their religious interests, and in the last elections they carried the day. Those who believe in the secret power of prayer, even in its simplest and lowliest form, if spontaneous and sincere, will easily connect the political victories of the Belgian Catholics with the deep and faithful love professed by the Belgian people for the Mother of God, the Help of Christians.

THE simple question is, whatever a man's rank in life may be, does he in that rank perform the work that God has given him to do?—*Newman*.

A Preposterous Idea.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

AS she stood before the mirror, lifting her arms to adjust the veil over the broad-brimmed hat, the long pendant sleeves of her light voluminous wrap falling to meet the ample sweep of her trained gown, her whole attitude recalled to the watcher from behind some antique sculpture representing a Greek goddess. Also something else—but this thought was banished.

"My darling," came at last from tremulous lips, "you, who are not vain, have spent fully ten minutes arranging your veil!"

The girl turned round with a frank smile.

"Yes, mother, I acknowledge. But you know my movements are slow. It is my nature."

"I understand; but, Charlotte, there is a limit to everything. My dear, when will you make up your mind?"

Charlotte was silent. She had long since made up her mind; but the rector's widow had refused to consider it as final.

"I agree with you," Mrs. Harding went on, "that it is not fair to the Brainsons to postpone your decision once again. But the fact is, Charlotte, I can not easily reconcile myself to your views. You know Frederick well; he has never had a thought but for you,—never desired another wife. And, after all, he has no vice."

("Admirable boy!" murmured the girl softly to herself.)

"If your poor father were alive, this would have been settled long ago. It is so suitable in all respects,—and—Miss Brainson expects it. Do, dear, try to say 'Yes' to-day!"

The girl drew on her gloves, buttoned

THE AVE MARIA.

leisure, then sat down beside her.

"For your sake," she said, "I have things run on,—to avoid your distress, before which I shrink even now. By decision you always mean—acceptance. And, mother, I can not accept Frederick for my husband. I don't love him, so why should I sacrifice myself to him?"

"As if you were not sacrificing yourself every day to strangers! Is he, then, less to you than the slum waifs? Charlotte, are you sure there is nobody else you care for?"

The girl laughed scornfully.

"Indeed, mother, I wonder you can ask,—you, who know my every thought. No! If I married anybody it would be, of course, Frederick. But I do not want to marry."

"But I shall one day leave you, dearest, in the course of nature, and you will be alone in the world. How can I bear the thought?"

Charlotte's eyes filled with tears. She bent forward, took her mother's thin face between her hands and kissed it fondly.

"Am I not well provided for?" she asked.

"Ah, money can not buy love and care and a sure home!" was the sorrowful answer.

"I have told you the remedy for all that," said the girl, gently. "If you could only see things as I do!"

Mrs. Harding rose abruptly.

"The idea is too preposterous!" she exclaimed. "My child, how can you entertain it?"

The girl drew her to a corner of the room where a tiny lamp burned before a statue of the Madonna. (The deceased rector had been very High Church.)

"Because I am your child and his," she answered, "who gave me that statue and bade me revere it. O mother dear, I could be so happy—if you would!"

Mrs. Harding took her daughter in her arms.

"My love, what else do I desire but your happiness?" she exclaimed. "What else do I live for?"

Charlotte returned her embrace.

"I know it, best of mothers!" she said. "And for your sake I will try to satisfy your wishes, by listening to everything Frederick has got to say. Honestly and sincerely I will do my best. I have been praying to see my way aright. If I can, mother, I will say 'Yes' to Frederick."

Mrs. Harding looked at the lovely face, the downcast eyes, and her heart smote her.

"No, no, my child! Do not force your inclinations," she said hastily. "It is your heart, not your will, I would move."

"Well, Frederick has hitherto failed to do that," said Charlotte, gayly. "Who knows? A sudden spark may enkindle me this evening. But, you know, I am not liable to headlong changes."

"Indeed, no," assented her mother, with a sigh. "You were always so deliberate and sane-minded till now."

Ding-ding-ding went a distant bell. Charlotte fixed her mother with earnest gaze. Before the mute appeal it was impossible to remain silent. Mrs. Harding made a heroic effort.

"Very well," she said. "Something shall be done to-day to decide your future. If you refuse Frederick, I shall begin to consider the home of your choice. I shall try to see with your eyes."

Again mother and daughter were folded in a close embrace.

"Come," said Mrs. Harding at last. "The carriage has come round long since, and the Brainsons have tea at five. Miss Brainson likes punctuality."

"When she can get it," laughed Charlotte; "for Frederick follows his own sweet will."

"You are too hard on him," remonstrated the elder lady, as they took their places in the landau that bowled swiftly on to the smooth road between verdant fields. "Compare him with whom you will, he is a good boy."

"I don't deny it," said Charlotte. "He neither gambles nor drinks; but, mother, he is so satisfied with his own virtue! That is just what I can't stand."

II.

An hour later two elderly ladies were seated on the terrace at Brainson Park, watching the youthful couple that strolled under the beeches, sometimes hidden, sometimes within view. Friends from girlhood, their affections and their wishes were the same. Now they turned to look into each other's eyes, and instinctively their hands met.

"If our hopes are frustrated," said the widow, "you and I must not cease to cherish each other. Remember, I have warned you of Charlotte's strange tendencies."

The other smiled indulgently.

"I can not admit she is serious. The idea is too preposterous," she said, unconsciously using Mrs. Harding's own words of a short time ago. "Charlotte must be touched by Fred's devotion. All day he has been preparing for this visit. He thinks he has a better chance here on his own ground than at your house, where she always manages to avoid him. What can have come over Charlotte?"

The widow sighed. She could not explain it herself,—this gradual extension of views, this new and lofty standard of life that possessed her daughter to the detriment of natural and desirable plans for her establishment. It had come, she told herself, as the regrettable but logical sequence of extreme "Ritualistic" tenets acting on an ardent and concentrated temperament like Charlotte's.

Down among the trees, the conver-

sation had at first turned on every subject but that uppermost in the minds of both. Frederick commented on the alterations he had made since his return from college.

"Look!" he said, leading her to a freshly arranged vista. "From this point one can at present view the eastern side of the town. Don't you think it an improvement?"

"Decidedly," replied Charlotte.

"My aunt was quite delighted when she saw the effect."

"No doubt she would be," answered Charlotte. "That is so like her."

"I am very much opposed to changes myself," he went on. "You can not think how I love this dear old place. I never touch anything except for some real advantage. Now, the little arbor over there is not symmetrical, but it is so endeared to me by childhood's souvenirs I simply could not bear to have it removed. Do you remember how we played here together?" he continued softly. "You were so fond of this place, then."

"Indeed, I do," she answered, laughing. "You made me run and fetch for you like a retriever. O Fred, the hours you made me swing you before you consented to swing me! But we always shared the apples fairly."

"I was never fond of apples," he confessed. "Plums and peaches are my fruits. Yes, I am afraid I was a great bully."

"No," she said: "the word but imperfectly describes you. You never hectorred, but always managed to have exactly what you wanted, somehow."

"Well, I can't manage it now," he said, with a meaning look. "You are so full of fads, Charlotte, nowadays!"

"I like that!" laughed Charlotte. "As soon as somebody does not chime with all your views, she is full of fads! That's just you, Fred!"

"I have been rather spoiled all my life, I fear," he explained. "My po r

mother, you remember—ah, she lived only for me!”

“She was an angel,” murmured Charlotte. “But Miss Brainson is another. I often wonder if the presence of such creatures is conducive to our good. Somehow, one accepts all sacrifices from them.”

“What you say is quite true,” acknowledged the young man, with some confusion. “When all that is asked from one is to be happy in order to please them, one naturally falls in with this view. But do you think I would neglect anybody I loved,—that I could be harsh or unkind? Only try me, Charlotte!”

Ding-ding-ding went the distant bell.

They walked in silence for some moments. She glanced up once at the finely chiselled face surmounting the tall, manly figure, and strove to associate it with great thoughts and charitable deeds. In vain. The fire that had begun to consume her soul would never reach him, shut up in a horizon of his own; least of all through her, in whom it would be quenched by his daily proximity. Was it fair that her mind should be stunted to his level? the aim of her existence, his comfort and pleasure? his earthly ambitions, her first goal? Should all her capacities and inclinations for wider, nobler work be diverted to minister to this one man? She felt it wrong.

“Listen to me, Frederick,” she said with decision. “We are not suited to each other. Our pursuits, our wishes are different.”

She paused before the look of pain that crossed his face.

“Come, let us reason it out,” she went on. “A great wave of thought has swept over me these last years while you were away. My mind has gone through many phases, and the evolution is not yet complete. But life is no longer for me the simple thing I used to believe. It imposes heavy

duties. It is too little to live for ourselves. I want to live for others.”

“While I only want to live for you,” said the young man, earnestly. “Listen to me now, Charlotte. There is scope for your charity here, too. I will give liberally for the furtherance of all the good works you have in hand. I appreciate your efforts among the poor outcasts in the city. You shall dispense freely mine as well as your own.”

She shook her head.

“I have reflected on all that,” she confessed. “But it is not money, it is moral help that is wanted most. Oh, the misery that ignorance entails! A child was almost burned to death the day before yesterday in Sleet Alley through the mother’s stupidity. Frederick, our lives are so empty, and I am not able to work alone. I can accomplish nothing.”

“Let us try together,” he answered. “You will lift me up and show me how.”

“I am not fitted for the rôle you so modestly assign to me,” she said. “I require prudent direction myself, and would not dream of undertaking to guide anybody else.”

“What do you mean, then?” he demanded impatiently. “To devote yourself altogether to those wretched waifs? To pass your life amid the scum of society?”

“You see,” she replied, “we could not harmonize.”

“Have a little pity on me as well as on the ragamuffins. Charlotte, you have left your proper sphere. Fancy what I suffer when I hear that the handsome Miss Harding is the idol of the slums!”

“And you ask me to share your life!” she retorted. “We should be miserable together. You would hinder my work.”

“Let us both yield something,” he pleaded, “and see if we can not meet on common ground. *Could* you require to go to your charges every day?”

"I should wish it, certainly," said Charlotte; "but I know that my obligations as your wife would be paramount. Therefore I say *no*, dear Frederick: our lives can not run together. Only help me to break this to our loved ones, and for their sakes let us remain good friends. The greatest disappointment will be theirs; for, between ourselves, Fred, you do not really love me. If you did, you would not speak as you did just now."

She smiled at him, and the young man hung his head, ashamed.

"You are so critical, Charlotte!" he protested. "I certainly do not pretend that I want my wife to look after a flock of dirty children instead of staying with me."

"Come, let us tell them that," she said gayly. "It is you, after all, who refuse me and my vagaries."

"It is not," he answered doggedly. "Come to me as you are!"

"I would not suit," she persisted. "I can not abandon my beautiful work. Forgive me, Frederick!"

"You consider me an egotistical brute," he said huskily. "Am I so much worse than other men?"

"A great deal better than most," she answered with conviction. "Understand, Frederick, that I mean to eschew marriage altogether. Had I married anybody, it would have been you."

He shrugged his shoulders at this consolation, and they walked slowly toward the terrace.

Ding-ding-ding was again wafted over the plains.

Miss Brainson came to meet them.

"I see by Frederick's face what we have to expect," she said. "So you abide by your strange fancies, Charlotte?"

Mrs. Harding went up to Frederick.

"Never mind, my boy!" she observed. "You will find a good wife yet, for you deserve it."

"I don't know," he said despondently. "I should have preferred Charlotte, but

I dare say I don't deserve her. I must try to get over it, that's all."

His frankness took the mother aback. How could anybody that loved her winsome, beautiful daughter talk of "getting over it"?

Good-bye was said awkwardly; but the two elder ladies embraced with more than ordinary effusion, and the carriage rolled away.

III.

"Mother," began Charlotte, as they drove through the woods that skirted the town, "I did my best. Do not blame me."

"No, dear," said her mother. "And, Charlotte, perhaps you were right. All at once he struck me as rather indifferent."

Charlotte smiled.

"I assure you, dearest, such as I am he does not want me," she said. "Frederick has not yet met the being whom he loves better than himself. I should have been his perfect slave. Can you not see, mother, that he is the concentration of self-love? Oh, there is so much to be done in the world and so few people to do it! He is busy: he hunts, reads, rows, and plays golf; all these are expected of him; they are no doubt harmless pursuits; but, mother, how empty his life is! I pity him, the owner of Brainson Park. He never seeks to do a good turn to a fellow-being."

Her mother looked at her with eyes of love and admiration.

"You need never sink to his level," she said. "But why leave me? Do not marry, then, but continue your work freely."

"Impossible," said the girl. "I was too presumptuous. Mother dear, by myself I only make blunder on blunder. I am silly, incapable, ignorant. There is an end to my doubts, my trials and waverings. *I can do no work alone*. The road God has shown me lies clear before me, when *you* will allow it."

"Let us drive there now. I consent," said the mother, in a broken voice.

Charlotte pressed her hand gratefully. She said a word to the coachman and the horses were turned round.

"Now, mother," she observed joyously, "you shall see for yourself my future home, my new surroundings. If I have any capacity for good, it will have more chances of success here than if I remained mistress of Brainson Park. You see, the powers of transformation with which you credit me will be exercised on younger specimens of humanity than Fred. Fred is beyond me."

Her gay tone, the happiness that shone in her face were infectious. Mrs. Harding smiled, and inwardly prayed that she might be led to see with her daughter's eyes.

The carriage stopped before the door of a tall white building, round which hung an atmosphere of stillness that extended its peaceful glow even into the hearts of the two ladies as they waited on the steps. A coifed head looked out astonished through the grating.

"It is after hours," said a low voice; and then recognizing Charlotte: "If it is about Tommy Ahern, Miss Harding, he is all right."

"No, Sister Agnes: I have come about a personal matter," answered Charlotte. "Do ask Reverend Mother to see us this once. It is about something very important to myself."

After a few moments they were admitted and shown into a tiny parlor, scantily furnished. Mrs. Harding looked around and sighed. Charlotte took her hand.

"Peace, order, health, and safety are here," she said. "What else can you wish for me, mother mine? But to me this house promises my soul's salvation. As Frederick's wife, I should have become puffed up with the notion of my own superiority. Here, in contact

with others, I shall feel my unworthiness. I shall be subjected to severe and judicious training. If only I am not met with, 'Too late, too late! Ye can not enter now!'"

The door opened softly to admit a veiled figure. Charlotte advanced, her heart beating violently.

"Reverend Mother," she said humbly, "I am tired and ashamed of working at your side in bypaths. Will you accept me among your ranks as one of your community?"

The nun sat down, and looked from mother to daughter, bewildered.

"Need I say," she began, "how we would welcome a worker such as you, Miss Harding, have proved yourself to be? But—you do not belong to our faith."

"I am prepared to adopt it," said Charlotte firmly.

"Tell us," asked Mrs. Harding, "what will be the probable length of her catechising and probation?"

The nun bowed her head and was silent for some moments.

"Father Fenton will see you tomorrow," she said. And then they saw that her eyes were wet with tears of emotion.

Mrs. Harding's heart went out to her. "Better for my darling than Frederick, mayhap," she told herself.

"God has bestowed great graces on your daughter, Mrs. Harding," said the nun, as they rose to withdraw. "This is the first time, to my knowledge, that He has inspired a vocation before conversion."

"I know two sure methods," the Blessed Curé d'Ars used to say, "of getting poor: one is to work on Sundays, and the other to defraud one's neighbor. To work on Sunday is to steal from God; and, even in this world, the wages earned on the Lord's Day wear a hole through the purse in which they are placed."

The Lily of Israel.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

'TIS the Feast of the Presentation,
 And back over pathways dim,
 We are led through the mist of ages
 Away beyond Memory's rim;
 And we see in a sacred temple
 A child with a holy face,
 Whose smile, like a beam from heaven,
 Illumines the gloomy place.

A flow'ret of three years' blooming,
 Untouched by a stain of sin,—
 The holy priests of the temple
 Are awed as she enters in.
 For she is the Lily of Israel,
 Who will bring from her spotless womb
 A Saviour to shield the world-race
 From the night of eternal doom.

Once more in the sacred temple
 The Lily of Israel kneels,
 And no one knows but the Master
 What sorrow or joy she feels.
 And Jesus, her Son, *our Saviour*,
 Is close to the Virgin there;
 And Simeon, lowly kneeling,
 Gives glory to God in prayer.

A mist on the scene before us,—
 We pass o'er a stretch of years,
 And we list to the Man-God's moaning,
 And the sound of the soldiers' jeers;
 And we see down the rude Cross streaming
 The blood from His Heart that flows,
 And the Lily of Israel drooping
 'Neath the weight of a thousand woes.

And again, through the mist of ages,
 We return from then to now,
 And we think of our Queen in heaven
 With a crown on her virgin brow;
 And we ask her to lead us homeward,
 O'er the ways that are long and drear,
 To her throne by the side of Jesus,—
 O Lily of Israel, hear!

THERE is no poem in the world like
 a man's life,—the life of any man,
 however little it may be marked by
 what we call adventure.—*Faber.*

A Hundred Years Ago.

A GLANCE AT THE FORMER POSITION OF ENGLISH
AND IRISH CATHOLICS.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O. S. B., D. D.

(CONTINUED.)

TO obtain relief under Sir George
 Savile's Act, the Catholic was
 required to take an oath abjuring
 the Pretender and rejecting belief in
 any temporal jurisdiction or deposing
 power being possessed by the Pope.
 He was required to condemn the
 doctrine—supposed, falsely of course,
 to be taught in some of the Roman
 schools—that faith need not be kept
 with heretics, and that all such heretics
 could at any time be lawfully put to
 death. It is hard to imagine that
 an oath of this kind could ever have
 presented any difficulty to the mind of
 an English Catholic, except in so far as
 it was a reflection upon his intelligent
 apprehension of his religion. Yet it
 was precisely there that the difficulty
 of arriving at any *modus vivendi*
 had lain for generations. The oath of
 supremacy framed by Elizabeth was
 justly rejected by all; but when it was
 explained by the authoritative gloss
 which rejected all the *quasi*-sacerdotal
 power of the crown, many Catholics
 would have taken it if they had been
 permitted.

James I. never attempted to impose
 an oath of supremacy, but only one of
 allegiance, containing a condemnation,
 as impious and heretical, of the tenet
 of the deposing power of the Popes.
 But this power was asserted by many
 of the canonists and assumed by the
 politicians as an axiom. Through them
 the oath rejecting it was condemned
 by the authorities at Rome, who issued
 an injunction that all priests who
 had taken it should retract on pain
 of suspension. This attitude destroyed

every hope of the Catholic Church being able to assume any other position in England than that of a persecuted community under the ban of the law. The policy by no means commended itself to all the clergy, or to any great part of the laity; but the upholders of the deposing power were the most powerful, and in practice, though no article of faith, it became in England an article of communion. Thus time went on; the Catholic body continually decreasing under the ravages of a persecution bravely endured, at the call of the ecclesiastical authorities, in the cause rather of a theory (as to the Pope's dominion over kings and peoples) than for the dogmas of the faith.

The revolution of 1688 shelved the question for a time, by merging the Catholics in a political party which on other grounds refused to take the oath of allegiance to the reigning dynasty. In 1788 the prospect brightened. The question of the deposing power, raised anew, as we have seen, by the conditions of the proposed relief, was happily solved by the English and Irish episcopate. They first took the oath and then referred the case to the Pope, who can confirm many an act when done for which it would be difficult to accord previous permission.

Thus the question of the deposing power and of the oath of allegiance, which had troubled and divided Catholics, was set at rest forever. On which side lay the victory? The party which had been under continual suspicion as lukewarm and tainted with Protestantism, which had been represented as in perpetual opposition to superiors, as always criticising, always grumbling, always discontented, sometimes rebellious, sometimes censured, sometimes suspended, proved to be right *in principle*, after all; while the ardent spirits who had continually enjoyed the favor and encouragement of the ecclesiastical authorities, who had plumed themselves

as being the only real, the only loyal and only true churchmen; as obviously the only persons who thoroughly understood their religion and could detect the vital principle at stake in the suggested composition of difficulties; as the only persons whose tone, tendencies and instincts were thoroughly Catholic,—proved to have been all the time, though right in intention, wrong in principle; proved to have been battling for a chimera, and destroying the English Church in order to maintain a theory which was not only impolitic and impracticable, but might also be abjured, as the event showed, without affecting the faith or detracting one jot from the fullest loyalty and obedience to the Apostolic See.

It is time that the truth should be recognized. Now that we can look back from a distance upon all the strifes and quarrels of those days, we can afford to confess mistakes. We could almost smile at the strange contradiction of the final settlement, did we not remember what it had cost the English Catholics, and what tears of blood they were compelled, generation after generation, to shed for just one mistaken notion.

The Act of 1778 provoked anti-Catholic agitation, led to grave difficulties and troubles in England and Scotland, and culminated in the Gordon riots. It is in the attitude of so many Catholics at this time of trial that we have revealed to us in the most striking manner the pitiable state to which the long-endured persecution had reduced them. The laity were, with some exceptions, afraid of courting observation, and reckoned their obscurity to be their security. They dared not show their faces for fear of the law being called in to lash them back to their holes. They were, according to one who had every means of knowing the facts and who lived at the time, "very prudent, very cautious, very

provident and very timid." Writing as he did in 1780, whilst the echoes of the riots caused by the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill were still audible in England, he says: "When the tumults of last summer were raging in the metropolis, the voice of timid Catholics was heard tremblingly giving counsel. 'For God's sake,' said they, 'let us instantly petition Parliament to repeal this obnoxious bill! It is better to confess we are guilty of all the crimes laid to our charge than to be burnt in our homes.' They even dared to carry about a form of petition to that effect, praying for the signature of names. 'We told you,' continued they, 'what would be the event of your addresses to the throne, your oaths of allegiance, and your repeal of laws.'"

The Catholic clergy appear to have been hardly less timid. They were anxious to be allowed to remain as they were, oppressed by the yoke of penal enactments, on condition of being left alone. They were "educated abroad," says Joseph Berington; and were "bred up in the persuasion that on coming to England they were to meet with racks and persecution. They landed as in an enemy's country, cautious, diffident and suspicious." If they ever had a proselytizing spirit, "it has long since evaporated or become very unsuccessful." It was the same in Ireland. "There," says the author of the *Life of Bishop Doyle*, "the higher order of Catholics sensitively shrank from participating in any appeal for redress, lest the very clanking of their chains should arouse those who had forged them to renewed vigilance and activity. Accustomed to capricious persecution, they trembled lest the recent relaxation of the penal code should be suddenly repealed, plunging them still deeper into the dark sea of oppression. The Catholic clergy not only held aloof, but deprecated any attempt to disturb the general apathy." They

were submissive, humble and inert; conscious that they were outlaws, they behaved as if they were convicts whose escape was only connived at.

Such was the state of mind in which the riots of 1780 left the Catholics of the three kingdoms. Some of them died of the shock; many left their religion, among others nine or ten peers, several baronets, and several priests. Most of those who came forward in public "strove to secure, by affected liberality, the smiles and patronage of Protestants and especially of men in power."

In Ireland, the Catholics, though forming of course the vast majority of the population, continued still under the heel of the Protestant minority. Though the revolution of 1782 had placed Ireland, ostensibly at least, in the rank of free and self-governed countries, "it left Catholics," writes Mr. Lecky, "with no more political rights than the serf of Russia or of Poland. In their case, and their ease alone, land was deprived of the franchise, and the majority was wholly excluded by the small minority from every executive, legislative or judicial function of State. They as Catholics were debarred from all right of voting at parliamentary or municipal elections; and, though called upon to pay—oftentimes double—taxes, they possessed no means of controlling national expenditure, and were excluded from all share in crown patronage." "The law," says the same historian of this time, "marked them out as a distinct nation, separated from Protestants, and in permanent subjection to them."

In 1782, when the Bank of Ireland was established, the law of incorporation provided that no Catholic should ever be enrolled as a director, just as it prohibited him from holding any professorship, or taking up any position in the national army or navy. But already by 1790 the position of Catholics was very different from what it had been

even ten years before. Though their keen sense of grievances unredressed had not diminished, "they were no longer a crushed, torpid, impoverished body with scarcely any interest in political affairs." Relaxations of the penal code had at least enabled them to live in peace; and industrial prosperity now retained in their native country "enterprising and ambitious men who in a former generation would have sought a corner in France or Austria or Spain."

"I know well," said O'Connell of the Catholic gentry,—"I know well how difficult their position" has hitherto been; how constantly against them the efforts of the persecutor have been directed; how for three centuries, indeed, they have borne the whole weight of oppression which crushed down their Catholic fellow-countrymen even to the dust. The blood of their noblest members rendered its own red testimony upon the scaffold, in devoted vindication of that faith which the first missionaries to these shores had preached to their ancestors....Others survived, but it was only to endure a lingering martyrdom, never to cease but with the natural duration of life itself. More happy far were those whose martyrdom was consummated upon the scaffold; for then at least their sufferings were ended, and they entered at once into their reward in bliss. But their less fortunate survivors saw themselves doomed, without reprieve, to lives of suffering, contumely, and ignominy of every kind at the hands of the basest and most ignoble of their Protestant countrymen. And they stood it nobly."

It is difficult to arrive at any satisfactory estimate of the number of Catholics in England and Wales in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The account of Joseph Berington, however, is in all probability sufficiently accurate for practical purposes; for,

besides his own means of knowledge, he relied upon the official returns made at this time to the House of Lords. In 1780, according to these statistics, the English Catholics numbered only 69,376; and Berington himself thought this too high an estimate, and that they were probably hardly more than 60,000. Of these, the Bishop of Chester, who, be it remarked, strongly advocated Catholic Emancipation in 1778, claimed to have in his diocese alone (which of course included Lancashire) 27,228,—that is, about two-fifths of the entire Catholic population. It was at the same time estimated that between 1760 and 1780, whilst in the diocese of Chester, where the general population had greatly increased, the Catholics had likewise increased by 2089, in the rest of England there had been a slight decrease in their numbers. In many dioceses there are said not to have been fifty Catholics, in some not ten left in 1780 when the population of England and Wales was estimated at about 6,000,000. In other words, the Catholics formed little more than one per cent of the English people.

The particulars which Berington gives are distressing reading. In the west, South Wales, and some of the Midland counties, he says, "there is scarcely a Catholic to be found." The residences of the priest give indications of the whereabouts of Catholics, so there is every means of ascertaining the facts. After London, the greatest number were in Lancashire, Staffordshire, and in the northern counties. Some large manufacturing towns, such as Norwich, Manchester, Liverpool, Wolverhampton and Newcastle, had chapels which were reported to be rather crowded. In some few towns, particularly in Coventry, the number of Catholics had increased, but not in proportion to the general population. Excepting in the large towns and out of Lancashire, the chief situation of Catholics was in the neigh-

borhood of the old families of that persuasion. They were the servants and the children of servants, who had married from these families, and who chose to remain round the old mansion for the convenience of prayers, and because they hoped to secure favor and assistance from their former masters.

As a body, in the opinion of this same writer who had taken considerable pains to arrive at the truth, Catholics had rapidly decreased during the eighteenth century; and the shrinkage was still going on. Many congregations had disappeared altogether; and in one district, he says, "with which I am acquainted, eight out of thirteen missionary centres are come to nothing, nor have new ones risen to make up in any proportion their loss. I recollect," he adds, "the names of at least ten noble families that within these sixty years have either conformed or are extinct, besides many commoners of distinction and fortune." At the time when he wrote (1780) there were "but seven peers" who remained Catholic; and before the second edition of his pamphlet in 1781, Lord Teynham having died, his son had taken the oath and entered Parliament; and the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk—the Earl of Surrey—had conformed. Besides these peers, the Catholics could count twenty-two baronets and about a hundred and fifty gentlemen of property. Some few were men of wealth, but the rest were so impoverished that they possessed an average of only £1000 a year.

As regards the number of clergy, Berington estimates them at about three hundred and sixty, "which I think," he says, "is accurate." In the Midland district in 1781 there were fourteen mission stations vacant, and some families had to go five and even ten miles to chapel. The whole district was declining, and contained only about 8460 Catholics, hardly more than two-

thirds of their number thirty or forty years before. In 1816 Bishop Milner puts the number of missions in this district at one hundred and twenty, and the entire Catholic population at 15,000. Ten years later it is put at 100,000 in round figures. The western district, comprising eight English counties together with North and South Wales, had only forty-four priests to serve it, and the Catholics were said to be very few.

In 1773 Bishop Walmesley, the Vicar Apostolic, gives exactly the same number of priests; and the total number of souls under his care he puts at 3195. Forty-two years later, in 1815, the number is given as 5500, served by forty-three priests. Even the London district, extending over nine counties in the south of England, is reported, in 1780, to have but fifty-eight priests to serve for all purposes. There were then vacant five places for which no priest could be found, and Catholics were said to be dying out in all parts except the metropolis. In 1814 Dr. Poynter sent a minute return to Propaganda about this district. London itself was then served by thirty-one priests, ministering in twelve chapels to an estimated Catholic population of 49,800. In the country parts of the district the Catholics were put at 18,976. In 1826 a map in the archives of Propaganda gives 200,000 Catholics in the entire district; and in 1837 Bishop Griffiths states that he estimates the Catholics of London at 146,000, the general population of the city being then about 1,500,000.

As regards schools for boys, the mitigation in the penalties for keeping such establishments did not, for some few years, lead to any visible increase in their numbers. Berington knew of only three of any note in 1781: "one in Hertfordshire (that is, Standon, now Old Hall), one near Birmingham in Warwickshire, and one near Wolver-

hampton in Staffordshire." In London he records the existence of some small day-schools for boys; adding: "In other parts there may be perhaps little establishments where an old woman gives lectures on the Hornbook and the art of spelling." For girls, he knew only of the two long-established schools at Hammersmith and at York.

(Conclusion next week.)

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXVII.—AT THE MILL-HOUSE.

AS the young men stood there, the clouds which had obscured the sky began to scatter, and numberless golden stars shone out with a frosty radiance. Bretherton, having heard the distinct utterance of his name through the stillness of the night, looked hastily about him, and soon beheld, peering forth from the shelter of the skeleton alder bushes, a wild, eager face, with strained eyes, and haggard and dusky cheeks, framed in black hair. As he gazed, astonished, the lips whispered: "Be silent! Come here at this hour to-morrow night, alone."

He understood quick as a flash that, of whatever nature the communication might be, it was intended for him alone. He glanced at Lord Aylward, but apparently he had neither seen nor heard anything. His cigar had gone out, and he was struggling to relight it,—a process which the strong wind rendered difficult. Looking back again to where the face had been, Bretherton saw nothing save the dry branches stirred by the wintry blast. For the time being at least, he resolved to preserve silence as to the apparition; and, merely waiting till his companion had succeeded in procuring a light, set out at a brisk pace for the Manor.

Lord Aylward did not notice his

friend's abstraction; or, if he did, considered it quite natural under the circumstances. He contented himself, therefore, with a casual remark from time to time; while Bretherton, puzzled over the new mystery which now confronted him, strove to obtain a clue to the identity of the face. It seemed to him that it was in some odd way familiar,—or, at all events, that he had seen it before. Suddenly the solution to that part of the problem dawned upon him. It was the face of the woman whom he had saved from the maddened horses, and whose child he had likewise rescued from the bear.

His mind being thus far set at rest, he roused himself from his absorption, and began to talk. Somehow or other, the conversation turned upon the university days over the water, and they beguiled the remainder of the homeward way by comparing notes of this or that chap who had gone under, this other who had risen to distinction, or still others who, even in that brief interval of time, had crossed the great gulf to the shores of eternity. Many a merry prank was recalled, many an academic triumph or defeat,—Lord Aylward dwelling with particular gusto upon the contests and the victories on athletic or sporting fields.

Bretherton, who had taken the precaution of noting the hour, resolved to be at the appointed place upon the following night, and quite unaccompanied. Fortune favored him in this latter respect; for he had declined, and Lord Aylward had accepted, an invitation to dinner at Thorneycroft. It was, accordingly, an easy matter for him to set out from the Manor alone.

It was a stormy night, and Nort Jenkins, who met him on the grounds, intercepted him.

"Be you goin' uptown, Master Jim?"

"Yes," responded Jim, laconically,—pausing, however, to exchange a kindly word with the young man, who had

grown up almost side by side with him, and had been his companion in the old days on many a fishing excursion or ramble about the country.

"There's a storm comin'," Nort observed.

"Very nearly come, I should say," Bretherton answered, turning up the collar of his great coat and pulling down his soft hat upon his head.

"Better let me drive you over, Master Jim," suggested Nort.

"No, thank you, Nort! I won't take out a horse to-night."

"It's mighty dark," the honest fellow remonstrated; "and folks says there do be things seen about the mill."

"Owls and bats?"

Nort shook his head. He was not eloquent, but he blurted out, after a pause:

"I guess the old woman down to the mill-house is a witch."

"Is she?" said Bretherton, trying hard to light a pipe in the stiff breeze.

"Yes," replied Nort. "She can enchant folks. She's got the evil eye."

Young Mr. Bretherton reflected that there was one sort of witch he knew who could enchant folks; and one pair of eyes, the most beautiful he had ever seen, held him the veriest slave of her enchantments, so that he could think of little else, and could not even do as Lord Aylward did—proceed to Thorneycroft and keep up appearances there. Perhaps the very fact that he had some hope, given him by Leonora herself, kept him to a certain extent in suspense.

While he still struggled with the refractory pipe, the voice of Nort again broke upon his musings:

"And Mr. Knox, he's dangerous. I guess everybody's afraid of him. Seems like it."

Jim laughed. Somehow, the idea of being afraid of Eben Knox struck him as being supremely ridiculous. Perhaps he would have been rather glad to have

a tussle with the manager; at least he felt so just then.

The credulous Nort went on, however, in a tone of ever-deepening awe:

"And they do say as how there was a man killed and throwed into the brook, just beside the bushes."

The young master vaguely remembered having heard some such story before. Since the murdered man had been of the Bretherton kin, however, the subject had been usually tabooed in presence of children. He could recall the sudden silence of his elders oftentimes when he had entered the room.

"I'll have to keep my weather eye upon the bushes, then," he laughed.

"But witches is all around you," objected Nort.

"Not the kind of witches I'm afraid of," said Bretherton.

"As far as I've heerd tell, there ain't but one kind of witches round here."

"Are there none of the kind that steal the heart out of a man's body and leave a stone instead?"

"Sakes alive, no!" cried Jenkins, his eyes fairly starting out of his head.

"Well, that's the only kind I'm afraid of, Nort."

"I ain't never heerd of none like that," declared Nort; "and I tell you what, Master Jim, I'll be most skeered to go down to Jackson's for the milk before light in the mornin'."

"Drive straight along, looking neither to the right nor the left," advised Jim, with mock gravity, "and you'll be safe enough, Nort. Good-night! Perhaps if you ask the cook she will wait for the milk till the peep of day."

So saying, the young gentleman of the Manor set forth, vigorously puffing away at his pipe, his fine proportions scarcely concealed by the loose coat, the collar of which went up over his ears, almost meeting the soft hat pulled well over his eyes. He walked as rapidly as possible. The black clouds scudding over the sky seemed in harmony with

his thoughts, and the buffeting of the sleet in his face suggested the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

He calculated that he would have a little time to spare, and he intended to spend that leisure in a forlorn march up and down before the familiar gate of Rose Cottage. Leonora might come to the window and he might catch a glimpse of her. He remembered, during the course of that solitary walk, the solemnity of Miss Tabitha's manner when she had assured him that a marriage between Leonora and him was impossible, and that she desired above all to see her niece married to Eben Knox. This conversation, once he had passed out of Miss Tabitha's presence, did not impress him very profoundly. It was, he thought, some vagary incidental to the spinster's timorous disposition and the retired life she had led,—a vagary which could not have any binding force upon her niece's strong and well balanced character. It recurred to him now, however, and seemed the explanation and justification of Leonora's conduct. He had miscalculated, as he now saw, both the force of Miss Tabitha's opposition, from whatever source it arose, and the singular tenacity which enabled her to adhere to her purpose once formed. It was evident that the mystery was in some way connected with the mill-manager; but how, or wherefore, it was, of course, impossible to determine.

When at last he reached the Cottage he paced up and down, gazing at that light in the sitting-room window, shining out, as on the previous evening, like a fair beacon. All at once, as if moved by a sudden inspiration, he thrust his extinguished pipe into his pocket and began to whistle "Amaryllis." In the pauses of the wind, it sounded clear and distinct through the stillness.

Leonora at first believed that she must be dreaming. The strain came

fitfully to her ears, as each gust of wind swelled and subsided. Mechanically she arose, and, drawing aside the curtain, looked out. In the lamplight which shone full upon her, Bretherton could clearly see her face, upon which he fixed his eyes eagerly. In the exaggeration of his lover-like sentiments, he would have described that momentary apparition as a glimpse of Paradise, which made him impervious to the howling of the storm and the icy blasts which grew fiercer each moment.

It was but for a few brief instants that Leonora remained at the window. She fancied she could discern a figure in the darkness,—that same figure which in happier times had so often entered by that gate. The melody, passionate and melancholy, set her heart beating and her cheek glowing. It conjured up that evening of supreme happiness when she had known with certainty that young Mr. Bretherton preferred her to any one else in the wide world, and was only too eager to display his devotion. She knew, moreover, that he was there and had deliberately sent her this message, which should recall every word he had said upon that memorable evening.

Those pleadings which he had urged upon that occasion recurred to her, indeed, with tenfold force after the period of absence. She could see him distinctly as he had appeared before her in the costume of a bygone century, putting into the rôle of that counterfeit presentment of a lover all the power and reality of a living passion. It touched her profoundly, too, that, after her summary dismissal of his suit, he should thus be outside in the storm and darkness, sending her this reminder which thrilled her with a strange happiness.

Slowly and lingeringly she let the curtain drop. The young man remained a few moments after that; then, striking a match, he looked at his watch

and saw that he had barely time to keep that mysterious appointment, one which was well calculated to make any one less fearless shiver with apprehension: He proceeded toward the mill, but no longer with the confident stride which had brought him to Rose Cottage. He was going away from *her*, into gloom and darkness, and his feet seemed leaden-weighted.

Just as he reached the trysting-place, the sudden, sharp cry of a night-bird sounded directly above his head. It was weird and ominous, and startlingly fitted to the surroundings. He looked up quickly, and in that instant a figure sprang up from the depth of the bushes and confronted him with a hurried exclamation:

"Come on! I've been waiting."

"Come where?" he inquired.

"Come after me, if you want to find out secrets that concern you."

"Lead on, then!" said Bretherton.

He followed her with a sudden exhilaration of spirit. The adventure interested him. It was a relief, moreover, from the painful current of his thoughts.

The woman sped onward so hastily through the darkness that once or twice the young man stumbled in trying to keep pace with her. The moaning wind, as it swept by, stirred the brook into innumerable ripples which plashed drearily against the shore; and the bare branches of the trees clanked like armor.

Suddenly a light streamed out on the darkness from the mill-house door, which was flung wide open. Bretherton paused for a single instant. Possibly the uncanny rumors he had heard as to Mother Moulton and the sinister character of the manager flashed upon his mind. Could this be a trap into which he was being led? The hesitation was but for an instant. His fearless nature reasserting itself, he pressed on, regardless of consequences. He paused again, however, on the threshold, from

an instinctive repugnance to enter Eben Knox's house.

The dingy room was lighted by a large lamp, and a log burning upon the hearth. Nevertheless, the squalor and meanness of the interior smote upon the young man like some physical sensation. Obeying, however, a hasty gesture from his guide he passed in, and the door was closed upon him.

Over the fire crouched the repulsive figure of the beldame. Her face, revealed by the flame, seemed more malign than ever in its expression. There was no trace whatever of the master of the house; and, as if in answer to the inquiring glance which Bretherton cast about him, the younger woman said, speaking in a whisper, as if she doubted the accuracy of her own statement:

"He's away,—he's not here. Gone off to Boston."

"He has gone to purchase the wedding finery," croaked the hag from her station at the hearth. "He says he's going to be married. Ho! ho! The hawk married to the dove!"

Having thus spoken, she relapsed into her apparently somnolent state, nodding drowsily over the flames; though Jim Bretherton suspected that she was, nevertheless, watching him covertly out of the corners of her bleared eyes.

Presently the younger woman spoke again, in the same terrified whisper:

"I would have been scared to ask you here, only he's away."

Even while she spoke she looked fearfully at the door and window, and, clasping her hand to her breast, exclaimed:

"Oh, if he were to come! We must be quick,—we must be quick!"

Young Mr. Bretherton felt a growing reluctance to be under this man's roof for some purpose which was evidently unknown to the master of the house. It did not quite fit in with his notions to transact any business there, and

with these people, who were practically Knox's domestics. Yet it would be difficult to make them understand; and if there was really anything important to be learned, something which might perhaps materially affect his own relations with Leonora, he could scarcely stand upon a punctilio.

"Whatever has been your reason for bringing me here," he said, "I should be glad to know it and to get away as soon as possible."

The woman who had acted as his guide flew to the window and drew the dingy curtain closely over it, so as completely to shut out the view of the interior from any one who might chance to be outside. With a trembling hand she likewise locked and bolted the door. Before Jim Bretherton had time to wonder what these preparations might portend, she thrust her hand into the bosom of her dress and drew forth a bundle of papers.

"Take them!" she cried. "They are yours. They'll tell you about those things he is always raving about. It's frightful to hear him in the dead of the night, and sometimes he reads out of these papers."

Bretherton involuntarily extended his hand,—withdrawing it again instantly, however, as he inquired:

"Why should I take any papers belonging to Mr. Knox?"

"They *don't* belong to Mr. Knox," the woman answered: "they're yours. If you don't take them, he'll do you some terrible harm. I heard him say so in the dead of the night. There's some secret in these, and you ought to know it. The papers belong to your family."

Bretherton hesitated no longer. He stretched out his hand and possessed himself of the mysterious package. From the very names which he saw upon the uppermost document he believed that the woman was right.

"Hide them!" she exclaimed. "For

mercy's sake get them out of sight, for fear he might come!"

She stopped and listened, with a blanched face, to a sound without, which she fancied might be the manager unexpectedly returning. It would be quite characteristic of him thus to take his household unawares. But the sound was merely the rushing, moaning wind, and the crackling of the branches in the grip of the frost.

Jim Bretherton obeyed the woman's agonized injunction, and concealed the package in the innermost recesses of his great coat. He felt a sudden, eager curiosity,—a hope that some light might be thrown upon that supposed barrier between him and Leonora of which Miss Tabitha had spoken, and upon which her niece had probably acted.

"Don't let him get them! Don't let him take them away from you!"

Bretherton laughed.

"I don't think he will get them there," he said grimly, as he buttoned his great coat over the mysterious bundle.

The woman, looking at him, felt inspired with a sudden confidence. The strength, the courage, the fearlessness of the man before her caused her to breathe freely at last.

"I am very much obliged to you," observed Jim, somewhat at a loss what to say. "You have taken a great deal of trouble on my account. Is there anything I can give you in return?"

"Nothing," the woman answered,—
"nothing." And, stooping, she seized and kissed the young man's hand with fervent gratitude.

Bretherton blushed like a girl, while the other continued:

"You saved my life and my child's life from the horses, and again you saved my child from a fierce beast. You and the sweet lady were kind to the little one. Nobody else has been kind to us. For that I love you and I'd go to the ends of the earth to serve you."

The young man made light of the matter; and as he glanced at Mother Moulton, still dozing by the fire, he inquired:

"Does *she* know the contents of these papers?"

"Oh, yes!" was the answer. "She knows many things. She knows almost everything."

Bretherton regarded the old woman with interest. If this were really so, and if she held the key to the strange mystery that had lately seemed to extend from the mill-house to Rose Cottage, she might do much to aid him in arriving at a solution. While he was still looking in her direction, she stirred and apparently, at least, awoke.

(To be continued.)

A Blot on Our American Civilization.

TO the current *North American Review*, Cardinal Gibbons has contributed a notable paper on "Lynch Law: Its Causes and Remedy." With his usual sanity of judgment and freedom from exaggerated statement, his Eminence says: "I admit that there are exceptional times and circumstances when summary executions may be tolerated and condoned." And he instances the punishments inflicted by the Vigilance Committee in the early days of California as a case in point; but such methods, he points out, can not be tolerated in a State where the courts of justice are in free operation. The Cardinal notes also that Lynch Law has not even the excuse or palliation of deterring other evil-disposed persons. "Experience shows that it rather increases instead of diminishing the calendar of crime."

Of the causes of these hasty and violent executions without the forms of law, and the remedies for the evil, the eminent prelate discourses in much the same fashion as we have repeatedly

done in these columns. Delay in bringing notorious criminals to the bar of justice, needless procrastination in their trials, and wide intervals between their conviction and the execution of their sentence,—these are the chief causes, and a reversal of such procedure is the remedy that should be applied. The concluding paragraphs of Cardinal Gibbons' article deserve reproduction in full:

In the two lower counties of Maryland, the white and the black populations are nearly equally divided, and the great majority of both races profess the Catholic religion. I have had frequent occasions to visit these counties in the exercise of the sacred ministry.

Before divine service began, I have been delighted to observe the whites and the blacks assembled together in the church grounds, and engaged in friendly and familiar intercourse. Then they repaired to the church, worshipping under the same roof, kneeling before the same altar, receiving the Sacrament at the same railing, and listening to the words of the same Gospel.

This equal participation in spiritual gifts and privileges has fostered the feeling of good-will and benevolence, which no human legislation could accomplish. I never witnessed anywhere else the white race so kind and considerate to the colored, nor the colored race so respectful and deferential to the white; for there was no attempt in these weekly gatherings to level the existing social distinctions. As far as my memory serves me, the records of these two counties have never been stained by a single instance of an outrage and a lynching.

No doubt there are counties in other Southern States besides Maryland which have never been disgraced by the crime of lynching. This blot on our civilization is not restricted to any particular section of the country, as many foreigners have been led to suppose. A responsible writer asserts that since 1885 there have been lynchings in every State of the Union,—with five exceptions. The Constitution provides that no man may be condemned to death till declared guilty after a judicial trial. Lynch Law is only one of many violations of that admirable code with which the world has charged us in recent years.

The Magic of the Beads.

Notes and Remarks.

OF timely interest during the Month of the Holy Rosary are selections from the well-nigh countless narratives of spiritual and temporal favors secured through the most popular of all devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin—the Beads. While it is, of course, possible that enamored clients of Our Lady may occasionally attribute to the efficacy of her intercession apparent prodigies that are really nothing more than the legitimate outcome of natural laws, there are nevertheless multitudinous instances of well-accredited marvels undoubtedly wrought through the mediation of the Rosary. One such instance is the following:

In the penal galleys of Toulon, France, a convict who had stabbed one of the guards was condemned to death, and the sentence was to be carried out within two days. The chaplain approached the condemned man several times, proffering him the consolations of religion; but the convict received him with the grossest insults, and poured out the most horrible blasphemies against all religion. To silence him, indeed, it became necessary to chain and gag him. There was no time to lose. The scaffold was already erected. Profiting by the helplessness to which the convict was now reduced, the chaplain threw his beads around the prisoner's neck, fervently recommending him at the same time to the care of the Blessed Virgin.

As if by magic, a complete change took place in the wretched man's behavior. No sooner had the beads touched him than he grew pacified, burst into tears, and asked to be allowed to make his confession. His desire being complied with, he publicly begged pardon of all whom he had scandalized. His fellow-convicts were astounded and edified at the calmness with which he met his end.

The revelations in regard to the Mutual Life Insurance company and the Equitable Life Assurance society have been a great shock to righteous foreigners. To judge from the preachments in certain trans-Atlantic journals, greed for gain has blunted our moral sense. The penal code, they declare, has become our standard of conduct. Things do look just a little that way. Graft is our national disease; but we do not consider it an incurable one, and in time we hope to conquer it. Our censors would be edified if they could know how willing we always are to take our medicine. This disposition of the American people is surely indicative of moral well-being. The ills we suffer—a little longer than is necessary sometimes—are at least not chronic, like those of some other nations; and we never rebel against our physicians or surgeons, as the case may be. As another good American—the editor of *Out West*—lately observed: "It is a feature of our day—and one of the most encouraging—that our national disease has come to the hospital, where Drs. Roosevelt, Folk, Jerome, and their kind are operating, not with poultices nor with Absent Treatment, but with the thin edge of steel. A malignant growth needs to be removed. Thank God, there are men among us who are not afraid to remove it, and who do not faint at the sight of a drop of political blood!"

In his interesting notes on Lourdes, appearing in the *London Tablet*, Dr. Felix De Backer cites six cures which are admittedly inexplicable on scientific theories. All of them were effected on residents of Frétil, a little village in the north of France, where, according to the testimony of medical men, there has been a "sort of epidemic of the

miraculous." Each person cured had been "given up"; the cases were well known, and the cures were instantaneous. They are thus stated by Dr. De Backer:

1. Alphonsine Collette (aged twenty-five), attended for eleven years by Drs. Lemaire, Mission, Turgard, Wagnier, and Deroubaix, suddenly recovered from a number of amygdaloidal abscesses and a generally lamentable state of health. 2. Paul Décarnin (aged fourteen), cured in his own home after swallowing a spoonful of Lourdes water. He was dying of appendicitis. 3. Angèle Lelièvre, cured instantaneously between Tarbes and Lourdes. Everyone saw her at death's door in the railway carriage. 4. Henry Delpienne, who was called the "little martyr," so great had been his sufferings ever since he was seven years old. Having been attacked by diffuse osteomyelitis, he came to Lourdes, but was restored to health only on his way back. He came home with his crutch over his shoulder. 5. Marie Druelle, (aged forty-six), was also cured on the way back from Lourdes. The tumor in her stomach disappeared, the swelling of her legs vanished, and her health became perfect. 6. Louis Dutilleul, (aged twenty-six), also of Frétil. Dr. Phocas, of Lille, had opened his foot from above (tarsus and metatarsus) throughout its whole length. From that time abscess followed abscess. They spread from heel to ankle, and from ankle to leg. A shoemaker by trade, he had to stop work; osseous tuberculosis increased day by day. He got discouraged, and at last thought about Lourdes. Thither he went, and all of a sudden his leg became sound and the suppuration ceased. He is able to walk, and his leg retains its natural length.

Modern psychology seems inclined to read a new meaning into King Arthur's dictum,

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

Dr. Hyslop, superintendent of Bethlehem Royal Hospital, in London, a scientist whose competency in his special field is unquestioned, has been telling the British Medical Association certain truths, the promulgation of which does not usually emanate from scientific gentlemen. For instance: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic

measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer.... Such a habit does more to calm the spirit and strengthen the soul to overcome mere incidental emotionalism than any other therapeutic agent known to me."

In connection with the therapeutic value thus attributed to prayer, the *Literary Digest* recalls the declaration made several years ago by Prof. James, of Harvard College, in a magazine article, that the man who prays for help to do his daily work will so compose his own mind thereby and free his thought from care and worry that he will actually do his work better, irrespective of any supernatural aid that may be sent in answer to his petition."

The testimony of Dr. Hyslop and Prof. James is, of course, merely the recognition by modern science of a truth known through experience by religious people through all the centuries of the Christian era. The oldtime verse,

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,...

voiced the popular faith in the English specialist's theory hundreds of years before he formulated it. It is, nevertheless, interesting to note this agreement between advanced psychology and ancient faith. As the *Outlook* observes, "Among the many notable utterances in which Science is now evincing herself to be the handmaid of Religion, these, the most recent, are as memorable as any."

Though answered a thousand times, the question is still asked, "What is the use of collecting cancelled stamps,—how can they be of any benefit?" We know of one important missionary enterprise, the Work of Mary Immaculate, which has been greatly promoted by this means, simple as it is. Cancelled

stamps of every kind and country are so largely used in making wall-paper and for decorative purposes, not to speak of the great demand for collections, as to have a considerable commercial value. The common varieties are often cut into tiny pieces, and, after careful sorting, made into pictures, or used to decorate plaques, etc.,—the fragments being held in place by a coating of shellac. In almost every collection of old stamps there are sure to be specimens which command a high price. Collectors are constantly paying large sums for postage stamps which intrinsically have no value whatever.

As our readers are aware, an immense number of cancelled stamps, collected all over the United States, are sent from Notre Dame every year to the general director of the Work of Mary Immaculate in Paris. Among these stamps are many specimens which are eagerly sought for, and which always fetch good prices. The purpose of the Society is to provide female catechists to assist missionaries in countries whose customs militate against the conversion of women. We are assured that numerous asylums, hospitals, homes for abandoned children, etc., have been established by means of cancelled stamps, worthless as most people consider them.

Ever since President Roosevelt, two years ago, addressed the Holy Name Society of Brooklyn in a sterling lay sermon on the weakness and indecency of profanity, we have noticed that the secular press of the country has been taking a more and more sympathetic attitude toward this particular association of Catholic manhood. The *Buffalo Express* is quoted by the *Catholic Union and Times*, of the same city, as recently saying:

The Holy Name Society is a Catholic organization which deserves the support of clean-minded men in every denomination and

outside of all denominations. Its purpose is to protest against "blasphemy and profanity." Eighteen thousand members of the Society paraded in Brooklyn last Sunday.

There is no reason why the purposes of the Holy Name Society should not be as dear to non-Catholics as to Catholics. As Mr. Roosevelt said on the occasion referred to above: "Men should remember that they can not retain their self-respect if they are loose and foul of tongue, and that a man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable." Profanity, be it remarked, is an utterly unprofitable habit. Violations of some of God's commandments bring with them at least a temporary gratification; but what conceivable pleasure can be extracted from the flippant pronouncing of the Holy Name, or from the habitual interlarding of one's discourse with oaths and imprecations? Yet how many are addicted to this reprehensible habit, and how few bestir themselves earnestly in the genuine endeavor to observe more faithfully the Second Commandment!

All other objections against the reality of the apparitions at Lourdes having been refuted, the incredulous now assert that the Blessed Virgin would not—could not—have used the words, "I am the Immaculate Conception." She would have named herself "The Immaculate One," "Mary Conceived without Sin," or something similar; but "I am the Immaculate Conception" is—well, absurd. These wise ones forget, as Dr. Boissarie has well observed, that God said to Moses: "I am who am." They lose sight of the fact that Mary alone could thus identify herself with the new prerogative which had just been accorded her by the Church. To give more forcibleness to that definition, she took for her name the very dogma which Pius IX. had so

lately proclaimed,—the glorious privilege for which the whole Catholic world was venerating her. Such boldness of language was far above the ken of Bernadette; she could only repeat that name, trying to fix it in her memory, but without understanding its meaning. That definition surpassed the grasp of her mind.

The *Catholic Transcript*, which invariably sets a bountiful supply of solid intellectual and spiritual food before its readers, lately quoted the following sentiment from Bishop Hedley. The words seem familiar, and perhaps we have already quoted them ourselves; however, like all faithful sayings, they will bear repetition:

To entrust his child to a non-believer or to a half-believer is utterly abhorrent to a Catholic. You may lay down whatever laws you please, the teacher is sure to sway and bias the mind of the child in all moral matters. To banish religion from the school is to teach a child in the most impressive way that there is no religious authority in the world.

It is not often that we feel inclined to quote from Anglican prelates; but Bishop Hedley's saying reminds us of some beautiful words spoken by the late Dr. Creighton, which we are glad of an occasion to reproduce. Concluding an address to Sunday-school teachers, he said:

You must teach the young the real difference between those who are Christians and those who are not. You must show them that it is possible for there to be a difference in the relations in which professing Christians stand to Christ. You must try to make them feel that Christ is knocking at the door of each of their little hearts, and you must realize with reverent awe that it is your work to help the little trembling fingers to undo the bolt and lift the latch to admit that gracious and majestic Visitant.

The book from which we quote—"Thoughts on Education"—is full of striking passages. Here is one, selected at random:

Teaching is really a process of introduction; each individual child has to be introduced to knowledge. Now, if a hostess introduces two

complete strangers to each other by merely saying, "Miss Smith, let me introduce Mr. Blank," the result will probably be complete silence. But a good hostess will tell each guest something of the other, and bring them so *en rapport* that she leaves them with a possibility of their entering into a conversation which will be of advantage to both. That is just what the good teacher does: he brings knowledge and his pupil into a vital relationship; and the object of teaching is to establish that relationship on an intelligible basis. This can be done in the case of the pupil only by appealing to two qualities which are at the bottom of all knowledge,—curiosity and observation. They are born with us; every child naturally develops them, and it is the duty of the teacher to direct them to proper ends.

As many of our readers have probably heard, one Baptist minister objected to the resolutions in honor of the late Mayor Collins, of Boston, passed at the conference of the Baptist clergy in that city, on the ground that "Mayor Collins was a Roman Catholic, and his son had attended a Jesuit college and was a devoted Catholic." Commenting on this little incident, *Harper's Weekly* remarks: "The ministers very much regretted the dissent of the one objector; yet it was useful in its way, as showing the progress of the rest." So it was. Would it be altogether ungracious to add that the progress of *Harper's Weekly* in the same direction is illustrated by its comment, so neat and pat?

The nature of the influence exerted on French Catholics by the *Univers* and its late editor may be surmised from the following advice which appeared in its columns a few months ago, apropos of the abolition of the Concordat: "To obey the Pope, that is the resolution we should take. But we must promise to obey him with all the promptitude and fidelity of a ship's crew, who in the height of the storm, confiding in the prudence and firmness of their captain, think only of hearing his orders and executing them forthwith."



Good Queen Philippa.

BY E. BECK.



IN the chapel of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, Philippa of Hainault, Queen of Edward III., sleeps by her husband's side. The story of how she saved the burghers of Calais from Edward's anger and the executioner's axe has made her name familiar throughout the English-speaking world. Other incidents in the life of this famous queen-consort bear retelling.

In the year 1346 Edward III. and his son were engaged in war with France, and the King of Scotland took advantage of their absence to invade England. Probably he calculated on meeting with little resistance at a time when the flower of the English army was encamped on French soil. But Philippa, who was acting as regent, hastened northward, gathering as she went peasant and artisan. To her standard priests and bishops also came; and on the night of the 17th of October her small and ill-disciplined army mustered near Durham.

On that night the prior of the Abbey, which was the last resting-place of Saint Cuthbert's sacred relics, had an extraordinary vision. The Saint of the Lowlands, as Cuthbert is popularly termed, appeared to him and bade him take the linen cloth with which he had, when alive, covered the chalice—the cloth was preserved in Durham cathedral—and fasten it on a spear. It was to be carried to a hill outside the city, and the prior was enjoined to spend the day in prayer. He did as he was commanded. Saint Cuthbert's

banner waved all day in the breeze; and the prior and his monks were joined in their prayers by Philippa when she had marshalled and addressed her army. Long ere sunset the Scotch army was totally routed, and its King a prisoner. The prior of Durham caused "a goodly and sumptuous banner" to be made. To this was affixed the sacred linen; and "never," say historians, "was it shown on any battlefield but, by the grace of God and Saint Cuthbert's intercession, it brought victory."

Queen Philippa herself bore the news of her victory to her husband. The French garrison in Calais held out stubbornly; and it was not till the very dogs and horses were devoured that the governor of the city, John de Vienne, mounted the battlements and agreed to surrender the city. "Edward," says the French chronicler, Froissart, "hated much the people of Calais," and his first resolve was to put the garrison to the sword; but pardon was granted to soldiers and people on condition that six of the principal inhabitants of the town should give themselves unconditionally into Edward's hands.

The wealthiest burgess of the town, Eustace de Saint Pierre, named himself first of the six. Five others soon joined him. The governor of the town delivered them into the hands of Sir Walter Manny, who conducted them to the pavilion of the English King. They bore the keys of the town, and had, in obedience to Edward's orders,

On every neck a halter,
A chain on every hand.

The monarch eyed them wrathfully, and gave orders that their heads should be struck off. Sir Walter Manny and other knights present interceded in vain for the King's pardon for his willing

captives; "but Edward," says the old chronicler, "gave a wink, and ordered the headsman to be sent for."

Philippa cast herself on her knees before her husband. "Ah, gentle sire, I beg you for the love of the Son of the Blessed Mary to have pity on these six men!" she pleaded.

The King looked at her thoughtfully. "Lady," he said, "I wish you had been anywhere else than here; but nevertheless I give them to you. Do with them what you will."

Philippa took the six citizens to her tent, we are told; new clothed them, served them with a plentiful dinner, gave each a purse of money, and sent them back free and happy to Calais.

For over twenty years longer Philippa continued to do good works, but in 1369 she was seized with a mortal illness. Froissart tells how, as the end approached she spoke to the King, and her youngest son Thomas, who was also present; and then, says the chronicler, she extended her right hand from under the bedclothes and put it into that of the King.

"We have enjoyed our union in happiness and prosperity, and I beg you will grant me three requests: first, that you will acquit me of any engagements I have entered into with merchants for their wares, either at home or across the seas; second, that you will fulfil any legacies I have made to churches and convents, and to those who have been in my service; third, that when death calls you hence you will choose no other sepulchre than mine, and lie by my side in the cloisters of Westminster."

The King, with sobs and tears, replied: "Lady, I grant them all."

Queen's College, Oxford, was founded by Philippa's exertions and those of her chaplain.

—♦—
Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XXIV.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

They buried Steffan just outside the consecrated portion of the bleak little cemetery, so uncared for that the wild oats completely hid the scattered graves and the crosses which marked them. The sun scorched them, the winter rains levelled them, the cruel winds swept above them. Once a year only, at the feast of All Souls, an attempt was made to clear away the rank vegetation, and people came from far and near to pray at the graves of their dead.

And so it happened that on the eve of the feast, when the Indians from neighboring ranches gathered in mournful procession, bearing lighted candles, which, while chanting the *De Profundis*, they placed on the graves of their dead, and the conclave, joined by the Mexicans, thronged the little cemetery, Louis and Rose, each with a candle, knelt outside the dilapidated fence in the Potter's Field, beside the latest grave that had been dug there, and offered a fervent prayer for the man who had so deceived and wronged them.

The señora thought it a kind of presumption on the mercy of God, and shook her head doubtfully when asked for candles to deposit at the head of Steffan's last resting-place. But Louis represented to her that his father had told him how many a soul has found salvation by a fervent "God have mercy upon me!" between the knife-thrust or pistol-shot and eternity; and the señora felt she could not dare be less merciful than Almighty God. She joined them timidly, added a prayer to theirs; but drew them furtively away through the field, lest they might be seen by the neighbors.

The brother and sister had now been six months at Ti Juana. There had

been several bullfights, which they had prefaced by their pleasing and unique entertainments. They had played at the Saturday night dances in the dining-room of the hotel; and as soon as the tourists had begun to pay their usual winter visits to the frontier hamlet, the little musicians had been employed, at a small salary, to give concerts on the veranda during the dinner hour. Touched by their refined and pathetic appearance, their delicate faces and remarkable talent, people were very generous with them.

They still lived with the Señora Moreno and her husband, who boarded, housed and clothed them for a very small sum. Although the good woman would have been glad to keep them with her, she felt that they were aliens, and would always be aliens, among her people; and with her usual kindness resolved to do all she could to help them return to their home as soon as they should have earned enough money to pay their way back.

They soon came to be very much beloved by everybody. All the town seemed anxious to assist them, and little by little their store of silver was growing.

"Señora, we have thirty-five dollars," said Louis one day. "Will it cost much more?"

"I do not know," she replied.

"More than half as much again," interposed her husband. "And you should have a little to spare,—oh, yes, you must have at least a hundred American dollars!"

"It will take six months longer, perhaps," said Louis. "But I ought not to complain, for we are so well off here."

"In your place, I would write to that good priest who lives in your town," said Moreno. "He might have some money from your house. He could send it to you."

"No," answered Louis, sadly. "We were too ungrateful to him. We are ashamed to write,—at least *I* am."

"But when you go back you will have to see him. Is it not so?"

"Oh, then, yes! But I would not know what to write to him. I could not do it. He will believe me and forgive me when I am there again. But there is one letter I want to write. It is to the Señora Bandini, who was so good to us. They—she and her son—may think we ran away. I must write to her very soon."

"I heard to-day that they have found a man near Mazatlan whom they think is Juan Carisso," said Moreno.

"Will they bring him here?" asked Rose.

"Yes, on his way down. They will first have a trial here, and then send him to the city of Mexico for another. It will go hard with him there."

"Will they hang him?"

"No. We do not hang in Mexico: we shoot. But I think they can prove that Steffan called him names and cheated him; and both were drunk. Probably they will make him serve in the army for ten years."

The winter was nearly over,—if that season may be called winter which coaxes the wild flowers from their hiding-places. The rains had been abundant, revealing delicate treasures of bloom that had slumbered all through the seven dry years preceding. Pink, violet, yellow, cream, pure white, blue, purple and red,—they spread their variegated tapestry over hill and plain. In the cañons the wild peony bloomed, and Rose came in every day laden with wonderful flowers shading from scarlet to chocolate and even black. And then, when the rains had almost ceased, on every side might be seen the California poppy, the flower which Louis thought most beautiful of all.

One day Rose came in with her arms full of poppies.

"Aren't they lovely?" she asked.

"They are," rejoined her brother.

"They are too lovely to pluck. I feel as the person did who wrote these verses about them, which I have just found in a scrap of newspaper. Shall I read them to you?"

"Yes," answered Rose, beginning to arrange the flowers in a large blue basin, which contrasted finely with their golden color.

"Do you know the Spanish name for them, Rose?" inquired Louis.

"No," she replied.

"It is *copa de ora*,—'cup of gold.' Isn't that pretty?"

"Very pretty. What are the verses?"

"Here they are!"—and Louis read:

"What time the upland, all aglow
With every meadow flower we know,
Invites us to the jewelled hoard
Long in its arid bosom stored;

"What time the vine's frail tendrils cling
To the bright mantle of the Spring,
And emerald ferns in cañons deep
Unwrap their dewy folds from sleep.

"'Tis then she comes—the fairest flower
Of all that billowy, fragrant bower,—
Uplifting from the bursting mold
Her dainty cup of fluted gold.

"*Copa de ora?* Let who may
Rifle her gold. I can not,—nay,
She seems to me a sacred thing,—
The perfect child and crown of Spring."

"That is pretty," said Rose when her brother had finished. "But if you gather them, you can have them in the house to look at as well as outside. I don't care very much for poetry, anyhow. I am going to ask the señora to let me put the poppies I have left in her glass preserve dish."

About the first of May the little hoard was pronounced complete, and one day Moreno and Louis went uptown to see about the tickets. The result was quite encouraging: there would be enough and to spare. Then Louis wrote to the Bandinis, telling them that on a certain day Rose and he would be on the train going Eastward,—with a "stop over," if they would be welcome.

On the night before their departure, the people of Ti Juana and the adjacent ranches gave them a party—and a purse. The señora and her husband accompanied them to San Diego, and remained with them till their departure. Since the death of their father, the children had not felt so lonely or sorrowful as when they took leave of the good couple who had been uniformly kind to them from the first moment they had entered their doors.

As they neared Tesora, they began to doubt whether the Bandinis would be on the lookout for them. Rose especially was fearful that their friends had forgotten them, or perhaps cherished some resentment at the manner in which they had left the ranch.

"They must know that we did not go willingly," said Louis. "On that account, and because I want to explain things, I hope they will be there. Besides, I apologized in my letter."

"There they are!" exclaimed Rose at last, as the train came to a stop. "There is Mr. Alfredo and Natalia."

Yes, there they were, with the very horse and light wagon which had borne the children away. Rose almost jumped into Alfredo's outstretched arms; and at the same time Louis found his hand and arm being vigorously pumped up and down by Natalia, who, attired in a light blue skirt, red waist, and purple sunbonnet, was entirely unconscious that she presented a vivid object lesson in color to those of the passengers who had come out to the vestibule.

"Oh, so glad am I to see you again, *chiquita!*" said the Indian woman, kissing Rose as she left Alfredo's arms. "Never, except for the little grandchildren of the señora, have I loved any child so much in three days. And you too, my good boy, though you are too big to kiss," she continued, addressing Louis.

"And we are very glad to be back,"

rejoined the boy. "It is like coming home again; though the people with whom we have been were very good to us, and we did not like to leave them."

"The señora will be pleased," said Natalia to Rose, when they were seated in the wagon. "She put cream-cheese to drip already yesterday, that it might be nice to-day; and some tarts; and there is a fricasseed chicken in Spanish style that I prepared this morning: it has only to be warmed up again. And there are little cakes that will melt in your mouth. But, *chiquita*, tell me what you have been doing."

Thus, with willing information on the part of Rose, and volubly expressed comment on that of Natalia, the time passed until the ranch came in sight.

Nothing could have been more gracious than the señora's welcome. The story of the children's abduction and subsequent adventures had to be repeated for her benefit. Then they sat down to supper, with an appetite, Louis said, that made it appear as though they had been poorly fed in the interval; but he hastened to assure his kind hosts that such was not the case. Afterward they sat on the veranda and discoursed sweet music until bedtime.

Alfredo was of the opinion that the children were wise in returning to their own home, as they had some property there; and he thought also that there would be more probability of finding Florian in that way, if he was to be found at all.

The señora did not agree with her son. She thought the little ones would be as well off, if not better, to remain with her. She would send them to school, and teach them at home to be useful, so that when they were grown up they might be able to support themselves.

Rose would have been willing to stay, but not so Louis. As for Natalia, she thought it nothing less than flying in

the face of Providence to refuse the offer of such a home.

"Not a pin would I give for a brother who never lets his people know where he is!" she said. "What will he do for you if you *should* find him?"

But Louis would not hear a word against Florian; and Natalia, gentle soul that she was, soon ceased to argue the subject.

The night before they left, the señora called the brother and sister to her room and opened a box in which were many jewels—rings, bracelets, necklaces, and pins of various kinds, set in an old-fashioned style, but very beautiful. After they had admired them for some time, she selected a ring and a pin for each of them.

"Louis," she said, "wear this ring always. It will bring you good luck. You see it is a lyre and wreath entwined. You will some day be a great artist. Remember also to be a good man, and say a prayer sometimes for the old woman who gives you these souvenirs. The pin belonged to my poor brother."

Then, turning to Rose, she said:

"Here is a tiny ring, my dear. It was mine when I was a little girl. It will fit you for five years yet; then you can take out the two rubies and the emerald—which are real,—and have them set in another ring. This pin represents a torch; the flame is indicated by the diamond. Whenever you look at it, remember that the torch of religion and of virtue is best to light the path of duty. Never forsake your religion, as so many have done here in California since the Americans came,—and maybe in other parts also, for all I know. It will console you in every sorrow and strengthen you in every trial. So have I found it."

The children listened reverently to her words. They will never forget that evening.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Addresses of Frederic René Coudert" is among the new books announced by Messrs. Putnam's Sons.

—We are very glad to notice that Dr. Barry's valuable paper on "Freemasons in France," contributed to the *National Review*, has been reprinted as a penny pamphlet by the English Catholic Truth Society. It is sure to have many new readers.

—Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne have just published an excellent new edition of the *Epistles and Gospels* for the Sundays and Holydays of Obligation, and other important feasts, arranged and edited by the Very Rev. Richard A. O'Gorman, O. S. A. The text of the Douay version has been literally followed; the verses are numbered, and references to allquotations are given in footnotes. Large type, good paper, clear print, and convenient size are further recommendations.

—"Libertad Religiosa y Libertad de Enseñanza" is a collection of articles by Francisco J. Zavala which first appeared in *El Regional* of Guadalajara, and are now published in pamphlet form. They treat of freedom of religion and of education in Mexico, and expose clearly and learnedly the Catholic position on these important questions. The author is certainly well read on his subject, and gives his authorities in the original Latin, English, French, Italian, and German.

—In reprinting from the *Examiner*, of Bombay, Father Ernest R. Hull's papers on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland has given evidence of discriminating judgment. This twopenny pamphlet, of 48 pages, contains the most thoroughly satisfactory explanation of the devotion itself, and of the "Promises" in connection therewith, that we have ever seen compressed into so small a bulk; and, indeed, as an adequate treatment of the whole subject, it is superior to more than one goodly-sized volume. We cordially recommend this booklet.

—The late Eugène Veuillot, for many years editor of the *Univers*, besides being one of the best known and most able of French journalists, was an indefatigable champion of Catholic rights through all the vicissitudes of the past two decades. He shared the talents of his famous brother Louis, and was a kindred spirit. When still a young man he published a "*Histoire des Guerres de la Vendée et de la Bretagne, 1790-1832*," which still ranks among standard historical works. M. Veuillot was engaged at the time of his death on the fourth volume of his brother's biography, the third volume of which appeared some nine or ten months ago. His

services in the cause of religion won for him the admiration of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and incidentally a Papal decoration. Despite his laborious life, he had attained the venerable age of eighty-seven. He is succeeded as editor-in-chief of the *Univers* by his son, M. Pierre Veuillot. May he rest in peace!

—The Society of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Massachusetts, has published a "Month of the Holy Rosary," made up of meditations for the days of October, when Mary is especially honored as Queen of the Holy Rosary. The short introduction to the meditations is historical and devotional in nature, and should be an incentive to frequent and fervent recitation of the chaplet.

—Catholic readers will find many things that edify and many more that instruct unto justice in the "Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella, Redemptorist Lay-Brother," by the Very Rev. J. Magnier, C. SS. R., just published by B. Herder. The new saint is pre-eminently the patron of a good confession. He had the special gift of reading consciences burdened with sacrilegious sins. There is nothing in the "Fioretti" of St. Francis better illustrative of the simplicity required for entrance into the kingdom of heaven than some of the incidents related in this volume.

—We are pleased with Mr. Thomas Bonaventure Lawler's "Primary History of the United States." He confines himself to the exposition of the leading facts of our history. His style is smooth and clear; his language, simple and adapted to the needs of children in the sixth and seventh grades. At the end of every chapter there is a brief but clear summary in declarative form of the foregoing events, followed by a thoroughly commendable *résumé* of the principal "dates to be remembered." The work is supplied with good maps and graphic illustrations, a summary of the entire book in question form, and an adequate index. Published by Ginn & Co.

—It is interesting sometimes to compare the notices of new books appearing in American and English journals. "Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse," by W. C. Wilkinson, has been "praised to the skies" in this country; but the London *Athenæum* is not at all pleased with the performance. It quotes a passage eulogizing the late Dr. Hall, and comments as follows:

We suppose there are people who like this sort of thing, and even regard it as good writing, or else it would not be possible for a periodical to pay a man to write it. But we must confess that the tendency to produce it augurs ill in a would-be critic of style. It is not, we think, wonderful that the writer of the paragraph above quoted should find John Henry Newman's manner a little lacking in "felicity"—his

most eminent characteristic. It is a well known fact that that master of English wrote a Latin sentence every day as an exercise. We suppose that is why Prof. Wilkinson tells us that Newman could in his opinion have written Greek better if he had written Latin more. The prospect of a Newman purged of his Græcisms by Prof. Wilkinson is, indeed, alluring. Doubtless the author of the John Hall symphony would correct that "tendency to formlessness in style" which he discerns in the writer of "The Idea of a University." We have given a sufficient specimen of Mr. Wilkinson's quality to enable the reader to judge for himself whether he wishes to read the book. Those who regard the criticism of Newman as discriminating, or who derive satisfaction from the paragraph at the head of this notice, will win, we dare say, abundant pleasure from this volume. The writer shows considerable acuteness in summing up the qualities of a preacher, and the estimates alike of Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher are really illuminating. But he writes with the exaggerated impressionism of modern journalism; his egotism is everywhere apparent, and his fondness for chopping up sentences to criticise them word by word is not reassuring as to his possession of any criteria of good judgment. But the book will be useful, for it affords evidence of what a certain kind of "religious" journalism tends to foster. It is fairly characteristic of the world of which it is the symbol: it will do little harm to those who like it, and none to those who do not, and will serve as a landmark to many of the distance that divides us from the Middle Ages. Only the Reformation, which was started by a journalist of genius, could have made a book like this possible. The author evidently enjoyed writing it. But, personally, we prefer the "formless infelicity" of Newman.

Careful readers of the *Athenæum* are sure to be rewarded for their attentiveness. The foregoing paragraph is a fair specimen of that journal's satire, often sly and always clever.

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 Epistles and Gospels." Very Rev. Richard O'Gorman, O. S. A. 50 cts., net.

"Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella." Very Rev. J. Magnier, C. SS. R. 15 cts.

"Infallibility." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. 36 cts., net.

"The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts., net.

"George Eastmount: Wanderer." John Law. \$1.10, net.

"The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories." \$1.25.

"The Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa." Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S. \$3.50, net.

"Rex Meus." \$1.25.

"The Angel of Syon." Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. \$1.10, net.

"The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Illustrations by Paul Woodruffe. \$1.60, net.

"That Scamp, or the Days of Decatur in Tripoli." John J. O'Shea. 60 cts.

"Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.

"Grammar of Plain-Song." Benedictines of Stanbrook. 75 cts., net.

"Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.

"The Yoke of Christ." Rev. Robert Eaton. \$1, net.

"Some Little London Children." Mother M. Salome. 75 cts., net.

"Ireland's Story." Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. \$1.55.

"The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." Canon Fleming. 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. James Keating, of the diocese of Cheyenne; and Rev. James FitzSimon, diocese of Providence.

Mother M. Bernard, and Mother M. Joseph, of the Order of St. Ursula; Madame Gignoux, Ladies of the Sacred Heart; and Sister M. Edith, Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mr. George Rettinger, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. E. J. Bristol, Mrs. G. Walsh, and Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Edward Karl, New York; Miss Mary Welder, Victoria, Texas; Mr. James Heffernan, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Jacob Burkhart, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. J. H. Tomany, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Catherine Graham, Carbondale, Pa.; Major James May, Shamokin, Pa.; Mr. Joseph McCarney, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Maria Aiken, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Teresa Cotnoir and Mrs. J. O'Neil, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Driscoll, Reading, Pa.; Mr. John Marlow, Brighton, Mass.; Mr. F. Schadowski, Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. Edward Galligan, Taunton, Mass.; Mrs. B. F. McCaffrey, New Castle, Pa.; Mr. Simon Long, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. James Lord, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Mary McKeever and Miss Margaret McDermott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Richard Wickham, Meriden, Conn.; and Mr. Erwin Steinback, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

NO. 17.

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

Hymn to Saint Margaret.

(Patroness of Scotland.)

HATH thy warm heart grown cold in the palace
above,

Hath thy kind ear grown dull to the pleadings of love,
That thy fair Scottish land lies enveloped in night,
And thy children still weep for the blest morning
light?

The cries of thy people are rising to thee:
Awaken the heavens our country to free!

Can thine eyes bear to see thine own offspring in
chains?

Can thy soul bear to witness our sorrows and pains?
O Margaret, queen, be not deaf to our plaint,
But haste to our aid, our own loved Scottish Saint,—

The cries of thy people are rising to thee:
Awaken the heavens our country to free!

Arise in thy strength, as did Judith of old,
And slay the fierce wolf* that hath ravaged the fold.
Long, long have we groaned in our bondage of woe;
We look to our Saint royal pity to show,—

The cries of thy children are rising to thee:
Awaken the heavens our country to free!

Tell Jesus, our Saviour, how faithful and true
Were the hearts that ne'er faltered from Him or
from you;

And plead, for *their* sake, that the rest may be spared,
Whom falsehood and error from Truth have en-
snared,—

The cries of thy people are rising to thee:
Awaken the heavens our country to free!

O kneel at the feet of the Empress of Heaven,
That Queen to whom power o'er the demon was
given!

Her hosts she will lend to the Saint whom we owned
As our queen upon earth, over Scotland enthroned,—

The cries of thy people are rising to thee:
Awaken the heavens our country to free!

The Archangel* will lead with his great battle-cry,
Mi-ca-el?† Mi-ca-el? and hell's legions will fly.
Down, down to the depths will the rebels be hurled,
When the Prince of the Lord comes with banner
unfurled,—

The cries of thy people are rising to thee:
Awaken the heavens our country to free!

Canst thou list to the voice of the blood that was
shed?

Canst thou hearken to infants e'er wailing for bread,‡
And *not* wake the heavens thy people to free?

Our souls, dearest Saint, are still straining to thee,—
O arise by God's might, as did Judith of old,
And destroy the fierce wolf that hath scattered
the fold!

An Irish "Pattern."

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.



PFF the beaten track in Ireland,
one alights here and there on
ruins whose story, as preserved
by tradition, or the records of Irish
ecclesiastical history, is eloquent of the
heroic virtues of the ancient Catholic
race. As in the case of Ardmore, a
beautiful, Old-World village on the
West Waterford coast, the foundation
of not a few of these groups of vener-
able ruins dates even from the dawn
of Christianity in the land; for the
recluses' huts or the hermits' grottoes
formed the nucleus of what became, in
an astonishingly short time, sanctuaries
of religion and learning.

With the light of Christianity, the
fame of these consecrated spots, and the

* Heresy.

* St. Michael. † Who is like to God? ‡ Spiritual food.

sanctity of their founders, penetrated far and wide. The tide of peaceful conquest grew with ever-increasing strength. The Druid forsook the rites of the sacrificial altar, the prince the barbaric splendors of the court, the warrior the rude revels of the camp; while the bard no longer attuned his voice and harp to the strains of pagan minstrelsy, and no more was the guileless peasant brutalized by the practices of a heathen worship.

Nor, be it said, were these the scenes and achievements of a mere transitory splendor and fame,—the glamor of a comparatively brief period of religious and intellectual upheaval. From out these nurseries of piety and learning there went forth, uninterruptedly through all the centuries, saints and scholars as missionaries to the countries of the Continent, to instruct, convert, Christianize. Not till the invader came to dismantle and overthrow, did any of these things change.

Yet, though the lust of conquest and the greed of gain by the alien power robbed the monasteries and churches of their wonted splendor, though the vandal pick and ram consummated the fell work of destruction and spoliation, the ancient glories of the hallowed places are not forgotten: the fame of their sainted founders is still remembered. Just as in the soul of the nation the spirit of faith and learning is deep-centred, so also is the memory of its heroes, priests, and patriots. And the hallowed memory of those chosen numbers of holy men and women, saints and martyrs, whose festivals are celebrated each recurring year amid the most antique and picturesque surroundings, endures in the hearts and minds of an essentially Catholic people at the present day with as perennial a freshness, it may be, as when long ages ago those Heaven-inspired souls walked and labored in the flesh.

Like their ancestors from time imme-

morial, the people throng on the festival day to the scene of their patron's life and labors. From near and far they come; for, though every parish has its own particular patron saint, there are only comparatively few whose patrons' festivals are commemorated by the annual celebration of a "pattern." By steamboat, sail and rail; by car, a-horse, a-foot, by highway and across country, they throng to pray at the shrines and grottoes of the saints whom they petition for spiritual and corporal benefits. All sorts and conditions of the community hie them there: civic and agrarian, nomad mendicants, venders of religious emblems and souvenirs, sellers of fruits and sweets, and traffickers in other light confectations. All are dressed in their best and brightest, and are as gay and happy in holiday spirits as the occasion invites.

It is a decidedly interesting assemblage which comprises a Munster "pattern," entirely representative and typical as it is of the warm temperament and character of the South. Broadly speaking, there is a languorous softness in the eye, a geniality in the countenance, a mellowness in the voice, that is demonstrative of a poetic and imaginative people. Preponderatingly Catholic, they are conspicuously tolerant of all creeds and opinions; while their friendship has in it the virtue of steadfast loyalty, and their hospitality that of genuine sincerity.

Immediately on arriving, the pilgrims make the rounds of the ruins, experiencing an undiminished attraction and veneration for those mute but eloquent relics, reminiscent of a thrilling, storied past, and of the marvellous life-work and personality of the saint whose feast they celebrate.

Reverently they pause at the oratory. Like all other ancient churches of Ireland, this is of small dimensions. But it is not, of course, the size of the

building that appeals to the imagination so much as the associations inseparably connected with it. It was their patron saint who built it; within its consecrated walls he prayed, kept his midnight vigils, said his daily orisons, and was finally laid to rest. There it lies, a wreck,—a poor, mean thing; but what a potent reminder, what a golden link with a glorious past!

And the cathedral! What thoughts do not its hoary, time-honored ruins inspire, its wreathed memories conjure up! Here in the sanctuary was daily offered the Holy Sacrifice, while the oaken roof resounded to the chant of the assembled surpliced choristers, and the nave and chancel were thronged with worshipers; until, after long centuries of unexampled loyalty to faith, the country was delivered up to the evil genius of foreign domination. Here, within the precincts of those hallowed walls, in the golden age of piety and learning within Erin's shores, the pageantry of courtly state and the lowliness of peasant custom mingled in humble submission and adoration of the Divine Mysteries. Then lord and vassal, prince and peasant, bent the knee and bowed the head in reverent worship, and listened with hearkening ear and rapt devotion to the counsel taught with persuasive and eloquent tongue in the pure, luxurious, mellow sweetness of the vernacular.

Then there is the well,—the sainted founder's holy font, whose waters repose in its hollow bed to-day as pure and limpid as when the Heaven-ordained recluse partook of its inexhaustible store long centuries ago. The well is the centre of devotion on the festival. Here the pilgrims kneel, the many petitioning their patron to obtain for them spiritual graces; others asking a lesser favor—the cure of their physical infirmities or ailments. Each one drinks of the sparkling waters, distributed by certain old women, who

hand the refreshing draught around in earthenware goblets at a trifling charge, more or less optional. Scores of shreds of linen cloths hang festooned on the bushes encircling the place. These little tokens of a simple, earnest faith are meant to attest the relief or cure effected in each individual case by the application of the waters.

As with the holy well, so is it with all else which the savor and halo of a miraculous attribute surround; as in the case of Ardmore again, and the Stone of its venerable founder. Tradition has it that when St. Declan, who was of princely lineage, and a contemporary of St. Patrick himself in the episcopate of Ardmore, needed a bell for one of his churches, and lacked the necessary means to cast or procure it, one was miraculously borne in upon this Stone from over the waves, and deposited on the beach. To testify to the truth or accuracy of the legend, the natives will point with the utmost confidence to the circular ring which the lip of the bell impressed upon the Stone, as, propelled and guided by an invisible power, it floated over the waters to the saint. Moreover, as it will be further explained by the simple-minded fisher-folk of the neighborhood, it is utterly futile for one to hope to obtain any benefits, either spiritual or temporal, through the agency of the Stone, if anything illicitly acquired be on the person of the suppliant.

Thus exercised, the pilgrims perform the religious function of the occasion, and then disport themselves in less spiritual environments in characteristic fashion. A spice of Carnival, so to speak, identifies itself with the lighter amusements of an Irish "pattern." Not that an Irish "pattern," any more than an Irish wake or an Irish wedding, is what it is generally represented to be. The writer has scores of times seen—

The wedding and the wake,
The pattern and the fair;

but never the "broken heads" and the "roystering" that are supposed to be met with there. It is possible, of course, that an untoward incident may on occasion happen; but at best it will be found to be nothing more than an isolated occurrence, and to be forgotten almost as soon as it is over.

So our friends of the "pattern"—the sprightly bouchals and the winsome colleens—foot it lightly on the neighboring village green, with smiling approval from their gray-haired elders, and to the general enjoyment of the entire course. Vigorous and virile amusement, and laughing faces, united to genial chat, abound. It is "Pattern Day," and no cloud must obscure the horizon of their happiness. It is the annual reunion where kinsfolk and friends are sure to meet after, perhaps, a long twelvemonth of unavoidable separation, or at briefer occasional intervals since last "Pattern Day," as the case may be.

In any event, this is the high festival, where ancient friendships are reunited and perpetuated; where the promises by crony acquaintances of a "good, long gossip" are fulfilled; and where, by the more youthful of the crowd, the restraint and monotony of workaday existence are relaxed. Habitually looked forward to with keenest anticipations of genuine delight, the festival is a red-letter day; and as such is considered and enjoyed to the full by an instinctively pleasure-loving, genial-natured, free-and-easy-going people.

Pausing amid such scenes, one can not fail to be impressed with the delightful air of seeming irresponsibility and spirit of *camaraderie* manifested on all sides. Having as basis a pronounced religious element, the charm of pastoral simplicity, united to a genial, jovial, happy good-fellowship, makes up an Irish "pattern."

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,

Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all the green.

Goldsmith must have known his country well, its people's traits and customs. Indeed, if he had not, it might well be said, literature would have been the poorer for the loss of his sweet poesy. Had not the kindly bard actively participated in the sports and pastimes, and been intimately acquainted with the homely tastes, manners, and customs of his countrymen, it is morally certain "Sweet Auburn," perennial and immortal, would never have been given to the world. If the poet had not himself indulged in, or been witness of, the lighter side of a "pattern," he could scarcely have sung:

How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circl'd in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round!

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down.

These and various other similar charms are what constitute and render an Irish "pattern" one of the most delightful of reunions. And the virile, vigorous wholesomeness of it all! Here the Celtic nature, uncorrupted by exterior influences, exhibits itself in its truest form, in all its native charm. There is nothing mean or paltry or vicious in the sports and pastimes of the race, nor effete in the religious observances, as practised and carried out amid native surroundings; rather does a robust strength characterize them all. And a "pattern" being pre-eminently a national festival in which the religious element largely enters, these native traits conspicuously manifest themselves thereat.

Mrs. Martin's Mistake.

BY MARY CROSS.

MRS. MARTIN withdrew her attention from the constructing of a gorgeous lamp shade, to say, with the air of one who challenges adverse criticism:

"I think I will call on the Garnetts." And, as the expected happened—Alice's stare of astonished disapproval,—she added an explanatory note: "They might give me something for the bazaar, you know."

"If you do call, mamma, make it perfectly clear that you do so only on business," commanded Alice. "For mercy's sake don't begin any sort of social intercourse with them!"

"Why not, good cousin?" asked Frank, who at mention of the name Garnett had ceased to read the newspaper and begun to be interested.

"Nobody calls on them; they know nobody; nobody knows anything about them, except that they appear to belong to the have-seen-better-days class, and have probably come to a strange place to live cheaply."

"All excellent reasons why Aunt Martha should show them some little kindness," he opined.

"Oh, if the girl wasn't pretty, you wouldn't care two pins one way or the other!"

"What a monstrous accusation! But what is the connection between my caring or not caring and Aunt's intended call?"

"You can be very dense when you like," said Alice, tartly; "but if Mr. Garnett turns out to be a ticket-of-leave man, don't blame me."

"Certainly not. It would be most unreasonable to blame you for the past misdeeds of a man you never knew," said Frank; at which Alice tossed her head, finding no other retort ready.

Mrs. Martin was a manufacturer's wealthy widow, who liked to lead "her set," not only in dress and entertainments but in philanthropy, and she was generally to be found at the head of any social or charitable movements in Moffat. At present her energies were absorbed in the promotion of a bazaar; and she was so anxious to secure the triumph of her own stall thereat that she was disposed to extend patronage even to "the strangers in our midst," the Garnetts, who, without credentials or introduction, had ventured to take up their abode in a select part of the place.

Who they were, what they were—that fragile-looking gentleman and his blue-eyed daughter—the most inquisitive of gossips had failed to ascertain. The simplicity of their mode of life and adjuncts did not commend itself to the "stylish"; nevertheless, all was fish that came to the bazaar net, and Mrs. Martin determined to try to obtain at least "a sprat" from Mr. Garnett for the good of the cause. So she stepped from her pedestal of severe exclusiveness, and deigned a visit to the outsiders.

They seemed on the whole fairly well-bred persons, she confided to Alice afterward; the girl was shy and quiet, but the man was rather agreeable. The liberality of his donation had surprised as well as favorably impressed the good lady.

"I should have conscientious objections about using the money," said Alice, severely. "For anything we know, it may have been dishonestly acquired."

"Let us hang out a sign, 'Mangling done here,'" Frank suggested. "Everyone will understand that we apply the process to character, not clothing."

"You are always excessively touchy about those Garnetts," said his aunt. "What do you know about them?"

"Nothing," he replied, after a pause. What, indeed, did he know, except that the girl's eyes were deep and blue,

that her smile was "all that's best of sweet and bright," that her personality haunted him, waking or sleeping, though he had never exchanged a word with her?

Some weeks later, an acquaintance of Mrs. Martin's found it her duty as a Christian to inform the lady that her nephew was getting entangled with that Miss Garnett; he had been seen walking with her, he had been observed going to or from her father's house,—a piece of news which set Mrs. Martin quivering with indignation. That that girl—a nobody, a nonentity of doubtful antecedents,—should seek to entrap Frank was not to be tolerated for an instant. To remonstrate with him might do more harm than good. From the first he had been disposed to take Miss Garnett's part; and if told that he must not associate with her, or run the risk of an entanglement, he might, with masculine perversity, regard her as all the more desirable because of that very prohibition.

So Mrs. Martin resolved upon the somewhat extreme step of remonstrating with the girl herself. Probably when she knew that Frank was, to all intents and purposes, dependent upon his aunt, from whom he should not receive a shilling unless he married as she desired and approved, Miss Garnett would retire from the campaign, and spread her snares elsewhere. Thus Mrs. Martin reasoned.

On the day of her second visit to the Garnetts, Mr. Garnett was confined to his room with a cold. The sweetness and kindness of Miss Garnett's reception of her made the worldly-minded matron a trifle ashamed of her errand, and she went about it more delicately and less bluntly than she had intended.

"Perhaps, my dear," she said, "you will permit me to give you a word of warning. You are a young girl, and my nephew is a very handsome and attractive young man. But he is not in

a position to marry. For your own sake, you must not encourage him to come here."

Aideen rose, a trifle pale.

"Your nephew has not asked me to marry him," she said quietly. "As we are leaving Moffat almost immediately, I will take this opportunity of wishing you good-bye."

"W-won't you be here for the b-bazaar?" the elder lady stammered.

She had much difficulty in getting off the scene with grace, feeling that she had received a rebuke, all the more effective because administered without heat or temper, or anything but gentle dignity on Miss Garnett's part.

On her homeward way, however, she decided that it had been less of a rebuke than an evasion. The girl had not promised to discourage Frank, nor, indeed, had she committed herself to any definite statement at all beyond that she was leaving Moffat. If that were true, Frank was still accessible by means of the post-office. Mrs. Martin decided that, after all, there was nothing for it but to speak to Frank himself; and as soon as might be she opened fire on the unsuspecting man.

"Why didn't you tell me you visited those Garnetts?" she asked; and he pleaded guilty with:

"Well, you don't like them, and Alice would 'rather hear a dry wheel grate on the axle' than their name; so, in the interests of domestic peace, I said nothing."

"But how did you come to know them at all?"

"I met Mr. Garnett on the hill one morning. Walking toward home with him, he turned faint, and I escorted him to his own door, and—"

"Yes, yes! And you were invited in; and next day, as in courtesy bound, you called to inquire about him, and he wasn't able to appear, but his daughter received you. O my dear boy, I know how such people manoeuvre! You are

getting yourself talked about, allow me to tell you."

"I am a comfort to the local gossips, no doubt. They might easily have a more unpleasant and unsightly subject of discussion, mightn't they?"

"Be serious, Frank. You can't marry that girl."

"Can't I? Why not?" he asked calmly.

"Because I will not allow you,—that is, if you marry without my consent, you shan't have a penny of my money."

"So much the better for Alice," he said good-humoredly; "and maybe so much the better for me. A man may do a worse thing than work to win a wife. Come, Aunt Martha! If you only knew Aileen Garnett, you would like her, and wish me good luck in my wooing. For certainly I'll win her if I can."

"I hope you will make your position perfectly clear to her, then," answered Aunt Martha, angrily. "Think the matter over well before you commit yourself. When you have done so, I think you will abandon the idea of marrying a penniless nobody rather than give up your home, your expectations, and the affection of your relatives. You know very well on which side your bread is buttered."

She would have felt less secure in her belief had she been able to see him only a few mornings later in the little garden where Aileen Garnett was gathering roses.

Aileen colored when the young man approached, partly because of an embarrassing recollection of his aunt's mission to her, partly because—well, she could not have explained her tendency to blush whenever Frank was near her.

"Father will be glad to see you," she said. "He is in the sitting-room, reading."

"I don't want to see him just yet: I want to see you, if you will spare

me a few moments," the young man replied. "Have you time, patience, interest sufficient to listen to a statement of my position and affairs? All I have in the way of money is a hundred a year that my father left me. I have been brought up to regard myself as coheir with my cousin Alice to my Uncle Herbert's money; but his widow has absolute control over it, and can leave it to whom she pleases. She will not allow me any of it if I oppose her wishes. Some time ago I saw that our wills would come into collision, and that within myself deliverance lay. With a view to gaining my independence, I applied for the post of secretary to our M. P., Sir Arthur Allison. I have not yet received a reply; influence is wanted to secure a post like that, and for lack of it I may be rejected. But there are other openings, and I shall get in somewhere."

"We know Sir Arthur," she said reflectively; but Frank went on:

"I am trying to show you that I have nothing in the world to offer you but my love. If you will give me a word of hope, I'll work for you with all my strength and energy, and make a home for you. For indeed, Aileen, I love you dearly."

A smile, tender almost to tears, trembled on her lips.

"I shall never leave my father," she said. "He is ailing and delicate, and needs me."

"What then? I can make a home for both of you. I can help you to take care of him. It will be a great happiness to try; what it will be to succeed I haven't words to express."

"You are very courageous," she said, still smiling.

"Courageous, with you to win! Aileen darling, will you wait for me?"

"I will," she whispered; and Frank felt that the gates of Eden had opened.

"When may I see Mr. Garnett?" he asked at length.

"Write to him. We are going away to-morrow, and there is not much time for an interview. But don't write until I give you permission. Let me tell him in my own way and my own time."

"I fear he won't think me good enough, Aideen."

"He has other views for me," she admitted candidly. "But he likes you; and when it comes to a question of my happiness, you can easily guess what he will do. And now I want you to promise me something, and it is that I shall always be to you just Aideen Garnett, the girl you love; that you will not let anything come between us."

"Why, my dear one, it is as easy as breathing to promise that!" he exclaimed; and they parted betrothed lovers.

"The danger is over, mamma: the Garnetts have gone," Alice announced a few days later. "I passed the house yesterday, and it was closed. Frank seems to have been left behind in more senses than one."

"I was sure the girl would have nothing to say to him when she knew his position was not what it seemed. We must not be too hard on the poor boy. He is no match for a pair of adventurers. All's well that ends well, and we can now give our whole attention to the bazaar."

Sir Arthur Allison had consented to open the bazaar on the first day, and in due course arrived to fulfil his duty; delivering himself of his speech with one leg twisting round the other, after his uneasy habit. Surviving the effort, he set forth on a tour of purchase, and was speedily captured by Mrs. Martin, who presented her daughter and her nephew to him. He buttonholed the latter, as if struck by a sudden happy thought, and dropped his voice to the key confidential.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry, don't you know, for having neglected to answer your letter!" he murmured. "Do you

mind if I go into the matter here for a minute? Thanks! I should say that—aw—I wasn't quite sure of your efficiency, don't you know, and so delayed replying to your application. But Lord Carlavrock assured me that you were just the man I wanted. He's an old friend, and I am delighted to take you on his recommendation."

"I am afraid there is a mistake," said Frank, blankly. "I haven't the pleasure of knowing his lordship."

"Oh, I think you have, don't you know! He seemed, at any rate, to think you had been kind to him during his stay here. Perhaps Lady Aideen is at the bottom of it; for she is always doing something for somebody in her quiet way. Of course he was here incognito. His health had broken down, and the doctors ordered him absolute quiet and seclusion. There are snobs everywhere, even in Moffat; and probably he would have been pestered with attentions if he had been known as the Earl of Carlavrock, so he used his family name. Possibly you remember him as Mr. Garnett."

"Yes, I remember," answered Frank, rather faintly.

It was a little while before he recovered sufficiently to remember his promise to Aideen, and understood why she had asked it: no difference of rank or position was to come between.

That the girl they had slighted and deemed unworthy their notice was the only child of a wealthy nobleman was truly a bitter pill for Mrs. Martin and Alice. At a later date they were able to "take the taste away" by allusions to "Lady Aideen, my niece," "Lady Aideen, my cousin," because, to the surprise of the fashionable world, her ladyship married the private secretary of an M. P., with her father's full approval.

ONE must live one's own life, not that of another.—*H. Lucas.*

A Hundred Years Ago.

A GLANCE AT THE FORMER POSITION OF ENGLISH
AND IRISH CATHOLICS.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B., D.D.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE first advertisement of anything like a Catholic school appears in the "Laity's Catholic Directory for 1789." It runs as follows: "At Bridzor, near Wardour Castle, Wilts.—Mr. Jones, writing master and accomptant, begs leave to inform parents and guardians of children that he has taken a genteel and commodious house for the reception of boarders, whom he instructs in reading, writing and accompts, at the cost yearly of eleven guineas, payable quarterly in advance. Mrs. Jones looks after the comforts of the pupils, and undertakes to instruct a limited number of girls in the mysteries of house-keeping." The following year, besides Mr. Jones' notice we have this one: "Mr. Besley has removed his useful academy for young gentlemen from Chelsea to the spacious and well-situated mansion, Shrewsbury House, Isleworth, Middlesex, about eight miles from London." From this time the list of advertisements for schools constantly grows larger and more detailed, until it is augmented into almost its present proportions by the advent of the colleges from abroad driven over to their native land by the great Revolution.

Such, briefly, was the position of Catholics after the Gordon riots. The bolder spirits amongst them were not daunted by the outburst of fanaticism which the small instalment of relief had called forth from the latent Protestantism of the land. They continued their agitation, and in February, 1788, a committee of English Catholics directly appealed to Pitt to help them. Pitt replied by asking them to collect

evidence of the opinions of the Catholic clergy and of recognized Catholic universities in regard to the Pope's deposing power. This they did, and obtained from the Sorbonne, Douai, Louvain, Salamanca and elsewhere declarations against the teaching of that opinion. Acting upon this, the great body of Catholics, including the Vicars Apostolic and almost all the clergy, signed the protestation.

This led in 1791 to a further measure of relief's being proposed to Parliament. By this bill, the legal profession, from barrister downward, was thrown open to Catholics. Catholic chapels and Catholic schools were tolerated and legalized. Catholics were freed from the irksome, expensive and inquisitorial process of enrolling the deeds of their estates in the Court of Chancery. Catholics could no longer be summoned at will by magistrates to take the oath of supremacy or make the declaration against Transubstantiation, and they could not be forcibly removed from London and Westminster. This was something; but, after all, it was only another instalment of bare justice; for Catholic churches and schools were still to be registered, as well as all Catholic priests and teachers. No Catholic assembly could be held with closed doors; no Catholic chapel could have a steeple or a bell; no Catholic school could be endowed, and no monastic Order could be established in England.

When the bill of 1791 passed into law, the Vicars Apostolic caused to be read in all Catholic chapels charges in which they state that, on their petition, the oath required had been changed by Parliament to what had already been taken by Irish Catholics in 1774. This being so, the Vicars Apostolic declare that all may take it with a safe conscience. The pastorals or charges are set forth at length in the Catholic Directory of 1792; and the form of oath given explicitly rejects

the deposing power, and the supposed teaching that no faith is to be kept with heretics.

The further progress of Emancipation was now only a question of time. At work on the minds of English statesmen were many influences, which assisted the efforts of the band of English Catholics who were determined to carry the full measure of justice in spite of every obstacle put in their way. The French Revolution came as an object lesson to English statesmen, and made them realize that the Catholic Church in reality made for law and order, and that it was opposed to the spirit of revolution which seemed to have gained so serious a foothold in Europe generally. During the pontificates of Benedict XIV. and his three immediate successors the influence of the Catholic priesthood had been uniformly employed to support authority; whilst, as Mr. Locky points out, nearly all the political insurrections had been among those professing Protestant principles. Edmund Burke used the power of his eloquence in favor of the Catholic cause, and, pointing to the attitude of the French revolutionary party toward the Church, said: "If the Catholic religion is destroyed by the infidels, it is a most contemptible and absurd idea that this or any other Protestant church can survive the event."

The hospitality extended by England to the French exiles, and in particular to the Catholic priests who were driven out of their country by the Revolution, did much to familiarize the people generally with Catholics and the Catholic clergy, and to teach them that many of the stories they had been taught, either through prejudice or ignorance, to believe about us and our religion, were obviously untrue in fact. In September and October, 1792, more than 6000 French bishops and priests had been received in England; and the number was shortly after increased to over

8000. Collections for their assistance and support were made in almost every parish church in Protestant England, and at one time some 660 were lodged in the old Royal Palace at Winchester. Then came the pressure put upon Pitt by his Irish supporters, which led to his proposal in 1801 of a full measure of Catholic Emancipation. This failed for a time, through the King's refusal to countenance such a proposal; and led, as I have said, to Pitt's resignation of office just a hundred years ago.

It is not my purpose, of course, to continue the story of the struggle for liberty beyond the beginning of the nineteenth century. The history of the controversy that was waged in the first quarter of that century, which ended in the Emancipation Act of 1829, is sufficiently well known to all.

What the Church in England has become during the hundred years which have elapsed since the fall of Pitt, we can judge for ourselves. The troubles and struggles, the misunderstandings and harsh words of those who, like Joseph Berington and Charles Butler and Bishop Milner, were fighting in different ways for the same cause, seem far enough away from us now, but were stern realities when the century began. When we recall the state to which the long years of existence under the penal laws had reduced the Catholic body in England at the dawn of the nineteenth century, which I have tried briefly to recall to your minds, we may well wonder at what has been accomplished. Who shall say how it has all come about? Where out of our poverty has come, for instance, the sum of money which has sufficed for all the innumerable needs which had to be met, and which has enabled us to take up the position in the country in which we find ourselves to-day? Churches and colleges and schools, monastic houses and convents, have had to be built, and the support of all these has

had to be secured. How, the Providence of God can alone explain. There have been many mistakes and many losses, inevitable during such a century of reconstruction as we have passed through. It is not for us to say whether we have gained on the whole or whether we have lost on the whole, provided that we as Catholics have done and are doing our duty to God and His Church. Work is the only test; and, looking back, there is sufficient evidence of this in England to make us thankful to God for His mercies.

At the beginning, no doubt, the stress and struggle were great, and Catholics found that legal emancipation did not necessarily mean social equality. The first was in the power of the law to give, the second had to be won in process of time. Has it been yet fully conceded by our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen? I fancy many would say that it never has been, and that some of our fellow-countrymen still regard Catholics as a caste,—a caste to be avoided. Still, by the full measure of Emancipation, Catholics ceased to be a party in the State apart. At the first annual meeting of the Catholic Institute held on June 6, 1839, ten years after the Emancipation Bill had passed into law, Mr. Charles Weld declared "that it was the passing of that very bill that rendered this Institute necessary. Up to that time the Catholics of Great Britain were bound together by the hard chain of common sufferings, and still more effectually by their absolute moral separation from the rest of their countrymen. Emancipation came. We were no longer a party, nor the subject of a party: we became part of the people. The bonds which had kept us together were those of misfortune; and when the external pressure was removed, each went his way into his own proper rank of society, to share in those pursuits of mercantile, professional and political interest which were

now for the first time opened to him. Our late friends departed from us.... We were each left to our own resources.... It was here that the horrible effects of the penal laws showed themselves. During the paroxysms of suffering we had not seemed so weak as in the languor that followed them."

The process of building up has been necessarily slow and painful, and very gradually indeed have English Catholics come out into the light of day from the hiding-places into which persecution had driven them. Many of us can remember even in our own days indications of the traditional horror Catholics had of publicity. It was not till about 1825 that our priests began to wear cassocks even indoors, and many a religious still living has had to take his vows to God in churches with closed doors.

Though a list of chapels in and round London, about eighteen in all, appears in the "Laity's Directory" for 1793—that is after the Relief Bill of 1791,—no list of priests' names was printed till 1806. Even in 1793 a warning is issued in the same "Directory" that Catholics may find themselves in serious difficulties with the Custom House officers if they attempt to bring into England such things as Agnus Deis, crosses, primers or missals. The first advertisement for money to help to build any church or chapel was, so far as I know, that which appeared in 1791 on behalf of the chapel of St. George's Fields, London. In 1807 a notice "to the nobility, gentry," etc., states that "the Catholics of the city of Coventry beg to say that by the death of the late Mrs. Latham, in whose house their chapel has hitherto been, they are now altogether deprived of a place of worship." They consequently appeal for funds to build some kind of a place for themselves. The following year the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district, Dr. Milner,

appointed a second priest to minister in the populous city of Birmingham; and a room was taken at No. 14 Bath Street by Edward Peach (the priest named), who advertised for subscriptions.

The first poor school of which I find a trace is that of St. Patrick's Soho, London, for which help was asked in 1803. A few years later the Abbé Carron appeals for a similar school attached to the new chapel at Clarendon Square. In the district there were at the time, he says, between 120 and 130 poor children in need of instruction. At the same chapel in Somers Town, which was begun, apparently, in 1806, we have Benediction for the first time advertised as a regular service. The list of music printed by the Catholic publisher, Coghlan, of Duke Street, seems to suggest that this service was previously not unknown; but in 1807 the Abbé Carron informs the readers of the "Laity's Directory" that there "will be Vespers every Sunday at four o'clock, followed by Benediction; and Benediction every Wednesday at half-past four."

These are the first signs of the dawn of brighter and happier times for the old religion. Slight indeed were the signs at first—slight, but significant and precious memories to us now—of the working of the Spirit, of the rising of the sap in the old trunk, and of the bursting of bud and bloom with the life which during the long winter of persecution had lain dormant. *Succisa virescit*. Cut down almost to the very ground, the tree planted by Augustine quickly manifested the divine life within it, and put forth fresh leaves and branches.

It is impossible to examine the Catholic literature of the Thirties and Forties without finding everywhere evidence, in the Catholic body, of a genuine enthusiasm, which enabled them to do so much. We see it at every turn. Clergy and laity were determined to

strive their utmost to show themselves worthy of the new hope and the new life Providence had given them. The foundation of the Catholic Institute in 1838 is a case in point. Away with apathy! "Organize and pay" were the watchwords of the new institution; and the speeches at the meetings speak of the enthusiasm which I have noted. O'Connell addressed the first general meeting on the great work which the Catholics had before them in assisting the new organization. All should be proud to bear their share. In England and Wales the Catholics were then believed to be a million; and if all would but contribute one farthing a week, they would have £50,000 a year for Catholic purposes. What he preached to them, he said, the poor Catholics of Ireland practised; and he invited all—rich and poor, aristocracy and commoners—to unite in forwarding Catholic interests by associating themselves with an Institute the motto of which was that which Dr. Milner had made his own: "I know of no politics but religion, and of no party but the Church."

Under the influence of this enthusiasm, much was done in the first half of the century in the work of clearing away prejudice and in reconstructing Catholic life. Many circumstances combined to assist the work of settling the legacy of misunderstanding between Protestants and Catholics which the penal times had left behind. The hospitality extended by the nation to the French *émigrés*, and particularly to the refugee priests; the alliance of England with the Pope during the great war; the sufferings of Continental Catholics; the revulsion of feeling when the atrocity of the penal code had been brought home to the minds of Englishmen; the conciliatory spirit of men like Berington and Butler, Lingard and Milner and Doyle; the great Irish immigration; the agitation for Emancipation and the

unpopularity of the chief enemies of the Catholic cause, who were also the chief opponents of reform of every kind and of all liberal progress,—all these and much more tended to smooth the way for the Catholic revival.

The influence of the movement may be seen within the limits of Protestantism itself. In the Established Church the era of renovation and revival, at any rate, synchronized in a remarkable manner with what Cardinal Newman has designated "The Second Spring"; and, aided by the æsthetic feeling which directed men's minds with admiration if not with sympathy to a study of the Middle Ages, a wide field was by God's Providence prepared for the seed.

Of all this time, however, with its memories, its hopes, its great men, its work done, its successes and its failures—even of the memorable year 1850 when the English Hierarchy was established, and when Protestant England was carried away by the insane panic about aggression,—it is not possible for me to speak, nor, in this retrospective glance at the position of Catholics at the beginning of the past century, is there need that I should.

Religious Profession.

"Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters."

TIS but a weak soul's strength I give to Thee
When Thou dost come by night upon the wave.

The billows roar; yet Thou art strong to save
Thy child that dares the deep so trustingly.

Thou hast so won my heart that storm nor sea
Can grasp it fearfully. And shouldst Thou crave

A lifelong venture, take me for Thy slave.
Too little 'tis I give Thee; yet set free

My soul from its low seekings, and with love

Subdue it; that when Thy sweet voice shall wake
My spirit with, "Come, follow Me!"—"Till death!"

Full firm my voice may give its echoing breath,—
"Till death!" Through life what course soe'er

Thou take,

My pilgrim feet shall follow Thee above.

H. O'N.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXVIII.—"DID YOU KNOW EVRARD LENNON?"

THE hawk is hovering about the dove," said Mother Moulton, suddenly. "Yes, he will seize it in his talons. Black and cruel, he will seize it in his claws!"

Jim Bretherton, gazing at her in a sort of fascination, was aware that she referred to her employer and his designs upon Leonora.

"He has terrified the old woman," continued the crone. "She dare not move or speak but at his bidding. He has made a fire, fiercer, more consuming than this upon the hearth here; and into it he will cast the dove and you, my bonnie gentleman!"

Her eyes shone, her manner grew animated, and her speech became more rapid.

"That he may seize her," she cried, "that he may cast her into the fire, he has thrown over her the dark shadow. I warned you, young gentleman, to take her away,—to wed her and to fly with her far away where the shadow might not reach."

Bretherton, who had been gradually becoming more and more impatient at finding himself thus transported from the realities of life into what seemed like some olden-time romance, asked somewhat abruptly:

"Of what shadow are you speaking?"

"Of the shadow of disgrace,—of the secret of Reverdy Bretherton."

Jim was startled, horrified. What was this she was saying? And what could disgrace have to do with them; or with that uncle whom he remembered as a model of irreproachable respectability?

"The lady, the beautiful lady," continued the crone, "will sacrifice herself,

that the shadow may not fall upon the Brethertons. She will let him throw you into the flames, and when days and years creep by she will throw herself into them likewise. She will marry to stop an evil tongue and hold up an avenging arm."

The beldame became more confused in her utterance, muttering darkly to herself, and seeming to address her strange speech less to the young man than to the smouldering fire.

"She will marry," she repeated, "to hold up that avenging arm and preserve the secret of the Brethertons."

"She shall *not* do it!" cried Jim Bretherton, vehemently. "I will go to her and say that the Brethertons have no secret which can not be proclaimed to all the world."

The crone laughed a harsh, discordant laugh, which awoke the echoes of the silent room; while the young man added:

"I shall tell her that if there were a hundred secrets they should not stand between her and my love. She shall not sacrifice me, much less herself. I will force this man, not to keep, but to proclaim the secret."

Again the old woman laughed loud and shrilly.

"As well force the mill-wheel to stop its course once the water has seized upon it," she declared. "But you have done a service to one of my race: you have saved my daughter's life and shown kindness to her and hers. She has sworn to repay you, and her oath is mine. She has drawn the serpent's fangs. She has given you the papers. He is powerless. With those papers in your hand, you can defy him and marry the beautiful lady. But if you are wise you will leave the papers unread and ask no more about the mystery."

"I would rather have an end to mysteries and know everything at once," said the young man, impetuously; "and to be assured in the first place

that it was really for this reason that—"

He stopped abruptly. Under the influence of that strange scene, which almost led him for the moment to suspect in this singular being occult power, or at least an inner knowledge of this strange tangle of events, he could not bring himself, even for the sake of further information, to pronounce Leonora's name in those sinister surroundings. But the woman answered his question as if it had been asked, though in her own roundabout and almost mystical language, which came of her gypsy origin, and perhaps, too, of her birth in that home of mystery and romance—a mountain district amongst the Scottish lochs.

"Aye, that is the reason! The bonnie lady loves you well enough. I saw it in her face, and I saw it in the stars above, that night at the big house. And you love her; but maybe your love will fade as clouds at the sunset, as foam upon the wave. She's beautiful now, but beauty is perishable. The bloom fades from the face of a woman as from the petals of a rose. Aye, does it!—aye, does it! You will, perhaps, be the happier and richer man if you seek not to know these secrets, but go your way and forget you ever saw the bonnie lady."

"I would rather know whatever is to be known," said Bretherton, firmly. "If those papers concern me and my people, I shall read them from beginning to end; and I beg of you to tell me anything further you may know upon the subject."

The crone shook her head, and, resting her chin upon her hand, stared into the fire. Bretherton gazed upon her as if she had been some sibyl from whom might be obtained the knowledge of future events. It was a singular scene—the low-ceilinged, dingy room, the dying fire; the younger woman standing, timorous, turning her eyes now upon the door and window, fearing the

arrival of Eben Knox, now upon the beldame at the hearth, and the tall and handsome young man who stood before her, with eager face and the gallant, confident bearing of youth. And all the while with one hand she patted to sleep the child whom she had laid on a bench.

Suddenly Mother Moulton roused herself. A strange fire came into her eyes, an alertness into the shrunken frame. She fixed her gaze full upon Bretherton's face, and asked the totally unexpected question:

"Did you know Evrard Lennon?"

"Evrard Lennon?" the young man repeated. "No, I never knew him. He is long dead."

"You knew who he was?"

"Yes, of course. Evrard was my father's cousin."

"And my husband!" cried Mother Moulton, with a pride that rang through the room like a clarion note.

"Your husband!" echoed Bretherton, involuntarily starting back. He had often heard of this Evrard Lennon, gay, dashing, handsome, disputing with Reverdy Bretherton the leadership in a wild and reckless but aristocratic set.

The old woman read the wonder, the incredulity, almost the horror, upon the young man's face, and she said:

"Eh, my bonnie gentleman, you may stare and wonder; but I was, in my time, fair to look upon as any lady of them all! But beauty fades and dies like summer roses. I was comely once, with the wild beauty of the gypsy. Evrard Lennon crossed my palm with silver, and I told him his fortune. I saw his evil destiny plainly written before him, but I did not tell him that. I bade him beware of alder bushes and the mill-stream lit by a waning moon."

She paused, as if overcome by the recollection; but that note of pride, that triumph which had survived all those years of misery, was in her voice as she resumed:

"He came often and often after that

to our camp out yonder; and he loved me and he married me. You'll find my marriage lines there among those papers. Oh, he was bonnie, and I loved him! But a blight was on our love from the first,—aye, from the first!"

Her voice ended almost in a wail; and she rocked herself to and fro, as if she were still mourning for that lover of her youth.

Bretherton stood confounded. Here was one mystery at least of which Millbrook, prosaic and commonplace Millbrook, as he had at first considered it, had little cognizance.

"None ever knew," the old woman went on. "He dared not tell his people of our marriage, and scarce a year afterward he was murdered by the brook."

"Murdered?" exclaimed young Mr. Bretherton, aghast; though it occurred to him then that he had heard the tragic circumstance lightly touched upon in his boyhood.

"Aye!" answered the crone, fixing the other with her baleful eyes. "He came to his death down there by the alder bushes. I could show you the very spot, were the window open; and there was a mystery about his death."

"Mysteries seem to abound," murmured Bretherton under his breath.

"Know you by whom his death was caused?" inquired the old woman.

"I think I have vaguely heard that it was by a wandering vagabond. The murderer, as I remember to have heard, escaped the death penalty, through insufficient evidence; but he was sent to serve a long term in jail."

"Was he, though?" chuckled the hag, her malignant laugh adding horror to the scene and to her weird recital. "I trow not,—I trow not! The murderer went unchanged, and never a fetter nor a gyve bound his cursed limbs. Oh, if I had had my way then! But it's all past now,—all past and gone!"

She passed her hand wearily over her head, and paused a moment.

"Anyhow," she went on, "Evrard Lennon's dead, and the one that got his lands and siller is dead, and it's all come to you. But if you read those papers, my bonnie gentleman, you'll see for yourself,—you'll see for yourself."

"It seems to me," cried Bretherton, almost involuntarily, "that you must be mad or dreaming!"

"It is you who have been dreaming!" the beldame returned, wrathfully. "And when you have read those papers, you'll be able to decide whether any woman's love is worth the price you'll have to pay for it. If not, your secret's safe with me. I care naught. When Evrard Lennon died, my heart died in my breast, and I grew old. So will *she* grow old; her beauty will fade, her cheeks grow wrinkled, her teeth fall out, and her eyes grow dim. And maybe you'll weary of her then, my bonnie gentleman."

Her voice faded away into an almost inarticulate murmur, and she crouched once more over the fire; while Bretherton seemed overpowered by the revelation which she had made, and which portended he knew not what. He stood still, regarding her intently. The younger woman, with an evidently growing anxiety, kept watch upon the entrance. The child was still asleep.

Mother Moulton, rousing herself once more from the lethargic condition into which she was relapsing, pointed with an imperious gesture toward the door.

"Go! go!" she cried. "The night wears late. Honest folks should be abed. The storm grows worse; and it were better you were housed. To-morrow will bring Ebenezer Knox back again, to frighten the women at the Cottage with his dark threats, and to cajole, if he can, the pretty lady into marrying him. Go you home to your dwelling, and read the papers, since that is your will. In the dark midnight hours, when evil is abroad and good sleeps, you can take your choice. Will

you lose all that you must lose for the sake of that mockery that men call love,—for a face that will grow old and ugly soon, for a soft look of the young eyes, and for a trick of smiling?"

With profound relief, Bretherton took leave of that sinister dwelling and its strange inmates, who seemed like some evil anachronism, separated from the life about them, and belonging to other epochs and places rather than the twentieth century and prosaic Millbrook.

The storm had increased in fury. The icy wind, sweeping relentlessly along, was charged with tiny particles of sleet; the trees crackled ominously; the radiant face of Nature, which had shone upon those early stages of Jim Bretherton's romance, seemed now transformed into something ugly and cruel, even as that hag had been metamorphosed by the flight of years from youth and comeliness.

The young man, as he went along in the storm, thought of Mother Moulton's words and her allusion to the perishableness of earthly beauty. But he cried out within his heart that Leonora could never grow old and ugly like that repulsive hag. The ugliness that proceeds from malice and hatred of humankind, from any low and base motives whatever, could never be hers. Growing old, she would be the more lovely, or at least the more beloved. He could not imagine a time when he should fail to love her, and to shield her, if that were possible, by his strong right arm from every wrong and from every sorrow.

He recalled her beautiful, softly shaded eyes, reflecting the proud innocence and purity of her soul, and the curve of the smiling lips. Through the darkness of the storm, she seemed to him as one of those sweet images which Faith shows as guiding the wanderer on his way. That which had attracted him, which attracted Lord Aylward, and even the wretched Eben Knox, was precisely

that calm strength about Leonora which made them feel that, under any circumstances whatever, she would walk unspotted by the world; and that, too, without losing any of her loveliness, of that warm human sympathy, and that power of getting into touch with the minds and hearts of others, which is in itself a supreme attraction. When a man is fortunate enough to love such a woman, that love is destined to endure; and, in some shape or other, it will exert an influence upon him until the end of the journey.

As to the choice at which Mother Moulton had hinted, no cowardice should prevent Bretherton from knowing anything which it behooved him to know, and which might enable him to sweep away those barriers that had been erected between him and Miss Tabitha's niece. He never for an instant weighed in the balance with his love the prospective losses predicted by the crone. He told himself that Leonora was worth any sacrifice, and that by any legitimate, honorable means he would win her if he could.

His hope was rekindled; the faculties of his mind braced to action. He was only eager to read those papers and to face whatever might be before him. He gave little heed to the storm; nor, in his perfect physical condition, did it much affect him; though the wind became every moment wilder and fiercer, sweeping up from the rocky coasts and headlands of Massachusetts, to work what havoc it might in that sheltered nook. The one pervading thought that Leonora might still be his, the dearer and more precious for the untoward circumstances that threatened to separate them, made him indifferent to any stress of weather. He desired only to put an end, if that might lawfully be done, to all mystery, and so defeat the nefarious designs of Eben Knox.

(To be continued.)

The Crying Catholic Need of the Day.

IT is doubtful whether a full survey of twentieth-century civilization can proffer to Catholic prelates, Catholic priests, Catholic teachers, and Catholic parents, a subject of more importunate interest than the increasing need, yet actual paucity, of ecclesiastical and religious vocations. No well-informed student of contemporaneous church history, and more especially no Catholic editor who keeps in touch with the relative progress or stagnation of our holy religion, in other countries as well as our own, will question the statement that the great problem of the Church to-day is to provide a sufficient number of priests to break the Bread of Life to the growing ranks of the faithful, and of religious Brothers and Sisters to carry on the increasingly necessary work of truly Christian education.

In so far as concerns the United States in particular, there is superabundant testimony to the fact that the supply of vocations is very far from meeting the demand. The editor of the *Missionary*, with exceptional facilities for securing accurate information on the subject, writes: "There is a constant cry over the country of the dearth of priests. There is scarcely a diocese that is fully equipped to do its work. Probably, without any exaggeration, a thousand [additional] priests could be put to work to-morrow, if the bishops had them." So, too, the American provincial of one religious Congregation declares: "It may be said frankly that at no time in the history of the Church in this country have vocations to the Brotherhood been so scarce, or the need of them so urgent. It has come to be a difficult thing to secure young men of suitable age and dispositions in sufficient numbers as candidates for the teaching Brotherhood." Similar testimony is given by the heads of

other communities composed either of Brothers alone, or of Brothers and priests; and while, in the case of Sisters, the discrepancy between the supply and demand is not perhaps so marked as in communities of men, there are no Congregations of women in this country who are turning away desirable postulants because their ranks are already replete. As a matter of fact, the dearth of Sisters bids fair soon to equal that of Brothers.

Face to face with this undeniable condition of affairs, the four classes of Catholics specifically mentioned in our opening sentence—prelates, priests, teachers, and parents—should assuredly give some earnest thought to the causes underlying the condition, and to the provision of effective means for bringing about a somewhat radical change therein. All due allowance being made for the deterrent influence exerted on our young men and maidens by the social and economic forces by which they are surrounded, the prevalent quasi-idolatry of wealth, and the frankly pagan worship of comfort and ease and luxury and amusement and "good times," there would still seem to be, at the bottom of this lamentable dearth of vocations, some dereliction of duty on the part of those charged with the formation of these young people's characters and with the direction of their spiritual life.

A call to either the sacerdotal or the religious state is, of course, a great grace, and one which God does not grant to all; but no believer in Divine Providence can doubt for a moment that, if all who genuinely receive that grace were to profit by it, were to hearken to Our Lord's "Come, follow Me," the seminaries and novitiates throughout the country would need immediate enlargement. If "the harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few," it is not, presumably, because the call is not heard by a sufficient number,

but because the siren voice of the world is insistently chanting a different strain, and because parents, teachers, and pastors neglect to interpret to the young the heavenly invitation which their immature minds may mistake for a purely natural fancy or even for a prompting of reprehensible vanity. On this point we can not do better than quote, from the *Missionary*, the following words of practical wisdom:

(1) It is more or less the duty of every priest to cultivate vocations. The parochial schools are helping in this good work. Every parish ought to count as the note of its efficiency the number of priests it has in the ministry. There are some well-established parishes that are as barren as a childless family. (2) Every diocese ought to afford facilities for educating its young men; and if the applications in any one diocese are numerous, instead of turning them away, a suggestion of another diocese, or at least some other opportunity, might open an avenue to such young men to the priesthood. (3) The spirit of faith in the family ought to lead parents to make the necessary sacrifices to keep their boys in college as long as possible, with the hope that they may develop vocations. It used to be considered the proudest boast that a family had one of its members in the sacred ranks of the ministry. Nowadays families are moving away from these standards.

As for the religious vocation, as distinguished from the sacerdotal referred to in the paragraph just quoted, the Angelic Doctor declares "it is certain that to enter the religious state is better than not to enter it; and he who denies this, gives the lie to Christ, who has given this counsel." And, let it be said in conclusion, a somewhat lengthy and varied experience has convinced the present writer that, of all Catholics, the most thoroughly happy on earth and the surest of Heaven is, not pope, cardinal, bishop, or priest, with his tremendous responsibilities, but the simple lay or teaching Brother or Sister.

EGOISM is a parent of many children, and often they do not recognize their father.—*Robert Hichens*.

The Spirit of Fairness.

AS an illustration of the spirit of fairness that is now abroad, the Rev. Father Gerard, S. J., at the recent conference of the English Catholic Truth Society, instanced the fact that he had been requested by the editor of "Chamber's Encyclopædia" to revise its article on the Jesuits; and that in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the three articles by Dr. Littledale, on St. Alphonsus, Monasticism and the Jesuits, were to be weeded out and replaced by articles written by Catholics. This is more than fair: it is generous. The late Dr. Littledale was disqualified by his prejudices to treat any of the subjects mentioned, but it was not necessary that Catholic writers should deal with them. Personally, all that we demand in encyclopædias is that truth be not violated nor facts distorted, and that in the case of disputed questions both sides be presented. It was indulgent on the part of the editor of "Chamber's Encyclopædia" to ask Father Gerard to revise its article on the Jesuits. The work is sure to be satisfactorily done; however, it would not have occurred to us to assign the task to either Father Gerard or Father Taunton.

"We Catholics" ought not to expect too much, and there is no need of our being over-solicitous about matters that are relatively unimportant. The reputation of individual Catholics, Popes included, and of aggregations of Catholics, gives us altogether too much concern. We ought to have more hatred of heresy—heresy that is heresy,—and a great deal more tolerance of the ignorance and prejudices of outsiders, so many of whom, as we well know, are not in a position to understand and appreciate Catholic doctrines and practices, much less to distinguish between our essentials and nonessentials. "Must

I believe that all the Popes were good men, and say the Rosary beads every day in order to become a Catholic?" One may smile at questions like these, but they are far more pathetic than ridiculous. They go to show that there is a real danger of our misrepresenting the Church by not giving its essential teachings and practices of precept their due prominence, and relegating matters of comparative unimportance and works of supererogation to the background.

..

As a further illustration of the spirit of fairness that is now abroad, let us quote some passages from a review of the recently published *Life of St. Catherine de' Ricci*, appearing in the ablest literary journal in the language:

The phenomena which made her extraordinary, and her convent a focus of power, even as they form the leading features of the present book, belong to that class which various minds will view variously. But those best acquainted with modern experiment on the influence of mind over body will be least disposed to the vulgar wisdom of incredulity. Constantly meditating on the Passion, she, like the Assisian and others since him, exhibited on her own body the Stigmata—the marks of Christ's wounds, even to the traces of the thorny crown, and the long bruise of the cross on shoulder and back. But this was the least striking of her manifestations. The most extraordinary was that she began regularly and periodically to fall into ecstasy on the day and at the hour of the Saviour's Passion, and during this state followed in vision the whole sequence of His sufferings, from the Last Supper to the giving up of the ghost. She not only accompanied everything with the spontaneous words and exclamations of an eyewitness, with moving and appropriate prayers often drawn from Scripture, but also in her own person showed the reflex signs and tokens of the agonies she spiritually witnessed.... It was, in effect, a kind of Passion Play, so vivid that the beholders seemed to have before them the suffering Christ, and were moved to impassioned devotion and tears.

This extraordinary drama soon brought down on her the church authorities; but, summoned before them, she answered with a humble and submissive prudence beyond her years and sex, which confounded their suspicions. The same to judge, and ended by admiring her. The highest and noblest from all parts of Italy

flocked to witness the phenomenon; incredulity went away converted and moved to reformation of life. The obscure nun became, single-handed, an incalculable force against the Reformation, which was secretly undermining Catholicism in its centre and stronghold, Italy....

Catherine herself ended the manifestation. When she assumed rule over the convent, she considered that the influx of visitors was marring the spirit of recollection and solitude in the community; and, after the united prayers of herself and her nuns, the ecstasy no longer came. In harmony with the clear, good sense that dictated this action, her letters and private life display a side of her which will appeal to those who might be merely repelled by singular phenomena. The letters are very attractive. Without the elevated sagacity, the political and public breadth of the Siense Catherine's, they have a homely wisdom, a domestic and tender practicality; while the style reflects the matter. As with that other Catherine, religion is so vital a thing to her that it informs every sentence; yet asceticism nowise prevents the letters to her father from being as full of daughterly and family love as of tact and wisdom in the difficult position of a child counselling a headstrong parent. . . . Of her wise rule and wide influence, her power over others, her friendship with men like Philip Neri; of the convent as she made it, where the death-day was a *feſta* with singing of canticles, as others joy over the coming into the world,—of these things and much else must be read in the book,—a book which will have interest for all religious minds, whatever their attitude toward those features which it shares with the life of the friar of Assisi.

The "vulgar wisdom of incredulity" is conspicuously absent here. Of course one expects cleverness in the journal from which we have quoted, but will any Catholic periodical give St. Catherine de' Ricci's Life a more sympathetic review than this?

THE watch of Mary Queen of Scots was in the form of a skull. On the forehead was a small figure of Death standing between a palace and a cottage, and around it this familiar passage from Horace: *Palida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres*,—"Pale Death raps impartially at the poor man's hut and the king's palace."

Notes and Remarks.

The editor of the *Lamp* (Anglo-Catholic) declares that the only Church Unity possible for a distracted Christendom is a return of all Christians of every name to communion with the Holy See; and he quotes a prophecy of the late Bishop McLaren, of Chicago (Protestant Episcopal Church), that the existence of this society as an organization separate from the jurisdiction of the Pope would cease within a hundred years. An easy prophecy, we should say. Many leaders in the Church of England now realize that their separation from Rome can not be justified, and that they are in conscience bound to submit to the successor of St. Peter,—as was pointed out by one of the earliest seceders from their ranks, who wrote:

It is worth the observation, that the *Bishops* and *Ministers of England*, to maintain the lawfulness of their succession, do affirm that they were consecrated by *Catholic Bishops*, their predecessors; which while they do not prove, it shewes the interruption of their succession; and while they affirm, it shewes that they believe their succession and calling insufficient, unless they derive it from the *Church of Rome*; thereby acknowledging the *Church of Rome* the true *Church*, which they in their Doctrine and dependence have forsaken; and there can be no reason to forsake the true *Church* upon what pretence soever.

Pleas for State support of the Church are not so common that we can afford to ignore the defence of this principle contributed to a recent issue of *Etudes* by M. Hippolyte Prévot, and quoted by the *Literary Digest*. It will be news to many that in Paris theatres are subsidized by the city government. "What!" exclaims M. Prévot, "part of the public revenues are employed to pay dancers and singers salaries greater than the Prime Minister's; part, again, is used to endow schools of fine arts, museums, libraries, chairs

of science and literature; and should nothing be given to the Church, which is for the peasant at once his school of fine arts, his museum, his library; the only place where he learns there exist things called painting, music, eloquence; where he hears duty and hope spoken of; where his ideas rise above that piece of ground which he turns over and over so industriously day by day until the hour comes when he will lie beneath it?" It is unpardonable, some people argue, that those who do not attend divine worship, who do not believe in it, should be obliged to contribute to its expense. To this objection M. Prévot replies:

Do a majority of the French people go to the theatres subsidized in Paris? Many a class lecture in the College of France has not more than half a dozen auditors.... Of what good is the road running along the shores of the Mediterranean to the fisherman on the Atlantic coast? And the public schools? Would people who have no children, or who prefer to send their children to private schools, have a right to refuse to pay the tax?

Archbishop Glennon is of the opinion that the sanest way of approaching the Negro question "is not as a theorist filled with *a priori* notions, but as a simple student of such racial conditions and characteristics as confront us here.... The colored race is gifted in its own way, has its own genius, its own admixture of vice and virtue; and its progress can be effected only by taking all these into consideration."

The St. Louis prelate is an observant student of the black men, and a generous admirer of their good qualities as well as a wise critic of their weaknesses. He says further:

The colored man is ruled largely by his emotions. He is a man of heart. He is quick to love or to hate. It is easy to please him. He will believe readily. He can be faithful, unless a stronger impulse carries him away. What he needs, then, is the education of the heart,—the control of the emotions,—the complete conquest in him of the moral law. And these results can come only through a thorough religious training;

for it is only in a thorough religious training that the moral law can be exploited or obtain adequate sanction; only through religion may the emotions of the heart be purified and restrained; only through the dominant influence of religion may a decent mode of life be created for the colored man, who without that religion must still remain near to the dark continent of his origin. Kind words, good example, constant guidance, orderly religious life, wherein are exemplified the precepts of the moral law and the teachings of Christian faith, should be daily placed before him as his rule of faith and life. This is done in the Catholic church and Catholic school.... I know of no surer means of their enlightenment and progress.

The justice of Mgr. Glennon's conclusion is borne out by the concrete results to be noticed in colored Catholic communities throughout the Union. A notable instance was given by Cardinal Gibbons in an article quoted last week.

As the press, secular as well as religious, American not less than European, still seizes with avidity upon any incident thought to be illustrative of the character of Pius X., we need not apologize for doing into English a charming anecdote that Raoul Aubry tells in a late issue of the *Temps*.

A French gentleman, distinguished in the artistic world and a musical enthusiast, applied some time ago to the proper authorities in Rome, where he was sojourning with his family, for the favor of a Papal audience. His request being made known to the Holy Father, the latter promptly granted it, and even graciously expressed a desire to meet the whole family. Now, the Frenchman in question is no believer in race suicide: the number of his boys and girls would easily supply three or four typical up-to-date Parisian households with their full contingent of children. Accordingly, when the father and mother, with their troop of little folk, and their governess, advanced into the room where the Pope awaited them, Pius X. exclaimed, "*Che processione!*" (What a procession!) and burst into a

hearty laugh. Then, addressing himself to the happy head of so thriving a family, he inquired: "Do you mean to say that all these children are yours?" The smiling assurance that such was the case elicited as hearty congratulations as could be paid even by President Roosevelt. Nothing could be more cordial or paternal than the Pontiff's reception of his visitors. Then, as each took a chair in response to the Pope's invitation, the governess alone remained standing. She felt rather disconcerted by so much unaffected kindness in a function which she had expected to be most formal and solemn. There was, however, a still greater surprise in store for her. All the seats provided for the visitors were taken up; there remained only a handsome armchair, quite close to the Papal throne. "Come," said the People's Pope to the bashful governess,— "come, sit down here." And, sure enough, without further ado, the governess was installed between the Pope and her employers, at the right of Pius X., and in a chair usually occupied only by notable dignitaries of Church or State.

Comment on this typical instance of the Sovereign Pontiff's genuine kindness and simplicity would be, like painting the lily, "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

It seems that Mr. Dalrymple, the Scotch street-railway expert who lately visited this country, was much impressed by the sobriety of the citizens of Chicago. The absence of drunken men from the streets of the Windy City was a great surprise to him, and roused his admiration throughout his stay there. We have no wish to lessen the reputation of the great Western metropolis for sobriety or any other virtue it may possess; however, there are numerous large cities in the United States where the excess of saloons over churches is less marked than in Chicago, and

where drunken men are quite as little in evidence. It seems too bad to say so, but we can not help thinking that if Mr. Dalrymple had hailed from any other place in Christendom than Glasgow, the edification he received in Chicago would not have been so great. Glasgow has the reputation of being the most bibulous city in the world. It is said that drunkenness has begun to decrease in all countries. We sincerely hope that the Land o' Cakes will be no exception.

The suggestion of the *New York Sun*, that a President's train should be provided for the transportation of the Executive of the United States, appears to be very generally approved by the press of the country. And naturally so, for the suggestion is a thoroughly sensible one. The salary of our President is altogether too low to permit of his defraying the expenses of a special train every time that the duties of his position necessitate his travelling to different parts of this extensive republic; and there is a well-grounded dislike on the part of our citizens to seeing their chief magistrate the beneficiary of any railway corporation. In point of fact, it would seem that the railways occasionally grant presidential free passes, special trains, etc., practically upon compulsion. A recent article in the *Railroad Gazette* throws considerable light upon the whole subject, and emphasizes the necessity for a change. If this country is not big enough and rich enough to pay its President's way, at least when he is travelling on public business, it doesn't deserve to have a President whose travelling would be worth while anyway.

On the recent festival of St. Francis of Assisi, appropriate religious ceremonies marked the completion of the first half century in the life of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis in

the archdiocese of Philadelphia. The magnificent convent of Our Lady of the Angels, at historic Glen Riddle, was the scene of the jubilee festival, to which especial distinction was lent by the participation therein of the Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, and other prelates, besides a large number of distinguished religious and secular priests.

The story of this beneficent Congregation needs no specific telling. In its broader lines, it is the same narrative that has been told of other American sisterhoods,—early trials, indomitable faith, a spirit of sacrifice and indefatigable devotedness, the outpouring of divinest charity on an often unappreciative world; and, finally, the blessing of Providence crowning with success the most arduous of enterprises. May the virtues of their beloved patron continue to shine forth in these humble daughters of St. Francis, meriting yet further benedictions for their Order and our country, that reaps in the last analysis the abundant harvest of their good works!

In a booklet entitled "From Doubt to Faith," by the Rev. "Father" Bull, of the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, the fact is deplored that "the republication of the old attacks on the Christian Faith by the rationalistic press in a cheap form on the expiration of the copyright has brought the writings of non-Christians within the reach of a very large circle of readers, and is causing much unsettlement among thoughtful artisans." Apropos of this statement, the Rev. James O. S. Huntington, O. H. C., writing in the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican), quotes the following paragraph from Father Tyrrell's "Tracts for the Million":

The paradoxes of one generation are the commonplaces of the next: what the savants of to-day whisper in the ear, the Hyde Park orators of to-morrow will bawl from their

platforms. Moreover, it is just when its limits begin to be felt by the critical, when its pretended all-sufficingness can no longer be maintained, that a theory or hypothesis begins to be popular with the uncritical, and to work its irrevocable ill effects on the general mind.... In this way it has come to pass that at the very moment in which a reaction against the irreligious and anti-religious philosophy of a couple of generations ago is making itself felt in the study, the spreading pestilence of negation and unbelief has gained and continues to gain possession of the street.

This is as true as it is deplorable; but it is no less true that refutations of the attacks on the Christian Faith by Rationalistic writers were made long before their books were issued in cheap form. The rejoinders have only to be unearthed, republished, and scattered broadcast. We quite agree with "Father" Bull that "the grossly selfish, luxurious, pleasure-loving, worldly lives of many who profess to be Christians is the chief cause of unbelief."

About a year ago we noted the somewhat remarkable fact that an Irish mother in Madras had given no fewer than eight daughters to the cloister. Under the title of "A Family of Missionaries," a contemporary French author discusses a household almost equally fruitful in religious vocations. Of the eight children of Nicolas Biet, a citizen of Langres, the eldest became a Trappist; four other sons were priests on the mission field of the Orient, one of them becoming Bishop of Diana; and two daughters joined the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The only child to remain in the world was a third daughter, Marie-Françoise, whose son, the well-known poet, Edmond Haraucourt, is at present curator of the Cluny Museum, Paris. A few such families as the Biets scattered to-day through every department of France would be about as grateful and opportune a blessing as Heaven could bestow on that materially prosperous but spiritually decadent land.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

VII.—COUNT VON TILLY.

FRANK was lazily watching the smoke curl upward from the busy little tug that towed the house boat.

"It is too bad," he said, "that we are not sailing up the Rhine just now. We would feel more like talking of the Thirty Years' War if we could see the very banks where the armies carried on their operations."

"You'll have to be satisfied with the Rhine of America," retorted Bessie; "the Hudson is all right. And I wish you would begin our story; for I think it is just lovely to go sailing past these grand old forests while we talk about heroes and things."

"'Heroes and things'?" repeated Frank, wondering what the last word meant. "Well, we'll suppose that by 'things' you mean the causes of the Thirty Years' War, so I shall satisfy you. Attention! Before the war's outbreak, the spread of Protestantism through Germany had been arrested, and the Catholic religion had been completely restored in almost all the Austrian provinces. The Catholics were nearly everywhere zealous, and loyal to the Pope and to the princes of their Faith. Seminaries and Jesuit colleges had been established in many places, while the Protestant institutions of learning were scarcely attended at all. But a new and powerful party of Calvinists arose, and no attempt was made by those high in authority to subdue them; for the successors of the

Emperor Charles V. were weak and inactive. A treaty called the Religious Peace of Augsburg had been drawn up for the protection of the Catholic Church in Germany; but it was frequently violated by these Calvinists, who confiscated a number of bishoprics and monasteries. This band later united with the Lutherans to form the Evangelical Union, whose object was to make unlawful any attempt on the part of the Church to regain its stolen property."

"Didn't the Catholics defend themselves against these attacks?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, yes!" responded George. "Maximilian of Bavaria, a devout Catholic archduke, organized the Liga, and soon, with the help of the Pope and Spain, raised a large army. Both parties were ready to take action; all they needed was a pretext. They didn't have to wait long; for the signal was given after Count Thurn of the Union attempted to murder the Catholic governors at Prague."

"But their fighting didn't amount to much then," said Frank. "The Protestants made a few conquests, but no real engagement took place until the Battle of the White Hill."

"Ah, here is where the story of our hero begins!" Bessie exclaimed. "For he was placed in command of the Liga forces. Long before, Tilly had distinguished himself under Alexander Farnese; and that great leader said that some day the young soldier would be one of the bravest generals in Europe. Now, as the victor of thirty-six important battles, he seemed to have fulfilled the prophecy. His first move was to invade Upper Austria, which surrendered to him. Then he

joined Maximilian and entered Bohemia, where a rebellion had just begun.

"It seemed that the Archduke Ferdinand had been chosen king, but the Protestant inhabitants were very indignant. They assaulted the castle, and would have ended the new monarch's life but for the faithful officers who refused to leave him. Finally he was deposed, and Frederic V.—(Belle, you were asking me the other day who was known as the 'Winterking'; it was this Frederic, for he reigned only one winter)—was selected to succeed him. In Bohemia, Tilly captured city after city, and soon marched upon Prague. His campaign had been undertaken in the name of our Blessed Mother, and all along the line of march he had erected shrines in her honor. Now, as the chargers burst upon Prague, '*Sancta Maria!*' was their cry, and in less than an hour the enemy was routed. As a result, the Faith was restored, and a few years later Bohemia took its place among Catholic countries. The colleges were reopened, and there was a procession of the recalled religious Orders,—Count von Tilly and Maximilian holding a canopy over the Blessed Sacrament as It was carried in triumph through the streets. Belle, you tell what happened next."

"Both parties were quite peaceful for two years," Belle commenced with alacrity; "but I suppose they were preparing for the long conflict which began when Christian IV., who was nicknamed 'Madcap Christian,' devastated the bishopric of Paderborn. Tilly overthrew that leader in three important battles and compelled him to flee to Paris. But he returned, and took up arms against his old enemy at the bridge of Dessau, where he suffered another defeat. Christian was disheartened by so many failures, and sued for peace, which was granted by the Treaty of Lubëck, in 1629."

"Well, that was only temporary,"

explained the Captain; "for Ferdinand, who was now emperor, issued the Edict of Restitution, by which Protestant princes were commanded to restore all the church property which they had seized. They refused, so the war was continued. Didn't Von Tilly receive charge of the imperial troops about that time?"

"Yes," answered Frank. "The Emperor raised him to that position at the Diet of Ratisbon."

"He was encamped," said Belle, "with a small company of soldiers in a village near by when he learned of his promotion; and immediately he paid a visit to the little country church to beg God's blessing on his new responsibilities. It was evening, and the only light in the chapel was the sanctuary lamp. As the hero prayed, the church was entered by a band of rough, boisterous men wearing the uniform of the enemy. Not noticing Tilly in the darkness, they passed on to the altar, and stripped it of its candlesticks and vases, which they threw upon the floor. One man seized the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and another aimed a blow at the tabernacle door. Tilly sprang from his place, rushed up the aisle and pointed his sword at the intruders. They were stunned by his sudden appearance, and, thinking that he was accompanied by soldiers, started to run. The general followed, signalled to the sentry at the camp near by, and the culprits were soon safely imprisoned. Then the Count returned to the rectory only to find everything in confusion, and the poor old priest beaten insensible and tied to the post of the staircase. Tilly did all that he could to revive him, and remained with him until he recovered from the shock."

"The Blessed Sacrament was not always so fortunately preserved from sacrilege," remarked Captain Morris. "Many times the priests went to say Mass and found that their churches

had been ravaged during the night. A large number of sacred vessels and vestments now exhibited at art museums were taken, in a spirit of hatred and revenge, during the Thirty Years' War. I remember hearing from a priest in France the history of one set of vestments. It seems that they were stolen from a monastery during one of 'Madcap Christian's' marches, and were given by the plunderers to an ignorant peasant woman in return for food. Of course the treasures were of no value to her; but one day the thought struck her that she would bring them to the great hero Von Tilly, of whom she had heard, and ask him for some souvenir of himself. So she travelled many miles, and at last came face to face with the renowned general, who was only too glad to receive her gifts. Nothing would please her but that Tilly give her the buttons from his coat. He granted her request; and, though the story doesn't tell us how he kept his coat on, I know that the vestments were sent in double-quick time to the nearest bishop. Now, George, I shall appoint you to tell us of Tilly's last battles."

"From now on he fought against a new enemy—Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden," said George. "This ruler had come to Germany with the intention of making as many conquests as he could, for he was ambitious to build up a vast Protestant empire of the North. He at once joined forces with the English, Dutch, and French Protestants, and marched to the relief of Magdeburg, the most important fortified city in Germany. A rebellion had there arisen against Austrian power, and Tilly had besieged it for several months. At last, in May, 1631, the Catholic hero offered terms of capitulation, but they were refused; so, according to the usage of war, he began to sack the city. Scarcely had his army entered the gates when the Swedish troops rushed in and

set the streets on fire. Magdeburg fell in ruins, and only by the wonderful efforts of Tilly were the cathedral and monastery saved. During the following months the imperial commander was several times defeated by Gustavus, and in 1632 he was mortally wounded in the Battle on the Lech."

"There never was a hero better loved than Count von Tilly," concluded Captain Morris. "His men, who called him 'Father John,' modelled their deeds after his; and when we consider that he was distinguished for his piety and temperance, we must realize how different their camp life was from that of most armies. The histories may well call him 'the purest and noblest character in the Thirty Years' War.'"

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

XXV.—HOME AGAIN.

The children remained a week at the ranch; and then, amid lamentations of regret from every one in the household, and a genuine feeling of homesickness in their own hearts, they set forth once more. It was only the determination of Louis that prevailed; Rose dreaded to face the future. Hers was a nature that would have blossomed in almost any place where kindness reigned, where flowers bloomed, and the conditions of life were comfortable and pleasant. But Louis was now thoroughly convinced that they had made a mistake,—one, too, which savored of indifference and ingratitude. He was ready to pay the penalty, and had profited by their sad experience.

As the train bore them away from the hospitable people, whom, in all probability, they were never again to meet, they could hardly restrain their tears. But regret soon gave place to hope and anticipation; they became

interested in the scenery through which they were passing; and after a few hours hunger began to assert its claims. The señora had filled a large basket with good things for consumption along the route, and the children did ample justice to the excellent and varied food.

They were awakened in the middle of the second night by the sudden jolting and stoppage of the train. Louis peeped out of the window: there seemed to be a crowd of persons near the track; he could see the light of a fire in the distance.

"What is the matter?" he inquired of the porter, who was passing through the cars.

"A freight wreck ahead," said the porter.

"Do we have to stop here?"

"Yes, for several hours."

"What place is it?"

"Dos Arboles," answered the man, hurrying away.

"Louis, he said Dos Arboles," whispered Rose from the lower berth. "That is where we stayed all night—in the desert."

"Yes," said Louis. "Perhaps we may see those nice people once more. But we had better try to go to sleep now."

When they awoke again it was morning—a gray morning,—the desert stretching out grim and silent before them like a motionless sea. Rose thought the pine trees, scattered at long intervals, and grown one-sided from the force of the winds, looked like distant sails upon a quiet ocean; and the tall cactus plants reminded her of pictures of guide-posts she had seen in storybooks.

They dressed hurriedly, ate their breakfast, and went out to see the wreck. Articles of every description were lying about,—half-burned boxes, canned fruit, vegetables, and dry-goods. A crew of men were busily engaged in getting the line ready for traffic. Two

or three hundred feet away, they could see the station and telegraph office, with the saloon adjoining.

"Let us go over," suggested Rose.

"Very well," replied Louis. "It will help to pass the time, and they may remember us."

The operator and his wife remembered them well, and gave them a hearty welcome. The children told them of Steffan's fate, which the couple seemed to think was well deserved.

As they talked, Louis observed several large birds, black as coal, flying at short intervals above their heads.

"What kind of birds are those?" he inquired. "Are they crows?"

"Something like them," replied the telegraph operator. "They are desert ravens. A good many cattle have died on the ranches this year, and they scent the carrion flesh very far off. They are returning from a feast."

"How horrible!" said dainty Rose, with a shudder.

"In one way, yes," observed the man. "But it is their nature to eat decayed flesh, and they are the scavengers of the desert. That is good, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the child. "But I should not like to eat *them*."

"I fancy the meat would be rather strong. Yet they are very friendly to man, and gather boldly around the camp fires in search of remnants of food, which is scarce hereabouts. Many a time a lost miner or prospector has found his way by means of a raven, flying leisurely but surely toward the trail which the man himself could, perhaps, never have found. They are very intelligent. Often when they find themselves in company with a solitary individual, they seem to know that he depends on them for companionship and guidance. They will fly low, and very slowly, cawing as they go; stopping when the man stops through fatigue, and taking up their flight again when he is ready. At least that

is what I have heard from prospectors. My wife calls them 'the angels of Tobias.'"

"I am never going to say anything mean about them again," rejoined Rose.

"Is Chuckawalla here still?" asked Louis, as a group of Indians gathered near the wreck, eager to forage through the débris.

"No: he is at Mojave now. He is married," said the station master. "His wife waits on the table, and he does odd jobs—when he is not drinking. *She* is the best man of the two; though Chuck is not a bad fellow, as Indians go. By the way, what did you say your last name was?"

"Vladych," answered Louis.

"And your brother's?"

"Florian Vladych."

"Wasn't that the name of the young fellow the soldier told us about?" asked the woman, turning to her husband. "You remember the soldier that went down to the Bar A ranch about a month ago?"

"Yes, I think it was," he replied.

"Are you sure? What did he say?" asked Louis, eagerly.

"Well, not much," rejoined the man. "We were talking of the war, and how it ought to be a good thing to learn the Spanish language, as it might give a man a better chance in certain places. This fellow said he had had a chum in the war, and that he had remained in Cuba. His idea was to learn Spanish thoroughly, so that he could use it in the United States afterward."

"Was that all?" asked Louis, as the man paused.

"No," answered the station master, slowly and reflectively,—"no, that wasn't all. He said he was a fine young fellow, and a musician. He said he could stay in Cuba if he wanted to, and make good money; but he preferred the United States. And I'm sure Florian Vladych was his name. He was in Havana."

"O Rose, what good news!" exclaimed Louis. "We must write to him this very day."

"I don't believe he's there now," observed the man. "The soldier said he married a Cuban girl; she didn't have any relatives but an old grandmother, and after she died they were coming up. He said the old lady was pretty near the end when *he* came away, so I expect they've arrived before this. Very likely you'll find him at home when you get there."

"But don't you recollect?" interposed the woman. "We thought there was a little difference in the two stories. This young Vladych that we are speaking of didn't have any relatives in America."

Louis looked down. "Poor Florian!" he thought. "He believed we had all forgotten him." Then aloud:

"That must be a mistake. I am sure it is our Florian. Could you get the Havana address for us?"

"Yes. The man will probably be along Saturday. I'll be glad to send it, if you will leave yours."

Louis wrote it out, and the man put the card in his pocket.

"Seems to me he said the Cuban girl had some money," remarked the woman.

"Yes, he did: money and no kin. If it's your brother, he's probably well fixed. And maybe he won't want you kids about."

"He is not like that—our Florian," replied Louis, proudly. "There were reasons why he did not write to us. But I am sure of him. He will be glad to find us."

"Well, I hope so,—I hope you won't be disappointed. But years and absence make a great difference."

The words jarred. Louis could not bear to hear a doubt of Florian.

But the man was not conscious that he had inflicted a wound. He bade the children a hearty good-bye; his wife saw them safely into the car; and in

a short time they had resumed their journey, which remained barren of further incident until its close.

The children had been gone a year. As the train steamed into the station, they could have fancied all that had befallen them in the interval as nothing but a horrible nightmare. And now trepidation and shame seized the heart of the boy, while his little sister thought only of being at home again. She forgot for the time being that the return might mean a parting from her brother, for she was not so sanguine as Louis as to the probability of finding Florian. But Louis thought of many things, of many possibilities, and his heart was perplexed and heavy.

"I want to see the Mullens," said Rose, trying bravely to help him with the heavy valise, which he insisted on carrying himself.

"They may be dead," he answered gloomily, for the first time since their wanderings had begun.

"And Father Garyo," the child said cheerily, ignoring his despondency.

"He may be dead too, and he may have had to pay Murphy for his team," said Louis. "If he did, I am going to sell the house and pay him back."

"That will be all right," replied Rose.

"O Rose, I am so ashamed to think how we ran away, and never found Florian, after all! But I feel very hopeful about him now."

"I'll tell you what it is, Louis," answered Rose. "Unless Florian is dead, he would have found us, if he wanted us. If he is living, and doesn't want us, there are still you and I. Don't let us think about it. If he is dead, he is better off; if he doesn't want us, we are better without him."

Louis smiled at her logic, though he could not take such a matter-of-fact view of the situation. Rose still chattered on; but as they neared their

former home, and familiar objects began to present themselves, she too grew silent.

At last they reached the corner of the short street, at the end of which their house stood.

"It is not burned down, anyway," said Rose, her heart beating rapidly. "And there are lights in the windows. Do you think the Mullens are living there, Louis?"

"I don't know. There is a light in their own cottage."

A few steps more and they were at the gate. The garden had been well kept, the house painted. Everything looked bright, cheerful, and prosperous. They stole softly up the path.

"Let us peep in the window first," said Rose.

Louis laid down the valise, and hand in hand they stole to the window. Everything had been changed in the room, which was prettily furnished. A lamp burned on the table; they could hear voices in the room beyond.

As they looked, the door opened between, and a young woman with bright golden hair and a gentle, refined face, came into the parlor. She was smiling. Behind her walked Mrs. Mullen, kindly and wholesome as ever, carrying a beautiful babe, which unmistakably belonged to the young woman with the golden hair. The next to appear was Father Garyo, holding an open letter; then "young Dan" and Pete, not a bit changed.

"He is reading my letter," said Rose, complacently. "I suppose he only got it to-day."

"What letter?"

"I wrote to say we were coming, so that they wouldn't be too surprised. The señora helped me. It's part print and part writing. I'll have to go to school, Louis,—I need to; but I told Father Garyo I would run away again if he sent me to the convent to board."

"The old problem, Rose!" said the

boy. "But I never suspected you had written."

"Of course you didn't. I didn't want you to. Who do you suppose that pretty lady is, Louis?" asked Rose, after a moment, as the young woman took the babe from Mrs. Mullen's arms. "Everybody seems to be talking at once,—don't you think so? But who can that lady be?"

"I suppose it is the lady who has rented the house, and that is her baby. I wish I could hear what they are saying!"

"They are talking about us!" rejoined Rose. "They are all excited."

"Let us go in," said Louis, again taking up the valise and turning away from the window.

"Look, look, Louis! Who is that?" exclaimed Rose, pulling her brother toward her once more. "O Louis, who is it?"

The boy glanced into the room. In the doorway, behind the group, stood a young man, tall, dark, handsome, with a most captivating smile, which he was now bestowing upon the child, holding out his arms to it, as, laughing and crowing, it tried to reach him from its mother's embrace.

"Ah!" ejaculated Louis; and without another word he dragged his sister up the steps and threw open the door, crying: "Florian! Florian! Oh, it is Florian! Thank God and our Blessed Mother, he is found at last!"

And then the three were close clasped in each other's arms, laughing and sobbing; while the rest of the group stood, smiling and wet-eyed, waiting their turn.

"God be praised!" murmured the good Irishwoman at Father Garyo's side, as she wiped the tears from her cheeks. "God be thanked and glorified forever! They have come to their own again, the poor little wanderers! They have come to their own again!"

(The End.)

A Little Girl's Adventure.

A pretty story of the Duke of Norfolk is related by the *Catholic Herald of India*. It is only one of many stories showing how simple and kind-hearted this distinguished Catholic gentleman is, and how fully he deserves the title of nobleman. He is noble by rank and noble by nature:

A woman residing at Brighton took her little girl on a cheap excursion to see some friends in Arundel. The train was full, and the woman and child, who had third-class tickets, were hastily placed at the last moment in a first-class compartment. The little girl lost no time in getting into conversation with a gentleman who was the only other occupant of the carriage. The gentleman put his paper down, and seemed so very kindly disposed that finally the child opened her luncheon basket and offered him a banana, which he took and ate. Just as the train drew up at Arundel, he handed the mother a card, which he said would admit her and her little girl to see all parts of the castle. After he had alighted, the woman looked at the card, and the little girl opened big eyes of wonder when told that the gentleman who had eaten her banana was the Duke of Norfolk.

P's and Q's.

"Mind your *p's* and *q's*." There are two different origins assigned to this expression. One is that it arose from the custom of chalking up behind alehouse doors the debts due from customers, in which the number of pints or quarts they owed for was made by strokes opposite the letters P and Q.

Charles Knight, the editor of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, thinks that the expression originated in a printing office. The *p's* and the *q's* in small Roman type are so much alike that they are always puzzling to a printer's apprentice. "'Mind your *p's* and *q's*' means, 'Do not be deceived by apparent resemblances; learn to discriminate between things essentially distinct but which *look* the same; be observant, be cautious.'"

With Authors and Publishers.

—It was not a Boston salesman who, when asked for a good work on pedestrianism, suggested Walker's Dictionary.

—"Catholic Ireland and Protestant Scotland: a Contrast," by Michael J. F. McCarthy, is announced by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

—"Brussels," a new volume in the Mediaeval Town series, will be from the pen of Mr. E. Gilliat-Smith, an occasional contributor to THE AVE MARIA.

—A new translation of the "Devout Life" of St. Francis de Sales, by T. Barry, and "The Shadow of the Lord," a novel by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, are announced by Messrs. Methuen.

—The first number of the new Catholic missionary review for ethnography and linguistic studies will appear in January. *Anthropos* is the name chosen for it, and it will be published quarterly.

—Dom. E. Legrand, Canon of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, has written, and Lecoffre, Paris, has published, a charming historico-biographical volume whose (translated) title is "Sister Sion and the Establishment in the Holy Land of the Daughters of Charity." Interesting as a romance, and edifying as a book for spiritual reading, the work well deserves the high praise which French reviewers have given it.

—The intermediate grades in all our schools will find "Webster's Modern Dictionary" (compiled by E. T. Roe, L. L. B., and published by Laird & Lee, Chicago) convenient in form and withal sufficiently complete. It contains twenty-seven thousand words. One of its claims to recognition is "its simple and accurate method of indicating the pronunciation." We are particularly pleased with the rational grouping of animals, plants, etc., in the cuts scattered throughout this neatly published volume.

—Mr. George Wharton James, the author of "Indians of the Painted Desert Region," etc., has published a new book dealing with the Missions of California. (Little, Brown & Co.) He has sought to show several things never before presented, among them the direct origin of the mission architecture; the analysis of the details of the mission style of architecture; the influence of the mission style upon modern American architecture; the condition of the Indians prior to, during, and immediately after, the mission epoch, with a brief account of their present state; a careful survey of the interior decorations of the missions; a pictorial account of the furniture,

pulpits, doors, and other woodwork of the missions; a pictorial account of the statuary, crosses, candlesticks, and other silver and brass work of the missions; and the story of Ramona as related to the mission. "In and Out of the Old Missions of California" contains one hundred or more illustrations.

—The announcement of a history of the old parish church at Surrey, England, founded about 800 A. D., should have interest for Catholic readers. The work will include a description of the curious wall-picture called "The Ladder of the Salvation of the Human Soul and the Road to Heaven." This picture was discovered in 1870, during the execution of some repairs.

—Many readers will regret the demise of *Longman's Magazine*, which is announced in the current number. It is explained that "the reproduction of drawings and photographs has called into existence a number of magazines and papers depending largely upon their illustrations. Competition for the patronage of the sixpenny public has become very severe, and the mere endeavor to keep up a high literary standard is nowadays not sufficient." The "sixpenny public" does not demand literary excellence; it wants plenty of pictures and is not over-particular as to excellence.

—We are glad to see in the "Helpful Thoughts Series" published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., "The Spalding Year-Book,"—passages chosen from the writings of the Bishop of Peoria by Minnie R. Cowan, who has made an excellent selection. It is a delightful little volume, full of striking and stimulating thoughts, suitably varied in verse and prose. From "Glimpses of Truth" Miss Cowan quotes:

Think of the rights of others, rather than of their duties; but where thou thyself art concerned, think of thy duties, not of thy rights.

"The Spalding Year-Book" contains many such helpful maxims; every page has something to arrest attention. The Bishop is original in thought, philosophic in outlook, and felicitous in expression. A charming volume, charmingly produced.

—"Questões Sociais-Religiosas" is the title of a new book by Monsignor Vincente Lustosa, Canon of the Cathedral of Rio de Janeiro. In it he combats some of the fallacies so often met with in the writings and discourses of contemporary rationalists and free-thinkers; as, for example: "The Catholic Faith Enslaves the Intelligence and Retards Human Progress"; "Submission to Dogma is an Abdication of the Right of Free-Thought." Monsignor Lustosa

knows his *métier*, and refutes such fallacies with close reasoning and convincing logic. He is a member of the Historical and Geographical Society of Brazil, and a journalist of distinction, being a writer on the staff of the leading daily of Rio de Janeiro, in which he published a series of interesting and appreciative articles on his visit to the United States during the St. Louis Exposition.

—A unique bit of argumentation has been added to the "Westminster Series," published by Messrs. Sand & Co., and Mr. B. Herder. The work is entitled "The Resurrection of Christ—Is it a Fact?" and was originally a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland. It deals "with the constructive proofs of the Resurrection, as also with the destructive criticism of the later and present centuries." At the end of the volume is a list of the principal authorities, Christian and Rationalist, consulted by the author. Mr. Marsh's exposition is scholarly and his style pleasing. His concluding words are worthy of Lacordaire: "No fact of history is better or so well attested as the Resurrection of Jesus Christ in the flesh. Nineteen hundred years ago He hung upon the tree of shame. . . . And He bowed His head to give the human race the kiss of peace. . . . God speed the day when they [the Rationalists], hand in hand with the Christian believer, may exclaim no longer, 'Hail, Thou Godlike Man!' but rather, 'Hail, Thou God made Man!'"

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 Resurrection of Christ—Is it a Fact?" 30 cts., net
- "The Spalding Year-Book." 75 cts., net.
- "The Epistles and Gospels." Very Rev. Richard O'Gorman, O. S. A 50 cts., net.
- "Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella." Very Rev. J. Magnier, C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "Infallibility." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. 36 cts., net.
- "The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts., net.

- "George Eastmount: Wanderer." John Law. \$1.10, net.
- "The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa." Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S. \$3.50, net.
- "Rex Meus." \$1.25.
- "The Angel of Syon." Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. \$1.10, net.
- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Illustrations by Paul Woodruffe. \$1.60, net.
- "That Scamp, or the Days of Decatur in Tripoli." John J. O'Shea. 60 cts.
- "Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.
- "Grammar of Plain-Song." Benedictines of Stanbrook." 75 cts., net.
- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.
- "The Yoke of Christ." Rev. Robert Eaton. \$1, net.
- "Some Little London Children." Mother M. Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "Ireland's Story." Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. \$1.55.
- "The Common Lot." Robert Herrick. \$1.50

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. P. Aylward, of the Archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Joseph Arnoux, O. M. I.; and Rev. John Jones, O. P.

Mr. Albert Vanderhoof, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. John Wuner and Miss Mary Crilly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Felix Sheridan, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Josephine Schulte, Dollar Bay, Mich.; Mr. M. Moss, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mr. Patrick Callan, New Orleans, La.; Mr. Thomas Kelly, Kansas City, Kansas; Mr. John Schroth, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Silvester Warneth, Weeser, Idaho; Mr. Hugh Nolan, Ogden, Utah; Mrs. Mary McDonald, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Nienaber, Frederick City, Md.; Mr. John Kane, Montreal, Canada; Mr. George Hummel and Mrs. A. Stadelman, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Dunn, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Dora Dreher, Defiance, Ohio; Mrs. Cecilia Wehner and Mr. Daniel Cary, Frostburg, Md.; Mr. Frank Sturgeon, Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. Matthew Hoyce, Fostoria, Ohio; Mr. John Sautereau, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Edward Donahoe, Chicago, Ill.; and Mrs. Mary Hosenfelt, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 28, 1905.

NO. 18.

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

An Offering.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LORD, Thou wouldst own my heart:
 I give it, then, to Thee;
 And praise be to Thy Name
 For all eternity!
 Thou art my Light, my Sun,
 My Peace, my Liberty,
 My Saviour and my God,—
 Do what Thou wilt with me.
 Should earthly joy be mine,
 'Twill be a gift from Thee,—
 O praise be to Thy Name
 For all eternity!
 Or poverty or pains,
 Or bonds or liberty,—
 My Master and my King,
 Do what Thou wilt with me!

Jeremiah J. Callanan.

READERS of the pathetic story, so true to nature, which gives its title to the Rev. Dr. Sheehan's recent volume, "The Spoiled Priest," will have recognized in that interesting psychological study, delicately and deftly drawn like a homely bit of *genre* from some master-hand, a familiar phase of Irish life. A somewhat similar picture is presented to us in the short but simple annals which trace the life-story of Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, one of Ireland's minor poets. It has been outlined in a memoir by his nephew, the late

Mgr. Neville,* Dean of Cork, prefixed to the third edition of his poems.†

Like his biographer, Callanan was a native of Cork, where he was born in 1795; and, like many sons of pious Irish parents, with whom the wish is father to the thought, was destined for the priesthood; the desire to have "a priest in the family" being traditional in Ireland,—a desire sometimes inspired by pure zeal and sometimes by mixed motives. "Rather rashly, as the event showed," is the somewhat hasty commentary of the writer; but the self-revealings, the glimpses of the poet's inner life contained in his private memoranda, suggest the idea that it was not his parents who acted precipitately, but himself. His was a vocation nipped in the bud, without time being given it to ripen; with the result that his life, turned awry, became what Montalembert calls *une vie manquée et brisée*. Callanan gives us a pen-portrait of himself in the following lines:

A poet's eye whilst yet a child,
 A boyhood wayward, warm and wild.
 A youth that mocked correction's rod,
 Caressed, would strive to be a god;
 And scorned to take the second place
 In class or honor, field or race.
 A manhood with a soul that flies
 More high than heaven's own highest skies,
 But with a wing that oft will stoop
 And trail in filthiest dross, and droop....

* A distinguished Irish priest who filled the chair of dogmatic theology at Maynooth, and whose name was submitted to Rome along with those from whom a successor to the late Bishop Delany was chosen, in the person of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, O. P.

† "The Poems of J. J. Callanan." A New Edition, with Biographical Introduction and Notes. Cork: Mulcahy.

With rebel tumult in his veins,
 And one who rides with spurs, not reins;
 With mind which through the waves of sin
 Still hears the helmsman's voice within.
 In short, a man who has no life
 Unless he feel the mortal strife
 Of songs and harps and Freedom's fights,
 And Glory's call and Erin's rights;
 Who's weak, but looks for strength above,
 Who'd die for those he ought to love.

The shadows are more sharply defined than the lights in this sombre portrait; but some allowance may safely be made for the poet's "fine frenzy" and play of fancy. Dean Neville says tersely, with a candor worthy of imitation by other biographers, "there was nothing remarkable in his boyhood." He was gifted with a wondrous memory, but not otherwise distinguished.

Having studied the usual preparatory course of classics under Mr. John O'Sullivan, a well-known Cork schoolmaster, in one of those private schools in his native city which turned out many ripe scholars in their time; and under Dr. Harrington of Queenstown—then called Cove,—he entered Maynooth for the rhetoric class, at the age of seventeen. He did so in passive compliance with his parents' wishes; but, when called upon to decide for himself, wavered. Morbidly sensitive and scrupulous, he was by a fellow-feeling drawn into companionship with other students afflicted, like himself, with that malady of the soul, scrupulosity, as difficult to endure as to cure. To choose between blighting the long and fondly cherished hopes of those he held dearest on earth, and obeying what he conceived to be the dictates of conscience, involved a severe mental struggle, somewhat analogous to that dark night of the soul of which St. John of the Cross and other ascetical writers speak. "It was a painful, despairful dilemma," says his biographer, "and conscientious men must admire his decision; although perhaps—and even more than perhaps—as he himself, and those who best knew

him, afterward thought, he did not decide aright."

He quitted Maynooth during the vacation of 1815, with the intention of not returning. When a college friend communicated his resolve to his father, the latter was so much disturbed that his son was induced to try again. In a letter to his sister acquainting the family of this alteration of his intentions, he wrote: "If this letter makes my parents easy, it will restore to me that peace which I want no less than they. To relieve their anxiety, I shall endeavor to know myself more thoroughly."

He does not seem to have devoted much time to acquiring that thorough self-knowledge, sometimes very difficult of attainment; for, after making his spiritual retreat on his return to Maynooth, he left almost immediately. Writing to his father, he says: "I have consulted two clergymen eminent for piety and prudence: they have both been of opinion that I should follow the promptings of my conscience. I hope this will meet with the approbation of God Himself."

Whether it did or not, of course, we do not know, but it evidently did not bring him the peace of soul he longed for. It warped and colored his whole after-life, and accounts for that deep undertone of sadness which is the keynote of most of his poetry. Memories of Maynooth would now and again cross his mind and awaken unavailing regrets for the might have been. For instance, he notes in his diary:

"*Lisbon, Nov., 1827.*—Recollections of Maynooth. Morning bell—frosty morning—five o'clock. *Benedicamus!* Soldier of Jesus, mine was not your lot. The better way is to submit to what I must be—what Thou willest,—or I am lost forever. Oceans of mercy, let but the remotest billow touch me and I am saved! Deep moonlight—cloudy region of my own soul!"

To his biographer this reads as if, with all his "promptings of conscience," and confessor's sanction, he had still—had always—some misgivings about his abandonment of the clerical state. "He had certainly," says Mgr. Neville, "many of the finest qualities of a worthy priest; and it would be quite unfair to conclude that the unstable and purposeless character of his life after leaving Maynooth would have appeared in a fixed and well-defined avocation." His moral qualities are described as of a very high order: he was scrupulously truthful, honorable almost to romance, meek and charitable in speech, never speaking ill of any one, never resenting anything, and endowed with a rare gentleness of manner and charm in social intercourse which inspired in his *intimes* an attachment amounting almost to devotion.

After leaving Maynooth he went to Trinity College, Dublin, where until 1816 he attended lectures as an out-pensioner; spent two years in the study of law and medicine, but never qualifying in either. Literature had more attraction for him. He had already dabbled in verse, his first known literary efforts dating from 1816. His successful competition for two prizes in poetry at Trinity—awarded to him by the vice-chancellor for his poems on the restoration of the spoils of Athens by Alexander the Great, and on the accession of George IV.,—fixed his resolution to devote himself exclusively to letters.

His mode of life on his return to Cork was somewhat nomadic. His parents were dead, and in a moment of gloom and despondency he enlisted in the 18th Royal Irish, then about proceeding to Malta; but at the last moment some friends intervened and bought him out. After a few years spent as tutor to the family of a Mr. McCarthy who resided near Mill-street, in the County Cork, where he

had opportunities of feasting his eyes and feeding his imagination with the beautiful and inspiring scenery of Killarney and the Muskerry Mountains, he returned once more, in 1822, to his native city, where he sometimes lived with his sister and at other times sojourned with friends.

In 1823 he became usher in a school in Marlboro Street kept by Dr. Maginn, father of the celebrated but erratic William Maginn,— "bright, brilliant Maginn," the literary guide, philosopher and friend of Thackeray, and congenial companion of the Reverend Francis Mahony, better known under his pen-name of "Father Prout,"— and as assistant teacher to one Lynch who conducted the "Everton School." Dr. Maginn encouraged his talents and introduced him to several literary friends. He became a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which appeared six popular songs translated by him from the Irish; advertised a volume of poems for publication; projected a collection of Irish lyrics; rough-drafted the outlines of stories—some in prose, some in verse—illustrative of Irish legend or history; completed a few of the latter, but never finished the others, which were, like the tale of Cambyases, half told.

Resigning his tutorship, he wandered about the country, collecting from the lips of the Irish-speaking inhabitants stray fragments of folklore, or "the wild songs of his dear native plains" in the vernacular. Occasional excursions to the glens and mountains of West Cork inspired some of his finest lays. It was at Inchidouny, an island at the entrance to Clonakilty Bay—far from "the city's din," in which, as he declared, he had spent so many "wasted days and weary nights," so well described in "The Recluse,"—that he wrote "The Virgin Mary's Bank," founded on a local tradition. There, "alone with nature," he loved

... to walk unseen

To look upon the storms that I have pass'd,
And think of what I might be or have been;
To read my life's dark page;

still cherishing a hope to be numbered
"among the chosen few whose names
can never die," although he had

No friend but this wild lyre, no heritage but song.

Cleada and Cahir-bearna ("the hill
of the four gaps"), forming part of the
chain of mountains that stretches west-
ward from Millstreet to Killarney,—
he oft had climbed "with boyhood's
bound," before his life became "a
chequered scene"—

When passions slept, and virtue's holy ray
Shed its unsullied light round childhood's lovely
day.

The sight of these by moonlight drew
from him the pathetic exclamation:

O that I were once more what I was then,
With soul unsullied and with heart unsear'd!—
and suggested one of his sweetest songs:

O Avondu,* I wish I were
As once upon that mountain bare,
Where thy young waters laugh and shine
On the wild breast of Meenganine!

I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
Or by Glenluachra's rushy rill!
But no!—I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondu.

Farewell ye soft and purple streaks
Of evening on the beauteous Reeks!†
Farewell ye mists that lov'd to ride
On Cahir-bearna's stormy side!

Farewell November's moaning breeze,
Wild minstrel of the dying trees!
Clara, a fond farewell to you!
No more we meet by Avondu.

In "The Recluse of Inchidony," a
descriptive poem in the Spenserian
stanza, which Byron's "Childe Harold"
had just then popularized, he tells how
his sole joy was

... thus to stray my native wilds among,
On some lone hill an idle verse to twine,
Whene'er my spirit feels the gusts of song
That come but fitfully, nor linger long.

* The Munster Blackwater, the "swift Awniduff"
of Spenser.

† Macgilllicuddy's Reeks, Killarney, the highest mountains
in Munster.

His friend and fellow-citizen, John
Windele, says: "When in his native
land, he delighted to wander among
its glens and mountain recesses; and
gather, in his intercourse with the
inhabitants, the wild legends of the
past, and the relics of song still pre-
served amongst them. Had he lived,
he would, like Scott, have embodied
and illustrated these, created for his
country a minstrelsy, and approved
himself the bard of Irish chivalry, and
a lyrist of the highest order."*

A brother poet, I. F. Waller, writes
of him: "Fully acquainted with the
romantic legends of his country, he
was singularly happy in the graces and
power of language, and the feeling and
beauty of his sentiments. There is in
his compositions little of that high
classicality which marks the scholar,
but they are full of exquisite simplicity
and tenderness; and in his description
of native scenery he is unrivalled."

Another Irish poet—Sam Lover,—
speaking of his attachment to his
native land—a sentiment which, sad
to say, seems to be dying out, seeing
the alacrity with which the Irish of this
generation quit their country,—says:
"Callanan gives that sentiment with
a graphic detail for which his writings
are remarkable; and the fondness with
which he particularizes the whereabouts
shows how deeply rooted were his
local attachments. Not only are hill
and glen, rill and river distinctly noted,
but their varied aspects in different cir-
cumstances, whether they are shrouded
in mist or bathed in the glow of sunset
or pale gleam of moonlight. Even the
voice of the wind—or, to use his own
words, 'the wild minstrel of the dying
trees,'—had a loving echo in the heart
of Callanan."

Thus the picturesque district in
and around Bantry, with the broad
expanse of its beautiful bay; Glenga-

* "Historical and Descriptive Notices of the City of Cork
and its Vicinity." p. 139.

riffe—"tranquil Glengariffe,"—with its numerous islets; the wild mountain pass of Leim-a-tagart, or the Priest's Leap; Ard-na-mrahar, or the Friars' Height; Carriganassig Castle, once the stronghold of the O'Sullivans, a princely sept who formerly possessed the entire country round; Gougaune Barra, in the rugged region of Ibh-Laoghaire (O'Learys' Country); Noc-na-ve, or the hill of the deer; Sliav-na-goila, or the mountain of the wild people, now Sugar Loaf Hill; and Bearhaven, Ivera, the barony of Bear,—form the natural accessories, or background, of his historical poem, "The Revenge of Donal Comm," a poetical gem enhanced by its local setting.

In fluent octosyllabic metre, which recalls Scott, and may challenge comparison with the racy rhyme which the Wizard of the North handled with such felicity and facility, he describes Glengariffe's vale, lovely bay, and mountain wall with its thousand rushing rills; Inver-na-marc, with its rugged shore, bleak cliffs, and "beauteous and unrivalled sweep of beach"; the dark elders drooping over the graves of "Ard-na-mrahar's countless dead," where

... the sculptur'd stone
Still sadly speak of grandeur gone,
And point the spot where, dark and deep,
The Fathers and their abbey sleep;

Sliav-na-goila's giant peak and head of snow towering over the dark vales beneath; Carriganassig, the castled keep of the O'Sullivans,—the hardy race whose "bugle's merry sound" when they rode forth to foray or chase "roused the wild deer of Kaoim-an-é," the "swift Ouvan" that flows beneath, and

... kisses with its sorrowing wave,
The ruins which it could not save;

Finbarra's shrine and lake "dark bosom'd in the hills around"; and the heathery brow of Noc-na-ve, from which

... brightly, deeply blue
Ivera's mountain meet the view.

It was Gougaune Barra that inspired his best known and most admired poem, which Allibone considers the most perfect of all minor Irish poems in the melody of its rhythm, the flow of its language, and the weird force of its expression. The scene, solemn in its sacred associations with Saint Finn Barr, founder of the See and ancient city of Cork; impressive in the combined grandeur and beauty of its picturesque surroundings; and locally interesting as the source of the Lee,—Spenser's

... pleasant Lee, which, like an island fair,
Encloseth Cork in its divided flood,—

was such as to appeal to the historic imagination and poetical genius of a Corkman. One stanza—the first—may be quoted in full as a specimen of Callanan at his best.

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-vallied Desmond—a thousand wild
fountains

Come down to that lake from their home in
the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken
willow

Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor
scorning,

It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all
bright'ning,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of
lightning;

And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's
deep rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice of the
battle;

And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

One of the best, if not the very best, of his minor effusions, the beautiful lines on "Mary Magdalen," came to him like a sudden inspiration. He was occupying the same apartment with John Augustus Shea, another Cork poet*—father of Chief Justice Shea of

* Author of "Ruddeki, the Lament of Hellas, and Other Poems"; and "Clontarf; or, The Field of the Green Banner."

New York,—who had retired to rest, while his friend still remained up, musing. Pacing the floor in a meditative mood, he said: "Get up, Shea! I've a thought." Shea got up, and, having procured pen, ink, and paper, jotted down the exquisite lines as they were uttered by Callanan. They may be quoted here, in part, as another specimen of our author at his best:

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there.
She mark'd not the splendor that blaz'd on their
board,
But silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

She marked but her Saviour, she spoke but in
sighs;

She dar'd not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave
of her breast,

As her lips to His sandal were throbbingly prest.
On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow;
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven,
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

As a translator from the Irish, Callanan may be classed with Clarence Mangan for fidelity to the letter and spirit of the original and for force of expression. "The Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear" is a masterpiece. The pathetic incident which inspired it is well known to readers of Irish history. It belongs to the epoch "when the French were in the Bay,"—that eighteenth century which closed so disastrously for Ireland.

In 1827, Callanan's health having broken down, he accepted the position of tutor to the family of an Irish gentleman in Lisbon. But soon an intense longing to return to Cork and die in his native land took possession of him; and this desire grew stronger and stronger as he brooded over the past. "Here, in a strange country," writes Mgr. Neville, "without the light of familiar faces to cheer, he is forced in upon himself. He reads over the history of his own past—his mistakes, his vicissitudes, his disappointments,—and grows wise and good as he reads. Ill

health has intensified the sensibility of a naturally highly sensitive mind, and he is full of shame and sorrow as the errors and shortcomings of the past ten years rise before him." In the twilight of life, prematurely gathering and darkening the horizon, with the "one clear call" becoming gradually more audible, he becomes meditative and religious.

In a notebook kept by him at this time we read the retrospective reflection: "What a dark waste I leave behind!" Again: "God pursues me; I hope God has overtaken me, but not in His justice. My director in Ireland told me that God was pursuing me; my director here in Lisbon says something similar. I did not wait for God; but He followed me over the ocean, and I hope has overtaken me. A million of praises to God! I have been at Communion to-day."

Under date, Christmas, 1827, he writes: "This night twelvemonth I was in Clonakilty with dear friends; this night I am alone in a land of strangers. But if—as I purpose, please God,—I seek to be alone with God, I shall be happy anywhere." In another place: "Most pure above the angels and saints, Mary, shall not this harp be strung to thee, thou loveliest far of all ever born of earth—woman, but Mother of Jesus? Virgin, the heaven-born snow is dark to thy purity and brightness." This pious thought is akin to the spirit which suggested one of his loveliest lyrics, "The Virgin Mary's Bank," already referred to, and the scene of which he recalls in the following lines written in Lisbon:

Beneath the sun of Portugal, where golden Tais
shines,

I sat upon the hill that crowns the Valley of the
Vines;

A breeze came coolly from the north, like an
angel's passing wing,

And gently touching it, awaked sad memory's
sleeping string;

I thought upon my friends and home, and on
my father dear,

And from my heart there came a sigh, and to
mine eye a tear.
...and I thought how happy I should be
Were I upon the Virgin's Bank that looks across
the sea.

His devotion to Our Lady often drew
his thoughts heavenward. In a short
poem headed "On the Last Day," one
of those additional pieces included in
Dean Neville's edition of Callanan's
writings, he thus addresses her:

Oh, thou who, on that hill of blood,
Beside thy Son in anguish stood;
Thou who, above this life of ill,
Art the bright Star to guide us still;
Pray that my soul, its sins forgiv'n,
May find some lonely home in heav'n!

In "The Lament" he gives pathetic
expression to the solemn thought of
death, which frequently crosses his mind
as the sands of life are running low:

Awake, my lyre, though to thy lay no voice of
gladness sings,
Ere yet the viewless power be fled that oft hath
swept thy strings;
I feel the flickering flame of life grow cold within
my breast,
Yet once again, my lyre, awake, and then I sink
to rest.

And must I die? Then let it be, since thus 'tis
better far
Than with the world and conquering fate to
wage eternal war.
Come, then, thou dark and dreamless sleep, to thy
cold clasp I fly
From shattered hopes and blighted heart, and
pangs that can not die.

Yet would I live; for, oh, at times I feel the tide
of song
In swells of light come strong and bright my
heaving heart along!
Yet would I live, in happier day to wake with
master-hand
A lay that should embalm my name in Albin's
beauteous land.

'Tis past—my sun has set—I see my coming night.
I never more shall press that hand or meet that
look of light;

Among old Albin's future bards no song of mine
shall rise.

Go, sleep, my harp,—forever sleep! Go! leave me
to my sighs!

Harper and harp were soon silenced.
These latest harmonies were like the

dying notes of the swan,—were last
flashes of fancy, the flickering of the
flame before it went out. In the
autumn of 1829 he went on board a
vessel bound for Cork, but it was too
late. His symptoms became so alarm-
ing that he was obliged to return
to Lisbon, where he passed away on
September 19.

The year of his death witnessed the
issue of the first edition of his poems.*
This was followed in 1847 by another
edition, with biographical introduction
and notes, edited by the father of
Justin McCarthy, historian, novelist
and journalist.

Besides the additional poems incor-
porated in Dean Neville's edition—the
best of which are: "A Lay of Mizen
Head," descriptive of the wreck of the
Confiance, sloop of war, lost in April,
1822; and "Wellington's Name," in
which he poetically anathematizes the
Iron Duke in terms almost as scathing
as those in which Moore scathed
George IV.,—D. F. McCarthy, in his
"Book of Irish Ballads," quotes from
Bolster's *Quarterly Magazine* (Cork,
1826) two translations from the Irish
by Callanan, which escaped the notice
of previous editors: "The Lamenta-
tion of Felix McCarthy" and "Cusheen
Loo." McCarthy classes Callanan with
Griffin, Davis and Ferguson, as a
ballad poet,—no small praise from one
poet to another.

Callanan lies buried in Lisbon; but
a Celtic cross, with a suitable inscrip-
tion, has been erected by public sub-
scription, in view of Gougaune Barra
and the "green island in deep-vallied
Desmond," as a fitting memorial of
the bard who sang so sweetly of
"Finbarra's shrine."†

* "The Recluse of Inchidoay, and Other Poems." By
J. J. Callanan. London: Hurst, Chance & Co.

† The parish priest of Inchigeela, the Rev. P. Hurley,
in whose parish Gougaune Barra is situated, has built
an oratory on the island, the funds having been supplied
by an American tourist attracted to the place which
Callanan has helped to make famous.

A "Heart Tinker."

BY M. J. K.

"AND tell me what will you be, *avourneen*?" said Mrs. Maloney, as she finished off the last stitch on her shining knitting needle, and turned the stocking in her hand before beginning on the next one.

"A heart tinker," Billy answered gravely, as he stroked the fur of the old cat in his lap, and looked into the fire with big, childish eyes of unnatural gravity.

"A what?" asked his sister Kitty, contemptuously. "Who ever heard of such a trade as that?"

The little fellow was silent; he still stroked the cat.

"Can't you say you'll be a soldier like Jack, or a shopkeeper like Michael,—aye, or even a smith? But a tinker, a mender of old gallons and cans!"

"I didn't say I'd mend *cans*," was the indignant reply: "I said I'd mend *hearts*; didn't I, mother?"

Mrs. Maloney smiled. She paused in her knitting for a second, to stroke the curly head resting against her knee. They were all around her on the hearth,—her treasures, her very own possessions: her blue-eyed girleen, her two sturdy sons, and her youngest, Billy, her little Benjamin.

"How will you set about mending hearts, Billy?" Jack, the future soldier, asked indifferently, as he concentrated his energies on the wheel of a cannon that had come out of its place upon the hearth.

"I don't know," the would-be tinker answered gravely. "I'll rivet little bits on the outside; I couldn't cut out the hearts to piece them."

Mrs. Maloney took the chubby boy upon her knee.

"God love you for an *ounchic*!" she laughed fondly. "You couldn't mend

them that way, but you can mend them the way I'll tell you. Always say the kind word and the tender one; listen quietly and gently when poor creatures say they're sick or sore or sorry; give a helping hand when you can to such poor neighbors as Mick Flood and Peggie Caffery; pick the potatoes for Auntie Walsh that's not able to bend with the rheumatics; bring her the water from the well, and turn home the goat in the evening. That's the kind of a 'heart tinker' my little son can be, and the one I'd like to see him,"—kissing the flaxen head tenderly and rocking him on her knee.

"I'd rather have a wallet like Pirrie Kelly, and put on little pieces with a hammer," Billy said thoughtfully, after a little pause.

"The bits you'll put on, *alanna*, the way I'm telling you will never come off," Mrs. Maloney said fondly. "You couldn't be a heart tinker any other way."

"Couldn't he be a doctor, mother?" Jack asked abruptly.

"Aye, my son, he could; but all the medicines ever were mixed wouldn't be half as good at mending hearts as the way I'm telling you. When the cat killed your canary a week ago, and your heart was sick fretting, which would you rather: that I'd have taken you in my arms and listened to you sobbing, and tried to comfort you, or have taken down the black bottle and given you a dose of it, and said, 'Jack *alanna*, 'tis a physic you want'?"

The boy laughed; he looked up at his mother with a smile.

"Your way was the best, mother," he said softly. "I know now what you mean by heart tinkering."

For a long time after that there was silence in the little cottage kitchen, each busy brain thinking its own thoughts, while the mother's shining needles flew in and out of the blue stocking with

a little clicking noise that disturbed no one.

Then the "tinker" spoke again:

"I'll be such a great mender that every man will send for me from every place,—soldiers and doctors and kings and policemen; and I'll make such a heap of guineas I'll buy the court and live like Squire Maloney."

"My *lanna bawn!*" his mother laughed, "you have great notions of your own powers entirely. But you'll be nothing at all, *arourneen*, unless God and His Blessed Mother will help you. And if you want to be a great man, you must first be a very humble little boy, and say your prayers and mind your lessons, and practise the heart tinkering the way I'm telling you; and then who knows but when you're a big man like daddy, some day or another God may give you the chance of doing something great for Him, and let you put on some poor creature's heart a piece that will shine out like the sun before Him for all eternity in heaven, and make Him when He sees it think kindly of my poor curly-headed *lanna coora?*"

And the good woman flung her knitting over on the black oak settee, and bent her tender face down on the flaxen head of Billy, while she breathed a prayer for the welfare of her boy, that his Guardian Angel, hearing, bore at once away to the foot of God's own Mother's throne in heaven.

Years passed, and, under the shadow of a giant yew in Rathronan churchyard, Mrs. Maloney, with most of her kin, lay sleeping. All her little family had scattered like birds from the nests of last year, and most of them had settled down into homes of their own, and begun the battle of life on their own account. Kitty was a happy wife and mother, far away in a Texas valley, married to a man of her own faith and from her own country and

her own native village. Michael, the stay-at-home, was a thriving hardware merchant, making money by the bucketful when last I heard of him. Jack, the soldier, alas! was resting on the sands of an Egyptian battlefield, his warfare over, all his fighting done.

The poor "heart tinker," too, had vanished, gone out into the big world, and Rathronan knew him no more. He had grown up the scapegrace of the family, with more swear words on his yellow head than blessings; a wild, reckless chap, that was still dearer than all the rest of the Maloneys to the neighbors; for had he not on one occasion got the priest for a dying sinner when the roads were impassable, with snow and drifts lying fathoms deep on the hillside? And had he not saved the miller's infant son from the flames when the old mill took fire? And was he not the best hurler and the best wrestler from Rathronan to Kinsale? And who ever wanted "heart tinkers" in Rathronan? He had forgotten all about his early intentions by the time his mother died. Shortly after that he started for California, where he intended to grow fruit and, of course, make money.

Five years later a neighbor met Billy in 'Frisco. He had not grown the fruit, and did not seem to be making money; in fact, from the neighbor's account, he seemed "down on his luck," and would not even go and have a drink when the neighbor asked him. He said he would call at his hotel, but never did. And after that letter from Tom Cassidy he dropped out of people's memory; so the poor "heart tinker" was as one that was dead to Rathronan.

Now I happen to have a Sister who is a nun in St. Michael's Hospital for incurables in 'Frisco, and I had a letter from her a month ago, and this is a part of it:

"Such a strange thing happened here a few weeks ago!—so strange that

I'll tell you all about it now. A young Irishman was brought into this hospital, fearfully injured from a fall of several stories from one of the tenement houses, in one of the worst quarters of the city. It seems the house took fire, and in the top room there was a woman with half a dozen helpless children; the woman was dying of consumption, and was unable to give any assistance; and they were all in danger of being burned to death, when this man made his way through the burning building to the very top, and in a few seconds was seen standing in the window with a child in his arms, calling for help. The firemen had arrived by that time, and ladders were placed against the house, and brave men scaled them; while the hose played on the flames, and all that human aid could do was done to save the inmates and put out the fire.

"It seemed in vain, however; and six times that man returned to the burning room behind him, and six terrified children he passed to the waiting firemen on the ladders; then, scorched and blackened, he brought out the dying woman last, and saw her safely handed down, stage after stage, to the ground, when he prepared to descend himself. But by this time the ladders had become ignited, and the poor fellow was only one or two stories down when they suddenly collapsed, and fell with a crash out into the street below.

"Now comes the strange part of the story. For a full week after the Irishman's admittance to this hospital, the door was besieged with callers of the very poorest and most miserable of 'Frisco's poor and miserable (and that is saying a great deal), inquiring for the 'Heart Tinker,'—for, if you'll believe me, that is the name my grand-souled Irishman was known by. Men, women and children of every denomination came inquiring. And tears and sighs and blessings followed these

inquiries; and poor, pinched, starved faces lit up with joy when we told them he was better. Now, you know, my besetting sin was always curiosity; and, as I am an Irishwoman, I made it my business to find out what I could about my poor countryman.

"I can not write you half of what those poor people told me. My 'Heart Tinker' must have been very dear to God, for his charity seems to have been unbounded. The sick and sorrowful and homeless and old seem to have been his particular care, and men and women poured out into my ears his way of helping them and comforting them.

"'Sure he gave us the kind word and the hand grip when he had nothing else to give,' one poor woman told me with tears. 'And his room was always full of the homeless and the starving; and there was a shelter for our heads and a bit of fire to dry our rags when the rain was coming from the sky in torrents.'

"'Aye,' an old fellow chimed in, 'and he'd talk of the football and the hurling and the bonfires in Ireland till we'd forget we were starving and shivering, and would fancy we were back among all the old neighbors at home. And he'd talk of God's mercy to them that were hopeless and sunk down almost to hell in sin; and put before them the gentleness and the poverty of God's own Blessed Mother; telling how she had no place to put her little Babe in but the manger in a stable in Bethlehem, under the beasts' heads, so that their breath would keep Him warm; and how she had no cushion or carpet under her knees when she knelt down to adore Him,—nothing only the cold ground. And did we think when she knelt down there and asked her Son for her sake to pity us poor sinners, that He wouldn't do it? Sure it stands to reason that He would.'

"'Ah, woman dear,' a rough-looking old fellow interrupted rudely, 'you'd

be the devil himself if your heart wouldn't be softened listening to him and mixing with him! He was an angel down straight from heaven, was our "Heart Tinker"; and I never want to know a better. All were for us: his earnings, his time,—everything; and he never thought of himself at all,—never at all. He did more good among the likes of us than any preacher that ever stood in a pulpit. His life was a sermon from morning to night, so it was; and, may God give him back once more to us!

"He dashed the hot drops from his eyes with the back of his grimy hand ere turning away; and my heart swelled with pride to know my countryman was their 'Heart Tinker.' It was the same story for the whole week before he died,—for he *did* die, poor fellow! much as they all wanted him to stay. And I was the Sister told off to be with him at the last. He seemed to be in very little pain after he was anointed, and smiled when I asked him if he was better.

"'I'll soon be all right, Sister!' he answered genially. 'I don't think it will be very long now.'

"I smoothed his pillow, and flecked a drop of holy water over him from the stoup beside the bed.

"'Would you like to have a message sent home?' I asked hesitatingly.

He laughed feebly.

"'I'd like to have a notice of my death sent to the parish priest of Rathronan, County Tipperary,' he said, smiling gravely, 'asking him to pray from the holy altar for one Bill Maloney who died out here in 'Frisco.'"

Do you wish to be great? Then begin by being little. Do you desire to construct a vast and lofty fabric? Think first about the foundation of humility. The higher your structure is to be, the deeper must be its foundation.—*St. Augustine.*

Fly Home!

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

HOWEVER far afield they roam,
When night draws near, the birds fly home.
With joyous cries and twitterings,
Or spent and tired, with lagging wings,
A million weary, wand'ring things
Fly home.

In life's fair morn the way seems sweet,
With flowers nodding at our feet;
But all too soon our pleasures pall,
And all too soon the shadows fall;
Then, spent and tired, we hear the call—
Fly home!

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXIX.—THE FULL KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN Jim Bretherton reached the Manor, everyone save Lord Aylward had retired. He was still up, writing letters in his room; and, exchanging a word with his friend in passing, was struck by the grave, tense expression of the latter's face.

Once in the stillness of his own apartment, young Mr. Bretherton seated himself in an armchair and spread out before him upon a table those papers which had been given to him at the mill-house. He did not know what they contained,—he could only conjecture from the information which he had already received from Mother Moulton; nor had it occurred to him to inquire by what means they had come into the younger woman's possession.

The light of the electric jets above fell full upon the yellow and time-worn documents, as the young man slowly opened them. The very first bore upon its surface, in legible, clerkly characters, "Last Will and Testament of Evrard Lennon, Gentleman." It was executed under his own hand and seal, and

antedated his death by at least six months. The will was in favor of his beloved wife, Janet Maxwell, to whom were bequeathed house, lands and fortune. It was expressly declared that, since the marriage, performed by a justice of the peace in the town of Concord, had been kept secret, this instrument was intended to provide for the wife, her heirs and inheritors forever, in the event of her husband's death.

Jim Bretherton shivered as he seemed to hear this voice from the dead; and, with a strange feeling of unreality, he laid down that document which so plainly attested the integrity of the deceased and his desire to do justice to the woman whom he had married.

"Evidently," thought he, "my uncle Reverdy was unaware of the existence of this document, which seems to have been kept secret by the legatee,—if, indeed, the hideous hag at the mill-house is identical with the woman whom Evrard Lennon married."

This paper, however, corroborated her statement regarding the privacy of the marriage, which, being celebrated away from Millbrook, in the town of Concord, was unknown to the relatives of the bridegroom. The will was accompanied by a copy of the marriage certificate, which guaranteed the validity, at least in a legal point of view, of that ceremony.

Though this document considerably impoverished young Bretherton, and left him more or less dependent upon his father and upon the prospective favors of wealthy relatives in whom the family abounded, it was far less of a shock to his sensibility than was the paper upon which he next laid his hand. He drew a deep breath before opening it, wondering what further vagary of fortune it might disclose.

When he began to read, he could scarcely believe his eyes, which wandered in bewilderment over the page. It was a written deposition of Eben

Knox, duly signed and attested before a notary, in which he related circumstantially all that had occurred upon that memorable night of which frequent—perhaps *too* frequent—mention has already been made in previous chapters. It was wild and weird in the extreme, like a page from some ancient romance; and it illustrated once more the fact that truth is very often stranger than fiction.

There was no rhetoric, no attempt at dramatic effect; only strong, terse language, brutal almost in its simplicity, charging Reverdy Bretherton with the death of his cousin. It, moreover, implicated Miss Tabitha Brown as an accomplice after the fact, by reason of her silence, and of the pressure which she and her fellow-conspirator had put upon Eben Knox, then a lad of fifteen, to preserve such silence. And the two were likewise charged with having permitted the arrest, the arraignment and condemnation to life-imprisonment of an innocent man.

The lowering clouds, the darkness relieved by a waning moon, the alder bushes stirred by a moaning wind, were introduced simply as part of the narrative; and it required no very vivid imagination on the part of the reader to conjure up that scene in its wild intensity: the fall, the splash in the water, the ghastly scar upon the white face over which the waters were presently to close, to be seen no more save in the awful rigidity of death.

Jim Bretherton was thrilled with an indescribable horror at this thing of which his kinsman had been capable. Uncle Reverdy, whom as a boy he had loved and admired, who had been so prodigal of "tips," so apparently kind-hearted and benevolent,—he it was who had come into possession of Evrard Lennon's goods, and who had apparently enjoyed them without a thought of remorse! He had held his head high, indeed, in Millbrook

and in the State; he had made an advantageous marriage, and had been considered in every way as an honor to the family.

With a bitter pang at thought of the Bretherton name and the Bretherton honor thus tainted, Jim pushed away the incriminating papers and leaned back in his chair, a prey to the most painful emotions. Well might Mother Moulton have warned him that he would be happier without the knowledge just obtained. Ever since the Garden of Eden, knowledge has been either the cause or the consequence of sorrow.

Even the thought of Leonora came painfully into his mind. He could no longer offer her that most excellent gift—a name which had never known the shadow of dishonor. And, thinking of Miss Tabitha's niece, he naturally remembered the aunt and her connection with the tragic story he had heard. It seemed incredible that Tabitha, of all people, should have had part in such events,—she who in appearance was so harmless, so inoffensive, so exactly suited to her surroundings. The Cottage with its rose vines, the garden with its flower beds, bordered by the prim row of sunflowers, were precisely in harmony with Tabitha's apparent character. The young man marvelled that she could have lent herself to the transaction, and he missed the clue which his elders could have supplied—Miss Tabitha's early affection for Reverdy Bretherton.

There was still a third document lying untouched upon the table. There it lay, portentous in its relation to those already read. What further revelations might it not contain, fatal for evermore to his unclouded peace of mind! With a determination to know finally whatever was still hidden, Jim Bretherton unfolded the pages, again in the handwriting of Eben Knox, who, as a malignant genius, had seemed to

conjure up this whole harrowing drama. It was easy to see now why Miss Tabitha had feared him, and why he had played upon her fears, till she had consented to sacrifice Leonora. It was not so strange, from her narrow and limited point of view, that she had deemed it best, in his own interests, to sacrifice himself as well and to keep inviolate the secrets so long buried.

Eben Knox related with cynical frankness his own share in what followed. Having, at the instigation of those concerned, observed silence, he kept a close watch upon Reverdy Bretherton; though he had never attempted to make use of the power over him so strangely acquired. Had Leonora never come into the question, it seemed probable that the mill-manager would have allowed the secret to lie fallow.

Chiefly through a motive of curiosity, he had, however, followed the culprit's movements, and had tracked him once more to the alder bushes. There, in the wan and shadowy moonlight, he had beheld him dig a grave,—not, indeed, to inter the body of the dead, which was already at rest, but to conceal the copy of Evrard Lennon's will and his marriage certificate.

With an involuntary movement of shame and confusion, Jim Bretherton covered his face with his hands. The indignant blood suffused his very forehead; for here was an act which had not even the miserable palliation of self-preservation. It was the deliberate robbing the poor widow of her inheritance. It was a mean and dishonest act, unworthy of a man, much less a gentleman with the high standard and traditions of the Brethertons.

It was a relief to the young man's overwrought feelings to compare one kinsman with the other. Wild and reckless as Evrard Lennon had been, he had at least endeavored to do a tardy justice to the wife he had married

and, at any cost to his own reputation, to place her beyond the reach of want.

It was some moments before Jim Bretherton could continue the perusal of that hateful document, traced by the hand of spite and treachery. Eben Knox, having witnessed the concealment of the papers in the space under the alder bushes, had seized a favorable opportunity, later in that same night, to disinter them, and to set down in writing what he had observed. He had also contrived to possess himself of a letter written anonymously by Reverdy Bretherton to the widow, advising her to fly, lest she be accused of participation in the murder. Eben Knox related how he had been charged with the delivery of that letter, had opened and read it upon the way, sealing it up again and conveying it to Janet Maxwell at the encampment.

He described how he had seen her standing there with an infant in her arms, and how the child had started and cried at sight of him, since when, he owned, he had been oddly moved at times by the crying of a child, as though it were demanding its inheritance. He dwelt in detail upon the gypsy girl's beauty, somewhat dark and swarthy, which had made her famous throughout the neighborhood, and had induced many wild young men to visit the tents and to have their fortune told by Janet. Claiming descent from Scotch gypsy stock, the girl had been in her own way proud and distant and had repelled those would-be admirers, save that one handsome and reckless gentleman who had persuaded her into a secret marriage.

The young woman, terrified at the possibility of being charged with murder, and dazed by grief at her husband's untimely death, fled the country. Her whereabouts was unknown, and it was many years later before Eben Knox succeeded in discovering her place of concealment. She was then

prematurely old and without a trace of her fatal beauty. Eben Knox, who had his own reasons for wishing to keep her within reach, engaged her as his housekeeper and re-christened her Mother Moulton. A generation or two had passed. Few remembered the gypsy girl, and none would have recognized her in the beldame of the mill-house.

While regarding this tissue of black and more or less premeditated villainy, in which so many actors had taken a greater or less part, the thought which was uppermost in the mind of Jim Bretherton was that his father's brother, his Uncle Reverdy, should have been so utterly false to the traditions of his race, so lost to all sense of honor, of right feeling, and of moral responsibility; and it was this thought which kept him pacing the room long after he had read the last page of that woful record.

There was but one bright spot in all the darkness, and this was the certainty that it was on *this* account that Leonora had acted as she did. He wondered how much she knew of the dark tragedy of the past; and he felt convinced that she could have been only imperfectly acquainted with its details. For he was aware that she was far too right-minded and too enlightened in the principles of her faith to countenance a flagrant wrong done to others. He felt an entire confidence in her integrity, and this was the highest compliment he could have paid her. In all the confusion of his thoughts, he never for an instant doubted her.

Miss Tabitha and Eben Knox had, indeed, terrified Leonora, and probably represented the benefit which she would confer upon the Brethertons by purchasing the latter's silence. He felt certain that they had not explained to her how matters really stood. As for the aunt, he pitied her weakness rather than condemned her wrongdoing; and he conjectured that her motive, partly at

least, in observing secrecy, was her loyalty to the family of the Manor.

It was characteristic of the young man's character that he never for a moment considered the possibility of observing secrecy himself, or of endeavoring to secure the continued silence of Eben Knox. The one evident course that occurred to him was to right at any cost the wrongs of years. In those bitter hours he felt as if he had suddenly grown old; as if the careless and unclouded happiness of that night of the tableaux, when he had stood with Leonora upon the moonlit lawn, with the strains of "Amaryllis" sounding in their ears, could never come again. The gloom and the sorrow of life seemed to have fallen upon him and encompassed him round.

Youth, finding in tribulation an unfamiliar figure, shrinks from its aspect in an intensity of repugnance. Maturity meets it soberly and sadly indeed, but with a firmer aspect, since it is no longer unknown. Age, with weary eyes, gazes upon it as something of daily use and wont, forever upspringing in the pathway of existence.

But from the darkness of that midnight emerged the idea of Leonora, as the moon comes forth the brighter from the blackest cloud. Their mutual love appeared for the first time in its true character, born to soar above the anguish and stress of the years; no thing of roses or of gossamer clouds, no midsummer phantom, but a strong, brave and true affection, destined to survive the fiercest storms, the most fiery affliction. The young man realized then what it would be to have Leonora at his side in the face of misfortune. Intuitively, he obtained a clearer comprehension of her qualities than is sometimes the result of years of ordinary association.

As he sat there under the electric light, with the papers spread out in front of him, or paced the room with

a rapid, excited step, Jim Bretherton's face took on a new resolution, a new intensity of expression. It was no longer merely handsome and careless: the lines had deepened, a hint of sternness was apparent in its very calmness. The strain of those hours coming upon the unhappiness of the previous anxiety and suspense with regard to Leonora, had done the work of years.

Even after he had gone to bed, the young man slept but little, and the night slowly wore its tedious length away. For the night is the crucial time when the woes of life press upon the soul of man. He is conscious then of his insignificance in the battle of the universe. In the strenuous working-day, effort seems possible, sorrow is thrown aside, and the body reassumes its share in the twofold partnership of pain and care.

As early as possible in the morning, Jim Bretherton sought his father, to whom he was anxious to communicate the singular facts which had come to his knowledge. They had both been at Mass, according to custom; and when breakfast was over, the ex-Governor sat in his library, reading the newspaper. It had occurred to him during breakfast that his son was looking unusually pale and grave, and he fancied that the mother had noted the same circumstance. But he reassured himself, smiling as he reflected that, at Jim's time of life, a quarrel with a sweetheart may darken the landscape equally with the overthrow of an empire.

He laid down his newspaper, however, when his son appeared upon the library threshold with the announcement that he had something important to say. As Jim took a chair near his father, the latter leaned forward and laid a hand upon his shoulder, with the olden kindness which had met so many boyish difficulties. The eyes of the ex-Governor were half sad, half humorous.

"Well, my boy," he said, "is she less

kind, and does the sun in consequence refuse its light? Keep a brave heart. The sun will shine and my lady smile to-morrow."

A pang smote the young man as he looked at the noble figure of his father seated there in his ancestral home, the strong face relaxed into tenderness, and thought of the stainless and honorable name he had borne unsullied to the very verge of old age.

"Father," he answered, "I am sorry to say that I have to speak of a very serious and disagreeable matter which concerns us all."

The father was silent for just an instant. Though he could not, of course, conjecture the nature of his son's communication, experience makes a man fearful of possible misfortune. He let his eyes rest upon the flood of sunlight which streamed over and about him and out at the long French window, losing itself in the limitless brightness beyond.

"This brightness," he said tranquilly, "reminds me, dear boy, how the light of God's loving care shines around us, and must ultimately dispel the darkest shadows. So whatever your news may be, out with it."

He listened attentively to what Jim had to tell; and for a brief space he bent his head, and Jim fancied that he murmured a prayer. It was hard to hear these things of the brother whom he had loved long ago in the sunny days of boyhood. Whatever Reverdy's faults had been, no one could ever have dreamed of such misdemeanors as these, which cast so dark a stain upon the knightly shield of the Brethertons. Perhaps it was only such a nature as the father's, and that of the son who so closely resembled him, that could have felt the blow with such intensity.

It was the son's turn to lay a hand tenderly upon his father's shoulder. At the touch the Governor raised his head with an air of manly fortitude, despite

the suffering depicted upon his features.

"My boy," he said, "this is an unexpected trial. Let us accept it from the right hand of the Most High, and nerve ourselves for the consequences. While we meet the trial bravely, we must consider what it is incumbent upon us to do."

"To right the wrongs!" Jim Brether-ton cried eagerly, as a young knight who is about to enter the lists.

"Yes, that must be our first consideration," the Governor answered. "Oh, how could my poor brother have ever been so ill-advised as to keep silence, and at another's expense! The original occurrence was, no doubt, the accidental result of a quarrel. Reverdy was always hot-headed. No one would ever have believed that it was pre-meditated. But now — now it is deplorable, indeed!"

He sat a few moments in deep and painful thought; then he said, almost as if he were musing aloud:

"And, with all his shortcomings, Evrard Lennon was such a fine fellow! Though led astray by wild companions, he was the most honorable, the most generous, the most high-minded of men,—such another as I believed my brother to be. Oh, Reverdy,—poor, poor Reverdy!"

He paused in deep emotion, forgetting everything in the gush of warm brotherly love for the erring, who slept in the peace of the all-forgiving grave.

Perhaps Jim, after the fashion of youth, was inclined to condemn unreservedly the uncle who had brought this evil upon them. The Governor, however, in the ripeness of his judgment, in the perfecting and developing of his own character which had been the work of years, was tolerant and pitiful to a fault toward the offences of others.

"Do not judge him too harshly, my son," he pleaded. "Remember he is dead, and he was such a lovable, kindly boy!"

The ex-Governor looked away over the sunlit landscape visible from the window, as if he discerned there in that radiant distance the playmate of his youth. And Jim, grieved at the suffering which he read upon his father's face, ventured the suggestion:

"I wonder if the whole story could be an invention?"

The Governor shook his head.

"The man would never have dared to fabricate such a tissue of falsehood; nor would he have quoted living witnesses, such as Miss Tabitha Brown. Poor soul! she must have endured her own punishment. And it was to save Reverdy, to save us, that she involved herself in this miserable affair."

"But how could she have been so mistaken?"

"She loved your Uncle Reverdy," the Governor explained, in a low voice. "There was an early attachment between them, which for family considerations was put aside. When it was too late, it was felt that it would have been better to let Reverdy follow his inclination. He loved her, too, poor fellow! He was very unhappy at the separation brought about between them. Love is a genuine power, let the cynics say what they will."

To this Jim gave an unqualified assent.

"I should be the last to minimize its power," he declared.

"I am glad to hear you say so!" the Governor exclaimed heartily.

After this, there was a pause, occupied by Jim in reviewing the situation, with the new and softened light thrown upon Miss Tabitha and upon Reverdy by their ill-starred attachment, which neither had the strength to bring to a happy conclusion.

"How about Mr. Knox?" said the Governor, breaking the silence. "One of us must see him immediately."

"Leave that to me!" cried Jim. "It will be a duty and a pleasure to tell him my opinion."

The father reflected.

"I suppose I may leave the preliminaries, at least, in your hands. But keep cool, Jim my boy! Give the fellow no unnecessary provocation."

"Provocation!" echoed the son. "I should like to strangle him, especially when I remember how he has dared to persecute Leonora."

"Man will dare much for love, and you should not be too hard upon him, since in the latter particular you are rowing in the same boat. Still, I must admit our manager of the mill has proved himself a thoroughpaced scoundrel."

Jim, however, could least of all forgive Eben Knox that he had aspired to Leonora, and had sought to terrorize her into accepting his suit.

"I leave it for the present in your hands," repeated the Governor,—“not with a view, however, to shirking my share of the responsibility. And I am glad to feel assured that no principle of right or justice will be violated by you."

"We shall try to do justice to everyone," said Jim, standing up tall and straight before his father, who stretched out his hand to clasp that of his son. He had always loved his only surviving boy with a passionate affection; but at that moment he respected him as man to man, and reposed an absolute confidence in his integrity.

On the threshold Jim turned back an instant to say:

"You will tell mother what you think best."

"Yes," said the Governor. "We must spare her all we can."

(To be continued.)

God alternately conceals and reveals Himself in order the better to be seen. His silence enhances the effect of His words. It was His burial that gave credit to His resurrection.—*Lacordaire*.

An October Fancy.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

HAVE you ever been awakened at midnight by the thunderous murmur of the incoming tide? Have you ever listened to wave after wave as in regular succession they rolled in and broke upon the beach? Have you ever marked the deep, steady, never-hasting, never-resting reverberation, which makes the solemn and mysterious night still more solemn and mysterious? Sound and silence—sound and silence—sound and silence,—so it continues for hours and hours of the night.

And such a sound! And such a silence! Can there be anything like it in all the world,—anything so awe-inspiring, anything so reminiscent of that dread beginning of time when the spirit of God moved upon the face of the deep! How little—how very, very little and insignificant everything else seems, in comparison with this vast primitive force! The rush and roar of a distant express train comes borne to your ears on the summer wind, but it sounds as thin and ineffectual as a boy's tin toy drawn over a table. The very regularity and rhythm of the sea at midnight is of itself appalling and awe-inspiring. It is as if one were listening privily and without right to the sound made by the mechanism of God's vast system of creation. It is like the noise of the pendulum which the Almighty Hand set swinging at the dawn of time. It is more—it is like the heartbeat of the Universe!

Have I said that there is nothing in all the world like this sound of the sea at midnight? I am mistaken. Have you ever been in some vast church thronged with men? Have you ever hushed your own voice, and listened to the deep roar of that vast multitude "answering" the Rosary? If so, has

it not brought back with startling suddenness to your mind the rhythmic roll of the waves upon the shore? I say if it has not, you are lacking in imagination! To me nothing is more suggestive of the regular beat, the murmurous thunder of the starlit sea upon the silent coast, than the regular roll of the "Holy Marys," blended into one mighty volume of sound, sweeping through the vaulted aisles of some sacred edifice.

And with the similarity of sound there comes over me the same feeling of awe, the same sense of being in the presence of a vast and potent force. I quiver as I hear again and again the regular beat of that sea of sound against the walls and lofty roof; and I fancy I see each blended, deep-toned, recurrent "Holy Mary" passing all material bounds, and rolling onward through the immensity of space till it finally breaks against the throne of Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

A Noble Profession of Faith.

ONE incident related in Father Vaughan's book, "Viajes en España y Sud-América," deserves to be translated and widely read. It took place in the year 1897, during the debate on the Budget in the House of Deputies at Santiago de Chile.

Since its independence, the Southern Republic has enjoyed good government. In the beginning, the solution of political problems was sought by force; but very soon the people of Chile abandoned the methods of revolutionists, and earned the happiness of living under a wise and honored government. It used to be said, and with some truth, that, although in name a republic, Chile was in reality an oligarchy in the hands of opulent families, owners of large estates, whose ancestry went back beyond colonial times. Of late years,

however, there has been a change; and while the government possesses those qualities which obtain for it the respect of all, the different political parties through their representatives direct the ship of State. These parties are known as Conservative, Liberal, and Radical.

On the occasion referred to, the part of the Budget relating to Worship was being hotly discussed. One of the prominent members of the Radical party, a man of recognized ability, was energetically condemning some of the items for Worship, and, carried away by the heat of debate, expressed himself in terms that, from every point of view, were blasphemous.

He had scarcely ended his speech when a member of the Conservative party, Don Macario Ossa, took the floor. After referring in courteous terms to the previous speaker, he declared that he had listened with surprise and horror to his discourse, and could not but deplore that, in the honorable Chamber of Deputies of a Catholic nation like Chile, such words should have been uttered and such an insult offered to the Deity. Then, turning toward the president, he said that with his permission he would offer, there and then, an act of reparation to Almighty God.

A most profound silence reigned throughout the Chamber when Señor Ossa, placing himself on his knees, and with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, recited in a loud, impressive voice the Apostles' Creed. An act so heroic, it is needless to add, won for him the respect and esteem of all.

NEXT to the union of the human nature to the divine, which we adore in Jesus Christ, and to the union of maternity to virginity, which we venerate in Mary, there is no union more admirable than the union of our will to the will of God.—*Anon.*

Calendar Thoughts.

If you won't listen to Reason, she'll rap you over the knuckles.—*Franklin.*

Opponents are teachers who cost us nothing.—*F. de Lesseps.*

Time appears long only to those who don't know how to use it.—*Dubay.*

Those who always creep are the only ones that never fall.—*V. de Laprade.*

Knowledge of the world consists in respecting its futilities.—*Mme. Campan.*

We give our pity more readily than our esteem.—*X. de Maistre.*

There's nothing new in the world save what has been forgotten.—*Bardin.*

Never make tears flow: God counts them.—*Mme. de Lambert.*

Every revelation of a secret is the fault of him who first told it.

—*La Bruyère.*

No passion is more hurtful to the reason than anger.—*Montaigne.*

Evil is man's going with the current; good is his stemming it.—*Anon.*

Folly always deserves its misfortunes.

—*N. Roqueplan.*

Economy is the second Providence of the human race.—*Mirabeau.*

Talent develops in solitude, character in society.—*Goethe.*

The idle man kills time, time kills the idle man.—*Commerson.*

To chastise with anger is not punishment but vengeance.

—*De Labrousse-Rochefort.*

'Tis not enough to read everything: one must digest what one has read.

—*Boufflers.*

Cleanliness is the setting of old age.

—*La Harpe.*

The excess of a man's vanity equals the lack of his good sense.—*Pope.*

The best pleasantries are the shortest.

—*Saïs.*

Sunday Rest Does Not Impoverish.

Notes and Remarks.

UNDERLYING the wholesale violation of the Third Commandment in so many European cities—a violation which, unfortunately, is becoming more and more common in our own country—is the idea that cessation from business or work on Sunday must necessarily mean reduced profits and a decrease in material prosperity. On the face of it, of course, this idea looks plausible enough; yet we believe it quite susceptible of the fullest proof that the directly opposite result comes from the non-observance of the Lord's Day. The following anecdote is typical on the subject:

Cardinal Gousset, of Rheims, once sent for a prominent business man, and begged him for the sake of good example to discontinue every species of sale on Sundays and holy days.

The merchant objected that such action was quite impossible: his business would suffer, and the future of his children would be compromised.

"Very well," said the Cardinal; "then do this. Stop selling on Sunday; calculate every evening the gains of the day; and if at the end of a year their aggregate does not equal that of the preceding year, I promise to make up the difference."

"But does your Eminence dream—"

"On condition, however," broke in the Cardinal, "that if there is an excess instead of a deficit in the year's gains, you will give the difference to me for my charities."

The offer was accepted, and at the end of a twelvemonth the merchant waited on the Cardinal.

"Your Eminence," he said, "here are six thousand francs, the excess of last year's gain over that of the previous year."

Verily, when one seeks first the kingdom of God, all other things are added unto him.

In an address delivered at the opening session of the Annual Congress of the Church of England, the "Bishop of London," while asserting the purity of the Anglican creed, and contending that the Establishment is "a true branch of the Holy Catholic Church," admitted that it had "often been unfaithfully timid" in giving the Blessed Virgin the place of honor which she always held in the ranks of the Saints. *Still* unfaithfully timid, his Lordship should have said. Only last week we met with this frank statement in an Anglican journal: "When it comes to saying the 'Hail Mary' as a means of personal address to the Holy Mother of God, the Anglo-Catholic who does this is a *rara avis* among his fellows." And the Rev. Albert E. Briggs, "superior-general of the English Confraternity of Our Lady," says with like frankness: "In spite of a very general toleration of Catholic ceremonial and practice, there is colossal ignorance still among Anglicans of the fundamental principles of Christianity. Denial of the Virgin Birth is treated by many as the mere discussion of an open question."

**

The "Bishop of London," and others in high positions in the Church of England whom Dr. Briggs accuses of betraying the Truth as it is contained in the Creeds of Christendom, would do well to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest," as the "Book of Common Prayer" has it, an article entitled "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," published in a recent number of the *Lamp*. It is something—it is much—that even one Anglican can be found "to talk right out in meeting" like this:

The trail of the Serpent across the English Reformation is indicated most clearly by three chief marks of the devil's handiwork—viz.: the

abolition of objective worship offered to Jesus Christ present in the Mass; devotion to the Mother of God throned beside her Son in heaven; and obedience to Christ's Vicar throned in the Chair of Peter on earth.

There is no lie forged in hell more in conflict with the will of God, expressed in Scripture and Catholic tradition, than the Protestant conceit that they honor Christ best who most ignore the existence of His Mother. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and there is no divorce more horrible as a flagrant violation of the *Fiat* of Almighty God than the divorce made by the Protestant "reformers" between Christ and the Blessed Virgin. The fruit of such violence to revealed truth must of necessity be all sorts and kinds of heresy, and goes far to explain the scepticism and unbelief which honeycomb the Church of England to-day.

Once again we repeat: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." How is it possible to keep alive within us any vital sense of the Incarnation, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," if we deliberately shut out of our minds and hearts all thought of, and devotion to, Mary the Mother who conceived "the Word made flesh" in her womb, nursed Him as a babe at her breast, lived with Him as His constant companion for thirty years at Nazareth, stood by Him while He was crucified, received into her arms His body taken down from the Cross, and after her glorious Assumption was seen by St. John enthroned in heaven, the consort of Christ?

After urging his readers to "test the truth by practice," the writer concludes as follows:

The Catholic Church knows what she is talking about when she affirms and reiterates so continually that Christ in addressing St. John on the Cross in reality addressed us all, saying, "Behold thy Mother"; and that, having constituted her the universal Mother of all the redeemed, Almighty God has qualified her for her office by assuming her into heaven, enthroning her at the right hand of Jesus Christ, her Son, and giving her command over a great retinue of ministering spirits, to do her bidding in ministering to those who look up to her from every part of our far-off world, and who never cease to cry, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!"

The recent action of the trustees of Mr. Carnegie's "hero fund" will do much to silence the criticism evoked by the manner in which they dispensed the

first benefactions under the terms of that gift. As exemplified in this second list of awards, the fund in question appears to be approximating the well-known Montyon "prizes of virtue" annually distributed in France. The more closely it approximates the French institution, the better. The "heroes" who best deserve either medal or monetary assistance are assuredly not those who consciously pose as competitors for public plaudits or financial recognition. It is well, too, to remember that

Striking ventures, deeds uncommon, feats of rash,
instinctive daring,

Do not always mark the presence of a courage
real, true;

Better far the reasoned action of a heart no effort
sparing

First to know what deed is worthy, then that
deed forthwith to do.

Properly managed, the "hero fund" will do excellent service, and may well entitle Mr. Carnegie to a worthier fame than will the multiplied libraries which he has helped to establish in this country and elsewhere.

Louisville, Kentucky, is mourning the death of a lay Catholic of more than local celebrity—Sir John Arvid Ouchterlony, M. D., LL. D. A Swede by birth, Dr. Ouchterlony came to this country as a young man, graduated from the Medical Department of New York University, served as a surgeon during the Civil War, and, on the conclusion of that mighty conflict, settled as a medical practitioner and instructor in Louisville. During the four decades that have elapsed since then, the deceased physician did much important work and received many honors, among these latter being the Knighthood of the Polar Star from King Oscar of Sweden, the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great from Leo XIII., and the Doctorate of Laws from the University of Notre Dame. A prolific writer on medical subjects, Dr. Ouchterlony was a frequent contributor to a number of

professional journals, and the author of several valuable treatises on different diseases. Best among the eulogies that have been pronounced upon him since his death—best because fraught with promise of the Christian's truest, nay, only *real*, success—is this declaration of the *Louisville Record* that "aside from his foremost rank as physician and teacher, and his eminent standing in the medical world, he was a practical Christian,—a man of firm Catholic faith, of deep Catholic piety and of exemplary Catholic ways." *R. I. P.*

According to Mr. Melvillè E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, the Kaiser shares with President Roosevelt the honor of being instrumental in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. "When the full history of the conference is written," said Mr. Stone, at a recent meeting of the New York Quill Club, "it will be found that the German Emperor did more than any one else except President Roosevelt to bring about peace. At that memorable meeting on a yacht in the North Sea, Emperor William begged the Czar to allow the war to be terminated; and when it seemed that the negotiations at Portsmouth were about to be broken off, it was the influence of the German Emperor that kept them going."

Referring to the "Ceremonial for the Laity" published by the Art & Book Co., the pastor of an English seaside place, in a communication to the *London Tablet*, says: "Could not this 'Ceremonial,' or something of the kind, be inserted in prayer-books, so that the people should all stand, sit and kneel together?" Why not? The suggestion is an eminently practical one. The variety in ceremonial practised in many places at the ordinary High Mass calls for some such directions; and it would be the easiest thing in the world to

effect the observance of them. If the same rules were followed everywhere, there would be an end of the difficulties complained of by the *Tablet's* correspondent,—and experienced by numerous other pastors who do not complain. But the English priest is patient, persevering, and hopeful of securing uniformity; being persuaded that the people would be most willing to do what is right, if they only knew what right is. He says:

This is a seaside place, and, unfortunately, it has a season. The number of visitors far exceeds the number of the regular congregation, and they change continually. The church became a veritable city of confusion; there was no order, but each one stood, sat or knelt, according to his own sweet will. At first I tried to introduce some rule, but I gave it up in despair. I am waiting now till the season is over, and then I am going to try again.

The season is probably over by this time, or we should be tempted to remind this long-suffering pastor of St. Paul's advice to Timothy: "Be instant in season, out of season."

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford (Protestant Episcopal), of New York, is quoted as saying: "The Italian ought to be reached and can be reached by the Roman Catholic Church. I would engage in no effort whatever to make him Protestant. He makes a very poor Protestant." Dr. Rainsford's admission that he is a Protestant will shock High Churchmen, who are accustomed to differentiate between "us and Protestant schismatics." But let that pass. We wanted only to remark that if the metropolitan divine's experience were wider, he would be convinced that a Roman Catholic of any nationality makes "a very poor Protestant."

Whether or not the late Sir Henry Irving measured fully up to the standard of greatness attained by Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and others among England's bygone actors, there

can be no question that he was the foremost figure in the contemporaneous history of the English drama. The first actor to receive the honor of knighthood, he never for a moment, either on or off the stage, gave the world reason to doubt that the dignity had been worthily bestowed. A thinker and scholar, as well as an actor, he had high ideals, and displayed untiring patience in seeking to effect their realization. Honored by his sovereign and beloved by the theatre-going public of England and America, he died a few moments after declaring, in the rôle of À Becket, "Into Thy hands, O Lord; into Thy hands!"—a dramatic coincidence in which one may hope there entered some element of prevision. His remains have been deposited in Westminster Abbey.

We have been deeply interested of late by some reminiscences of the Boxer outbreak in China, appearing in the (French) *Echo of the Mission of Chan-Tong Or*. In a recent number of this little monthly, Father Yves recounts the narrative of an impressive ceremony of a kind one reads of rarely in foreign missionary publications,—the erection of a monument to a Chinese martyr. Liou-fong-tchoen had embraced Catholicism at the age of twenty. For twenty-seven years thereafter he lived, according to the unanimous verdict of his neighbors and acquaintances, a pious, zealous life, showing himself a scrupulously exact observer of the laws of God and His Church. In 1900 he won the crown of martyrdom; and only a few weeks ago, at the village of Chang-hoa, his memory received a notable tribute.

Three missionary priests (a number never before seen in the village); a great concourse of the faithful and of curious pagans; a procession with music, banners, mounted guards, and uniformed attendants; the solemn bless-

ing of the monument; and a stirring discourse, calculated to impress the Christians and catechumens present with the truth that martyrdom is a magnificent triumph,—all this constituted a notable demonstration that set the pagan onlookers thinking deeply. One of them was heard to exclaim: "Look at these Christians! What importance they attach to the smallest details of their religion! 'Tis five years now since poor Liou-fong-tchoen was killed for his Faith; and to-day, after spending a lot of money, here are three missionaries come to do him honor,—one of them coming expressly for the occasion from as far away as Ts'ing-tchou-fou!"

It is to be hoped that the Boxer atrocities are not to be renewed in China; but should persecution again assail the faithful of the Celestial Empire, such celebrations as this one of Chang-hoa will assuredly not lessen the number of martyrs.

There was nothing new or strange in the statements about Spain and the Philippines made some time ago by Major Gen. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., and published, with his personal approval, in the *Boston Transcript*. The same things have been said before; however, the repetition of them gratifies us, and especially the fact that most of our countrymen are now disposed to listen to defences of Spain and the much-maligned Spanish friars. Gen. Wood is optimistic as well as frank and fair. He holds that our government has already solved the Philippine problem, and declares that the ease with which this work has been accomplished is the natural result of what had previously been effected by the Spaniards. The *Army and Navy Journal* quotes the General as saying:

The Spanish did more for the Filipinos than any other colonizing nation has ever done for an Oriental people. Spain actually impressed her ideas and principles upon them. She gave

them her religion and language and civilization. She did not merely scratch the surface: she really affected and influenced the lives of the natives. Malays they are, yet they are like no other Malays. In place of pure barbarism, cannibalism and idolatry, Spain implanted the Roman Catholic religion, which is to-day the religion of nine-tenths of the people. Spain also elevated the status of the Filipino woman. In other Oriental countries the woman is little better than a slave. . . .

The work done by the Roman Catholic friars in the three centuries Spain held the Islands was wonderful and can not fail to excite our admiration. And, in spite of her many troubles there, Spain was continuing the work of Christianizing the Islands when our war came on. She was, for example, just at that time, beginning to carry the work into the interior of Mindanao, and had introduced there light-draught gunboats to explore the inlets and rivers. . . . Our people do not appreciate our debt to Spain. Suppose we had had to begin on an absolutely savage people such as they were when Spain took them? Then our problem would have been many times more difficult. But, with a Christian people to work on, we had a basis upon which to build. You can see why I accord so a high place to Spain as a colonizing power.

From statements made to us by Filipinos themselves, we judge that the Filipino problem is far from being solved, and that the work will not progress until our government gives solemn and definite assurance of national independence. We admire Secretary Taft as much as anybody, but we think that in the public speech he made during his last visit to the Islands he might have shown a little more tact and given considerably more satisfaction to the Filipinos.

English Catholics, more especially English converts to the Faith, noted the fact that the 9th of the current month was the Diamond Jubilee of Newman's conversion. The day was worth commemorating; for it was the anniversary of an event more notable than any other in England's religious history since the Reformation,—an event pregnant with beneficent results that are still being unfolded, and will influence English life for centuries to come.

Notable New Books.

Addresses. Historical—Political—Sociological. By Frederic R. Coudert. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In presenting to the public, in the appropriately handsome form of a large and well printed octavo, "these recoverable fragments of a life singularly broad and useful," the publishers have rendered a distinct service to a large body of readers and to American literature as well. Frederic René Coudert was not merely a successful advocate, a great lawyer: he was a ripe scholar and an orator of classic elegance. The twenty addresses contained in this goodly volume make delightful not less than instructive reading; and the reply (in French) to Dumas's advocacy of divorce is fairly redolent of the finest Gallic wit and wisdom. Some of the best of these discourses are those on "Morals and Social Problems," delivered before the Catholic Union; they constitute a very treasury of historic lore, practical wisdom, delicate humor, and withal choice English.

As one of the early presidents of the U. S. Catholic Historical Society, Mr. Coudert naturally took more than a passing interest in matters relating to the early days of the Church in this country; and his stores of knowledge were frequently called upon not only to dispel many popular misapprehensions as to general history, but to expose a goodly number of specific lies and errors in American annals. A staunch Catholic and the son of a Frenchman, he took occasion to say once, in the course of a public discussion, that there were two things upon which he was sensitive: the land of his fathers, and the Barque of Peter. From the adequate introductory note to these addresses we take the following sentence, quoted from a memorial by Mr. Justice Patterson: "To his [Mr. Coudert's] apprehension, the future life was quite as much a reality as the present; and that belief was a consolation and a joy in the long twilight which to him was that which preceded the rising and not the setting of the sun."

English Monastic Life. By the Rt. Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. George Bell & Sons; Benziger Brothers.

The number of authoritative books on matters belonging to ecclesiastical history is increasing; and, of course, this indicates an increase in the public demand for authentic information. Dom Gasquet's name is at once associated in the minds of cultivated readers with this movement, and justly so; for this distinguished writer has not only consecrated unusual powers to the work, but he has had unusual opportunities in the way of research. His latest publication is a new

edition of a book valuable alike to student and general reader; for on a knowledge of English monastic life depends in no little measure one's understanding of conditions which in the study of English Church history need elucidation from sources other than the formal story of the times involved.

Dom Gasquet's charm of presentation is too well known to call for comment; and these chapters descriptive of old religious houses have the interest of both theme and handling. The appended summary of existing Orders, with the list of English religious houses, is complete and authoritative, furnishing valuable statistics to the student and the historian.

Socialism and Christianity. By the Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D. Benziger Brothers.

In the course of the present exceptionally interesting and instructive volume, the Right Reverend author quotes the following from the late Bishop Ketteler, a renowned German social reformer: "Immediately before my consecration, the Church, through the consecrating prelate, asked me: 'Wilt thou in the name of the Lord be kind and merciful to the poor and stranger, and to all that are in need?' I answered firmly, 'I will.'" We like to believe that these were also Bishop Stang's sentiments when he was about to receive the plenitude of the priesthood. In any case, this book is a veritable echo of the Master's words, "I have compassion on the multitude."

Particularly good are the chapters on: Character and Aims of Socialism; History of Socialism; Not Socialism, but Social Reform; False Theories in Modern Life; A Happy Home. The sane view that Bishop Stang upholds throughout his book may be gathered from this brief quotation:

If the social question of the hour is to a certain extent the question of alcoholism, the most effective temperance reform must begin, not with the saloon, but with the kitchen and the table. Not those temperance women who agitate on the public platform, but women who stay at home and know how to cook dinners, and feed men well and make homes bright and restful,—such women are our first and most valiant temperance reformers. The shining cups and saucers on the snowy linen, with the sparkling glass of pure water, the sweet-smelling bread, the fresh butter, the fragrant tea,—how inviting in the poorest cabin to the poor workingman, who will not envy his rich employer dining until midnight at Delmonico's!

Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt. By William Roper. Burns & Oates.

If all biographies were as fascinating as the present one, we should read more of them than we do. The life of Sir Thomas More is not merely interesting; it is also highly instructive. The glorious martyr-knight will always be an inspiring example of Christian fortitude to those who possess the ancient Faith. From earliest

youth his character gave evidence of future greatness. With reference to his schooldays, we are told that he preferred to seem conquered rather than discourage his competitors by a brilliant victory. His words to the criminal court that condemned him to death are memorable: "More have I not to say, my Lords, but that like as the blessed Apostle Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and kept their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends forever, so I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here on earth been judges to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."

The martyr's letters to his daughter contained in the present volume reveal the sterling principles according to which his conscience always acted. "Verily, daughter," he says in one of them, "I never intend (God being my good Lord) to pin my soul at another man's back, nor even the best man that I know this day living; for I know not whether he may hap to carry it." The "Notes" at the end of the volume are satisfactory explanations of words and phrases peculiar to the language of the time.

Glenanaar. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan. Longmans, Green & Co.

In this story of Irish life there is a happy blending of the real and the ideal. The soft mist of the Irish hills is over it all, and through it gleams the warm sunshine of Celtic hearts. In the character-drawing we see quick impulses to good, with equally ready response to evil suggestions. There are simple faith and weak superstition, royal charity and obstinate unforgettingness,—the flash and the shadow so often found in the tried and the true, if oftentimes inconsistent, children of Erin.

The Americanized hero—is he the hero?—is not exactly convincing; and, now that story-writing has come to be a science, we find ourselves noting points of construction. In "My New Curate," the nature of the story precluded the use of ordinary standards; but in "Luke Delmege" and "Glenanaar" there is a want of proportion. And yet who would venture to criticize Father Sheehan for representing life as it really is,—a strange blending of joy and sorrow, of right and wrong?

A Girl's Ideal. By Rosa Mulholland. (Lady Gilbert.) Benziger Brothers.

Notwithstanding the high praise culled from a host of press notices and presented by the publishers of the American edition of this story,

we must confess to first impressions of disappointment, on account of the unattractive outward form of the book. But the story itself is most pleasing; and the heroine's ideal is one which, though commonplace, is far from common. The complications brought about by the rich uncle's will are sufficiently tangled to excite interest in their resolution; the characters are lifelike; there is more than one good lesson to be learned in following out the plot; and the end shows worldly success attained without a sacrifice of the ideal.

Valiant and True. Being the Adventures of a Young Officer of the Swiss Guards at the Time of the French Revolution. By Joseph Spillman. B. Herder.

The vogue of the historical novel, although less pronounced at present than a few years ago, is still sufficiently marked to justify writers with a talent for that branch of fiction in interweaving the tissue of romance with the fabric of real annals and bygone history. And so long as the product of the weaver presents the admirable texture of "Valiant and True," there will probably come no lessening of the popularity of such works.

The present book is one which we can frankly commend, both for the qualities that go to make up any good story of other days, and for the thoroughly Catholic atmosphere with which it is quite naturally pervaded. We have read recently so many novels written by Catholic authors and published by Catholic firms, and been so frequently disappointed in discovering an utter absence of Catholic setting, tone, environment and language, that it may well be our enjoyment of "Valiant and True" has been intensified from the contrast. Not that the story is a religious one, or that it partakes in any degree of the "goody-goody" sentimentality that antagonizes the robust taste of the normal reader; but its author is sufficiently observant of the laws of genuine artistic realism to make his Catholic characters think and talk and act as veritable Catholics, and not as emasculated Christians with no particularly strong convictions of any kind, and with little courage to profess even the feeble few they have.

A well printed and handsomely bound volume of four hundred pages, "Valiant and True" deserves a welcome from novel-readers generally, and from the Catholic members of that great fraternity in particular.

Health and Holiness. By Francis Thompson. Burns & Oates; B. Herder.

Father Tyrrell says with truth in his illuminative, if short, preface to this little book: "In these pages the thoughts of many hearts are

revealed in speech that is within the faculty of few, but within the understanding of all." And it was wise in his introduction to the poet-teacher's thoughts on "Health and Holiness" to repeat the author's admission: "It is dangerous treading here; yet with reverence I adventure, since the mistake of personal speculation is, after all, merely a mistake, and no one will impute to it authority." Not that we take issue against the theories set forth: on the contrary, we subscribe to them heartily as sane dicta. But this little book will not go far to find opposition, and this from upright teachers of the old tenets of asceticism. Time-spirit can not be disregarded in the ordering of life; and we see a recognition of this truth in the economy of the Church, which, as Francis Thompson quotes, "is ever changing to front a changing world,—*Et plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose.*"

The attitude of the author is here shown:

The modern body hinders perfection after the way of the weakling; it scandalizes by its feebleness and sloth; it exceeds by luxury and the softer forms of vice, not by hot insurgence. It abounds in vanity, frivolity, and all the petty sins of the weakling which vitiate the spirit. It pushes to pessimism, which is the wall of the weakling turning back from the press; to agnosticism, which is sometimes a form of mental sloth. "It is too much trouble to have a creed." It no longer lays forcible hands on the spirit, but clogs and hangs back from it. And in some sort there was more hope with the old body than with the new one. When the energies of the old body were once yoked to the chariot-pole of God, they went fast.

Mr. Thompson then shows that if sanctity energizes, energy, the outcome of sound physical health, is needed for the preservation of sanctity,—herein going against the teachings of many ascetics. But, whatever one's views on the subject, no one reading this little book will doubt the sincerity of the writer, nor the power added to the teachings of truth by charm of style.

At the Sign of the Fox. A Romance. By Barbara. The Macmillan Co.

One has to read some two hundred and twenty of the three hundred and seventy pages of this book before discovering the significance of its title; but the reading is by no means a task. The author's humor is of that delightful sort—keen yet gentle, laughing *with*, not *at*, the foible-encumbered portion of humanity—which enlists the sympathy of the normally cultured reader, and lures him on with unflagging interest till the romantic story works itself out to a thoroughly satisfactory close. The book contains no obtrusive moral, and gives no hint of any positive, specific religion in the characters introduced; but it makes pleasant and harmless reading,—a compliment one can not always pay to the latest output of the fiction-factories.



Solomon and the Serpent.

AN ARABIAN LEGEND.

KING SOLOMON had received from God the gift of hearing everything that went on in his dominions; and, as he could transport himself from one end of the world to the other on his magic carpet, he went wherever he was needed.

One day while quietly seated on his throne in Jerusalem, he heard a distant voice saying:

"O sire, come to our aid! The people of Cherchel have great need of thee."

The voice was so dolorous that the monarch felt that there really was need of him, so he betook himself to Cherchel without delay. His magic carpet set him down at the gate of the city, which was in ruins and almost deserted. Solomon contemplated the general desolation, and then, turning to an old eagle perched on a block of granite, he asked it what had caused the destruction of so fine a city.

The eagle, which was more than two hundred years old, said he really didn't know, because the city had been in about the same state as long as he could remember. At Solomon's request, however, he went for his old father, who, in reply to the King's question, said that the city had been ravaged by a troop of barbarians, who had killed almost all the inhabitants.

"Why have the citizens of Cherchel asked my aid?" demanded the King.

"Here they are," answered the eagle: "they'll tell you all about it." And he slowly flew off.

Then the King turned around and saw some old men who tremblingly

approached him. He asked them the cause of their distress and promised them his assistance.

The eldest of their number replied:

"My Lord, we have only a few wells in the city. They don't supply enough water for all our needs, so every day our women and children go to a spring outside the city walls to draw water. Lately, however, a formidable serpent has taken possession of this spring, and now nobody can go near it without being strangled."

Solomon, touched by their misfortune, went to the serpent, and said to him:

"Serpent, why have you taken possession of this spring, which is indispensable to the people of the city? And why, especially, have you put to death the women and children who have come hither for water?"

Said the serpent:

"I did all that purely from necessity. I dwelt in another spring, but it is dry now; and this is the only one in the whole country that has water enough to satisfy my thirst. I am quite ready to leave it, however, if you, who know everything, will show me another spring, and will give me the assurance that I will not be injured."

Solomon returned to the city.

"Go find a cock; kill it, and bring me its head," said he to a servant.

The servant did so, and Solomon placed the cock's head in one of the folds of his turban before returning to the spring. The serpent saw him coming, and inquired:

"Well, Solomon, have you thought about it? Are you ready to assure me that no injury will be done to me?"

"Nothing will be done to you other than what has been done to the head under my turban," said the King.

The serpent, thinking it was the head of the King himself that was meant, followed him quietly when Solomon said he was going to lead him to another spring. They proceeded many leagues, the serpent crawling after the King, who, astounded at its enormous length, asked from time to time:

"Well, isn't your tail out of the spring yet?"

"No, not yet," answered the serpent.

At length they reached a place a long distance from Cherchel, and the serpent announced that the last folds of his tail were out of the water. Then Solomon showed him a little puddle in the desert, and commanded him to live there.

The serpent, indignant, turned about contemptuously and prepared to go back to his old home, when Solomon, drawing his scimitar, struck off his head with a single blow, saying:

"'Twas thus they cut off the cock's head which is under my turban."

The serpent was so long that his blood formed a lake, known afterward as Halloula. It formed a sort of oasis in the desert of Mauritania.

Some Old English Customs.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Trial by ordeal was one of the customs that followed the introduction of Christianity into England by Saint Augustine; and in this custom, the barbarity of a pagan people and the enthusiasm and belief of a newly converted race were strangely blended. A person accused of crime had no trial like the processes of later days; no witnesses appeared for or against him; no advocates brought guilt home to him or pleaded for him. The accused was simply told to prepare himself for his trial by prayer, fasting, and the reception of the sacraments.

He was then, according as the charge brought against him was grave or trivial, directed to walk barefoot over red-hot iron, or plunge his arm into a caldron of boiling water; or else he was put to the test of the *corsned*, or "proof by crumb." Should the person, in the former cases, escape without burns, he was adjudged innocent. The *corsned* was a piece of bread, very hard probably. It was given to the accused person, and should he swallow it without difficulty his innocence was admitted by all. Whatever may be thought of this custom—abolished by the Council of Lateran—it witnesses to the deep faith that had taken root in the hearts of the people.

The Anglo-Saxons had early established among themselves associations or societies for mutual help. Each member of the guild was, on the death of a brother member, obliged to pay a penny as "soul-shot." These pennies were given as alms for the happy repose of the soul of the deceased; and all members of the society were enjoined to meet in the parish church and offer prayers for the departed soul.

The custom of the Saturday whole or half holiday has come down from the days preceding the invasion of England by the Conqueror. At noon on Saturday a bell rang in every parish church, notifying all to leave off work, so that they might prepare to pass the Sunday in a fitting manner. An old writer speaks of this custom as ringing "holy-even at midday." The Saturday evening Vespers were generally ended or begun by a procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The fairs of England had in most cases a religious origin. They began in the gathering together of the people for pilgrimages to some shrine. In those remote days there were no shops nor stores in small towns and villages; so when great numbers of people met there, travelling peddlers displayed their

wares on stalls or "standings." And there, too, religious plays were acted for the edification of the pious pilgrims. It was a custom also to erect a market cross on such occasions, to remind the people of Christ and His death. The fair of Ely, held on the feast of Saint Audry, the royal abbess of its convent, was continued until a comparatively recent date; and the great cattle fairs of Beverley, in Yorkshire, owe their beginning to devotion to Saint John of Beverley.

In those far-off days the Saxon master and his servants ate at the same board; and the thane and his wife were ready to supply the wants of the needy about their gates. Thus it was that the people bestowed on them the names of "Laford" and "Leafdian"—the parents of our own lord and lady,—words which meant the bread-givers.

Gem Lore.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IV.—THE OPAL.

The opal, which combines within itself the beauties of all other precious stones, has long been the subject of discussion between those who have loved its changing and varied colors and those who have condemned it as an unlucky talisman that would bring only disaster to him who wore it.

In one of his novels, Sir Walter Scott alluded to the fact that the Mexican opal would lose its color when exposed to moisture, and also asserted that it possessed the power to confer ill luck. So great was the influence of his words that they were soon felt in the gem market and opals began to lose their value.

At another time, when the prejudice against them was dying out, a certain man, through his agents, raised a great

hue and cry to the effect that bad fortune would pursue the man or woman who was daring enough to own an opal. The effect of the excitement which followed was what the canny mischief-maker desired. People began to part with their opals for any price they would bring; and the rascal bought them up, and reaped a large reward when they came again into favor.

The opal, it is said, will not bring bad fortune to one born in October. On the contrary, October's child can not have too many of these gleaming and fascinating jewels.

October's child is born to woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on his breast,
And hope will lull all woe to rest.

A still more beautiful saying, and one with a lesson in it, is that which comes to us from the Far East: "To him who loves God and trusts Him, the opal is a friend."

Each gem seems to be endowed with its own striking peculiarity. The opal, for instance, defies all attempts at imitation. Science counterfeits other stones so well that all but experts are deceived: one can not counterfeit an opal.

The wonderful play of color is supposed to be due to tiny fissures filled with air and moisture; and the antics played by the lights in them are so curious that we can not wonder that the ancients thought them to be the abode of invisible spirits. This is probably the reason of the opal's reputation for bringing bad fortune.

Sometimes the colors are in spots or flakes, like the tints on the jester's dress, and then give the stone the name of "harlequin." More often they are in flashes or fine stripes, and opals with these marks are commonly preferred. The colors are more brilliant when the weather is warm. For this reason if you go to the shop to buy an opal

ring, be sure that the cunning dealer does not hold it in his hand too long and tightly, and thereby give it a beauty it will lose as soon as you go out of doors.

Good opal cutters are very rare and obtain high wages; for only the most delicate touches can be given this very fragile stone. The friction of the wheel often heats and destroys a valuable specimen. What are called fire opals usually come from Mexico; the other varieties, from many parts of the world.

The opal figures in ancient as well as modern history; and some of those who read this may recall the story of the opal, no larger than a hazelnut, which Mark Antony coveted but could not possess, its owner, Nonius, preferring exile to parting from his many-colored treasure. Kings and queens have ever had a fashion of searching for rare opals, and have paid fabulous prices for them. One of the finest collections in the world is that of the Emperor of Austria. It contains one gem which weighs seventeen ounces, and which is, it is needless to say, so valuable that no one ever thinks of attaching a price to it.

One of the old writers thus graphically describes October's gem: "It combines the fiery flame of the carbuncle, the refulgent purple of the amethyst, and the glorious green of the emerald, which blend together to give us the fairest and most pleasing of all jewels."

Æsop and the Donkey.

"The next time you write a fable about me," said the donkey to Æsop, "make me say something wise and sensible."

"Something sensible from you!" exclaimed Æsop. "What would the world think? People would call you the moralist, and me the donkey!"

A Faithful Friend.

At Ditchley, formerly the seat of the Earl of Lichfield, there is a quaint painting of a man and a dog, bearing the motto, "More faithful than favored"; and the story of the picture is a curious one.

Sir Henry Lee, a courtier of the days of Queen Elizabeth, had a great dog, who was very devoted to his master, and never wished to be absent from his side unless he was asleep. One night Sir Henry was accompanied to his bedroom by this dog, who refused to leave his master, and howled so dismally when turned out that Sir Henry permitted him to ensconce himself beside his bed. The courtier went to sleep, saying jokingly to his dog: "Ha, Bevis, dost thou play guardian angel? Then I sleep well!"

About midnight stealthy steps approached the room, the door was opened without noise, and a servant of Sir Henry crept in. Treacherous and murderous, he intended to kill his master and rob the house. But the beast was more faithful than the man; and, reading his purpose, the dog sprang at his throat. Sir Henry was awakened by the struggle, and rose to find the intruder upon the floor, held fast by the watchful dog. Calling assistance, he had the wicked servant taken to prison to be punished for his crime, and the faithful dog was henceforth treated as a friend of the family.

Sir Henry had his portrait painted with Bevis, as his old memoir says; "that mine descendants may know of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog."

CARVE thyself for use. A stone that may fit in the wall is not left in the way.—*Eastern Proverb.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—The new revised edition, in a single volume, of Sir Francis C. Burnand's "Records and Reminiscences" should be read far and wide. Methuen, publisher.

—A remarkable collection of illuminated manuscripts, miniatures, incunabula, and illustrated books of the sixteenth century sold this month in Vienna included a copy of the "Biblia Prima Germanica" (Strasburg, Eggesteyn, 1466). Luther, it will be recalled, was not born until seventeen years afterward.

—"Benziger's Catholic Home Annual" for 1906 is already on our table, and it comes as an old friend. Enlarged and improved in make-up, it is an ideal almanac for the Catholic home. The usual astronomical features are presented together with a fine array of interesting reading in the line of history, biography, travel and fiction. The illustrations are numerous and up to the usual standard.

—To music lovers we commend "Reverie," for the piano or violin or violoncello, by Dudley Baxter, published by Weekes & Co., London. The composer's name is sufficient praise. — Fischer Brothers have added to their sacred music list *Missa Solemnis* (for mixed voices), by Robert Turton; *Missa in honorem SS. Rosarii B. V. M.* (two-part male chorus), by G. Ferrata; and *Mass* in honor of the Immaculate Conception (for four male voices), by J. Gruber. All of these Masses are ecclesiastically approved.

—The signature "Alfred Bartlett Cornhill" has come to stand for a certain artistic excellence; and "The Beatitude Calendar," by R. Anning Bell, is another evidence of the high ideals followed by this Boston publisher. The calendar is made up of five large panels, each bearing one of the Beatitudes told in word and in picture. Everything is in keeping; and to measure the flight of the hours by these words of Our Lord is to insure their being well spent. While not, strictly speaking, necessary, it might be better were the calendar marked with the year for which it was issued.

—A large class of readers wherever our language is spoken will be interested in a new work by the Rev. Ethelred Taunton, now in press by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. It is a cyclopædia of Canon Law with about four hundred articles in some seven hundred pages. Every subject is treated separately, and every article is complete in itself. The general law of the Church is first given; then, whenever necessary, the provincial laws of England, Ireland, the United States, etc. Father Taunton informs us

that he has given special attention to our national legislation. The work, which it has taken three years to complete, is dedicated by special desire to the Holy Father as the first fruits of such studies by an English priest since the Reformation.

—From the Australian Catholic Truth Society we have received two booklets of 40 pages each,— "Life of St. Patrick," by Cardinal Moran, and "On the Condition of Labor," Leo XIII.'s famous encyclical letter. A third issue of the same Society is "Through the Furnace," a novelette by Benj. Hoare. All three are excellent penny publications.

—From the American Book Company we have received "Africa," the latest of Carpenter's Geographical Readers. Like previous issues of this series, the present volume is largely based upon explorations, supplemented by the author's personal travel and observation. It should prove eminently interesting to the young, and, so far as we have noticed, is admirably free from religious prejudice. The book is furnished with maps and good illustrations.

—M. Alexis Marie Louis Donillard, the well-known French artist, who died last month, was remarkable for the versatility of his talent. He painted *genre* subjects as well as portraits and historical scenes; but it was in the latter class that he obtained a medal, the subject being "La Mort de Saint Louis." He received a number of important commissions for church decorations, and examples of his work are to be found at St. Julien, Tours, Bayeux, Belfort, Loigny, and at many other places. His large religious compositions formed for many years conspicuous objects at the various Salons. He was a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and the subject of his picture this year was "L'Ange Gardien." R. I. P.

—"A Handbook or Dictionary of the American Indians North of Mexico" is now in the hands of the Government printer, who has received from the Bureau of Ethnology over seven hundred cuts which will be used in illustrating this work. Over twenty-five years ago, before the Bureau of Ethnology was in existence, a number of men who are now connected with that institution, and who were interested in the subject of American anthropology, conceived the idea of compiling a dictionary of the American Indians which would give, in condensed though by no means abbreviated form, a complete and exhaustive descriptive list of Indian races, confederacies, tribes and sub-tribes, accompanied by a list of the various names by which the Indians and their settlements have

been known, together with biographies of Indians of note, a list of Indian words incorporated into the English language, etc. A vast deal of other matter relating to prehistoric and pre-Columbian conditions and other cognate subjects will also be included in this work. It will be published in December.

—On the principle that a good cut of mutton is more satisfying than the best of mutton-broth, some writers on child-literature advocate the use, as a storybook for children, of the Bible itself in preference to collections of stories *about* Biblical persons, events, and incidents. Of this number is not Margaret E. Sangster, the well-known American journalist and juvenile moralist. Yet, in her new book, "The Story Bible," she has kept very close to the Scriptural version, confining her attention to the disengagement of each story from surrounding passages that treat of other affairs. While the volume is not a Catholic one, it contains but little that grates on Catholic ears, and may be cordially recommended to those (non-Catholics) for whom it has primarily been written. Printed in large type with a dozen of colored illustrations, "The Story Bible" makes a handsome volume of almost 500 pages. Publishers: Moffet, Yard & 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.

- "Socialism and Christianity." Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D. \$1.10.
- "English Monastic Life." Rt. Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. \$2, net.
- "Health and Holiness." Francis Thompson. 55 cts.
- "Glenanaar" Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan. \$1.50.
- "A Girl's Ideal." Rosa Mulholland. (Lady Gilbert.) \$1.50, net.
- "At the Sign of the Fox. A Romance." Barbara. \$1.50.
- "Valiant and True." Joseph Spillman. \$1.60, net.
- "The Resurrection of Christ—Is it a Fact?" 30 cts., net.

- "The Spalding Year-Book." 75 cts., net.
- "The Epistles and Gospels." Very Rev. Richard O'Gorman, O. S. A. 50 cts., net.
- "Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella." Very Rev. J. Magnier, C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "Infallibility." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. 36 cts., net.
- "The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts., net.
- "George Eastmount: Wanderer." John Law. \$1.10, net.
- "The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa." Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S. \$3.50, net.
- "Rex Meus." \$1.25.
- "The Angel of Syon." Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. \$1.10, net.
- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Illustrations by Paul Woodruffe. \$1.60, net.
- "That Scamp, or the Days of Decatur in Tripoli." John J. O'Shea. 60 cts.
- "Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.
- "Grammar of Plain-Song." Benedictines of Stanbrook. 75 cts., net.
- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.
- "The Common Lot." Robert Herrick. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Stephen Urbanke, of the diocese of San Antonio; and Rev. P. J. Mulconry, S. J.

Mother M. Lucretia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Bartholomew, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Augustine, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Johanna, O. S. B.

Mr. Frank Rhein, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Sarah Barlow, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. James McDade, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mrs. Agnes Collins, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. E. J. Manch and Mr. Joseph Gertz, Pittsburg, Pa.; Isabel McDonald, New York city; Mr. Oliver McAvoy, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Teresa Rölling, Liverpool, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Gloster, Holyoke, Mass.; Mrs. M. S. Brennan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. L. Hayden, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Felix Gaffney, Mrs. Anne Conway, and Mrs. Anne McCann, Taunton, Mass.; Mrs. Marie Barabe, Los Angeles, Cal.; and Mr. Frank Harvey, Escanaba, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

NO. 19.

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

November Voices.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

ONCE more on Nature's organ vast
 November strikes the minor keys,
 And dirges weird, wild threnodies,
 Surcharge with grief each moaning blast.
 Through every mood in sorrow's scale,
 From deadened pain's dull monotone
 To sharp distress and anguished groan,
 The strains sweep on with shriek and wail.
 How shall our souls interpret them,
 These doleful strains that come and go,
 Adown the gamut drear of woe?
 As leaves' and flowers' requiem?
 Ah, no! Not plaints for Summer sped,
 The dirges sad November plays,
 But pleading cries our loved ones raise,—
 For they are voices of our dead.

The Memory of Mentana.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

WHAT the 25th of September was
 to the survivors of that famous
 charge at Balaclava, when

Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred;

what October the 21st must have been
 to the little group of sorrowing yet
 proud survivors of the crew of Nelson's
Victory, in the earlier part of the last
 century,—that, too, for all its lesser
 importance in the eyes of the world, is
 still the memorable date of November 3
 to a certain number of sober, grey-

headed men, sole survivors of that little
 band of chivalrous and devoted souls
 who faced an almost overwhelming
 majority that day on Mentana's plains.

To die in arms! 'Twas all our hope,
 There, round the shrines of Rome;
 Our souls to God, our names bequeathed
 Through all the years to come,
 A memory of reproach and shame
 To recreant Christendom.*

It was a strange spectacle in Rome
 that year,—how strange none save
 those who were there have ever realized.
 In the ranks of the Pontifical Army,
 prince and peasant, noble and hireling,
 together, shoulder to shoulder, soldiers
 all. Before the enemy, all equal; the
 only rivalry, that of superior readiness
 to take every post of danger, to be
 first in facing the foe. Off duty, and
 the gay young soldiers were to be
 found in every salon, picnic and frolic;
 their paltry pay of three sous a day
 flung half contemptuously to their
 servant-comrades, who blacked their
 boots, furbished their swords, did all
 that a British soldier-servant does for
 his master to-day; aye, and took their
 turns at "sentry-go" now and again,
 if no danger were near, no possibility
 of the peaceful "guard" being turned
 into grim earnest of defence.

"We are in wonderful request in the
 Roman ballrooms and salons," wrote
 one of them. "In fact, we have become
 quite 'the fashion,' and no party is
 supposed to be *comme il faut* without
 a considerable sprinkling of Zouaves.

* "Our Flag." By K. M. Stone.

But it is the privates, not the officers, who are mostly sought after, as the titles and fortunes that are hidden under some of these privates' jackets are among the oldest and largest in Europe; though the press of England designates us 'the cutthroats of the Vatican' and 'Papal mercenaries.' Yet the private fortunes of many of these 'mercenaries' who fight for three sous a day is several thousand pounds a year. You might, for instance, even to-day, have seen a young French nobleman, in his private's uniform, driving his four-in-hand down the Corso."

"Yes, verily we were a curious corps,—we Zouaves," comments the same writer later. "Almost every country in the world and every grade of society from royalty and the bluest Bourbon blood, in the person of Don Alfonso of Spain, down to the *bluest skin* I have ever seen, in the person of Beaujoli from the mines of far-away Peruvia, was represented in our ranks. Aye, we even had amongst us a Turk who had renounced Mahomet for Christ, and had come to fight for the common Father of the Faithful."*

Oh, those wondrous days of early youth in Rome! To be fighting for the holiest of causes; to be the darling of fair ladies and the envy of those at home; to have no cares save some touch of impatience at the irksomeness of inaction, some frown of a fair one after moonlight strolls within the grey old Coliseum; some fitful indignation at the harassing tactics adopted by that unseen but ever-felt enemy, here a flying report of plot or attack, there a shot fired out of impregnable darkness, never a bold stand face to face.

They are sober-minded, middle-aged men now, those who still survive: calm men of business, intent on city or professional interests; country squires, treading the lonely roads of

some remote shire with rod or gun, or watching the green shoots of spring crops with absorbed interest; top-hatted Londoners, lounging down Piccadilly or gossiping at the Bachelor's or the Carleton, with all a Briton's sublime self-sufficiency and horror of "heroics,"—who would have dreamed that these prosaic individualities had once slept on the marble stones of St. Peter's, or mounted guard at the Vatican to shield the person of the successor of St. Peter?

It was then the autumn of 1867. Since 1866, when, on December 11, Napoléon le Petit had recalled his protecting troops from Rome—no numerical, but a strong moral force, as was well understood by Italy,—the Leonine city had been guarded by a small volunteer army made up, as we have said, from almost every nation in Europe, and every class of society from prince to peasant.

"On October 1, 1867," writes their historian, "the Papal Army reckoned nearly 13,000 men. Of these, 2083 were gendarmes; 878 artillerymen; 975 chasseurs; 1595 infantry of the line; 442 dragoons; and 625 *squadriglieri*, or armed mountaineers. All these were Papal subjects. The foreigners were 2237 Zouaves, about two-thirds of them Dutch or Belgians, the rest French or other nationalities; 1233 Swiss Carabiniers, and 1096 French soldiers, who formed the *Légion d'Antibes*. Ireland did not send a contingent as in the previous campaign, but was represented in the Zouaves by Captain d'Arcy and Captain Delahoyd, who had served in the battalion of St. Patrick in 1860; by Surgeon-Major O'Flynn, who, in the same year, had taken part in the defence of Spoleto under Major O'Reilly; and by several recruits who hastened to enlist under the Papal standard when the Garibaldian invasion began. [Among these last were the two writers from whom we quote in

* "My First Prisoner." By B. T.

the present article, Bartle Teeling and Donat Sampson.] The effective force available for fighting did not, however, amount to more than 8000 men; but their excellent discipline and organization, and, still more, the spirit which animated them, compensated for their deficiency in numbers."*

We should here explain briefly that, although Garibaldi and his bands of desperadoes were not openly in touch with the Piedmontese Government, there is no question but that some secret understanding existed between them. Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, Venetia and the two Sicilies, had all been absorbed, one by one, into the growing "Kingdom"; and it remained but to annex Rome, and proclaim a "United Italy,"—the war-cry of Italian *soi-disant* patriots, and the catchword of English politicians and enthusiasts.

When the last French garrison was removed from Rome, a diplomatic correspondence between that power and the Piedmontese court resulted in the agreement that the latter would guarantee the inviolability of the Papal City,—all that now remained of the old Papal States; while it was craftily stipulated that should any insurrection take place within the city, Italian troops might be called upon to—interfere.

Students of history well know how valuable a weapon in the hands of unscrupulous governments is a fictitious, or made-to-order insurrection; and more than once has a misguided populace fallen victim to such ignoble diplomacy. It was so in this instance. Emissaries of the revolutionists crept here and there, sowing seeds of discontent, mistrust, and revolt. Garibaldi himself moved stealthily onward, rousing excitement and enrolling volunteers on all sides; while the Piedmontese

Government first ignored his movements, and then, when they could be concealed no longer, went through what must have been little more than the transparent farce of a short imprisonment; after which he was set free—within the limits of Caprera,—guarded only by an ineffective blockade of a few cruisers round the island.

During the month of September, several minor encounters took place between small bands of Garibaldians and the Papal patrols who were occupying the outlying posts near Rome; one of which encounters was at Bagnorca, near Viterbo, resulting in ninety-six Garibaldians killed and wounded, to only six men wounded of the Papal troops; and another and more serious one at Monte Libretti, a walled village to the north of Monte Rotondo, some seventeen miles from Rome itself. Here the Zouaves lost seventeen killed and eighteen wounded. Among the former was one Englishman, Collingridge, and a tall and athletic Dutchman, Peter Yong, who dispatched no less than sixteen Garibaldians with the butt end of his rifle before he fell, mortally wounded. After a stiff encounter, the Zouaves, who were numerically far inferior to their opponents, were forced to retire, while Menotti Garibaldi, on his side, likewise evacuated the village next day.

While the scattered bands of Garibaldian volunteers were thus harassing the Papal defence force here and there, their chief had managed—by the assistance, it is said, of an English family on the spot—to escape from Caprera; and, summoning to his banner all the scattered "Red Shirts" throughout the country, a very few days later he was at the head of about 10,000 men,—many of whom were merely camp followers, it is true, but by far the greater number trained and seasoned veterans. With this considerable force he now set forth toward Rome, where

* "Garibaldi's Defeat at Mentana." By Donat Sampson.

his emissaries had, it was hoped, already prepared the way for internal revolt such as should lead to its enforced surrender.

They had, in truth, played their part well. While the city was in a state of siege, its gates closed and barricaded, or defended by earthworks, its artillery in position, the Castle of St. Angelo fortified and its ditches filled; while the various barracks at different points of the city were filled to overflowing with Zouaves, busily drilling, patrolling, guard mounting, and so on,—these gallant defenders of the "Pope-King," as he was universally called, were in the harassing position of knowing their foes to be within as well as without the city.

"It was a service," writes one of the Zouaves, already quoted, "which entailed but little of the fatigue or danger or excitement of actual warfare. But we were in constant expectation of an attack; and, to be ready for any emergency, the two companies which formed the *depôt* remained under arms in front of the barracks every night from sunset till past midnight, while advanced posts and sentinels were placed in the neighboring streets to guard against a surprise."

One night the Serristori barracks—one of the principal ones in Rome—were blown up, and thirty-seven Zouaves buried beneath the ruins; a touching incident in connection with which may interest our readers. The author of "My First Prisoner" tells us:

"At daybreak we went round to remove the mangled corpses of our comrades from beneath the ruins of Serristori,—a sad duty which had already been begun by another company which worked through the night. We pulled out twenty bodies and laid them reverently aside.

"Where is little Créci? Where is he? He was here yesterday,' we said one to another.

"A sweet, childlike voice said faintly: "'Here I am! The Madonna has saved me.'

"We looked round and saw him lying among the *débris*, between two beds. He had been sitting on one, and, in the explosion, another had turned over on it, and he had come down comparatively safely in the crash, between two mattresses. His face was cut and one of his arms badly hurt, but otherwise he was uninjured. And later on I saw that little twelve-year-old bugler stand on the spot where he had been blown up and sound the *appel* of the regiment on his little bugle.

"Créci was a brave and chivalrous child,—a supremely handsome, dark-eyed Spanish boy of twelve years. He had heard in his home in Spain that the Pope wanted soldiers, and the impulsive child started off for Rome. *He walked from Spain to Rome*, begging his way from town to town, and receiving help and guidance from many a kindly, willing hand, on a pilgrimage which would have done honor to one of the old Crusaders.

"When he finally arrived in the Eternal City, he sought out the quarters of the Colonel of the Zouaves, our beloved old 'Père Alet,' as we used filially to call him,—a very giant among men. And the child told the sentry at the door that he wanted to speak to the Colonel. As he spoke in Spanish, he was not understood; but he persisted in his demand; and, an interpreter having been obtained, the little fellow's request was conveyed to the good-natured old Colonel, who briefly said: 'Bring the child to me.' They brought him; and he said:

"I have come to fight for the Pope. Let me join your Zouaves.'

"The big Colonel smiled.

"You could not, my child. You are too young. You could not do the hard work of a soldier.'

"I have walked from Spain to fight

for the Pope,' he replied. 'Let me try.'

"The kind heart of the old soldier was conquered, and he gave orders that a little uniform be made for the boy. We made a bugler and a little pet of him; and he was the only one amongst us who was never allowed to carry a knapsack, though his straight little shoulders would willingly have borne the heavy weight if he had been allowed."

That same night, and about the same hour that the Serristori was blown up, some fifty youths attacked the guardhouse of the Capitol; "but their bullets struck nobody, except the old Emperor Marcus Aurelius, whose statue bore the full brunt of their fire." Another day attacks were made on the gas-works and on the military hospital. The Vatican itself was strongly guarded; while isolated attacks on individuals, or guerilla street-fighting, were far from infrequent.


"Our comrades were shot down as they were met walking the streets. One little French noble, who had come, like so many others of the old French *noblesse*, to offer his fortune and his life in defence of the Holy See, was shot through the heart as he was returning alone to barracks. Another, having entered into conversation with a civilian whom he met, accepted from him a proffered cigar; and, having thanked him and said *Addio*, lighted it. The cigar exploded and blew his face to pieces. *It was filled with gunpowder!*"

Small wonder, indeed, that the brave Zouaves were indignant, and that they yearned to face the enemy!

(Conclusion next week.)

The Two Millers.

BY J. PORCHAT.*

N a remote canton of Bourgogne, Gaspard Mirel built a mill on the bank of a little stream, whose waters, when carefully collected, fell with force sufficient to turn a fair-sized wheel. Having no competition in the neighborhood, the miller carried on a thriving business.

In the course of time, however, the progress of agriculture became so great that Gaspard's mill was not able to meet the growing demands of the farmers. For this reason Pierre Chosal decided to erect a windmill on the neighboring hill.

Gaspard viewed this rival establishment with anger and jealousy. He considered himself on the way to ruin, because bags of grain no longer crowded his floors as they had once done, and the farmers did not clamor for their turn with their former eagerness. Although his wheel turned continually night and day, he cast many angry glances toward the hillside. When he saw the great white wings sailing merrily round as they caught the breeze, he railed against the establishment and the one who built it. He sometimes said:

"They took express pains to set the mill where I can't help seeing it whenever I go out of doors or when I even go to the window. Those wings seem to leer at me. They can be seen for miles around; and my mill, hidden in the valley, will soon be forgotten."

Gaspard was happy only on those days when, the wind dying down, the wings hung motionless. He eyed them with a malicious satisfaction, and listened complacently to the sound of the waters falling on his own mill-wheel.

MAN is like a palace which has fallen in and has been rebuilt with its own ruins. We see there the most sublime and the most hideous portions intermingled. — *Chateaubriand*.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

For a long period the calm was so continuous that Pierre was reduced to despair. It rained often enough, but there was not the least wind. The wings, soaked with water, drooped dolefully, like a bird perched on a branch with water running off its plumage.

In his wicked selfishness, Gaspard believed that Providence sympathized with him; and he said to his wife:

"God is punishing the man who wants to ruin us."

At other times he indulged in bitter jests at the expense of his unfortunate neighbor. He would say, with a triumphant air, to the farmers who returned to him after having left him to patronize Pierre:

"So things aren't moving over there, hey? Don't talk to me about machines that go only at the will of the wind! Take my words for it, friends: stick to Gaspard's mill and you will never be disappointed. When you are promised your grist at a certain time, you'll get it. It will come as sure as the sun."

But He who is Master of the wind is also Master of the rain. After the long calm, breezes once more swept over the hillside, and the wings of Pierre's mill began to turn. The wind came from the north, or veered round to the west, but it brought no rain. This state of things lasted so long that the little stream began to feel its influence. Finally, it could not turn the wheel with sufficient force to grind the grain. Gaspard had to wait for the water to collect in the pond, so he could work only at intervals.

The stream grew smaller day by day, and at last it dried up entirely. Such a thing had never been heard of before. The unhappy Gaspard sat beside his motionless wheel and watched the wings on the hillside flying around in the breeze. Farmers who had brought their grain to him lost patience, and carried it to Pierre.

Gaspard watched the barometer from morning until night, but it seemed as if the column of mercury was fixed at a certain point. When clouds appeared in the sky, he fixed his anxious gaze upon them; but his hopes were vain: they passed over, carrying their precious moisture to distant places.

His young wife said to him, as she rocked her babe:

"We have angered God. Let us bear His punishment without complaint."

Pierre Chosal saw what was transpiring in the valley. It was now his turn to triumph, and he said to his family:

"Gaspard now has time to amuse himself watching which way the wind blows and speculating as to whether it will bring rain or not. As for me, I don't care which way it blows: it will turn my mill just the same."

Being curious to observe his neighbor's distress at closer range, he descended into the valley one evening. Here he saw that the stream had entirely dried up. The turf around was yellow and withered; even the trees drooped and seemed to suffer. But as their leaves rustled, he thought:

"The wind is still blowing, so everything is all right with me."

When he reached Gaspard's mill, he looked through the shrubbery and saw the great wheel standing motionless; the river-bed was dry, with the exception of a little pool in which some ducks were disputing for possession.

As he stood silently contemplating this scene, through the open door he saw the miller's wife rocking her babe and singing a lullaby. The listener was moved to pity. The child cried out at intervals as if in pain; and as he looked, Pierre felt the pangs of remorse.

"I'm a wicked man," he said to himself. "I built my mill in order to be able to support my family; and here I am triumphing over Gaspard, who can not make a living for his!

May the Lord forgive me, for I have sinned against charity and justice! And may He send to my poor neighbors the rain they need so badly!"

Somewhat comforted by this prayer, Pierre stole away from the spot without being seen. He was ashamed of having yielded to his curiosity, and he decided to return the following day and visit Gaspard openly.

As he was walking slowly homeward, pondering on what he had seen, the sky suddenly became overcast with clouds. A strong wind blew through the trees and shrubs, making them bend and groan. Pierre felt satisfied and happy. But this joy was not destined to last.

The wind increased in velocity until it became a veritable tempest. Growing anxious, the miller hurried along, and he had just reached his home when the storm broke. It lasted all night, and in the morning it became so furious that Pierre thought it prudent to take his family out of the house. They had gone scarcely a hundred feet when the wings snapped off and the building toppled over. The frightened man took his wife and children to the church which stood near by.

At first the storm brought joy to Gaspard's heart, as the full force of the wind was not felt in the valley, and the sound of falling water was indeed pleasant to hear. As the tempest increased in violence, he said facetiously:

"Neighbor Pierre has rather more wind than he wants, I fancy!"

Then, glancing up to the hillside, he exclaimed:

"Can it be possible, wife? God is just and we are avenged! Pierre's mill is in ruins!"

The woman ran to the window, and at sight of the ruins she was touched with compassion.

"Perhaps they have all perished under the house!" she cried.

"I don't wish for their death, I am

sure," said her husband, curtly, feeling the reproach implied in his wife's tone and manner. "But why did they build their mill so close to me? A wicked man built it and the Lord has destroyed it."

"Don't say that, dear. You might bring down the vengeance of Heaven upon us by your uncharitableness."

Meanwhile the rain fell incessantly.

"This is too much!" exclaimed Gaspard, growing alarmed in his turn.

And well he might be. The stream had now become a raging torrent. Soon the danger was extreme, and the miller ran out of his house, followed by his wife, carrying her child. They also went to the church for safety. On reaching it, the wife swooned from fatigue and fright, and Pierre's family cared for her as best they could.

Pierre himself was not there. He had gone in pursuit of his small flock that had been scattered by the fury of the storm. His search led him down to his rival's mill-stream. Seeing that the house was in danger unless the course of the waters was changed, he forgot his own flock in his desire to help his neighbor.

Great was his surprise on finding the house empty. Seeing a pick near by, the brave man waded into the stream waist-deep, and began cutting at the bank so as to open a new channel for the angry waters. He was about completing his task when Gaspard came upon the scene. What a spectacle for the hard-hearted man! Here was his rival exposing his life almost in order to save the mill from ruin! The scales fell from his eyes and he realized his wickedness.

"My dear neighbor!" he exclaimed, then words failed him.

And, in truth, it was no time for words. There was still much to be done; and, seizing another pick, Gaspard went to work beside his neighbor. After a time, through their united efforts, the danger to the mill was past.

The tempest quieted down at last and the waters ceased their rushing. One of the men could now leave to go to look after the women and children. Gaspard took this duty upon himself. He went to the church and brought both families back to his house. On the way he found some of the stray sheep, and afterward he accompanied his neighbor in his search for the others. Thus it was that friendship was established between them.

The two men formed a partnership, and the windmill was rebuilt. When the weather favored one, the other supplied it with grist, and the reverse. But ordinarily the two mills were both running. The dreadful disaster of the storm lived in the memory of the children as a divine lesson, by which they were to profit. They all grew up loving their neighbors as themselves, and great happiness was their portion.

Our Lady of Rocamadour.*

BY YMAL OSWIN.

IN the heart of France, on a rocky height,
There stands a chapel on stony ways,
Hoary with time, a shrine all bright
With the love and faith of a race that prays,—
Our Lady of Rocamadour!
Within hangs, secret, the mystic bell,
Fourteen cycles rings its knell,—
O Bell of Rocamadour!

Far out on the ocean wild bloweth the blast,
Whirling waves sweep a storm-washed deck;
And cold the mariner clings to the mast,
Praying her help against utter wreck:
“Our Lady of Rocamadour,
Stella Maris, sweet Virgin, aid!”
The wind abates, the waves are stayed,—
Our Lady of Rocamadour!

Rose a sound from the heart of France:
The mystic bell began to ring,

* At this celebrated shrine there is an ancient bell of Celtic design, which is said to have often been heard to ring by itself, when a sailor in danger invokes the aid of Our Lady of Rocamadour.

Untouched by hand,—as in a trance,
To swing and sway, to peal and sing,—
Our Lady of Rocamadour!
A sailor's drowning upon the main!
Say, no: he is saved, and returns again,—
O Bell of Rocamadour!

Gladly the mariner springs to land,
Blue is the sky, the sun shines clear;
With grateful thanks he kisses the strand,
And soon climbs up to the chapel dear,—
Our Lady of Rocamadour!
A silver heart hangs beside her shrine,
An offering to his Love Divine,—
Our Lady of Rocamadour!

An American Community.

BY ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

IN 1794 not a convent could be found in Ireland; and where pious voices had chanted the praise of God at Matins and Vespers, the silence of two centuries still cried to Him against the laws that made such praise a crime. Men and women who wished to dedicate themselves to God and were unable to reach foreign lands, could do so only by a single vow, dwelling in the enclosure of good works.

So when Alice Lalor, of Queen's Co., was urged by her brother-in-law, Mr. Doran, who was an American merchant, to come with his wife to Philadelphia, she embarked with her sister, bearing her hope with her. On the voyage she formed an intimacy with two widows, Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. McDermott, whose devotion led them also in the path of the cloister; and they agreed that on reaching port they would receive Holy Communion together, and select as their director the priest who heard their confession.

This confessor proved to be the Rev. Leonard Neale, S. J., who, by-ways of France, the suppression of his Order in 1773, and the wilds of Demerara, had been led back to his native State, Maryland; and thence to Philadelphia,

to replace Father Grasler and Father Fleming, who had died of yellow fever while tending their flock during the epidemic of 1793.

Father Neale was a son of that heroic Madam Neale who, rather than see her children lose their faith under the proscriptive and penal laws passed in Maryland by those who seized the Government from the Catholic Lords Proprietary, sent her children to France to be educated. Five of her six sons became priests, and her only daughter a nun. Three of her sons she never saw from the day their little faces faded into the distance through her tears until the day they met her in eternity; but Father Leonard and Father Francis came home to her.

In 1797-8 the fever again scourged Philadelphia. It invaded Miss Lalor's little house, carried off their one novice; and Father Neale, having been ordered to Georgetown College and made its president, invited the three faithful companions to settle in that place. So in 1798 they came to Georgetown, and Miss Lalor bought a small cottage and lot near the home of the Poor Clares,—three noblewomen of France who, escaping the Terror, had sought refuge there, hoping to found a house. The rigors of the climate, however, added to the severity of their Rule, compelled their return to France in 1804, and incidentally led the way to the carrying out of Father Neale's hopes and plans for the young community.

He had put the "Pious Ladies," as they were called, under the Rule of St. Francis de Sales, but had tried in vain to get in touch with the Visitandines in Europe; for Annecy was swept away in the Terror, and Stepton-Mallet and Challiot could do little to further his wishes. So in hope he continued their director, and encouraged them in every way; his inspiration being to advance Catholic education, especially in Maryland, where the Acts of Assembly of

1654, 1704, 1718 (adopting the full measure of English severity in Statutes 11 and 12 of Wm. III.) to 1755, had extinguished Catholic education except at the hearthstone and the little school of the Jesuit Fathers at Bohemia Manor, carried on with death at the doorstep.

Their school was opened June 24, 1799; their first pupil being Anna Smith, of Prince George's Co.; and their first novice, Sister Aloysia Neale, of Charles Co. (1801.) Their pupils multiplied, and in 1802 the school was raised to an academy. Then their space was enlarged by the property of the Poor Clares which Father Leonard Neale bought in; and Father Francis Neale having bought their altar, books and belongings, and presented them to the Pious Ladies, they gained a temporary chapel of their own. Previously they had heard Mass with the Poor Clares, and later at the college chapel; for no enclosure was observed at first, and they were called "Mistress" or "Madam," until Bishop Neale obtained from Pius VII. the Brief (dated July 14, 1816) which raised the community to the rank of a monastery.

In 1804 Sister Stanislaus Fenwicke joined them; in 1805, Sister Magdalene Neale; in 1806-7, Sister Mary, who lived to be one hundred and five years old; in 1808, Sister Catherine Rigden; in 1810, Sister Margaret Marshall; in 1811, Sister Eliza Matthews; and in 1812, Sister Henrietta Brent. It was at this date that among the French books of the Poor Clares was discovered a tiny publication containing the long-sought Rules of the Visitation, with a vignette of the sainted Mother de Chantal.

Solemn vows were taken December 16, 1816, with thirty choir Sisters, four lay Sisters, and one "out" Sister. Father Bestcher, formerly of the Papal Choir, had trained them in the chants of the Office, and congratulations came from

Paris, Chambéry, Rome, Stepton-Mallet (England), and from Challiot, which last also sent them a model of the habit and silver crosses.

Six months later, the crystal chalice of his soul filled to the brim with life's duties done, their father, friend and guardian, Archbishop Neale, died; but he had selected and summoned from Charleston, S. C., as their director, Father Clorivière. He arrived January 13, 1818, in the midst of the reception fête of three postulants (Miss Corish, Miss Hughes, and Miss Digges), and immediately began the career of helpfulness that ended only with his life.

Father Clorivière belonged to the old aristocracy of Bretagne, had served with distinction in the Royal Army, was a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and a friend of Charles X. All this prestige he brought to the aid of his new charge. He sold his estate in Bretagne, and devoted the proceeds, as well as his French pension, to building the chapel of the convent; he asked and obtained from Charles X. its altarpiece, which is said to have been painted to order, and represents Martha and that Mary who "chose the better part"; he carried his beautiful court French into the class-rooms of the academy where he taught; and with all his strength he helped the Sisters in their Poor School, which was the first free school in the District of Columbia.

The chapel was begun under the administration of Mother Catherine Rigden, who broke the ground; a parishioner of Father Clorivière in South Carolina gave the symbolic window; and it was the first church of the Sacred Heart in the United States.

In 1819 the Sisters issued their first prospectus. The woodcut shows house and chapel, with three cherubs hovering over the scroll; it is signed by Mrs. Henrietta Brent, Mrs. Jerusha Barber, and Father Clorivière; and the curriculum and rules are set forth. In 1823

the new academy was built, and in 1829 the European Sisters arrived.

In 1832, with 100 pupils in the academy, 57 Sisters in the community, and 150 children in the free school, it seemed as if permanence and prosperity were assured beyond question. And yet a crisis arose; and dispersion and absorption into other orders were averted in 1837 only by the fact that Mr. La Salas, of New York, sent his three daughters to be educated and made all the payments in advance. Of these daughters the gayest and prettiest, after two years of social triumphs, came back to her Alma Mater to take the habit.

Mother Teresa Lalor died September 10, 1846, after four terms (twelve years) of office, and after seeing her daughters established in Kaskaskia, Mobile, St. Louis, Baltimore, and Brooklyn. Of the Mothers Superior of Georgetown, only three others served four terms: Mother Juliana Matthews, Mother Agatha Combs, and Mother Angela Harrison. The last-mentioned was the Civil War Mother; but her first term as superior was served in 1829; for three years is the limit of each, and only two can be served in succession.

The convent was the only semi-public building in the District of Columbia that was not seized for hospital purposes during the Civil War; its halls being exempted by the grim War Secretary Stanton (not so grim, it would seem), at the request of General Winfield Scott, whose dear child Virginia slept in the shadow of the cloister, where she had passed her novitiate and rendered her vows.

The cottage of the Pious Ladies has grown into a great square of buildings; and the little lot has expanded into thirty-eight acres, laid out in farm garden, cemetery, flower gardens, shrubbery, play-grounds, walks, and groves.

In the crypt of the chapel and in the foundations—a wide cemented space, whose windows look into the garden of the monastery—lie the remains of Archbishop Neale, Mother Teresa, Father Plunkett, Father Clorivière, the daughter of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide, and the other thirty original Sisters. Several of the latter are inclosed in the walls, as in ancient vaults.

As one of the objects of St. Francis de Sales and the Baroness Jeanne de Frémiot de Chantal in founding the Visitandines was to provide an Order in which pious widows might dedicate the remainder of their lives to God, Georgetown has on its rolls histories that are an inspiration. Sister Olympia (Madam Fulton) saw her son enter the priesthood, and for some years had the consolation of his presence; for he was the famous Jesuit, Father Fulton. Sisters and brothers, mothers and daughters, emulated one another in dedicating themselves to God; and often the child led by her vocation from a Protestant home would cast the golden net of prayer around souls precious to her, and draw them, as did Sister Stanislaus, through the waters of baptism to the Bark of Peter.

She was the daughter of Commodore Jacob Jones, the American hero of the battle between the *Wasp* and the *Frolic*, October 17, 1814; and later the comrade of Decatur and Bainbridge, as well as prisoner of the Algerines. Her brother, also a naval officer, became a Catholic, and his son a priest.

But courage among the Pious Ladies went higher; for living love was laid at the foot of God's altar, and an entire family passed under that yoke whose burden Our Lord Himself has declared sweet. Sister Mary Austin Barber was the wife of the Rev. Virgil Barber, an Episcopal clergyman. He became a priest, and she a nun; and their only daughter followed her, while their four sons likewise became priests.

This heroic lady and Sister Margaret Marshall represent, perhaps, the two highest types of courage, moral and physical, in the history of the Pious Ladies. For Sister Margaret left her home in the Pennsylvania mountains, in snow knee-deep; and, unmolested of man or wild beast, walked to Georgetown (two hundred and fifty miles), over unbroken and scarcely travelled roads, to become a tower of strength to the community. Her brother, too, became a priest.

The widow of the Mexican Emperor, Iturbide, with her daughters, found a shelter there; there, too, dwelt for a time Mrs. Ann Mattingly, whose life, through the prayers of Cardinal Hohenlohe, God had miraculously restored; New England sent one of its Peares and one of the Ripley-Emerson connection to dwell in the cloisters; France gave one of the house of Beauharnais; Maryland gave one, and sometimes two and three, from each of its old historic Catholic families; Virginia gave a daughter from Gunston Hall, and another from among the pious Clearys of Accomac; Baron Keating and the house of D'Arreger gave each a daughter; Judge Whyte and Gerald Griffin gave sister and niece.

Such instances of love and devotion could, however, be multiplied; for the Holy Year was the golden clasp on the convent's history of a Hundred Years; and the Pious Ladies share with the Carmelites of Charles County the happiness of being the first convent foundations in the United States; as New Orleans and its dear Ursulines, who followed Bienville in 1727, did not come into the Union until 1803.

The Carmelites named were three American Sisters, and one English Sister whom the Rev. Charles Neale brought from Europe to Port Tobacco, October 15, 1790, and who remained there until September 13, 1831, when they removed to Baltimore.

The Madonna of the Emerald.

ONE fine afternoon, some five hundred years ago, the podesta, or chief magistrate, of Fiesole was taking a walk around his city. It was quite an old city even then, as was attested by its weather-beaten Etruscan walls. Fiesole is perched upon one of the first spurs of the Apennines, and dominates both the beauteous valley of the Arno and "Florence the Superb."

The podesta was not, however, thinking of the admirable panorama spread out before him. Strolling by the garden of the Friars Preachers, not yet walled around, for the convent was of recent foundation, he was noticing that the sons of St. Dominic had some roses of unparalleled beauty.

These marvels of floriculture were due to the skilful care of Brother Simplicius, who, in obedience to the command of the Father Prior, devoted his time to the garden. Simplicius was not at all a doctor of Canon Law, but just a faithful lay Brother who worked out his salvation in drawing water from the fountain,—a frank, unspotted soul, who counted the "Hail Marys" of his Rosary with watering-pots emptied and filled uninterruptedly all day.

If sin ever sullied his robe of innocence, it must have been the sin of vanity as he contemplated the scented radiance of his flowers, lovingly prepared for the adornment of the sanctuary. During Divine Office, when he saw his roses beautifying the tabernacle or forming a brilliant carpet beneath the glorious monstrance, he could hardly drive away thoughts of vanity; and it appeared to him that the Madonna of the cloister beamed with especial complacency on the garlands with which he decked her.

Of course he participated without reserve in the enthusiasm of all Tuscany over the charming frescoes with which

a lately arrived young monk, Fra Giovanni, was profusely ornamenting the vaults and ceiling of the monastery. But Simplicius was inclined to believe that the homage of his roses was still purer and sweeter, far more agreeable to the King of nature. Poor Simplicius! How his soul, limpid as the fairest crystal, would have been troubled had he suspected that his horticultural success was giving to the meditations of the strolling podesta a most unfortunate direction!

The podesta, as a matter of fact, had arrested his promenade, and was admiring the roses through the garden fence.

"How this hilltop has been improved!" he murmured to himself. "Formerly there was nothing visible here but stones and thistles. The city didn't know how to utilize it. That's why, without any protest, I allowed the Reverend Fathers to occupy the abandoned place and make a domain for themselves. If I had foreseen that they would produce so fine a garden, I'd have charged them a hundred golden guineas. That sum would come in very handy just now; for they are asking us, at Foligno, sixty guineas for painting the Madonna that is lacking to the high altar of our cathedral. But perhaps it is not too late. No regular session has been made of the municipal property. It would be excellent business to exact at least *some* indemnity before recognizing as legitimate the establishment, on this site, of the Friars Preachers."

These thoughts preoccupied the lordly podesta during his return walk, during supper with his family, and even, it must be confessed, during his recitation of night prayer.

As he was no scoundrel, however, he resolved that, before opening the matter in the city council, he would talk it over with the friars, and see whether a basis of agreement could not be found that would permit him to offer his fellow-

citizens a solution satisfactory to all parties. The next morning, accordingly, he went to the convent and exposed the matter to the Reverend Prior.

The city's claim for compensation was altogether unexpected; the magistrate's disclosure filled the Prior with consternation. The good man was no diplomat. He knew, of course, the rights of the city of Fiesole; but he recalled the fact that he had taken up a wild and uncultivated bit of land, adding that the kind silence of the authorities had always appeared to him a tacit cession of the site.

"Things will turn out," he humbly concluded, "as pleases God and your lordship. But, as you know, we are mendicants by vow and profession. Our father, St. Dominic, has forbidden us to lay up earthly treasures; we have neither coin nor coffers; and if we are dispossessed, we can only leave you our poor half-finished buildings and go plant our tent wherever the wind of the good God shall waft us."

The departure of the Friars Preachers! The podesta had not even thought of so violent a hypothesis. They were well liked in the city; for that matter, he himself regarded them with esteem and affection. He accordingly protested with sincerity that he desired nothing of the kind.

"Nevertheless," he continued, "your Paternity ought to have a regular deed of the property; and, despite all our good will, the state of our finances prevents our making you a gift of the site. Let us seek a compromise."

The compromise was found; and the first to hear of it was the young artist monk, Fra Giovanni. The Prior found him on a scaffolding in the chapter hall.

"Brother," said the superior, "leave this work for a time. The gift of art with which God has endowed you is to be utilized for His glory and the salvation of our house. The authorities

of Fiesole demand of you an important canvas—a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Put your whole soul into the work; we are to offer it to the city for the altarpiece of its cathedral, and the city in return will give us a deed of our monastery's site which does not yet belong to us. Will you need a model?"

"The model is up there," answered Giovanni, directing a seraphic glance toward heaven.

"Very well. Hurry up! From now on, Brother Simplicius will be at your orders to mix your colors and aid you in the rougher part of your work."

The young religious bowed, and went forthwith with his assistant to shut himself up in his humble studio.

He knelt down and prayed with fervor. And, little by little, as the ardor of his naïve faith illuminated his imagination—the imagination of a believer and an artist,—the type of the Virgin seemed to take form before him. His eye fixed on the divine model which his ecstasy presented to him, he seized palette and brush, transferring to his composition the exquisite grace and tender mysticism that enraptured his grateful heart. There was nothing redolent of earth in this sweet, ethereal figure which the kneeling priest copied from the pure ideal engendered by his faith, transcribing the Madonna whom he saw smiling on him from her starry nimbus.

Mute with surprise before the artist and the canvas which day by day took on intenser life, Brother Simplicius, preparing on the palette the crimson of the tunic or the azure of the mantle, felt himself overpowered by a religious respect, as if he stood before a real apparition of Our Lady; and when he stole out for a moment of an evening to water his beloved roses, his only reply to the curious Brothers who waylaid him in the corridors to ask about the mysterious work, was:

"*Angelico! Angelico!* 'Tis an angel that's painting."

In fact, Brother Simplicius grew quite infatuated with the holy picture. He spoke to it, confounding the figure with the model. He loved it, and his love increased in proportion to the nearness of the day when the ecstatic painter should lay down his brush.

That day came, and Fra Giovanni went to notify the Prior that the work was finished. The monks were assembled, and all went to the studio. Enthusiasm seized them at once. Without exception, each felt something of the emotion that mastered Simplicius, as, falling on their knees, they exclaimed: "*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*" And the word used by the Brother was repeated as the exact expression of the general sentiment: "*Angelico! Angelico!*"

"*Angelico!*" cried also the podesta, who was sent for without delay; and he resolved that the picture should be carried to the cathedral the very next day.

The clergy, the city council, and the whole population of Fiesole came processionally on the morrow to take possession of the new Madonna; and Brother Simplicius, with radiant visage, threw open to them the doors of the chapter hall where the painting had been carefully hung.

There was a cry of admiration, and immediately afterward an angry murmur rising into an indignant outburst from the thronging spectators. A sacrilegious hand had cut through the canvas in order to place in the grasp of the Madonna a beautiful rose,—a rose still empearled with the dewy kisses of morning. It was the naïve homage which Brother Simplicius had thought most worthy of his dear Madonna, and with which, in consequence, he lovingly bedecked her in bidding her good-bye.

The common people in Italian cities were artists five centuries ago; and,

despite the holiness of the place, there were hasty imprecations and a manifest disposition to give poor Brother Simplicius some rough usage. Fra Giovanni, however, ran forward and covered his assistant with his white mantle. At the sight of the master, one sentiment moved every bosom, and there was a noisy shout of "*Angelico! Angelico!*" The ovation to the painter gave Brother Simplicius a chance, which he promptly seized, to escape by the garden door.

Angelico,—Fra Angelico. The monk of Fiesole retained the sweet name in the monastery of Florence, which he adorned with his masterpieces; in Orvieto, where he decorated the cathedral; and in Rome, where the Pontiff, Nicholas V., confided to him the adornment of a Vatican chapel.

As for the Madonna transpierced by a rose, it took the name, "Madonna of the Emerald," because, when Fra Angelico died at Rome, and it accordingly became impossible to have the picture restored by its author, the old podesta detached from his official hood a sparkling emerald given to him by his neighbor, Cosmo de' Medicis, and fixed it on the outraged canvas to hide the rent.

As there are numberless flowers on the earth, all of them flowers, and so far like each other; and all springing from the same earth, and nourished by the same air and dew, and none without beauty; and yet some are far more beautiful than others; and of those which are beautiful some excel in color, and others in sweetness, and others in form; and then, again, those which are sweet have such perfect sweetness, yet so distinct, that we do not know how to compare them together, or to say which is the sweeter: so is it with souls filled and nurtured by God's secret grace.—*Newman*.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XL.—EBEN KNOX SEEKS THE DOCUMENTS.

IT was not very long after Jim Bretherton had left the mill-house before Eben Knox returned. He had taken the night train from Boston, and had walked from the station in the deep silence of the middle night; raising his hollow eyes from time to time to the calm, majestic sky, where glittered the glory of numberless stars.

Arrived at the mill-house, he let himself in by a key; and, taking a dry crust and a scrap of cold meat from the larder, satisfied his hunger. This done, he sat down by the hearth, upon which lay the ashes in cold, grey heaps. He stared at them, with hands thrust deep into his pockets and feet outstretched, a very image of despondency. The desolation of the hearth symbolized the ruin of his hopes, which he vaguely felt to be impending. For the exhilaration of the mood which had led him to give that singular feast had vanished; and the prospects, lately so bright to his imagination, appeared now as the delusive mirage haunting the mariner upon ocean wastes. He lit but a solitary candle that cast over the room an uncertain, flickering light. He was utterly indifferent to the cold, the qualor, and the dreariness.

He remained thus lost in thought while the night wore away, marked only by the ticking of the watch in his pocket; and the first streaks of dawn were visible in the eastern sky, peeping as a wan and frightened visage through the curtain, when a sudden impulse seized him. He felt moved to have a look at the treasured documents which constituted his only hope, and might have been regarded as his title deeds to paradise.

The candle had burned low in the socket, till it was merely a seething mass of grease. He lit a fresh one; and, seeking the key in the clock case, stood upon the bench, opened the corner cupboard, and drew thence the iron box. Perhaps some slight difference in its weight attracted his attention, for he hastened with feverish eagerness toward the table where stood the light. Turning the key in the lock, he raised the lid. After a quick glance, which became presently a stupefied stare, he let fall the box upon the floor with a loud clang, awaking at least one sleeper.

For a few seconds he stood clawing and clutching at the empty air, as one who fights with phantoms, the grim shapes of horror and despair. Then from his lips, with a hissing, dreadful sound, telling of their diabolical origin, imprecations issued forth in a continuous stream. It was ghastly in that ghastly dawn to hear the wretch thus calling down his Creator into the petty concerns of life, and defying omnipotent power. It was terrifying to one who, awakened by the fall of the box, listened above, shivering like an aspen leaf; and yet, with a fearful fascination, acquainting herself with every detail of that horrifying scene.

"Gone!" she heard the manager say,—“gone, the papers, the proofs, my sole hope and reliance!”

He wailed aloud in a very agony; and the woman, stealing down to that place upon the stairs which had been before her post of observation, beheld the livid, contorted countenance, the horrible writhings and writhings of the wretch, emphasized by those terrific blasphemies.

The clock upon the mantel, from the case of which the key had been abstracted, struck an hour. It was an old clock, out of gear, and did not often strike, so that there was something uncanny in its sudden sounding. The man turned and cursed it, as if it had

been a living thing. He had a desire to smash its white face, which stared at him,—stared as did the black ruin and despair confronting him. For well he knew that an enemy had done this thing,—some one who was hostile and who desired to defeat his plans.

Throwing himself at last into a chair, Eben Knox let his head fall upon his hands in a fierce paroxysm of sobbing,—strong, deep, terrible sobbing, such as is but rarely heard from human breasts. How long this lasted it would have been difficult to say; and when it had died out, the manager was quiet a few moments from very exhaustion. In that brief interval, however, a sudden idea seized him, and, bounding from his chair, he rushed in the direction of the sleeping apartments. Arriving at the door of the room where Mother Moulton still slumbered unconscious, he began a violent pounding.

The old woman stirred uneasily, believing at first that she was dreaming; but as the clamor continued, she raised herself upon her elbow to listen. It occurred to her that she must have overslept; for it was her custom to rise with the sun. But no: she glanced at the window-panes, which were merely cold and grey in the first light of dawn. Yet there was the knocking at her door, and surely that was the voice of Eben Knox, inarticulate though it was with the fury which possessed him. These words at least she distinguished:

"Get up, you hag! Get up and come out here at once,—*at once*, I say!"

"I'll be there when I'm ready!" the crone retorted, wondering what was astir. Such a thing had never happened before in all her experience.

"Make ready soon, then, or it'll be the worse for you!" roared Eben Knox.

"The curse of the crows upon you for disturbing a body's rest!" cried the irate old woman.

Partly impelled by curiosity to discover what had happened, Mother

Moulton began to obey the summons. She made a hasty toilet, presently emerging in a costume which certainly did not add to her charms. She wore simply a short petticoat and jacket, and a cap from which escaped elf-locks of iron-grey.

Eben Knox, however, noticed none of these details; but, gripping the crone by the arm, hurried her, with grumbling, snarling and complaining, to the living room, where a candle still struggled for supremacy with the rising sun.

"You daft loon," muttered the angry woman, "I'll have the law of you for dragging me about like an article of furniture! You're losing your wits, and the house isn't safe with the like of you in it."

"Hold your blathering tongue," said Knox, "and tell me what you did with them?"

"Did with what?"

"The papers!"

"Papers? What papers?" replied the beldame, concealing the dismay with which she undoubtedly heard that the loss of the papers had been discovered. "What should I know, dragged out of my bed before the screech of dawn?"

"Answer my question!" he demanded. "What did you do with my papers?"

"Where did you keep them?"

The manager indicated by a gesture the corner cupboard, which was at an angle considerably elevated above the floor.

Mother Moulton laughed scornfully.

"It's full twenty years since I climbed that high. And if your wits weren't wandering you'd know well enough I never could get up yonder. Do you think I'm the 'auld wife sweeping cobwebs off the sky'?"

Even in his rage, Eben Knox perceived that there was truth in her defence. Apart from her age altogether, Mother Moulton was considerably crippled by rheumatism, which the dampness of the

mill-house had engendered. She could scarcely have been convicted of soaring so high, even had she known—which the manager doubted—of the existence of the hiding-place. Something like superstitious awe stole over him for an instant. Could it have been that the dead had established a literal mortmain over what was once their property?

Presently rallying from the creepiness which seized upon him, he pointed to the empty box upon the floor.

"The papers are gone, I tell you; and if you didn't steal them, it was the other!"

A real terror possessed the stout-hearted old woman at this conjecture, which she knew to be the actual truth. But she gave no sign, only exclaiming:

"What should she know of you and your bits of paper, or the hiding-place you had like the eyrie of an eagle?"

"Where is she, till I question her?" retorted the manager. "Tell me instantly where she is."

Though it was the last thing in her thoughts to acquaint Eben Knox with her daughter's probable whereabouts, she involuntarily glanced up the stairs. Instantly the man, who was watching her as a cat watches a mouse, took the hint. Snatching the candle from the table, he bounded up the stairs, followed by Mother Moulton as fast as she could hobble.

Neither was aware of an interlude which had occurred while Eben Knox was racing along the passageway, and pounding at Mother Moulton's door in his effort to awaken her. The young woman above had been haunted ever since her abstraction of the papers by the fear of Eben Knox. This fear had been, at first, urgent and all-pervading, so that it occasioned sleepless nights, or caused her to start from feverish dreams with the fancy that the manager was at her bedside demanding the documents. Gradually her extreme anxiety had been lulled into fancied security

by Knox's apparent indifference to his late possessions. When at last the blow had fallen, and she had witnessed the fearful scene in the living room, and heard with her own ears the torrent of horrible blasphemy, the younger woman had been so overcome with terror as almost to grovel upon the floor. It seemed only too likely that the manager would connect her presence in the house, of which he was now aware, with the loss of the papers.

Hearing him, therefore, rush down the hall, she had picked up the sleeping child, thrown a cloak over her shoulders and sped down the stairs. While Eben Knox was still waking the echoes with his frenzied knocking, she had tremblingly unbolted the fastening of the outer door. It had creaked upon its hinges; gusts of cold and frosty air had swept into the room; a sky of livid white streaked with faintest grey had shone ghastly cold and dreary an instant. Then the door had been closed again, and a silent, flying figure had sped out and away from the mill-house. Quivering in every nerve, stumbling, trembling, the woman had fled into the chill and stillness of the newly awakened day.

Reaching the top of the staircase, Mother Moulton's bleared eyes, knowing just where to look, almost instantaneously convinced her that the loft was empty. She drew a deep breath of relief and thankfulness; while Eben Knox, guided by the feeble rays of the candle, stumbled about searching for his prey. Around him fell strange shadows from the beams and rafters, and the crone's discordant laugh rang in his ears.

"I wish you joy of your fool's quest!" she cried. "I'm thinking it's little you'll find up here but bats and mousies."

He presently saw that she was right, and that the object of his pursuit, if she had been there at all, had eluded him.

"My man," Mother Moulton con-

tinued, emboldened by the certainty of her daughter's flight, "if you go on making such a rout about the papers that you stole from your betters, I'll loose my tongue at last; and if I do, it'll be easier for you to stop the mill-clapper than my talk. I've held my peace this many a day, for the sake of a roof to cover me, the bit I ate, and the quiet of the place. But if it comes to making a rout, you'll rue the day you began it."

So saying, she hastened down the stairs; and Eben Knox, black with suppressed fury, followed her.

There was something ominous in the silence which had replaced his wild and violent mood; and he was impressed more than might have been supposed by the threat which Mother Moulton had let fall. She could speak, and she could reveal many things more than were recorded in those ill-starred papers,—much which he did not desire to make public at all. For he had assuredly never meant that all the workings of his nefarious schemes, made manifest in the papers, should see the light of day.

Even now he had a faint, glimmering hope that the documents might still have been stolen merely for a reward, and that he might recover them. If they were irretrievably gone indeed, and if they should reach the proper channels, not only was his power over Miss Tabitha and the Brethertons futile, as well as his hopes of winning Leonora, but his own character would be so hopelessly blasted that he would not dare to appear in Millbrook. Not that he cared very much for that, if all the rest were gone,—if he had thrown his last die and lost. For the time being, however, he realized that he must keep Mother Moulton silent at any cost, save the actual violence which would defeat his own ends.

He, therefore, stood silent, breathing hard, and regarding her with eyes that still blazed with fury. But he gave

no further sign of rage or malevolence, except to bring his fist down upon the table, and set the candle dancing, as he cried:

"I'll have the papers, you hellhag! And let you and *her* beware how you play with a desperate man!"

So saying, he flung himself out of the door; and Mother Moulton laughed softly to herself, knowing that for the time being the victory was hers.

The manager did not even perceive, as he went forth, that the door, which he had so lately bolted upon his arrival from the train at midnight, was unfastened. His brain was boiling and seething with the ferment of his thoughts. There was upon him an awful sense of failure and of approaching disaster, which had been heralded by his mood of despondency. He knew not whither he was going, or what was his errand; but he felt the need of getting into the open air, lest he should stifle after the fierce and fiery agitation through which he had passed.

It vaguely occurred to him that by seeking he might find Mother Moulton's daughter. He looked off in one direction, and then in another; he peered about the projections of the mill-house and of the mill itself; he took the short cut to the highroad, and gazed up and down. As yet not a living creature was stirring, save a dog or two wandering about in aimless fashion.

Re-descending, Eben Knox turned instinctively to the spot under the alder bushes whence years before he had disinterred the documents. He examined it narrowly, as if he had a fancy that they might have returned thither again. He recalled with a horrible vividness that and other scenes in the drama of long ago; and as he did so, by a curious chain of association, he began to sing in a croaking voice, low and harsh as the grating of a door upon rusty hinges, a song which he had not heard or sung since those bygone days. He sang

the verse over and over, while he diligently pursued that fruitless work of following up old traces.

He continued at this occupation, still droning out that monotonous song, till signs of life appeared upon the highroad, and he dimly realized that soon the mill bell must be rung and the mill hands summoned to work. This thought sent him indoors, where, confronting Mother Moulton again, he compelled her to bring forth her worm-eaten clothes-chest and turn out the contents, lest the papers might be concealed there. The old woman humored him, though she kept up a stream of jibes and uncomplimentary epithets the while she aided him with simulated ardor in the search. He heeded her words no more than if they had been the whistling of the wind in the trees without. He regarded only that inward voice which seemed to warn him that all was lost, and that the dark Nemesis of his fate was approaching.

By a kind of instinct, however, he hastened at the accustomed hour to open the mill, and watched with strained and haggard eyes while Dave Morse rang the bell, and Matt Tobin, who was usually the first to arrive, went about among the looms in his taciturn fashion, preparing for the day's work.

The mill bell clanged harshly, eliciting muttered execrations from Jesse Craft on its ear-splitting properties, and bringing the mill hands in a straggling but steady stream along the street.

As they passed in, saluting, in more or less uncouth fashion, their employer, where he stood, a grim, rigid figure, not one of them guessed the fiery tumult through which the "boss" had passed. His dark and bitter thoughts left scarce an unusual trace upon his saturnine countenance. His sombre aspect was hardly more sombre, his features not a whit harsher or more repellent, nor the loneliness of his isolation from his fellows more marked. Only when they

had all passed in, the manager stood staring out through the open door, with unseeing eyes, until Matt Tobin roused him from his reverie.

The instinct, the mechanical habit of years, was so strong that in an instant Eben Knox awoke from his dream and went about his customary occupations, with an exact attention to routine which left no room for remarks. It was part of the man's melancholy isolation that none cared to read those signs about him which would have been visible to the keen eyes of love or of friendly interest. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the manager of the Millbrook woolen mills was precisely the same as he had previously been, though the most eventful day of his life had dawned with those first faint streaks of light in the eastern sky, and though notable events were now thickening upon his pathway.

(To be continued.)

The Passing Bell.

IN connection with the *Plango defunctos*—"I bewail the dead,"—so frequently found inscribed upon old bells, it is interesting to note that it was once the custom to ring what was known as the "Passing Bell,"—that is to toll the bell, not after the sick person had died, but whilst he was actually dying. The custom arose naturally out of the pious belief that the sound of the consecrated bells had power to terrify evil spirits, and that such spirits were particularly active in harassing the expiring patient.

This tolling of the Passing Bell was retained even by the Reformers, who instructed the people that its use was to admonish the living, and excite them to pray for the dying. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, the modern fashion had been generally adopted; the tolling took place after the death instead of before.

A Question to Mr. Goldwin Smith.

IT strikes us that Mr. Goldwin Smith has a great deal to say on the subject of "supernaturalism" for one who claims to have given up "anything above or contrary to nature." In the course of a communication to the *New York Sunday Sun* (Oct. 22), the venerable Canadian tells of getting "the declaration of a simple soul who has been converted, or reconverted, to the faith by witnessing the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. He says," continues Mr. Smith, "that he actually saw with his own eyes the solid suddenly become liquid. Unquestionably the simple soul did. There is another periodical miracle of the same kind at Amalfi, where the bones of a saint exude on a certain day in each year. Does American Catholicism believe in these miracles?"

We are not informed as to the Amalfi marvel; but regarding the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood at Naples, American Catholicism—which is essentially like any other Catholicism—would answer Yes. This miracle is proved by a mass of evidence and testimony, has been witnessed innumerable times by men of the highest character, and chemists of the first fame, under circumstances the most favorable for the detection of imposture. It stands,—we believe it.

Now we should like to put a question to Mr. Goldwin Smith. In the same letter from which we have quoted he says:

Many years ago a convent in the Tyrol was the alleged scene of miracles wrought upon the persons of two nuns. The Addolorata bore the stigmata; the Ecstatica was miraculously raised from the ground in prayer. There was a great controversy about the case, in which, if I remember rightly, Lord Shrewsbury, the leading Catholic layman, took part. I happened to allude to the case in print as probably one of hysteria.

Thereupon I received a visit from a fellow of a college at Oxford, who afterward became a Roman Catholic, but who was a man, I should have said, not only of superior cultivation, but of remarkable good sense in ordinary matters, and certainly of the highest character. He assured me that he and two companions, also fellows of colleges and in every respect, except that of their extreme High Church bias, eminently trustworthy, had actually witnessed the miracles, and had seen the blood run upward on the Addolorata's forehead. Those miracles were in the end completely exposed and withdrawn.

Persons familiar with the case of Maria Mörl will notice at once that Mr. Smith has got it mixed up with another—that of Maria Domenica Lazari. Both were brought before the English public by John, Earl of Shrewsbury; A. L. M. P. De Lisle, Esq.; the Rev. T. W. Allies (he was then an Anglican clergyman), and others. The two celebrated subjects of stigmata have been dead many years; and the pamphlet written by Mr. De Lisle, with etchings by J. R. Herbert, R. A., is now out of print. It appeared in 1841 (London: Dolman). A more complete and detailed account of Maria Mörl is given in Görres' "Christliche Mystik." Mr. Smith's insinuation is that these impostures, as he would call them, were "worked" as long as possible, and withdrawn only on compulsion.

Mr. Goldwin Smith asserts very positively that "those miracles were in the end completely exposed and withdrawn." Our question is as simple as possible: When and by whom? We have answered a question put by Mr. Smith, he should be willing to return the favor.

It is necessary to learn with great care the sacred doctrines of the faith which Peter taught, and to show forth good works corresponding to that faith.—*St. Bede.*

SHIPS and armies you may replace if they are lost; but a great intellect once abused is a curse to the earth forever.

—*Ruskin.*

Notes and Remarks.

The organization, last month, of "The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States" was an event of notable interest, no matter what degree of success or failure the movement is destined to meet with; and to the optimist, with eye steadfastly fixed on the glowing possibilities of development, and heart strong in the faith that Providence will assuredly crown zealous effort with brilliant achievement, it may well appear an epoch-making occurrence in the history of the Church in America. The specific purpose of the new society, as stated by its founders, "is the development of the missionary spirit in the Catholic population of the United States, by aiding the building of churches in needy places, or by any other missionary work that may be deemed advisable by the board of governors."

The society is the legitimate outcome of the efforts of the Rev. Francis C. Kelly, who for several years past, in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* and elsewhere, has been advocating organized effort along the lines indicated above. He has called attention to the fact that in many States, notably in the West and South, churches must be built for flocks, few in number and poor in pocket, formed mostly of settlers having indeed a future, but at present hampered by debts and mortgages; and that the work of church organization in such places can not be postponed without the loss of many souls. To make such organization possible all over our country is the primary purpose of the Church Extension Society, which is, accordingly, only another form of the Propagation of the Faith.

years (Hutchinson), and as low as six million years (Dawson). It was Voltaire who said, "The world is an old coquette who conceals her age"; and she has managed to keep the secret remarkably well. It is quite possible, however, that the contention of Sir J. W. Dawson ("Modern Science in Bible Lands"), that the facts of both geology and astronomy beautifully harmonize in point of time with those of the Bible history, may yet be established beyond a peradventure. Reviewing a collection of essays and addresses by the Professor of Geology at Oxford, just published by Fisher Unwin, a scientific writer in the *Athenaeum*, after remarking that the most important of these addresses (on the Age of the Earth) was delivered five years ago, adds: "Since that time such remarkable discoveries have been made in connection with radium and other radio-active bodies, that any conclusions based on the time required for the earth to cool down from its original heated condition must either be useless or need modification of a very serious character."

No one acquainted with the Bishop of Hartford could doubt that he is doing his best and his utmost to provide for the religious needs of the many immigrants from various Catholic countries that of late years have flocked into Connecticut. Whether Mgr. Tierney was the first to adopt the policy of sending seminarians abroad to study the different languages of those whose spiritual welfare he has at heart quite as much as if they were natives, is of no consequence. His Lordship has shown that this course is the true one to pursue; and has won for it the approval of the Pope, who, after hearing last month an explanation of how immigrants were cared for in the diocese of Hartford, exclaimed: "The proper way and the only way!" Priests of foreign birth and education imbued

The age of the earth has been estimated as high as six hundred million

with the spirit of their high vocation are unlikely ever to be too numerous in the United States; and, on the other hand, there is no country in the wide world where priests of another stamp can do more harm. Bishop Tierney's aim is to provide his foreign flocks with shepherds, and at the same time to protect them from hirelings.

We are gratified to notice that public action is being taken in California for the preservation of its historic titles, so many of which were in danger of change or loss. The Southern Pacific Railroad is circulating a pamphlet pleading for the retention of all historic place-names; and the citizens of San Buenaventura have prepared a petition, to be sent to President Roosevelt, requesting that the present nickname of their city (Ventura), invented by an official of the Post Office Department, be dropped. A beautiful public sentiment has grown up in San Francisco against the nickname "Frisco," which is rightly characterized as stupid or barbarous. It was natural that Mr. Lummis should have something to say on this subject; and what he says is worth repeating:

When the old Bay State is willing to call her most famous battlefield "Bunk" instead of Bunker Hill; when Los Angeles is mostly infested with people who think that "Angie" would be a more "progressive" name; when Santa Barbara is ready to renounce her sainthood and her history for laziness' sake,—in a word, when Americans in general are "too tired" to use respectable speech,—why, then probably we shall all be reconciled to the impudent curtailing of California names by \$75 ignoramuses in Washington bureaus. But not until then.

In contradistinction to the bigotry of the White Star Line, an instance of which we commented on last month, comes this testimony from one of our missionary priests in China: "The harbor of Tche-fou looks, for the time being, like a port in war-time. We

have here twenty battle-ships,—English, American, German, and Chinese. Among the sailors a good number are Catholics; and, at the request of the American blue-jackets, I solicited of the *Oregon's* commander permission to say Mass on board a week ago last Sunday. The commander, a most amiable gentleman and one who speaks French very correctly, replied that some Protestant ministers had already engaged the ship for that day, but that on the following Sunday he 'would be much pleased to see the Catholic sailors have their Mass.' The Holy Sacrifice was duly celebrated, a number of Catholic officers joining with the men in assistance thereat, and the ship's band furnishing appropriate music at different parts of the service."

We do not know what particular officer has succeeded the gallant Captain Clark as commander of the *Oregon*; but, whoever he is, we congratulate him on his having impressed upon residents and visitors in Tche-fou the truth that the United States countenances no religious bigotry in its naval service, although England, it must be said, makes far better provision for the religious needs of her navy.

It is not often that one meets with historical data so clearly set forth as in the following paragraphs which we clip from a recent number of our Anglo-Catholic contemporary, the *Lamp*. The prophecy of King Edward is new to us. Fully conscious of our incapacity for the interpretation of such things, we will borrow that of our contemporary. It concludes with the Scriptural words: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches":

It was in 1533 that by act of Parliament Henry VIII. was formally proclaimed Supreme Head of the Church of England, the same claim being forced upon Convocation the year following.

It was in 1833 that the Oxford Movement had

its Pentecostal birth, when on Sunday, July 14 (the 7th after Whitsunday), John Keble preached his famous sermon at Oxford on the "National Apostasy."

Just three hundred years, then, from the beginning of the Erastian Captivity, which resulted in the alienation of the Church of England from the Holy See, the movement is inaugurated whose "predestined end" is reunion with the same Holy See.

Strangely enough, this tallies with a remarkable prophecy of King Edward the Confessor, who foretold that the Church of England would be cut away as a tree from its stock and carried a distance of three acres, and then, by no human power, would it be again united with the parent root and flourish greatly. Interpret the three acres as representing in time a distance of three centuries, and you have a remarkable description of England's breach with Rome, and the mighty work of the Holy Ghost now going on to heal that breach.

Writing to the *Salesian Bulletin* from Cuzco (Peru), the ancient capital of the Incas, Father Santinelli dwells with pleasure on the majestic edifices erected in that city during its first years of Christianity. After a somewhat detailed description of the magnificent cathedral, in the style of the Renaissance, he says:

The riches of the churches of Cuzco would take a long time to describe. A short notice must suffice. It is said that at the opening of the cathedral, the Bishop officiating, Mgr. Ortega Soto Mayor had the pavement covered with plates of silver, each of which weighed two hundred golden marks. The vestments of the church are of great value. The thuribles and numbers of chalices are all of gold and silver. A car for the Corpus Christi procession is made entirely of silver; on this is placed a monstrance, over three feet in height, of solid gold, so heavy that a strong man can only with difficulty lift the pedestal. There is also a precious ivory crucifix and a staff of silver gilt. I do not speak of the numerous altars of cedar, artistically carved, and gilded with fine gold, the brightness of which the lapse of centuries has not tarnished. Many altars, like that of the cathedral, are of silver.

In conquering for the Church and for civilization the nations of South America, Catholic Spain left an imperishable record in monumental religious edifices. A century ago such lavish

ornamentation as is quoted above would have excited the denunciation of all Protestant sects; nowadays they are beginning to understand that nothing can be too splendid for a church.

The last page of *Les Missions Catholiques* presents, week after week, an object-lesson which we habitually con with mingled admiration and regret. The lesson is the list of contributions to the Propagation of the Faith; our admiration is evoked by the unfailing generosity of which it is the concrete evidence; and our regret centres upon the fact that similar liberality does not characterize American Catholics, or, for that matter, English-speaking Catholics anywhere. We have footed up the items in the latest list published by our Lyonesse contemporary, and find that the amount for the week is about \$1225. In view of the present distressing state of religious affairs in France, and of the burdens which its people will in all probability be speedily called upon to bear for the support of their pastors, this, we submit, is a notable sum, and one which may well stir the indifference of better-to-do Catholics in more favored lands than the Freemason dominated republic.

..

We have often wished that the generosity of the many thousand readers of our own magazine would necessitate the weekly appearance of "Our Contribution Box," and that the list of items might demand a full page; and we certainly think that a little reflection on that charity toward God's works which is only congruous in those whom God has abundantly blessed with worldly goods, would enable us to relieve many a necessitous missionary, encourage many a worried band of Sisters in foreign climes, and cheer many a group of lepers and others of God's afflicted ones. In an era of

unprecedented prosperity, it behooves us all to remember, and act upon, the text: "Those who give to the poor lend to the Lord."

Urgent appeals for help to sustain two promising missions in China are before us as we write. Even a small alms from every reader of THE AVE MARIA would render these missions flourishing, and promote more than can be told the glory of God in vast heathen districts, where the natives have already abandoned their idols and eagerly await the Catholic missionary. Ignorance is the only explanation of the seeming indifference of American Catholics to the needs and prospects of foreign missions. We feel sure that if the faithful in this country could be made to realize that it is in their power, at a trifling sacrifice, to win countless souls to Christ, our self-sacrificing missionaries in pagan lands, priests and Sisters, would have no cause to complain of lack of co-operation.

The National Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies is in receipt of gratifying communications from the German Centre and the Christian Democracy of Italy. Both bodies express the most kindly sympathy with the work that is being accomplished by the American organization; and the similarity of aims and purposes animating all three, as well as Catholic Unions of other lands, would seem to render quite possible the realization of a project already mooted—a grand federation of Catholic societies throughout the world.

Apropos of our recent note on the fruitfulness, as to religious vocations, of the Biet family in France, M. Pierre Georges Roy, editor of the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques* (Levis, P. Q., Canada), kindly sends us several instances of similar fruitfulness in the Province of Quebec. Mgr. Têtu, procu-

rator of the Archdiocese of Quebec, is one of five brothers raised to the priesthood; Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre Roy, of Berthier, P. Q., have five sons in the priesthood and one daughter a nun; and finally, most notable of all, Bishop Cloutier, of Three Rivers, has two brothers who are priests and seven sisters who are nuns. Ten children of one family consecrated to the service of God! That, we believe, beats any record hitherto established. Our confrère of the *Bulletin* explains that, as French-Canadians do not believe in race suicide, families of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen are very common (*très communes*), and it is accordingly only just that a good number of the children should be given to God.

In confirmation of views often expressed in these pages, and as an illustration of the good that always results from the publication of the reports of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, we reproduce in part a letter lately addressed to the editor of the *Catholic News* by a subscriber in Washington, D. C., who signs herself N. W. She writes:

Of course, Catholics hear of the Society; but it is my own experience and my observation, too, that foreign missions have a very small place, if any, in the busy lives of even the devoted children of Mother Church. Reading of them in your paper, my attention was arrested, my interest and sympathy aroused, and then the missionary love which should animate all true Catholic hearts asserted itself, and I determined to take an active part in so noble a work. In less than a year's time I have given to the Society fifty dollars—and I am only a workingwoman. It has been given by personal sacrifices, but I am more than repaid in spiritual joy and thanksgiving. How many there may be, like myself, thoughtless yet well disposed, only waiting for the good seed to fall into a ready heart!

It is unquestionably in the power of Catholic editors as well as the clergy to enkindle the missionary spirit, "which should animate all true Catholic hearts." Lack of it is a sure sign of weak faith or failing charity.



A Prayer.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

O GOD, who holdeth all within Thy hand,
Living and dead,—Father, who knoweth best,
Lean to our loved ones in the silent land,
And give them rest!

We ask for them the sunshine of Thy love,
The peace and comfort of Thy sheltering breast;
Lift them from darkness to the light above,—
Eternal rest!

The Little Artist.

I.

TELL you, Signor Francisco Graciani, that my young master, the Signor Michaelangelo Buonarrotti, is not in."

The speaker was an old servant in a suit of yellow livery trimmed with blue; and he addressed a youth of fifteen or sixteen, who, with a roll of pasteboard under his arm, had presented himself, one morning in January, 1488, at the door of the chateau of Caprese, in the district of Arezzo.

"Gone out?" inquired the youth.

"Gone out," answered the servant; and then added, in a tone too low to be heard by the other: "May the good God pardon me for this necessary lie!"

"Can he be there already?" said Graciani, as if speaking to himself.

"Where already?" asked old Urbino.

"That doesn't concern you," replied Graciani, deliberating for a moment. "But no: 'tis impossible. He's waiting for me. Let me pass," he continued.

"I thought I told you he isn't in!" repeated the old man, without stirring.

"Well, I mean to make sure of the matter for myself," said the youth. "Michaelangelo can not have gone out without having at least left word—"

"Oh, yes! He said—wait a minute till I remember," rejoined the old man, scratching his head. "Yes, he said that you were to go—there—you know—to the house of that signor—"

"I understand."

"This signor who lives at—wait a minute,—wait, Master Graciani!"

"Oh, I know where he lives, all right!"

"Yes, and I would like to know, too," said Urbino, rubbing his ear.

"Why?" asked Graciani.

"Oh, for nothing, Signor!"—with an air of affected indifference. "Just for curiosity's sake,—and then, too, that I might inform the Signor Podesta, who is becoming much disturbed about the doings of the signor, his son."

"Ah, ha!" laughed Signor Graciani. "Pumping me, eh?"

"Well, yes, I—"

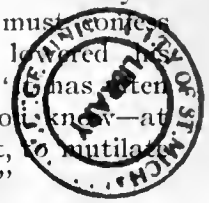
"Now, then, Urbino, listen. If the podesta should ask you where his son is, you will tell him—"

"Yes, yes, Signor Graciani, I'll tell him that—"

"That you haven't the slightest idea, and you won't be lying," said Francisco Graciani, with a laugh.

"O Heavens!" murmured Urbino, in despair. "Well, I'm sure 'tis not to do wrong that you go there, the both of you."

"And you may not be far astray, old man; though I dare not say I always do right. But I must come to you" (here Graciani lowered his voice, and added gravely) "what has happened to us—there—you know—at this signor's in that street, mutilated some arms or some legs."



"What's that? Mutilate!" cried Urbino, growing pale. "What trade are you at, then?"

"One doesn't grow skilful all at once, my poor Urbino!" answered Graciani, with an indifferent air. "And then, again, I'm not very patient; so that when the least thing doesn't please me—goes wrong, you know—why, without more ado I simply break everything—head, arms, legs."

"Of all things! Why, you are a band of assassins!" exclaimed the old servant. "And my young master is one of you?"

"Michaelangelo? Oh, as for him, he can demolish his man still more quickly than I!"

"And you believe I'll allow him to be your companion any longer?" cried the old man, in pious horror. "Long ago I told the Buonarotti family that you'd ruin their son. Good-bye, Mr. Francisco Graciani,—good-bye! My young master is not at home: he has gone out, and won't be in again to-day. I'll be likely to let you see him and talk to him, you little destroyer of arms and legs, you little breaker of heads!"

Watching Graciani depart, he turned to enter the chateau.

"But what a horror,—dear Lord, what a horror! 'Tis a good thing 'twas I who was at the door when that abandoned little rascal came asking for Michaelangelo! Where would we be, if it had been my son Urbino who had answered? He would have let him in, he would,—children are so foolish! Thank Heaven, I've rid my young master of him for to-day! And one day gained is so much, anyway."

II.

Still talking to himself, anathematizing young Graciani, and praising his own prudence, Urbino mounted the great stone staircase of the Caprese chateau, turned to the left into a large gallery, and, lifting a tapestry curtain that hid the door of the library, stopped

a moment on the threshold, as he directed an uneasy glance around the interior of that apartment.

"Good! he's there," he muttered to himself, and heaving the sigh of one who feels relieved of a heavy burden.

Finishing his soliloquy, Urbino approached a table at which was seated a boy of fourteen, his head bowed over a great square of white paper. So absorbed was the lad in what he was doing that the servant was alongside him before he had even noticed his entrance. The old man having coughed, the boy looked up.

"Is it you, Urbino? Has Graciani come yet?"

The other hesitated. He was not used to lying; still, believing it to be for the interest of his master's son that he should do so, he replied:

"No, Signor Michaelangelo." And he added to himself: "May the good God forgive me this little lie, too!"

"It is strange!" said the boy, and lowered his head again over his work.

"And I make bold to say that 'tis a good thing for you, my young master, that he *hasn't* come to look for you," observed Urbino, taking up a bunch of feathers as if to dust the furniture; but, instead of doing so, standing before the boy, and continuing to talk. "That Graciani is no fit company for the son of the podesta of Caprese and Chiusi. He's a good-for-nothing scamp."

"How? A good-for-nothing! Francisco Graciani will get himself talked about some day."

"As what, young master, pray?"

"As a great painter, Urbino."

"As a great criminal, more likely," replied the old servant. "And, if I may venture an opinion, 'tis only size that he lacks for that; all the rest he has even now. My dear young master," added the old man, in a tone that betrayed both timidity and emotion, "believe me, that young man will ruin you; and you—you will cause all your

noble and illustrious family to die of chagrin. But there's no use of my talking: you don't listen to me, my young master," he continued with a sigh. "And still, I repeat it, you will make us all die of chagrin,—not counting myself; for, so far as I'm concerned, 'tis of course my duty to die in your service; whether from chagrin or otherwise doesn't concern you, provided I die,—that's the main thing. All the Urbinos, my ancestors, servants from father to son of the Buonarottis, did so. I'll do the same, and my son will do likewise—"

"Where is he, your son?" interrupted the lad. "You know well enough that 'tis he I wish to wait on me."

"Yes: to contrive between you plots that will ruin you! No, no, my young master! Urbino the younger is too young to watch you. Twenty years old as he is, he needs watching himself instead of being appointed to watch over others. Apropos," continued the old man, "where did you spend yesterday?"

"What's the good of your watching, if I have to tell you?" asked the boy.

"Master Michaelangelo Buonarotti, you'll ruin yourself!" cried the old servant pathetically,—*"you'll ruin yourself! There! what are you at now? Instead of cultivating your 'humanities,' as Signor Fabiano says—and he's paid to show you that sort of cultivation,—what are you at again, if not those illuminated pictures? To think of a descendant of the ancient and illustrious house of the Counts of Canossa, the son of Luigi Leonardo Buonarotti-Simoni, podesta of Caprese and Chiusi, the nephew of the most pious and Most Reverend Antonio Buonarotti, Prior of the Church of the Holy Ghost,—to think of his wanting to be an artist, wanting to work with his hands like a shoemaker, a macaroni vender, a lazzarone of Naples—"*

"Come, come, have you finished now?" said Michaelangelo.

Urbino, however, had started, and refused to be stopped.

"Wanting to work with his hands like my nephew, my sister's son, little Biffi, who is nevertheless a painter,—a sign-painter, which is a much more sensible calling than painting pictures that don't mean anything at all."

"Well!" said a voice behind him, making Urbino jump.

"Signor Francisco Graciani," announced Urbino.

"You are very late in coming, Graciani," said Michaelangelo, giving his hand to his young friend.

"Ask your venerable servant the reason," replied Graciani, shaking his finger at Urbino.

"He told me that you hadn't come," said Michaelangelo.

"He told *me* that *you* had gone out," returned Graciani.

"Yes, I told you so," said Urbino. "I don't repent of it."

"Bravo, Urbino,—bravo!" laughed Graciani. "Well, you see why I won't believe you any more when you tell me that Michaelangelo is not in. But I'll love you all the same."

"Thanks for your friendship, Signor Francisco Graciani!" answered the old man. "But I don't like artists."

"And why not?" demanded the lads simultaneously.

"Why, what would you have, Signor Michaelangelo?" said Urbino, pretending to answer only his young master. "One has one's pride even if one is but a valet. One was not born in the castle of the Canossa Counts only to mix up with all sorts of people, and shake hands with everybody. I am proud, Master Michaelangelo,—'tis true I'm proud; but I'm the oldest servant of your illustrious house, and you'll admit that I have some reason for it."

"For what?" asked a grave voice, which at once silenced Urbino.

At the question; Michaelangelo hastily arose, and Graciani became serious.

III.

The personage who had entered the library, and whose appearance had imposed the sudden silence, was a man still young, of austere countenance and glacial manner. Looking upon his broad and wrinkled brow, his large blue eyes that were cold and dull, his elegantly fashioned but bowed figure, his leisurely walk that wanted neither grace nor nobility, one could readily guess that griefs rather than years had bent his body and furrowed his brow. Following this gentleman came another, whose costume proclaimed him a priest, and who, unlike his companion, was short, straight, portly and smiling.

"Good-morning, father!" exclaimed Michaelangelo, bringing forward a chair for the first of the personages, while Urbino carried one to the priest.

"I have something to say to you, my son," began the podesta, as he seated himself. "You may remain, Signor Graciani; you are not *de trop*," he added to his son's friend, who, at the first word, had bowed and moved toward the door.

As for Urbino, affecting the insensibility of an automaton, he betook himself, feathers in hand, to dusting one by one the books on the library shelves.

"Yes, nephew, we have something to say to you," remarked the Abbé in his turn, making a sign of encouragement to the boy, who was always a little afraid of his father's severe aspect.

The two men seated themselves, the lads remained standing in respectful attention, and Urbino went on with his work as if he were quite alone. Then the podesta began, in a tone which betrayed an emotional quality hitherto unknown to Michaelangelo.

"My son," said he, "you are the sole heir to my name, to my fortune, and I dare hope to the rigid and religious virtues which from time immemorial have guided and regulated the conduct of our ancient family. Your mother

died while you were still in the cradle; and, although yet very young, I did not remarry, not wishing to give you either a stepmother who might rob you of a portion of my affection, or brothers who might rob you of a part of my fortune. Altogether devoted as I have been to your education, judge you what must be my sorrow in seeing you deviate from the course I had traced for you. Wealthy people, my son, should not give themselves up to the arts, but encourage them. Cultivate literature, my son,—well and good. And I know that you are already a poet,—I congratulate you thereon. If your country needs your arm, take up the sword and fight,—well and good again. But I confess that I am grieved to see the hand of a Canossa, a hand that should wield only the sword, take up nothing but a brush."

"Good,—very good!" murmured old Urbino, as he bent down to pick up a book that had slipped from his grasp.

"What have you to say to all this, Michaelangelo?" concluded the podesta.

"With your permission, father, and that of my uncle, I shall take the liberty of telling you a little story which Signor Angelo Poliziano—"

"The greatest littérateur of our epoch," interjected the priest.

Michaelangelo bowed to his uncle and went on:

"Which Signor Angelo Poliziano narrated yesterday at the palace of Lorenzo de' Medici, where his son Pietro kept me for dinner."

"Give us the story," said both the podesta and his brother.

"Albert Dürer, painter, engraver—"

"Is he of noble birth?" interrupted the podesta.

"He is the son of a Nuremberg goldsmith," answered the boy. "If he were a noble, my story would have no point. Well, the Emperor Maximilian, having heard of his talent, recently sent for him to paint in fresco some walls in

his palace. Dürer set instantly to work. He was designing on a wall that was quite high, the Emperor and all his court looking on; and as he was not tall enough to finish his sketch, and was looking around for a ladder on which to stand while completing it, the Emperor told one of the gentlemen of his court to stoop down, so that Dürer might stand on his shoulders and thus finish his design. The gentleman, whom the order naturally displeased, told the prince that he was ready to obey, but that nevertheless he must take the liberty of humbly representing that it was lowering the nobility to make them thus serve as a footstool for an artist. 'This painter,' replied Maximilian, 'has the finer nobility—that of genius. I can make seven nobles out of seven peasants, but I can't make seven artists out of seven nobles.' And, in proof, he has ennobled Albert Dürer."

"I am precisely of the opinion of the Emperor Maximilian," observed the podesta; "and the moral of your story is—go on, my son: speak out."

"The moral is, father," said Michaelangelo, joining his hands, "that I love painting so much, the sight of a fine picture excites in me such a sentiment, that I believe—don't mock me, father!—but I believe I was born a painter."

"Let us understand each other, my son," said the podesta, with a smile. "Yesterday, Signor Poliziano, of whom you have just now spoken, having stated that some odes of yours were not too bad, you declared your belief that you were born a poet."

"Both statements may be true," replied Michaelangelo; "the arts and poetry should be brother and sister. They go hand in hand."

"Didn't I say that there are no more children nowadays?" whispered Urbino to the bookshelves. "Where in the world did he get that notion?"

"The lad may be right, after all, brother," said the priest.

"I am quite of his opinion as to the relationship between painting and poesy," rejoined the podesta. "Still I beg him to give up his painting. Observe, brother, that if it were shown to me that he would one day become a *great* painter, I should not speak in this way. In the meanwhile, however"—and the podesta turned toward his son,—"as this fancy for painting takes you from your studies, I beg you, Michaelangelo, to think of it no more,—that is to give up drawing and painting except in your moments of leisure. Where are you going, by the way,—Signor Graciani and you?"

"Going to take a walk, father, if you don't object," replied Michaelangelo, giving his friend, whom the question had apparently disconcerted, a glance of encouragement.

"I see nothing to prevent you," said the podesta. "Go on, my sons."

(Conclusion next week.)

Nature's Storybook.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a storybook
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

Autumn is the special time for the young people who want to make acquaintances in woodland. The bright days of this season, when the air is crystal clear, and the ozone makes your pulses thrill and your eyes sparkle, are the days when Nature opens her storybook at its most interesting pages.

There are so many things worth seeing, right under our noses, if only we have the right kind of eyes to find them. You remember the story of the man who sought the four-leaf shamrock, and the luck it is supposed

to carry in its extra leaf. He searched the country over; and when he could not find it at home he crossed the ocean and searched on the other side of the world. Failing there too, tired out and old, he concluded to return to his native land. And—would you believe it?—the first thing he saw near his own door was a clump of four-leaf clovers! A good many of us follow his bad example.

Few of us ever take a good look at a burdock. No doubt if it were called by a fancy Japanese name and introduced by a high-priced nurseryman, we should easily recognize it for the really handsome plant it is. (By the way, did you know that in vegetarian Japan they have discovered that the roots of the wayside burdock make a very palatable dish for the dinner table?) We say impatient things when the seed-cups lodge in our clothes, and hastily throw the prickles one side; but we rarely notice their dainty, graceful shape, or the fine needle points to which the tiny hooks at the end of each blade have been sharpened. We do not realize that these hooks have been pointed and curved for the express purpose of giving the burdock children a start in the world. Can't you imagine Mother Burdock saying to the little burr children, "Persistence is the thing that counts, my boy,—persistence and sticking to the first opportunity that presents itself"? Competition is pretty fierce in the home burdock field, so Mother Burdock is anxious to send her children as far afield as possible. That is why she has equipped them with tiny hooks, which enable them to take passage on all sorts of queer craft and travel to all sorts of curious places.

Human parents do not seem to be the only ones concerned about the future of their children. Indeed, if all human fathers and mothers were as anxious about their children as are the burdock and milkweed and witch-hazel,

and a good many other weeds, we should not hear so much about child labor laws and compulsory education laws. Weeds are wonderfully human, too, in believing that far-off fields are green. There are a great many of these plants equipped with wings or hooks, and several have regular catapult arrangements for firing their seeds considerable distances.

The common milkweeds are very entertaining, once you get acquainted with them. Thousands of seeds are packed snugly together in their delicate velvet pods, until some bright day in early autumn, when a breeze is stirring, the pod cracks and a cloud of silvery white fairies raise their tiny umbrellas and soar away toward the sky. Milkweed seeds are gathered by the million to stuff sofa pillows; and the milkweed mothers would weep bitter tears, if they could, over the fate of so many of their children doomed to long imprisonment in a close sack, and finally to make a bonfire on the ash heap. Some day perhaps a genius will come along with a process for turning the silky milkweed wings into some sheer and delicate fabric, as has been done with the seed wings of the cotton plant.

I have mentioned only three or four of the commoner weeds to be observed along any suburban road. There are *hundreds* of them quite as entertaining; and once you get your eyes opened to Nature's storybook, you will never have time enough to see and enjoy all the pictures. At first you may need book spectacles to sharpen your vision. "How to Know the Wild Flowers" and "According to Season," by Mrs. Parsons, will help you to see keenly, if you are not really "outdoors" and beauty blind.

CLEAR Star of the morning,
In beauty enshrined,
O Lady, make speed
To the help of mankind!

—The Little Office.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new and complete edition of the "Poems of J. H. Newman" is announced by John Lane.

—The death, in his ninety-fourth year, is announced of the distinguished Westphalian painter, Seibertz, well known for his excellent illustrations to "Faust."

—Mr. Elliot Stock publishes "The Story of the Chair of St. Peter in the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome," by Mr. H. Forbes-Witherby. The record of the Chair is traced from the earliest times, and much interesting information is presented.

—A new quarterly magazine, of peculiar interest to Catholic choirmasters, organists and Church singers generally, is announced by the *Dolphin* Press. The periodical is called *Church Music* and is to appear this month.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Chicago has issued in pamphlet form the thoughtful paper on "Church Extension" contributed to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* by the Rev. Francis C. Kelly. This paper should have interest for a host of readers among the clergy and laity of the United States.

—Notwithstanding the reiterated refutation of preposterous non-Catholic charges against the doctrine of indulgences, that doctrine is still sometimes falsified in current literature; and, when not falsified, is very often quite misunderstood. The publication, therefore, by the London C. T. Society, of "Indulgences," by the Very Rev. John Procter, O. P., is something to be thankful for. The booklet is readable and convincing.

—"The Household of Sir Thomas More," by Anne Mauning, an imaginary diary of Margaret Roper, founded upon authentic documents and records, was first published some fifty years ago. The new edition brought out by B. Herder will attract a host of readers. The lips of the Blessed More distilled their sweetest honey within the walls of his prison cell. There he spoke to his daughter Margaret of "Him who is Life and Love"; there he whispered to her one evening: "Keep dry eyes and a hopeful heart, and reflect that naught but unpardoned sin shall make us weep forever."

—While we can not commend part first of "Duties of the Married," by a Catholic Professor, we are able to praise the second part, which treats of the duties of parents toward their children. Certain obligations of husbands and wives toward each other have been sufficiently explained by Saint Francis de Sales in his well-known book, "Philothea"; and he writes with a delicacy and reserve which direct questions and

answers do not admit of. We can not help thinking, and have often observed in noticing books like "Duties of the Married," that much of what they contain is altogether needless, not to say noxious.

—Brief biographies of St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Genevieve, and St. Francis, by Lady Amabel Kerr; and a short Life of Cardinal Howard, by the Rev. Bede Jarrett, O. P., have been added to its Biographical Series by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—An English publisher is bringing out an *édition de luxe* "Of the Imitation of Christ," with fifteenth-century initial letters, printed in red and black on hand-made paper, with illuminated title-page. The binding is velvet Persian or lamb vellum. This edition is limited to five hundred copies for England and America.

—The Downside Masses, representing composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, bear the approbation of R. R. Terry, musical director of Westminster Cathedral, and are published by Cary & Co., London. The series includes Masses by Heredia, Hasler, Lotti, Casciolini, Viadana, and Orlando di Lasso. Fischer Brothers are the American agents.

—From the *Guidon* Publishing Co. we have received a handsome volume, "The Life of Denis M. Bradley, First Bishop of Manchester." In a sympathetic preface to the work, Bishop Delany, Mgr. Bradley's successor, states that he himself had contemplated writing the New England prelate's biography, but his accession to the bishopric rendered such a task impracticable. The work has been well done by another hand, M. H. D.; and the book is replete with interest, instruction and edification.

—From the *Dolphin* Press, Philadelphia, there has come to us an excellent "Manual of Church Music," for choirmasters and organists. It has been prepared by Father Finn, C. S. P., and Professors Wells and O'Brien, and deals in a thoroughgoing as well as interesting fashion with the multifarious topics suggested by its title. Father Heury, of Overbrook, furnishes a preface to the volume; and a thoughtful introduction is contributed by the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Falconio. The "Manual" should have a large sale, not only among those for whom it is specifically designed, but among the clergy as well.

—The modern Determinist will find a doughty opponent in the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. His lecture on "The Freedom of the Will" (Sands & Co., B. Herder), is a fair specimen of crush-

ing logic. The reverend author first justifies the ways of God to man, and then proceeds to expose the hollowness of the Determinist's argument against freewill. "Nature, we are told," says the writer, "has played a trick upon mankind, something like that which conjurers call 'forcing' a card. . . . The difference, however, between the two cases is this: the conjurer can and does tell how his trick is performed,—in fact, we only believe in the trick because we are shown 'how it's done'; whereas the Determinist's argument fails at precisely this point." Dry scholastic formulæ are vivified by strikingly concrete illustrations.

—Commenting upon the unwritten law of English pronunciation, that in course of time, so soon as a word becomes naturalized and at home in the language, the accent is invariably, or almost invariably, thrown back to the first syllable, a correspondent of the *Athenæum* remarks that "a curious illustration is furnished by the words refectory (the dining-room of a religious house), confessor, confession, which are pronounced by my brethren of the Roman Catholic religion, because they are much more familiar with those terms than the rest of us, refectory, confessor, confession." Whatever may be the best usage of the best Catholics in England, confession with the accent on the first syllable is altogether unfamiliar to us.

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.

- "Manual of Church Music." 75 cts., net.
- "The Freedom of the Will." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. 30 cts., net.
- "The Household of Sir Thomas More." Anne Manning. 60 cts., net.
- "Socialism and Christianity." Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D. \$1.10.
- "English Monastic Life." Rt. Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. \$2, net.
- "Health and Holiness." Francis Thompson. 55 cts.
- "Valiant and True." Joseph Spillman. \$1.60, net.

- "A Girl's Ideal." Rosa Mulholland. (Lady Gilbert.) \$1.50, net.
- "At the Sign of the Fox. A Romance." Barbara. \$1.50.
- "Glenanaar" Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan. \$1 50.
- "The Resurrection of Christ—Is it a Fact?" 30 cts., net.
- "The Spalding Year-Book." 75 cts., net.
- "The Epistles and Gospels." Very Rev. Richard O'Gorman, O. S. A. 50 cts., net.
- "Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella." Very Rev. J. Magnier, C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "Infallibility." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. 36 cts., net.
- "The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts., net.
- "George Eastmount: Wanderer." John Law. \$1.10, net.
- "The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa." Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S. \$3.50, net.
- "Rex Meus." \$1.25.
- "The Angel of Syon." Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. \$1.10, net.
- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Illustrations by Paul Woodruffe. \$1.60, net.
- "That Scamp, or the Days of Decatur in Tripoli." John J. O'Shea. 60 cts.
- "Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.
- "Sir Thomas More. (The Blessed Thomas More.)" Henri Bremond. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Francis Zabler, of the diocese of Louisville; Rev. John Broderick, S. J.; and Rev. Edward Strubbe, C. SS. R.

Sister Lamberta, of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis; Sister Mary Briggittine, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Mother M. Francis, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William Caples, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Edward Waters, Derby, Conn.; Miss Agnes Quinn, Newton, Mass.; Mr. Charles Diemer, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Edward Dever, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Wingenter, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. W. J. Lanigan, Duluth, Minn.; Mr. J. A. Willmore, New London, Conn.; Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, Perryville, Mo.; and Mr. George Fisher, Crestline, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 11, 1905.

NO. 20.

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

De Profundis.

BY F. C.

ONLY last year we were there among ye,
Living the lives ye are leading to-day,—
Cherished soft in the dear home circle,
Smiling, planning, happy and gay.
Far to-night in this mystic midland,
Gazing with eyes so wistful grown,
Waiting long for the promised comfort,
Forgot so soon by our very own.

The very silence that reigns in our places,
The vacant chair, the work undone,
The song we sang, the book we studied,
Speak to the heart of the absent one.
The dear God tells you your prayers will help us,
Shorten our sentence of woe and pain:
We who so loved and sheltered your childhood,
Shall we, then, plead to your hearts in vain?

Wouldst thou forsake a living parent,
Deny him succor in illness dire,
Leave him lonely to strangers' solace?
Then what of us in this living fire?
Love we gave thee,—love and nurture,
Endless toil and anxious care;
All we ask is your intercession,
The Holy Mass, the whispered prayer.

Pray, then pray, at His sacred altar,
Beg of the Master to set us free,
Loosen these chains our sins have fastened,
Let us the light of His glory see!
Think! *Your* prayers will lift us upward,—
Up to the land of rest and peace;
There, at the throne of our God Eternal,
Ours for thee will never cease.

A FRIENDSHIP which can be broken
was never a true one.—*St. Jerome.*

Rosslyn Chapel.



IT has been difficult for her
enemies to blot out entirely
any traces impressed by the
Catholic Church. Whatever she
touches she seems to seal with that
character of immortality promised her
by her divine Founder, and preserved
with a fortitude which defies the
changes of time and the malice of men.
This power the Church displays in her
spiritual action upon the souls of her
children, infusing gifts which, alas! are
too often lost, but which sometimes
abide with the undying vigor of their
source. It is more evident to the senses
in those monuments of art which the
Ages of Faith erected, and many of
which still survive, though transformed
and mutilated. They are the admiration
of the traveller on heathered hillside
and in grassy vales of lands whose
people have long lost the faith which
alone could rear such shrines.

They are no longer what they were.
Their storied walls are bare, their
cloistered sanctuaries are desecrated,
their altars are demolished, their niches
are no longer peopled by hallowed
figure or sacred allegory. No morning
Sacrifice is offered in praise to God or
in prayer for the founder's soul. No
chant of Vesper hymn is heard from
the vacant stalls, to echo through the
aisles and over the land about. But
these ruins stand in silent eloquence,
the undying witnesses of the Church

which built them, and of the iconoclastic hatred shown by ungrateful children. They abide in imperishable beauty. Their square towers and graceful spires, their chiselled façades and buttress walls add much, amidst the groves surrounding them, to the charming scenery everywhere to be found in England.

In smaller numbers, these ruins may be seen in "Caledonia stern and wild." The land of St. Margaret, once rich with Catholic life and works, is still, in spite of the ruthlessness of John Knox, not without stone memories of better times. One of the most graceful and best preserved of these is Rosslyn Chapel—"that proud chapelle,"

Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.*

Rosslyn Chapel is situated a short distance from Edinburgh, on a ridge which bounds the valley of the River Esk. This height overlooks a wild yet richly cultivated landscape, of which the Pentland Hills form the foreground. The intervening country is as full of historical scenes as it is fair to the eye. "Here," says Sir Walter, "the lover of the past may rest under Ben Jonson's sycamore, or wander by the banks of the murmuring Esk to classic Hawthornden."

Here was the scene of a triple battle in the war of Scottish independence. The army of Edward I. moved in three columns, of ten thousand men each, with instructions to meet at Rosslyn Moor. The neighborhood is also famous for memories of Bruce and Wallace, the unfortunate Queen Mary Stuart, and Robert III. and his Queen, Annabella Drummond. But the real maker of Rosslyn's history was Sir William St. Clair, third Earl and Prince of Orkney, who founded the chapel. It was his original intention to make it a collegiate church dedicated to St.

Matthew. There were to be on the foundation a provost, six prebendaries, and two choir boys. It was well endowed not only by Sir William but also by his wife's relatives. The countess' father left, "for a priest to sing perpetually for my soul in the said college kirk, ten pounds of annual rent yearly, as he will answer before God."

Father Hay, a prior of St. Pierremont, connected with the family of the St. Clairs, thus explains the starting of the chapel: "The Earl's age creeping on him made him consider how he had spent his time past, and how to spend that which was to come. Therefor, to the end that he might not seem altogether unthankful to God for the benefices received from Him, it came into his minde to build a house for God's service, of most curious worke, the which that it might be done with greater glory and splendor he caused artificers to be brought from other regions and forraigne kingdoms."

For the space of thirty-four years the preparations were made by gathering stone and framing wood patterns of all parts of the work, and especially the carvings. At length the foundations were laid, in the year 1446. The building occupied thirty-six or, according to others, forty years more. When Sir William St. Clair died in 1484 it was still unfinished. Nor did his son and successor carry out his design. Nothing more, in fact, was done except to finish in an imperfect way the part now standing. The foundations of the entire collegiate church had been laid, but were never built upon. Indeed, the foundations of the nave, which extend some ninety feet, have since been dug up. All the work in the chapel from floor to roof is stone. Reckoning at the present rate of wages, the cost would amount to nearly four hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Rosslyn Chapel is, therefore, simply the choir of a much larger church.

* Sir Walter Scott, "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

As it stands, it consists of five bays with three aisles, and a Lady Chapel extending the whole width. The inside dimensions, including aisles and Lady Chapel, are: total length, 69 ft. 8 in.; breadth, 35 ft.; height, to the apex of the roof, 41 ft. 9 in.

The style of its architecture has been much discussed. It really belongs to no particular style: it is unique. There are traces of both Spanish and French methods. "It draws," remarks one critic, "on the riches of almost every phase of Gothic architecture except that which was contemporaneously present in England." Many others incline to the opinion that it is built after the manner of the time and country, and is therefore strictly Scottish in character. Indeed, Sir Daniel Wilson, late president of the University of Toronto, is rather positive upon the point. "It is almost a mistake," he writes, "to regard this singularly interesting Church of Rosslyn, which even the critic enjoys while he condemns, as an exotic produced by foreign skill. Its counterpart will be more easily found in Scotland than in any part of Europe."

Varied as may be our impressions, upon entering Rosslyn Chapel our expectations are more than fulfilled. The aisle, with its pillars and their carved capitals, presents to the eye a scene not too extended to be at once appreciated,—simple in its outline, rich and ornate in its details. A soft, dim light from the stained-glass windows pervades the building, and fills one with increased awe; whilst over the arcade a brighter stream pours in from the five clerestory windows above. The Lady Chapel runs the whole width of the edifice. Its floor is one step above that of the choir. The roof is groined after a simple manner, but profusely ornamented in detail; and the diagonal ribs meet in a keystone which forms a pendant. The roof of the choir, on the

other hand, is barrel-vaulted, the compartments being divided by elaborately carved ribs of different designs, and each compartment ornamented with stars, roses and ferns.

There were originally four altars in the Lady Chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, St. Matthew, St. Peter, and St. Andrew. That dedicated to the Blessed Virgin was the principal altar, and stood in front of the central pillar. Then, between the clerestory windows were double rows of brackets for statues of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints. But all these, altars and statues, were destroyed by the zealous satellites of Knox. In the presbytery records of Dalkieth we find that William, brother of John Knox, was censured by the Presbytery for baptizing the "Laird of Rosling's bairne." Again, a minister entering saw six altars "standing haill undemolishit," and some broken images. The Lord of Rosslyn was exhorted to demolish them, but refused. He was therefore judged to be unsound in his religion. At last, after being summoned and warned several times, he was called upon to appear before the General Assembly, and threatened with excommunication. "Continnal dropping wears away the stone." The Lord at length yielded: the altars were "haillie demolishit, and yt the Acts of the Generall, Provinciaill and Presbyteriall Assemblies were fully satisfiet."

Thus did persistent persecution gain its end. Thus was the house of prayer plundered of its real treasure and stripped of its true majesty. Thenceforth it was abandoned; and for a hundred years it fell into decay. At length attention was attracted to its artistic beauty. It was saved from further ruin, and now remains the fairest of Scottish chapels.

The charm of Rosslyn lies not so much in its chaste outline as in the intricate beauties and peculiarities of

its architecture and the endless variety of its carvings. It had been intended to be "exceeding magnificent." Its prolific ornamentation on roof and pillar and window tracery, its canopied niches and bracket pedestals, and most of all the marvellous amount of its foliage decorations, justify the founder's hopes. The poet Wordsworth, who visited the chapel in 1803, writes:

From what bank
Came those live herbs? By what hand were
they sown
Where dew falls not, where raindrops seem
unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-
grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

Like all the other great chapels built in Catholic times, the art of Rosslyn is an untiring teacher of object-lessons. Figures and groups cluster round each pillar and to each compartment, with sermons and mystic representations. There may be seen "The Seven Acts of Mercy," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "The Dance of Death," the latter including twenty different groups and scenes. Scriptural subjects from the Fall of Man to the Resurrection of Christ told their story, and taught the eye in an age when printing was not yet invented.

Amongst the many groups there is one worthy of special mention. The figures are upon one of the architraves. On one side is a King, supposed to be Darius; in the opposite corner, a man playing the bagpipes; and immediately underneath, a figure of the King asleep. The neighboring architrave bears the key to the figures of the King in the inscription: *Forte est vinum; fortior est Rex; fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas*,—"Wine is strong; the King is stronger; women stronger still; but truth conquers above all." These were the questions proposed by Darius to some of his courtiers. The Jew Zorobabel was amongst them.

When it came to his turn to answer, he proved so eloquently the pre-eminent strength of truth that the King promised to grant him any request he should make. Accordingly Zorobabel besought the King to carry out the decree of Cyrus concerning the return of the Jews from captivity and the rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem.

The most remarkable pillar, differing in a marked way from the others, is known as the "Prentice Pillar." It is situated in the Lady Chapel, close to the entrance to the crypt. It derives its name from the following legend: "The master-mason, having received from the founder the model of a pillar of exquisite workmanship and design, hesitated to carry it out until he had been to Rome or some foreign part and seen the original. He went. In his absence, an apprentice, having dreamed that he had finished the pillar, at once set to work and carried out the design as it now stands,—a perfect marvel of workmanship. The master on his return, seeing the pillar completed, instead of being delighted at his pupil's success, was so stung with envy that he asked who dared to do it in his absence. On being told it was his apprentice, he was so inflamed with passion that he struck him with his mallet and killed him on the spot."

At the base of this pillar are eight dragons intertwined; from their mouths issue stems of four double spirals of foliage, which twine round the column, bound to it by cords at a distance of eighteen inches from one another. They terminate at the capital of the pillar, on one side of which is a representation of the sacrifice of Isaac.

At the southeast corner is the stairway leading to a lower building known as the Crypt. It is of older date than the chapel. Whatever may have been its original purpose, its subsequent use has much varied. At one time a vestry, at another a dwelling, it has also

served as a mortuary chapel. It contains one altar and one window. On a corbel near the latter is a shield with the Rosslyn arms—the engrailed cross.

Returning from the Crypt and passing down the chapel aisle, the reading-desk catches our gaze. How strangely out of place it seems amidst the ruins which its zealots have spread, but where even still the Catholic Church preaches from every arch and window! Silence reigns where once the walls vibrated with morning Sacrifice and Vesper hymn. The broken, dismantled altar is without anointed priest or heavenly Victim. The empty niches no longer appeal to devout worshippers. Their only substitute is the cold reading-desk. Truly the majesty of Rosslyn has departed, and the only beauty lingering upon it is that of Catholic art and Catholic ideals.

REV. J. R. T.

The Story of an Old House.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IF one would have a glimpse of an earthly paradise, one should see Grosse Pointe Farms early on a summer morning, when the dew glistens on the wide lawns, the birds are singing their first songs in the trees, the Lake of St. Claire is a shimmering sheet of silver, the breeze blows fresh and cool, and over and above all is the golden light, without the excessive heat, of the sun.

Among the beautiful homes whose grounds extend from the woods to the shore of the lake, in this aristocratic suburb of the old French city of Detroit, none is more picturesque than the Provençal house. Painted white, low-studded, with its second story in the sloping roofs, and lighted by quaint dormer windows, it makes no pretence; and the veranda with its tangle of vines, like a garland wreathed about an old

vase, only emphasizes the fact that in its youth this was a genuine farmhouse.

But as even to-day the Provençal home “holds up its head,” so to speak, among its neighbors, so it and its owner were prominent in the little farming community of the old time,—a settlement cut off from the town not only by a distance of ten miles, but by the marsh of the Grand Marais, now largely filled in. The place has, of course, its romance; and, strange to say, although it has been inhabited for nearly a hundred years, no human being has ever died within these walls. Of the other curious circumstances connected with it, this is the story.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon of the year 1819. Pierre Provençal, a young, sturdy, good-looking French-Canadian, stood on the corduroy road that extended across the land he had recently bought, and gazed with satisfaction at his new house. Beside him lingered Parent the carpenter, who, having, like Pierre himself, fought the British in the War of 1812, had come back to Le Détroit and taken up his trade again.

“There it is, finished from foundation to roof-tree!” exclaimed Parent, with a craftsman’s pride in his own skill, and his ability to command good results from those who worked for him. “There is no better house in all the Northwest.”

“Were the Northwest not in great part a wilderness, there might be more in your boast, neighbor,” laughed Provençal, a twinkle in his grey eyes. “But, *n’importe*, it is a good house. I am more than content; and, as I have promised, I will make the last payment upon it on St. Martin’s Day.”

“I know you are a man of your word,” replied Parent, easily. “Since all is well, it is time I was starting, if I wish to reach the town by daylight.”

He walked toward the rough-coated pony tied to a tree near by, loosed the horse and mounted.

"*Au revoir* until Monday next, when I shall expect you as chief guest at the gala supper for the builders!" said Pierre, jovially.

"*Bien!* A long life to you in the new house!" answered Parent, with heartiness. "May you soon bring a bride to its hearthstone!"

With this wish and a gay laugh, he rode away.

"Truly my comrade was generous in providing me with company," soliloquized Provençal, the independent bachelor, as he entered at his own door. "For myself only have I built this house amid the woods of the Grosse Pointe."

But if Pierre thought to occupy his capacious quarters in single blessedness, cared for only by an old Pani woman, the bright-eyed demoiselles and match-making dames of Le Détroit were of a different mind. To escape from the matrimonial plans laid for him, when he rode to the town he was wont to take refuge with his friend, Louis St. Aubin. Thus it happened that the luckless or lucky Pierre promptly plunged into the snare he had sought to avoid. For who could often see St. Aubin's handsome sister Euphémie without loving her? She had indeed so many lovers that they were a constant challenge to Provençal to win her if he could. Moreover, he began to reflect upon the folk-saying, "a man who has a house and a fire burning should have also a wife."

Euphémie was not only pleased with the good-looking farmer from the Grosse Pointe, but she also greatly admired his house. So it came about that one day in September the bells of St. Anne's rang merrily, and Pierre Provençal and Euphémie St. Aubin were married by the curé, Father Richard, in the presence of their relatives and friends,—which means, of all the parish.

From the time of Comte Frontenac, the French-Canadians have always dearly loved a wedding. Now, accord-

ingly, the festivities were kept up for days. At the end of the week, Pierre, Euphémie, and all the guests, embarking in canoes, paddled up the river and beyond, to the American shore of the lake. Thus Provençal brought his wife home to Grosse Pointe.

As the party landed on the pebbly beach and climbed the steep bluff, they made a pretty picture,—the girls in their gay jupes and bodices, and their beribboned bonnets of home-woven straw which rivalled the brightness of the gardens along the *côte*; the men gorgeous in flowered waistcoats, claw-hammered coats with brass buttons, ruffled shirt bosoms, and long-napped silk hats.

Of all the young men, the bridegroom was the grandest, in his ruby-colored, peach-tinted vest, and grey trousers that hung in folds to his silver-buckled shoes; while among the demoiselles no other was so charming as the bride, for not only did her satin frock of bright blue suit her well, but happiness became her still better.

As Pierre led her up the bank she laughed joyously, and presently ran on alone. The mirthful party gave chase, but Pierre caught her soon; and, as rosy and with sparkling eyes she paused breathless at the palisade of his farm, he thought he had never seen a prettier girl.

The others with their swains came up, panting. Then the bridegroom, taking his bride by the hand, led her through the gate and up the straight path, bordered on each side by a glory of autumnal flowers. The gay procession followed, but stopped anon, and a hush fell over all, as, with the naïve piety of their French-Canadian ancestry, Pierre and Euphémie sank on their knees at the doorstone. It was as if they two were alone; for, oblivious of all but his young wife, Provençal, looking up to the blue skies, uttered the prayer that like a canticle of gladness welled from his heart:

"*Obon Dieu*, bless us in this house, and we will share with the houseless and friendless the joy Thou dost give us!"

Knotting together their wedding favors of long white ribbons, the company encircled the couple as they entered the house, crying:

"Long live Pierre and Euphémie! May every day of their lives be a happy one!"

The home-coming supper was served, and afterward there was dancing—the pavane and the allemande and the *gigue à deux*.

It was very late—why, almost *ten* by the clock!—when the dancers grew weary. Thereupon there was a hasty gathering up of belongings, and the happy host and hostess accompanied their guests to the canoes upon the beach and exchanged with them a gay *Au revoir!* High in the heavens a golden half-moon, like the great canoe of the Manitou of the Inland Oceans, rode majestically as through a luminous sea. The little fleet of pleasure craft put out upon the rippling waters; and as Pierre Provençal and his wife returned to the new house to take up their life together, they heard the voices of the departing wedding guests lightly singing an old French boat song.

There were other farms at Grosse Pointe, but Pierre's land was bordered on three sides by the pine woods, while beyond the rude roadway in front of the house swirled the waters of the lake.

"What will you do here, my Euphémie?" said Pierre, now aghast at his boldness in bringing her to so lonely a place.

But Euphémie only laughed at his fears.

"I will become the best housekeeper at the Strait," she answered,—“like my grandmother who went even to the camp of Pontiac to buy deer's meat, and thus was able to report at the fort that the Indians had shortened their gun-barrels, so that carrying the

weapons beneath their blankets they might attack the garrison.”

"Ah, like your grandmother, you have a brave heart, *m'amie!*" Provençal exclaimed, satisfied again. "Yes, you will be happy here, and we shall be all the world to each other."

Once a week, however, they went into the town, at first by canoe. When the marsh was frozen and the river a mass of ice almost to mid-stream, the journey by cariole was pleasanter still. Moreover, the sleighing parties to the Grand Marais seldom failed to continue on to the Provençal farm; so it was only when the storms came that the young couple were cut off from their friends.

Tranquilly the seasons passed until several years had rolled away. Through the sale of his timber, crops, and stock, Pierre Provençal was growing rich; and, unlike some of his neighbors whose thrift was more notable than their generosity, he grew kinder to others as his wealth increased. Only one regret clouded the sunshine of his prosperity: no little child came to gladden the Provençal home.

But if *le bon Dieu* had not given offspring to Pierre and Euphémie, there were homeless little ones even at Grosse Pointe. One day when Provençal returned from Le Détroit he found his wife seated before the hearth-fire with an infant in her arms.

"It is the baby of the Widow Becquet, a little girl, Pierre," she said. "The mother died this morning, and has left four other children."

The farmer knit his brows. Becquet had been a worthless fellow, who met his death in a tavern brawl at the breaking up of the ice the previous spring.

Had Pierre reasoned upon the influences of heredity, perhaps his impulse to a good action would have been stifled. Yet, if heredity was to be taken into account, why should not the

mother's patient endurance of a hard lot, her love for her children, and her brave struggle for their support, be considered also?

Pierre drew nearer to the hearth, and Euphémie turned back the blanket in which she had wrapped her charge. The child, not yet a week old, lay asleep. Pierre thought of the breath of the flowers in his garden-plot when the wind blew over them. Half timidly, he touched the tiny hand that was like a petal fallen from one of his roses. The baby opened its eyes, puckered up its face most comically, and finally, grasping at one of the big man's fingers, clung to it like a bird. Pierre laughed and stood motionless until the delicate clasp relaxed; and, after a faint cry, the child slept again.

"*Mon ami*, I should like to keep it!" whispered Euphémie, wistfully.

A tear stole down Pierre's brown cheek, in which the smiles of forty odd years had begun to make a few wrinkles.

"Keep it, of course!" he echoed, drawing a hand across his eyes. "We will keep them all, this little family of orphans."

Euphémie's delight changed to an exclamation of dismay.

"The baby, yes,—but five children in the house so unexpectedly! What would I do with them?"

"I have a thought! I will build another house beside this one, and here any orphan children of Grosse Pointe or Le Détroit who are without friends shall have a home," said Pierre. "Soulange, your good servant, will help with the work; and you, my Euphémie, will not mind keeping an eye to the management of it all, when the neatness of your *ménage* and the brightness of your home-woven carpets are not endangered. Am I not right?"

Euphémie, looking up from the sleeping babe upon her knee, stretched forth a hand and caught her husband's sleeve.

He bent his face to hers, and she kissed him with simple affection.

"Pierre Provençal," she said, "you are the best man to be found on the banks of the Detroit, from here to the home of *le bon Père Richard*!"

So Pierre built and furnished another house adjoining his own; and, from first to last, twenty-four orphans of known families were reared and instructed at the old farm. Every one of these not only lived to maturity but turned out well.

While this charity was still in its infancy, it brought a reward. One Christmas morning a daughter was born to Euphémie and Pierre. They named her Catherine, and she grew up with the little orphans for her play-mates, until she was of an age to be sent to a convent school in Le Détroit.

In those days there was no church at Grosse Pointe. But sometimes, in summer, Père Richard came out from the town and there was Mass at the Provençals'. Then the farmers and their wives and children came from miles around; and those who could not crowd into the house would kneel upon the gallery; while to the voice of chant and prayer, the wind-swept waters of the lake and the sighing pines of the groves murmured a majestic accompaniment, grander than the tones of any cathedral organ.

Everyone in the neighborhood came to know that the door of the Provençal house stood open from sunrise to dark in summer,—that, figuratively speaking, it was always open. Everyone in need of kindness or sympathy came hither, and no one went away without help or consolation.

The child Catherine married early and went with her husband to live in the city. As the orphans grew up and left the farm, Pierre gave to each boy a sum of money to start him in life, and to each girl a marriage portion.

At last the worthy couple were, save

for the servants, again alone in the house, which, like themselves, was growing old. Pierre's countenance, however, was still round and wholesome-looking as a russet apple; and Euphémie retained something of her comeliness, with an added sweetness left by the sunshine of gentle deeds.

One winter day Pierre set off in his cariole to drive to the town.

"*Au revoir, m'amie!*" he called to his wife, who had followed him to the door.

"*Au revoir, mon ami!*" she answered as cheerily; and stood watching while his swift ponies, Lombreur and L'Etoile, bore him away across the snow.

The farms of Grosse Pointe were no longer subject to visitations from the Indians, friendly or otherwise, as they had been when Pierre first settled here. No palisade now obstructed the view from the gallery. Lingered there, with the shawl Pierre had folded about her drawn closer, the silver-haired wife of fifty years kept her eyes fixed upon the receding sleigh until it disappeared down the road. Then, turning, she re-entered the house, murmuring to herself:

"A sadness is upon my heart. Though a snowstorm is coming on, I wish I had gone with him!"

"Soulange, I saw a strange cloud in the sky last night. It made me think of the Chasse Galerie," said Madame Euphémie in the afternoon, as her trusted assistant of many years sat with her by the fire in the hearth-room, sewing on the fine linen shirts they were making for M'sieur Provençal.

"Madame, have you not often told me it is foolishness to take note of omens?" replied Soulange, seeking to cheer her loneliness. "But if this were not so, and you needed a good sign, why, the lords of the barnyard crowed finely this morning, and the cows gave down their milk."

An hour passed. Suddenly the anxious wife started to her feet.

"Do you hear the bells?" she cried.

Mistress and maid hastened to the house-door. But, although the gallery commanded a view far down the Grand Marais, they saw no sign of an approaching cariole; neither had one passed, for there was no track on the snow that now covered the ground.

"The sound was only the sighing of the wind through the dry branches of the trees," hazarded Soulange.

Madame Euphémie shook her head.

"The cloud canoe, the phantom bells,—these mean misfortune!" she faltered. "Tell Toussaint to put La Folie the mare into the glass carriage. I will drive to the town and meet M'sieur Provençal."

"Madame, consider! The night is coming on and the wind is rising. What *can* happen but that M'sieur will come home presently, speeding the ponies along the good stretch of road below the farm?"

The face of the mistress brightened.

"Truly, what *can* happen, as you say?" she repeated. "And my husband might be vexed if I should go. I will try to wait patiently."

Soon the dusk fell, shutting out Grosse Pointe from the rest of the world. The falling snow turned to hail, a hurricane swept over the Lake of St. Claire and shrieked through the pines of the Provençal farm.

"Ah, how well it is that Madame did not set out for Le Détroit!" said Soulange, complacently. "Even M'sieur will not be able to return to-night. Will not Madame lie down and sleep?"

"No, no! But do you go to your rest, my good Soulange," replied Dame Euphémie. "I will wait a while longer, in order to make ready a cup of mulled cider for M'sieur if he should come, and to hear the news. Is it not worth sitting up half the night for, when one has heard nothing from the town for three weeks and more?"

Thus, with an attempt at pleasantry,

she dismissed her companion, and continued her watch alone.

It was indeed probable that Pierre had concluded to remain overnight in the town rather than risk being stalled by the snow somewhere on the prairie. The homestead was so quiet, the glow of the fire so soothing now, that at last the watcher's eyelids closed.

It might have been for an hour or more that Madame Euphémie dozed in her chair by the hearth. Suddenly she started up. Surely a voice had called to her in her sleep! And what was the light shining across the marsh even through the veil of sleet? *Mon Dieu*, was it *le feu follet*,—the warning of disaster? No, no, it could not be! Madame Euphémie crossed herself.

"May *le bon Dieu* forgive my foolish superstition!" she said to herself. "*Le feu follet*? Of course not! Why, what can it be but the light of the lantern Pierre always hangs on the cariole when he drives at night? After all, the storm can not be so bad as it seems here at the farm, since he has made his way over the road—Soulange, Toussaint, M'sieur is arrived!"

At her call, lights flashed through the house; and when the cariole upon the road (for a cariole it was) reached the door-stone, Soulange threw open the door. Toussaint, swinging his own lantern, ran to the horses' heads to take charge of the weary animals; and Madame Euphémie stood just inside the hall, impatient to welcome her husband home.

A man unwound himself from the blankets and buffalo robes of the sleigh and came into the house. His hair and beard bristled with icicles, his moleskin gloves were frozen stiff, and his hands and arms benumbed. But this man was not Pierre Provençal: it was Euphémie's brother, the still hale and hearty Louis St. Aubin. When Madame Provençal saw him, the friend and comrade of Pierre's youth, she swayed

to and fro like an oak sapling shaken by the wind.

"My husband?" she ejaculated.

St. Aubin led her back to the living room, and her accustomed chair.

Madame Euphémie, as if she had already received a blow, endured the moment of suspense.

"Where is Pierre?" she demanded, brokenly.

"At my house," replied St. Aubin.

But as Euphémie's eyes transfixed him with their anxious inquiry, his fortitude broke down. He threw his arms about her and kissed her with an abandon of affection he had not shown since they were children in the old St. Aubin home.

"Pierre is ill?" she asked, strangely contained. But it was the calm before the storm.

He nodded and caught his breath.

"My God, Pierre is dead!" she cried out wildly.

"It was apoplexy. He was with us. Be thankful, my sister, that he had not started for home. *Le bon Père Richard* came to him. The hand of God touched Pierre Provençal, and his soul obeyed the summons."

The phantoms seen and heard by Euphémie during the long interval of her watching and waiting were indeed but the imagery of her own brooding thoughts; and probably it was some word or look of Pierre's as he took leave of her in the morning that, unknown to her, had aroused her anxiety. Be this as it may, her wifely love had followed him to the last.

It was lonely now at the farm for Pierre's widow. Before winter came again, she went to live with her daughter in the town, where she spent the closing days of her life. So it happens there has never been a death in the white house; also that, although many children have been reared at the old place, only one child was born within its walls. Sorrows, indeed, have

come to those who have lived here, but never save this' once while they were under its sloping eaves. Except for the shadows of this day and night, only tender and happy memories, like the rose-vines of the gallery, are wreathed about the home to which Pierre Provençal brought his young wife at a time when the Lake Country was still almost a wilderness.

Chrysostom's End.

BY MARION MUIR.

BARE foot and hand, and worn with seventy years,
I stand in desolation, with the tears
Of my forsaken flock to blind my eyes,—
Old, faded eyes, sad orbs, that saw the prize
Of Empire shaken like a fruited tree,
To please some madcap's childish revelry!
Yet here, beneath the blinding, brazen sky,
I bless Thee, God, Thy sacrifice to die.
All mortal man can do is done, the seal
Is on my power to minister and heal.
She meant me wrong, Eudoxia; but her slaves
Were but the instruments of Him who saves.
Poor soul, to drive redemption from her side,
And dwell the prey of wickedness and pride!
To the light, courtly fancies I am strange:
The words of Christ I can not mince and change.
Long have I served and won the heathen's blame;
I knew but Love, and Love's immortal aim,
Since first that mother kissed me, whose dear face
Returns in dreams, restored to girlish grace.

The heat-haze swims about me, and the hands
Of long-dead Christians walk the winnowed sands.
Darkness creeps nearer; but at last the Light,
The Star of Jacob, rises, heavenly bright.
I feel my struggling spirit loose her wings,
Yearning for kinship with celestial things;
My one regret that I no more can be
Accounted worthy to toil on for Thee.
I bless Thee for the pain, the want, the foes,
That taught me all the meaning of Thy woes.
It is so great a glory to have worn,
E'en for an hour, Thy livery of scorn.
Lift up thy gates, O City of Delight;
For I have done for evermore with night!
With my last breath I bless Thee, Friend Divine,
Whose hand doth make the palm of martyrs mine.

The Memory of Mentana.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHEN Garibaldi was known to have started, at the head of his 10,000 men, for a march on Rome, it became evident that an important, and probably final, encounter between his invading forces and the devoted band of Pontifical defenders was at hand. The road to Rome lay through a small walled town, garrisoned by Pontifical troops,—some 323 men only, principally French and Swiss,—called Monte Rotondo; and it was this outlying stronghold which the Garibaldians now attacked.

Three columns, under the command of Menotti Garibaldi (his father remaining prudently among the reserves, in the rear), took up positions round the city, and proceeded to an assault in due form. But after eight hours' hard fighting they were unable to effect an entrance; and it was not until a defence of some twenty-seven hours had exhausted their resources that the gallant little band found themselves forced to capitulate, having in the meantime placed some 500 Garibaldians *hors de combat*.

The news now came that Napoleon III. had, after much hesitation, dispatched a small force of French soldiers to aid in the defence of Rome. In point of fact, we are told that "the admiral, having the troops on board, and weary of Napoleon's contradictory orders, gave the signal of departure for Rome." This detachment entered Rome on the 30th of October; and all outlying garrisons were now recalled, to fortify the Pontifical city to the uttermost. Garibaldi, on his side, first retreated to Monte Rotondo, which he intended to make his base of operations; and then,

considering the mountainous country about Tivoli a more suitable centre than the plains for the guerilla warfare in which his troops chiefly distinguished themselves, he ordered his army to proceed thither on the morning of November 3.

Meanwhile the commander-in-chief of the Pontifical Army, General Kanzler, wisely proposed to intercept this move toward the rocky and mountainous fastnesses, which would afford so dangerously suitable a shelter for the enemy; and he promptly led out an opposing force, comprising 2900 men (1500 of whom were Zouaves) under the Swiss General de Courten; and about 2000 French soldiers, under General de Polhés.

It was a dark and gloomy morning, with pouring rain, when this little army of some 5000 men filed out of the Porta Pia, De Courten's men leading, and the French contingent bringing up the rear. But after some hours' march, and a halt for food and warmth, the sun shone out brightly, and the serried ranks of grey-and-scarlet Zouaves and of blue-and-crimson French pushed forward with light hearts and eager glances, to meet at last, in open field, the foe they had long wished to engage.

Soon after midday their advance guard came upon the Garibaldian outposts, strongly ensconced among the woods on either side of the road; and four companies of Zouaves, under Captains d'Albiousse, Thomalé, le Gonidec, and Alain de Charette (brother to the well-known Colonel of that name), were extended in light skirmishing order, and speedily cleared the woods of their red-shirted denizens. Captains de Moncuit and de Vcaux soon joined them; and presently the gallant and dashing Colonel de Charette came up, with a furious bayonet charge which drove all before it, pursuing the Garibaldians from one place of refuge to another,

until they reached a walled and fortified enclosure called the Santucci Vineyard.

After a brief but desperate encounter, this vineyard and its accompanying farmhouse were taken, Colonel de Charette's horse being killed under him, and Captain de Vcaux slain. It is said that the bullet which killed this gallant captain actually drove down into his heart the cross of valor he had won during the earlier campaign, of 1860, at Castelfidardo.

There was a brief pause to pick up and carry away the wounded; then General Kanzler prepared to attack the castle of Mentana, which, a feudal fortress belonging to the Borghese family, was held, with the neighboring village, by a Hungarian commander, Lieutenant Colonel Frigyesi. The surrounding heights, and the road leading to Monte Rotondo, were all occupied by battalions of the invading army (Garibaldians); and their numbers in all were at least 10,000 men as against the 5000 Papal troops.

After placing some half dozen guns in such position as would best counteract the fire from the castle and the Garibaldian artillery, General Kanzler sent out a company of Zouaves in skirmishing order, to dislodge the enemy from a building called Il Conventino (probably a disused convent), which seemed an advantageous position to secure; and five companies of Swiss carabineers supported them as they advanced. But the impetuosity of his youthful volunteers had well-nigh proved their destruction. One of their number, then in garrison in Rome, thus describes it:

"On arriving in sight of the position held by the Garibaldians, the Zouaves, instead of waiting till the fire of the artillery had thrown the ranks of the enemy into disorder, broke away madly from their officers and charged. Heedless of the voice of their colonel or of the sound of the bugles, they pressed on,

driving the Garibaldians from every hedge or clump of trees which they sought to defend, and flinging them back into the houses. There the charge was stopped by a hail of bullets from the loopholed walls; but the Zouaves held their ground, sheltered by the haystacks, from behind which they returned the fire of the Garibaldians. A desperate sortie of the enemy dislodged them; but three companies, led by Major de Lambilly, came to their relief. They regained their positions; and at this spot, which was alternately lost and retaken, the greatest amount of slaughter took place; and the struggle lasted till nightfall."

While this front attack was proceeding, with all the dash and verve with which the very name of Zouave seems synonymous, it was led by the dashing commander,

The bravest chief where all were brave
And true, our own Charette!—

who has added to the already historic glories of his name new titles to immortality by his own ceaseless daring and chivalrous valor, not only as Colonel of Zouaves, but later on at Patay, and with the patriot Army of the West in 1870, and who had won everywhere the most enthusiastic devotion from those under his command. Garibaldi, on his side, was marshalling and sending forth two strong columns, in the hope of being able to turn the flanks of the Pontifical Army. He had almost succeeded in capturing, with one of them, two companies of Swiss carabineers, who, with the solid bravery so typical of their race, were slowly falling back in good order, firing as they went, when an unexpected reinforcement of some of their compatriots enabled them, in their turn, to take the offensive. Dashing forward with renewed energy, they broke through and scattered the attacking column, and pursued it for some distance toward Monte Rotondo.

Garibaldi's second column met with a like fate, and was forced, by the French Légion d'Antibes, to retire into the village of Mentana; while their general, perceiving that the day was lost, retreated somewhat precipitately from the scene of action, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, leaving his staff to cover his retreat as best they could.

Reluctant still to own themselves worsted, the Garibaldian leaders now mustered all their available forces for a last attack; and the twofold column which presently came pouring forth from the village presented so threatening an aspect that General Kanzler at length requested his French confrère, General de Polhés, whose infantry had hitherto taken no part in the conflict, and were chafing under their enforced inaction—the Zouaves being ambitiously desirous of sustaining the whole brunt of the battle,—to lend his aid.

But envious grew the clamor,
And murmurs loud and long
Rose from the ranks where Polhés rode
The French reserve among.
"Give us our share of peril due,
Of glory!" was the cry.
"Shall Zouave steel full harvest reap
While France stands idle by?"

So—and it was a momentous epoch in modern warfare—the newly invented "chassepot" with which General Polhés' troops were armed, showed the world, *for the first time*, what deadly execution it could do.

"The fight ceased for a moment over all the line of battle, as the soldiers on both sides paused to listen to that deadly fire, rapid and ceaseless as the rolling of a drum, before which the hostile battalions disbanded and fled back into Mentana or Monte Rotondo, in spite of all the efforts of Menotti Garibaldi and his officers to rally them. The column on the right wing met with the same fate; attacked by Lieutenant Colonel Saussier with a French battalion and the Zouaves of Major

de Troussures, it broke and dispersed in various directions."*

Still Mentana was not taken; though a double attack—of Zouaves on the one side, and French soldiers on the other—rendered its capture merely a question of time. And it was here, as night began to fall, that one of the youngest of the Zouaves, Julian Watts Russell, a gallant boy whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of his comrades, fell while taking part in the assault. One of the most graceful of our Catholic English poetesses has thus crystallized into song the motto which was young Julian's chosen one:

Anima mia, anima mia,
Ama Dio, e tira via.

We come from the blue shores of England,
From the mountains of Scotia we come;
From the green, faithful island of Erin,
Far, far from our wild Northern home.
Place St. Andrew's red cross in your bonnets,
St. Patrick's green shamrock display,—
Love God, O my soul,—love Him only,
And then with light heart go thy way!

Dishonor our swords shall not tarnish:
We draw them for Rome and the Pope;
Victors still, whether living or dying,
For the martyr's bright crown is our hope.
If 'tis sweet for our country to perish,
Sweeter far for the cause of to-day,—
Love God, O my soul,—love Him only,
And then with light heart go thy way!†

Although it would have been unwise, in view of the well-known guerilla tactics of the enemy, to pursue the attack through the interior of the village after nightfall, it was felt that the end was not far off; and after a watchful and strongly guarded night, surrounded by camp fires and vigilant sentinels, the Papal troops were on foot with the first dawn of day. And to the French columns, in recognition of their timely aid the day before, was accorded the privilege of being the first to enter Mentana, when the entire force inhabiting both village

and castle, numbering several hundreds, quickly capitulated, and were permitted to lay down their arms and depart across the frontier which still—nominally—marked the Papal States.

Their chief had already "retreated" to Correse the day before, and he now continued his backward march with 5000 men; while those who were left—besides the 600 dead and 500 wounded who lay on the field of battle—escaped in detached bands, with or without leaders, into the mountains of the Abruzzi or other places of refuge, and their place knew them no more.

As a group of staff and field officers stood round their camp fire that night, one of them remarked: "It is as well that I had not to order the Zouaves to retire to-day; for if I had, they would not have obeyed me." The speaker was Colonel de Charette.

The day after the battle! Ah, what those words may mean! As one whom we have already quoted expresses it:

Have you ever kept a night watch,
Comrades dear, on tented plain,
When the moon's wan light shines paler
On the faces of the slain?

Have you heard the voice of wailing,
Praying aid where aid was none,
Where the longed-for cup of water
Kingly ransom had not won?
Then you know how fared the sleepless,
How the awful night hours sped
On the field 'twixt mirk and morning,
'Mid the dying and the dead.

It is seldom that the world's workers are also its poets; but we can not quote the foregoing lines without one further word. The hand which wrote of the wounded on that battlefield was no other than the selfsame hand which had succored them in their hour of need. And it was the hand of a woman, of an Englishwoman—Mrs. Stone, or, as the Zouaves quaintly called her, "Madam Stone."

She was one of the prominent figures

* "Garibaldi's Defeat at Mentana." By Donat Sampson.

† "Songs in the Night." By Mother Raphael Drane.

in the Roman society of that winter; and she had followed her beloved Zouaves to the field on that fateful 3d of November, to play her part among them. So, while the battle raged on hill and plain, this courageous woman moved quietly to and fro, bringing aid to the wounded, till her very clothes were riddled with the bullets which whistled round her, and a pitcher of water which she was carrying up the hill was broken to pieces in her hand by one of them.

When the survivors of this campaign were decorated with the well-known "Mentana Cross," Mrs. Stone received one too, and well indeed did she deserve it. She was the only woman who has ever been entitled to wear that simple yet proud decoration—a Maltese cross with Papal arms in the centre, and on the reverse the Cross of Constantine with the words, *Hanc Victoriam*. Of this victory Mother Drane sang:

There—it is over now,
 God's be the glory!
 Ye who have heard it
 Forget not their story.
 Lay them to rest
 In the lonely Campagna,
 But first kneel and kiss
 The red soil of Mentana.

WE must watch continually over ourselves, that we may not do or say or think anything that may displease God. When our minds are thus employed about Him, suffering will become full of unction and consolation. I know that to arrive at this state the beginning is very difficult, for we must act purely in faith. But, though it is difficult, we know also that we can do all things with the grace of God, which He never refuses to them who ask it earnestly. Knock, persevere in knocking, and I answer for it that He will open to you in His due time, and grant you all at once what He has deferred during many years.

—*Brother Lawrence.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XLI.—BROUGHT TO BAY.

WHEN Bretherton bent his steps toward the mill, he was possessed by that one fixed purpose of compelling Eben Knox to give all possible information, and to aid him and his father in righting the wrongs of years. For the first time in his life, he felt a certain reluctance to encounter the people of Millbrook, who would be so soon, perhaps, gossiping about his family's affairs.

The events of the preceding night, and the knowledge which had come to him, had aged him perceptibly, bringing new lines into his face, and separating him, as it were by a milestone, from that past in which he had loved Leonora, and told her of his love upon the moonlit lawn of the Manor. The touch of gravity and of resolution rather improved his face than otherwise. It lent to it a new meaning and a new strength.

He glanced toward Rose Cottage. It lay calm and still in the morning light. He felt no desire to enter there, nor even to see Leonora again until these wrongs had been made right, the mysteries made clear as day. He passed on unfalteringly to the mill. The machinery there was in full swing, and gave forth a monotonous, whirring sound, as of an army of locusts in battle-array. The sound disturbed the still brightness of the frosty sunshine, but Bretherton did not heed the discordant note. He pressed on, glancing up abstractedly at the mill windows, near each of which he could perceive workers intent upon the grim struggle of daily existence.

Dave Morse, craning his neck for a better view, beheld Jim Bretherton approaching. Something in the latter's aspect suggested combativeness to the

stripling's mind; and the rumors that had been going round about Leonora, as well as the antagonistic attitude of the two men in her regard, seemed cause sufficient in Dave's mind for hostilities.

"I guess young Mr. Bretherton's come to lick the boss," Dave reflected, filled with an anticipatory enjoyment in the hope that the functionary so designated might get his due at last.

Morse had never forgiven the manager for the stripes which had rankled in his soul ever since. Moreover, he shared in the popular admiration and liking for "young Mr. Bretherton" which was universal in Millbrook. He had secret hopes, too, of an exciting fray, and a consequent interruption to work.

Jim Bretherton, quite unconscious of Dave's bellicose reflections, reached the mill's open door,—a sliding contrivance, to which led a slippery wooden plank, arranged for the admission of bales of goods. Looking up thence, Bretherton beheld Eben Knox gazing at him from that identical desk, near an open window, which commanded a view of Rose Cottage. Their eyes met, and Bretherton made a slight movement to indicate that he was entering. The manager remained grimly standing where he was, wondering whether his visitor had come to settle some personal score, or if, indeed, the papers had reached his hands.

Eben Knox was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a coward. He was courageous enough physically; and it was not the fear of personal violence on the part of Jim Bretherton that blanched his cheek to a more than usually livid whiteness, and caused him doggedly to set his teeth. It was the sense borne in upon him that the crisis of his fate was approaching, and that all the days and all the years in which he had struggled with a mighty purpose, and rendered numberless obstacles subservient to his will, were now possibly to be nullified and rendered

vain. The feet mounting the stairs, young, elastic, vigorous, seemed as the steps of destiny.

The desk was placed in a retired part of the upper loft, away from the noise and whirl of the machinery and from the centre of activity, so that it ensured comparative quiet and privacy to the manager when he chose to work there. From the ulterior motive of keeping an eye upon the Cottage, he often preferred it to his office. At no very great distance stood an open hatchway through which goods were frequently conveyed upstairs, and by the medium whereof the manager sometimes communicated with those below.

Jim Bretherton, who had been more or less conversant since his boyhood with the mill precincts, passed directly up the main staircase to where Knox was standing at the desk. The latter did not turn his head until the visitor was within a few paces of him. Then the two confronted each other grimly enough.

Upon the visitor's face was plainly written the contemptuous aversion which an honest man feels for a rogue. Generous, high-minded, and incapable of the smallest meanness himself, he regarded the other's conduct with all the intolerance of youth; not being yet old enough to make allowance for those complex springs of action which regulate, and in many instances lessen, the enormity of human deeds.

The manager, on the other hand, was roused to bitterest resentment by the sight of the handsome countenance and fine proportions of the rival whom he hated. After the slightest possible salutation, there was a moment of profound silence, in which each man regarded the other intently.

Meanwhile there had been introduced into the situation a new element, of which both were altogether ignorant. Jesse Craft had perceived young Mr. Bretherton hastening toward the mill

with an expression of countenance such as he had never remarked before. It immediately occurred to him that a general settling up of accounts was imminent, although he was, of course, unaware of the particular circumstances which had led to this result.

"Jerusha Jane!" he exclaimed, "I'd like to see the serpent after the Governor's son has handled him! I wonder he didn't undertake the job long ago."

He reflected more soberly, however, with a doubtful shake of the head:

"It wouldn't do, though. No! Them natural inclinations has got to be kept down. Kicks and such like luxuries has got to be paid for in courts of law; and it's a pesky matter to have dealings with a serpent, unless witnesses is present. The war on pizon snakes can't be conducted on the lines of honest warfare. So I'll jest step down to the mill, in case I might be wanted."

He saw, as he went, Miss Tabitha in the garden, looking old and haggard, with a strained expression about her eyes. He waved her a cheery greeting.

"Good-mornin' to you, Miss Tabithy! 'Pears to me you're lookin' a bit down-hearted of late. But cheer up! The sun's shinin' and the sky's blue, anyhow."

He did not stop for a more extended parley, but, grasping a stout stick in his hand, pressed on.

Not a dozen paces away he encountered Lord Aylward, who was indulging in a surreptitious glance at Rose Cottage, and displayed some signs of confusion in being so detected.

"Good-day to you, Lord Aylward!" cried Craft. "You're the very man I wanted so see. I'd be glad of your company on a little expedition."

"An expedition? Where to? Not fishing on this frosty day?"

"Neither fishin' nor shootin', but jest makin' a move in our war on pizon snakes."

"Oh, what's up?" queried Aylward, laconically, turning and accommodat-

ing his pace to that of the old man.

"The Governor's son is gone to the mill lookin' like blue blazes. There's bound to be a conflagration down yonder. I guess you and me might be wanted, if only to call the dustman to pick up the serpent's remains."

Lord Aylward laughed; but the next moment he looked grave again, as he gathered from Craft's somewhat involved speech that Jim Bretherton had gone to visit the manager, presumably with hostile intent. Like Jesse Craft, he foresaw possible consequences of an unpleasant nature from a meeting between the two, and without the presence of witnesses. He was, of course, ignorant of the special business which had occasioned Jim's action, and concluded that he had simply lost patience and determined to demand an account of Eben Knox with regard to his proceedings at Rose Cottage. Concerning the physical part of the encounter, he had no fears. He even laughed at the notion of Eben Knox engaged in a contest with the champion athlete, murmuring to himself:

"Jimmy's a first-rate boxer. I pity the other chap if he tackles him."

Jesse's eyes twinkled sympathetically. He had caught the drift of this soliloquy, and agreed therewith heartily.

"Mr. Bretherton," observed Lord Aylward aloud, "can probably give a good account of himself, if it comes to violence. I fancy he can deal with Mr. Knox and one or two others besides."

"You can't deal with a serpent by any fair means," declared Jesse Craft, emphatically; "and there's no knowin' what ugly charges he may bring against a man. There should be witnesses,—yes, siree, witnesses,—unbeknownst, if you like, to the parties; but witnesses there should be to yonder piece of business."

"I believe you are right," assented Lord Aylward; "and I'm quite willing to go with you to the mill."

"Let us get there for the overture, before the dance begins," said Craft.

Scarcely, therefore, had Jim Bretherton confronted Eben Knox, when Lord Aylward and Craft entered the mill—though not by the same door,—and passed upstairs by a different flight of steps. Craft was well aware of the manager's predilection for the desk near the window, and he surmised that he would be much more likely to receive his visitor there than behind closed doors in the office. Guided by the sound of voices, he led the young Englishman to a post of observation behind a veritable barrier of bales of cloth. This point of vantage enabled the two to see and, if necessary, to hear whatever transpired between the chief actors in the drama.

Jesse Craft availed himself frankly of both these privileges. He was only too anxious to see and hear whatsoever passed. Lord Aylward, on the contrary, very soon realized that the conversation was likely to be of a private nature, and took up his station near the outer edge of the barrier, where he might remain out of earshot and yet keep an eye upon the contestants,—a circumstance that later proved serviceable.

Meanwhile there were no civilities wasted between the unwelcome visitor and the sinister figure at the desk. The latter did not so much as offer a chair; and the former remained standing, apparently heedless of the open hatchway at a short distance behind him.

"I have come to see you," began Bretherton, "upon a matter sufficiently important to us both."

"If," observed Knox, rudely, "it is anything about Miss Chandler—"

Jim Bretherton, the indignant blood rushing to his face, interrupted in a stern tone:

"It is nothing whatever about that lady or any other, and I will not permit her name to be mentioned between us."

Eben Knox drew his lip over his teeth

in a manner peculiar to himself when enraged, as he answered fiercely:

"Your permission will be scarcely required to regulate either my words or actions, and I warn you that I will not tolerate browbeating from any one."

"Let us get to business!" retorted Bretherton, curtly. "My reason for coming here is that I have been put in possession of certain documents."

The whiteness of Knox's face turned to a livid pallor at this confirmation of his worst fears. Despite his previous apprehensions, this declaration affected him like a sudden blow. He tried, however, to assume an air of bravado.

"What documents are you talking about, and how do they concern me?" he inquired.

"That is a very idle question, since I learn that they have been in your keeping for the past twenty years."

"I have had a good many documents in my keeping during the course of twenty years," declared Knox.

"These papers," Bretherton went on, ignoring the evasion, "relate to my family, and particularly to my late uncle, Mr. Reverdy Bretherton, and his deplorable accident."

"Accident!" echoed Knox, and the sneer that curled his lip was full of malignity.

"Yes," repeated Bretherton, firmly, "the occurrence to which I refer was in my belief an accident."

"A very convenient accident, considering that Mr. Reverdy Bretherton was the heir!"

The young man took a step forward, with a movement of indignation, which he presently controlled, saying coldly:

"I must beg of you to limit your remarks to the actual facts."

"From what you say," answered Knox, suddenly changing his ground of attack, "I judge that the papers you're talking about have been stolen from my premises."

The word *stolen* had an ugly sound.

Bretherton had not thought of the matter in that light, and for an instant he was startled. Then he reflected that the mill-manager had possessed himself of the papers in an illicit manner, and retained them criminally for a term of years. Hence there was no room for delicacy in treating of the affair.

"Stolen, I repeat!" roared Eben Knox, striking the desk before him with his clinched fist to emphasize his words. "And I demand an account of you, Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton, for having in your possession documents which were under lock and key on my premises."

Bretherton eyed the manager steadily.

"Even supposing that the papers under discussion are the identical documents to which you refer, I think the less you say about them the better. They chiefly concern my family, and I may as well say at once that they disclose a very network of rascality."

"Which had for its centre Mr. Reverdy Bretherton," Eben Knox retorted, with a cold malignity which suggested the venom of a snake. "You may try the virtuous respectability dodge as much as you please, but the contents of those papers will make an ugly story for the newspapers, and a tough morsel for the immaculate Brethertons to swallow."

He looked full at the young man before him; but the latter gave no sign; and after a moment's pause Knox continued:

"I suppose you have come here to arrange about the price of my silence."

"Mr. Knox," said Jim Bretherton, deliberately, "you are an unmitigated villain!"

Jesse Craft, who had been devouring the conversation between the two with the utmost relish, now murmured softly to himself:

"The football will soon be beginning now. The Governor's son is jest about gettin' waked up."

(To be continued.)

Portuguese Sketches.

I.—WHERE THE DEAD ARE REMEMBERED.

N'esta florida terra
Leda, fresca e serena,
Leda e contente pera mi vivia.

—Camoëns.

SO the great Camoëns speaks of his "formosa Lusitania,"—a beautiful, fresh, serene land of flowers and sunshine,—a land also that is too little known; for if better known it would be more appreciated. To the tourist, it is a country of delights. The beautiful quintas along the Douro, the diversified mountain scenery of the Minho, and the southern richness and splendor of Algarve,—all make Portugal the equal in scenic grandeur of any country in Europe. It may be said, indeed, that the Serra de Cintra, with its palaces and ruined castles, has no equal in the world, the view from the top of the Castello dos Mouros being sublimely impressive.

The first thing that strikes one on crossing the Portuguese frontier from Spain is the difference in the languages. The Spanish is guttural and sonorous, with clear, musical vowels; the Portuguese is soft, sweet, and liquid, like the sound of a woman's voice. Not less interesting than their language are the manners and customs of the peasantry. Their address is dignified and courteous, and they are most genial and hospitable toward strangers. Though apparently happy and merry, there is a tinge of melancholy in their joy,—a characteristic easily noted in their songs. They sing from morning till night—in the field, on the street, or going in bands to some *romeria*, or pilgrimage.

The Portuguese are intensely religious, and are very proud of the fact that the national flag bears on its shield *As Quinas*—the Five Wounds of the Saviour,—which, as Camoëns sings in the *Lusiadas*, Christ left them for their coat of arms.

The reverence and devotion of this people toward the souls of the departed is shown in every act of their daily life. In the cities and towns, shrines of the Souls in Purgatory, with an alms-box attached, are frequently met with. On passing a cemetery, the peasant drops on his knees for a few moments' prayer. Even the beggar is sure of an alms if asked in the name of the "Poor Souls."

When a departing soul's last moments have arrived, the church bell tolls the agony; and, immediately, from every home, and from every listener on street or square, supplication for its happy departure goes up to the throne of the Most High. The funeral procession is always attended by at least one of the confraternities, the members dressed in their distinctive robes. Carrying lighted wax torches, they walk in two rows, twelve or fourteen feet apart. The priest, vested in surplice and stole, comes next, followed by the bier, which is either carried or wheeled. Then come the friends of the deceased, followed by a band playing suitable music.

The feast of All Souls is observed by the Portuguese with the greatest devotion. Priests have the privilege of saying three Masses of Requiem on that morning. No expense is spared in embellishing the graves and mausoleums, or *jazigos*, which are of costly marble and of beautiful designs. The preceding week is spent in decorating the cemetery. The evening before the feast, the whole town flocks to the City of the Dead. The public bodies and societies vie with one another in beautifying their plots with flowers and candles; but the members of the fire brigade generally surpass all others, artistically arranging their hooks and ladders into a monument, while two or more stand on guard in full uniform.

At the fall of night, the scene is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived. The cemetery is ablaze with lights, and the air is redolent of the

fragrance of many flowers; while the hushed murmur of the crowd, the half-suppressed sobs and low-toned prayers of friends and relatives, make the commemoration a most touching one.

Pathetic incidents are met with at every step. At an humble grave, the only ornament of which consists of a picture entwined with cypress branches, may be seen a poor mother with her little ones close around her, weeping bitterly; at another, a man of middle age stands solitary amid the crowd, with his head bowed upon his breast, lost in memories of the past. In fine, every grave reveals a secret of love and sorrow.

Prayer goes on unceasingly, both on the vigil and on the feast; Masses are crowded; and in the cemetery, where the Stations are erected, many follow the priest making the Way of the Cross.

Answered with a Story.

IT was at a dinner in the presbytery, and toward the end the conversation turned on Negroes. A bishop among the guests, who once had charge of a colored congregation, in answer to the question, "Can converts among them be trusted to persevere longer than a month?" told a little story, "right fair and sweet," as Caxton in "The Golden Legend" frequently describes such narratives. The bishop is not one of those who imagine that the action of divine grace is restricted in the case of people whose skin is not white; and he prefaced his story with the remark that he would cheerfully exchange his diocese for the little colored parish which he organized,— "the soil was so good, the labor so consoling, the harvest promised to be so abundant." That little congregation, by the way, began with two persons and had increased to two hundred,—converts every one. Not all were so saintlike as Mrs. T.; but, as

a whole, they were faithful and fervent, well instructed in their religion, and eager that others should share in its blessings and consolations.

Mrs. T. had a pew under the gallery, which at one of the Masses was occupied exclusively by the boys of the parish school. There was a scapegrace among them,—perhaps more than one; however, no complaint of misconduct on their part reached the ears of the pastor until Mrs. T. came to the sacristy one morning and expressed the fear that all the little boys in the gallery were not hearing Mass. "I thought you might want to say a word to them some time, Father, if you knew about it."

Remembering the situation of the old lady's pew, the pastor wondered how she could be cognizant of any disorder in the gallery, and pressed her for an explanation.

"Well, it's this way, Father. Where I kneel is just underneath, and all through Mass—that is most of the time—they keep spitting down on my head. Of course *that* ain't nothing. Our Blessed Lord was spit upon, and I'm only a poor old colored woman. But it was right in the church and the Holy Mass going on. I don't know who they are; and if I did, it wouldn't be right for me to tell the faults of my neighbor. You see, I was just afraid some of those little fellows might be missing Mass, along with misbehaving in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament."

Much of the point as well as of the tender charm of this story is lost in the retelling; but, as related by the bishop, it served, not only to remove prejudice against the black race, but to show the heights of holiness to which grace has sometimes elevated Negro converts. The incident was impressive enough to produce silence on all who heard it, and in the eyes of more than one listener there was a suspicion of tears. The spell was broken when the questioner was reminded of the cigars.

Notes and Remarks.

Events are moving with such rapidity in Russia at present that it is difficult to predict just what will be the outcome of the Czar's recent concessions. At this writing, it is not at all certain that the concessions in question were granted soon enough to preserve the Empire from all the horrors of a general revolution scarcely less bloody than that which devastated France at the end of the eighteenth century. The one fact which seems to stand out most prominently in dispatches from the East is that, whether or not Prime Minister Witte is successful in bringing about a constitutional government, Russian autocracy is at an end. Having granted to his subjects the primary civil rights—freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of association,—Nicholas and his Grand Dukes will inevitably discover that they can nevermore hope to set back the hands on the dial-plate of time. The old order of things in Russia has passed forever. Inasmuch as the interests of Catholicity in particular will be notably benefited by the change, we rejoice in it, and trust that threatened revolution may be averted.

Persons whose faith in Christianity—how weak it must be!—has been disturbed by what the newspapers have been telling about "radiobes," and the very positive assertion of so-called scientists that consciousness exists in matter, will be comforted for the time being by Mr. Butler Burke's declaration that, even if the theory, as old as Aristotle, that life can be produced from the non-living were established, it need offer no reasonable apprehensions to religious orthodoxy. We say 'comforted for the time being,' because next week the discovery of the missing

link may be reported again; or the announcement may be made that some professor of something or other, somewhere or other, has demonstrated the habitability of Mars. Artemus Ward's assertion that he had seen the man in the moon in a beastly state of intoxication has been matched many a time by men who desired to be taken very seriously, whereas the genial showman was only making fun. He once remarked, apropos of some wonderful newspaper report that turned out to be a hoax: "There is one good thing about all such yarns: you needn't believe 'em unless you want to."

President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation deserves attentive reading by every man and woman in the United States; and, for reasons which need not be explained, we hope it will receive due notice in all other countries. Our personal gratitude to Almighty God on Thanksgiving Day shall comprehend this proclamation, and the blessing of a President who on all fitting occasions pays public homage to the Ruler of the Universe, and does not hesitate to address the nation in this wise:

....We live in easier and more plentiful times than our forefathers, the men who with rugged strength faced the rugged days; and yet the dangers to national life are quite as great now as at any previous time in our history.

It is eminently fitting that once a year our people should set apart a day for praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of Good; and, at the same time that they express their thankfulness for the abundant mercies received, should manfully acknowledge their shortcomings and pledge themselves solemnly and in good faith to strive to overcome them.

During the past year we have been blessed with bountiful crops. Our business prosperity has been great. No other people has ever stood on as high a level of material well-being as that on which we now stand. We are not threatened by foes from without. The foes from whom we should pray to be delivered are our own passions, appetites and follies; and against these there is always that we should war.

Therefore I now set apart Thursday, the 30th

day of this November, as a day of thanksgiving for the past and of prayer for the future; and on that day I ask that throughout the land the people gather in their homes and places of worship, and, in rendering thanks unto the Most High for the manifold blessings of the past year, consecrate themselves to a life of cleanliness, honor and wisdom, so that this nation may do its allotted work on the earth in a manner worthy of those who founded it and of those who preserved it.

An interesting discovery at Pompeii, which, though buried under a pall of lava by Vesuvius over eighteen hundred years ago, continues to encourage excavators, is reported by the Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet*. The find consists of a small terra-cotta lamp, bearing the figure of a cross. "As Pompeii was destroyed in the year 79 A. D., the presence of a Christian lamp among the ruins is taken to prove the existence of Christians in the place at that early date. The only indication previously discovered of the same fact was a rude inscription drawn in charcoal on one of the walls near the Stabian Baths, in which the word *Christianos* was barely distinguishable.... But this Pompeiian lamp possesses a still greater interest from the fact that it is probably the very oldest representation of a Christian cross known to exist. Even in the Roman catacombs of the first and second centuries, the early Christians were careful to disguise the *Signum Christi* under the form of a trident, an anchor, a hammer turned upward, a letter T, and so on."

From the same correspondent we learn that Vesuvius is again in a state of activity, and offers a brilliant spectacle by night from Naples and the neighboring towns.

The *Christian Herald*, of New York, recently published a symposium on the question of Capital Punishment, and, in an editorial with the caption "Killing by Statute," stated that the opponents

of such punishment "are in a large majority." Thereupon the secretary of the Civic Committee, of Boston, wrote to the *Herald*, criticising that paper's stand on the matter. The following excerpts from the letter will interest our readers:

Will you allow me to remind you that in tests of public opinion made elsewhere—as, for example, in the last Legislatures of Vermont and of Massachusetts—on roll-call the opponents of capital punishment were in a large minority?...

Only Christ can bring in a millennium of peace wherein killing may cease. Law never can. What, then, is the end sought by the capital punishment law? It is to lessen the crime of murder to a minimum. And this end is gained, not, as you say we claim, "by killing"; but it is gained by *the promulgation of law*. The announcement of the penalty of death for murder by the lawgiver is a warning to every vicious person of certain death if he disobeys and takes human life.

You say that "the modern tendency in all laws dealing with crime is reformatory rather than punitive." Such is not the principle of American law. The principle of American law is preventive.

The merits and demerits of capital punishment will doubtless for many years to come be subjects for discussion among sane sociologists as well as perfervid sentimentalists; but it is interesting to note that in Switzerland, where capital punishment was totally abolished in 1874, it was reintroduced into a number of the cantons in 1879, because of a marked increase in the number of murders during the intervening five years.

For the third time in a period of twenty years the bishops of Australasia have met in Plenary Council; and the pastoral letter which, at the close of their deliberations they issued to the clergy and laity of their charge, is a highly interesting, as well as in many respects a distinctly gratifying, ecclesiastical document. In perusing this letter, we marked a number of notable passages, some of which we promise ourselves the pleasure of reproducing, from time to time, as occasion serves.

For the nonce let us quote this summary of Catholic conditions in Australasia:

Our Catholic population has grown to something over a million (1,011,550). The clergy number over 1300; the teaching Brothers, over 600; the nuns over 5500. We maintain 33 colleges for boys, and 169 boarding-schools for girls; 215 superior day-schools; 1087 primary schools; 94 charitable institutions; and the children in Catholic schools number over 127,000. From these figures it can be seen that, although ours is a land which has developed and grown with the rapidity of adolescence, the Church has progressed also, even so as to keep well to the front among the most progressive institutions of the country.

Intelligent readers will make liberal allowance for exaggeration and suppression in newspaper reports of the present situation in Russia. It is a delusion to suppose that foreign news is not "doctored" to suit those who control public affairs in Europe. The American press, we are assured, prints what the English Foreign Office and the Exchange are pleased to give out,—that only. As in the New World so in the Old, money is the real power. The control of European politics is in the hands of great financiers, and not a few well-informed persons hold that the Anglo-German syndicate is interested in the destruction of Russia. Be this as it may, the author of "Diplomatic Mysteries" wrote many months ago: "Egypt, Turkey, Portugal, China, and Greece are living witnesses of the humiliating subjection to which nations sink when they become the debtors of the great money-power. They show, too, how easy it is to confiscate by financial artifices the independence—economic, industrial and intellectual—of a country, giving it the while the ribbons and parade of liberty. And Russia's turn has come."

This reads like a prediction now. It has been asserted, we know, that Mr. Vance Thompson could not possibly, by himself, have acquired inside knowledge of European politics. He seems to have been on intimate terms with the late

M. De Blowitz, though; and no one can doubt that De Blowitz was thoroughly informed as to what was going on between the rulers of Europe. He was a man of discretion as well as probity—an earnest Catholic,—and it is probable that certain state secrets were buried with him; others, it is easy to believe, he may have confided to his friend.

We notice that the editor of the *Oregonian*, which is among the brightest and best of our far Western journals, is accused by one of its readers of being hostile to Christianity and of sneering at the word "orthodox." The editor man has the reputation, we believe, of being an agnostic, but he is evidently not one of the I-don't-know-and-I-don't-care kind; for he says, replying to his critic: "The *Oregonian* wants definitions. It desires to know what Christianity is, and what orthodox opinion is." Our contemporary is already well informed as to Protestantism, we should judge from the following extracts:

Through the Roman Catholic Church only do you get these definitions—without question or dissent. You may not, yourself, agree with them when you get them; but there are no others upon which any large body of Christians is agreed. Variation of opinion as to orthodox Christianity and its meaning is observed among adherents of each and every Protestant denomination. Opinion shades off from rigorous Presbyterianism to widest Unitarianism. Hence it is that outside the Roman Catholic Church everything is merely a matter of opinion. Through the Roman Catholic Church you get apostolical and historical authority,—nowhere else; and the history of the doctrine and of its descent to the present time from the same source.

Protestantism is dissent. Some phases of it take the name of Orthodoxy. Yet, again, there are as many phases of Orthodoxy as there are pro-Testant denominations.... Knowledge of the historical grounds of doctrine and of historical bases of belief is indispensable to any consideration of this great subject. No one person can define Christianity or orthodoxy for another. The Roman Catholic Church does—for those who adhere to it. All else is but the welter of individual or sectarian opinion.

The editor of the *Oregonian* is not hostile to Christianity. His opposition is to sectarianism, which he finds to be destitute of authority in matters of faith; and to sectarian opinions, which, as every one knows, change oftener than the wind. He belongs to the large and increasing class of persons—call them what you will—who, while not accepting the claims of the Church, nevertheless recognize the fact so admirably stated by Cardinal Newman: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

**

The *Oregonian's* recognition of the Church as an authoritative teacher is one of those glimpses of truth on the part of non-Catholics which our great American convert, Dr. Brownson had in mind when he wrote:

The Catholic Church is attractive to all men of all classes who would have faith,—who feel they are poor, helpless sinners, and would have the sure means of salvation; to the weary and heavy laden, who seek rest, and find it nowhere in the world; to those who would have confidence in their principles, and free scope and full employment for their intellectual powers; to those who are tired of endless jarring, and disgusted with shallow innovators, pert philosophers, unfledged divines,—cobweb theories, spun from the brain of vanity and conceit, vanishing as the sun exhales the morning dew which alone rendered them visible; and who would have something older than yesterday, solid, durable; carrying them back, and connecting them with all that has been; and forward, and connecting them with all that is to be; admitting them into the goodly fellowship of the saints of all ages; making them feel that they have part and lot in all that over which has coursed the stream of Divine Providence, been consecrated by the blood of martyrs, and hallowed by the ebb and flow of sanctified affection, and permitting them to love, venerate and adore to their hearts' content, or their hearts' capacity;—to all these, of whatever age or nation, sex, rank, or condition, the glorious, sublime, God-inspired, guided, and defended Catholic Church is full of attraction—even fascination.



O-u-g-h.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

OF all the crazy endings found
'Mid English words dispersed,
Most folks will tell you, I'll be bound,
"O-u-g-h" is worst.

'Tis rather hard, you must allow,
To rhyme it always true;
At times 'tis sounded as in "bough,"
At others as in "through."

Still other sounds it has, we know—
If we are up to snuff,—
And one of these is as in "though,"
Another as in "tough."

Oh, well may foreign learners scoff,
And at our English mock,
When, after these, they come to "cough";
And then, once more, to "lough"!

They surely have their work cut out
Who for our language *stick* up,—
But some may still be found, no doubt,
Who'll argue e'en for "hiccough."

The Little Artist.

IV.

AS he waved them a parting salute, Father Antonio, who had been watching the old servant, exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with Urbino? Look at him, brother!"

"Your Excellency, terrible things are happening here; and I should be guilty, a thousand times guilty, if I left you any longer in ignorance of what I know."

"You alarm me, Urbino," said his master, growing serious. "What do you know?"

"Oh, nothing,—absolutely nothing!" replied Urbino, lugubriously.

The Abbé burst out laughing; the podesta shrugged his shoulders and prepared to rise, when Urbino continued:

"But, all the same, I'm going to tell your Excellencies what I have seen."

"Explain yourself without any more verbiage," said the podesta, impatiently.

"'Tis this way, Excellency. There are no longer any children. The Signor Michaelangelo does just as your Excellencies, no more and no less. He goes out and comes in without saying, as he used to do, 'Urbino, do you want to come with me?'—without saying where he's going—ah, no: I forgot! He tells me: 'If Signor Francisco Graciani calls for me, tell him I am where he knows. And then they have secrets between them,—secrets to make your hair stand on end, Excellency. Young Graciani arrives, carrying something under his mantle. What is it? That's mystery number one. Then Signor Michaelangelo says, 'Have you got it?'—'Yes.'—'How good you are, Graciani, to rob the'—I've never been able to make out what—'of your master!' Another mystery, and that's two. As for the master, he makes three,—this master, who is he? A highway robber, Excellency,—an assassin, a cutthroat; and the proof is that young Graciani told me, speaking to myself, that he spends his time in breaking heads, cutting off arms, and mutilating legs. But that's not all. It seems the both of them—my young master and he—win enormous sums at this game; for listen, Excellencies, to the tale of the three ducats—and the fourth mystery."

The brothers were just about bidding the old servant be silent, as they did not understand a word of his gossip, when this last word, the reference to the

ducats, caught their attention again.

"Tell us this story of the three ducats," said the podesta.

"And without any of your own commentaries," added the priest.

"Alas, Excellency, everyone relates as best he can!" rejoined Urbino. "I'll try, however, to tell only what I've seen, and will endeavor to say no more than I know."

The podesta and the priest stretched themselves in their great armchairs; and, Urbino, his feather duster in his hand, began:

"In the first place, I must tell your Excellencies that three days ago—that is, last Thursday—Signor Michaelangelo didn't have a single copper maravedi. The proof is that he made me give a half loaf of bread to his beggar client. I say *his* client, for he always gives alms, himself, to this beggar, and the latter is called in consequence the client of young Michaelangelo. So he made me give the bread, as he hadn't a solitary maravedi. This much being said, I begin.

"Your Excellencies know that I have a sister named Sterina, married to a painter—but a sign-painter, be it understood—named Biffi. They have six children and are in a misery—such misery as your Excellencies could form no idea of, because one must be poor to understand wretchedness. They all live in a garret behind the Church of Holy Cross,—my brother-in-law paying six ducats as rent. I don't know whether I'm making it plain—"

"Quite plain," said his auditors. "Go on!"

"My brother-in-law, then, pays six ducats as rent. He owes for six months, which makes three ducats; and, as he isn't able to pay them, his landlord sent him word by the sheriff to get out right away; and Biffi gave him a note, which if he didn't redeem on Thursday morning—that is, the Thursday three days ago,—he would go to prison on

Friday. How simple it all was! You understand that, Excellencies? Well, behold them all in lamentation—Biffi, Sterina, and the children. Night came on—always this same Thursday,—and none of them thought to make a light, in the first place, for this reason: there was nothing in the garret to light,—no wick, no oil,—nothing whatever. Seven o'clock was striking in the tower of Holy Cross when Biffi heard his name called from the street. He opened the window to see who it was, but all was as dark as the inside of a wolf,—impossible to see anything. At the same time he heard, 'Take care!' and a little package fell in the room. It sounded as though it might be silver. 'It is money,' said Sterina.—'Some scoundrels amusing themselves,' said Biffi.—'I tell you 'tis money,' said Sterina. One of the children picked up the package and brought it to his mother, who opened it and exclaimed: 'What did I tell you, Biffi?' They didn't know just what amount there was; but in the morning, when it grew light enough, they found it to be just three ducats. There, now! Where did Signor Michaelangelo get them?"

"In the first place, what proof have you that it was my son at all?"

"Who does your Excellency suppose it was, if it wasn't him?" naïvely demanded Urbino.

"He is not the only person in Arezzo," said the priest.

"Especially to give three ducats without possessing them," added the podesta, smiling.

"And that's just the fifth mystery," observed Urbino.

"Once again, Urbino," rejoined the podesta, "what makes you think the donor was Michaelangelo?"

"Oh, many things, Excellency! And, then, Biffi thought he recognized his voice in that which told him to take care."

"That is no proof," said the priest.

"Finally, there is this much to it, Excellency," concluded Urbino. "There are no more children nowadays. One sees them born; one sees them little, very little; one turns one's head and—crack! they are men. Look at Signor Michaelangelo, for example! Is your Excellency not frightened?"

"No, my faithful Urbino," said the podesta, very kindly. Rising, he asked his brother: "Do you dine at the Medici Palace?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"I also."

"Then 'tis time we were on the way."

"So you haven't enough proofs yet?" soliloquized Urbino, as the brothers left the library. "Very well; then I'll find others. I won't take an hour's rest until I have exposed all these mysteries."

V.

Lorenzo de' Medici, surnamed the Magnificent, owned among other palaces one in the Arezzo district. There, whenever he lodged in it, he gathered together all the scholars and artists of the whole country. That day, toward the end of the meal, which was always prolonged until pretty late, he made a sign to his son Pietro, who rose at once from the table and carried his young friends off to the gardens.

It had been snowing for several days; and the gardens, filled with statues and antique fragments of all kinds, presented, in its coating of white, a very odd picture.

"Oh, here's a charming idea, boys!" cried Michaelangelo. "Our fathers will keep on talking for two hours yet with their feet under the table. Let us adorn with impromptu and improvised statues the open gallery they'll have to cross when they repair to the apartments of the duchess."

"And where will you get your statues, Michaelangelo?" said Pietro de' Medici.

"In the snow, my friend."

"'Tis a good idea," answered the son of the Marquis of Mantua. "'Twill warm us up and amuse us at the same time."

That settled it. The young nobles, disregarding the effect on the velvets and laces of their rich dresses, set to work at once. Some of them fashioned the moist snow into various shapes, others carried the results to that part of the gardens that adjoined the gallery; and in the course of an hour a number of counterfeit blocks of marble, without any marked resemblance to human beings, arose here and there along the route the diners were to take.

Suddenly Michaelangelo noticed a marble faun, eaten by time and lacking the head, but the bust of which, admirably chiselled, represented the proportions of an old man still robust.

"I must make a head for that faun," said he; and, collecting some moist snow, he began to model one. His companions gathered about him to watch him work; and he put into the task so much action and verve and gaiety that his spirit was communicated to the whole throng of young people.

"A faun should have a sardonic expression," he observed; and he elevated a corner of the lip. "The eyebrow should take the same direction," he continued as he worked; "and then, with open mouth, a faun should always be laughing. Bravo!" he cried, as he stepped back to see the full effect. "Bravo! That's not at all bad. Look here, Pietro, Graciani, Mantua, Valentino,—look here! See how true is the saying that one does well what he loves to do. Now, I adore sculpture. My first nurse's husband was a sculptor, and—"

"Take care there, boy!"

Walking backward, to admire his workmanship the better, he had stepped on somebody's foot. And it was not a boy's voice that called him to his senses. He turned round, and to his astonishment saw that the person who

was rubbing his foot was Lorenzo de' Medici. Behind him were all his guests, among them being Michaelangelo's father and uncle.

Ashamed and confused, the lad began to stammer out excuses, when Lorenzo pinched his ear playfully, and, addressing his company, said:

"Gentlemen, this bit of work is less the first attempt of a beginner than the work of a master. All the same," he continued, turning to the youthful sculptor, "since criticism must have its say about even the greatest masterpieces, I must tell you that this faun is old, yet you have left him all his teeth. Don't you know that the old always have a few teeth missing?"

"That's true, Monseigneur," said Michaelangelo; and he at once extracted one of the faun's teeth, by hollowing out the gum so as to make it appear that the tooth had fallen out.

This intelligent act excited to the highest degree the admiration of the whole artistic circle. Young Buonarrotti was greeted with reiterated applause; and that night as he returned to Caprese with his father and uncle, he was spared the usual denunciation of his love for the arts.

As the Buonarotti carriage drew up to the entrance of the chateau, the podesta remarked Urbino among the servants who held lighted torches. There was something strange and elated about the old man's look; and his master was not much surprised to hear him say as he let down the carriage step:

"Excellency, all is discovered. Can your Excellency grant me a few minutes' audience?"

At a sign from the podesta, Urbino took a torch from one of the footmen, and, preceding his master, lighted him to his bedroom, where a good fire awaited him.

As the podesta was about to seat himself in his great armchair, he saw

at the chamber door the smiling countenance of the priest.

"If I didn't love my nephew so well," he said, coming forward, "I might believe 'twas curiosity that has led me to follow your footsteps, brother. In any case, curiosity or interest, I confess I'll not be sorry to hear of Urbino's discoveries. Judging from his frightened physiognomy, they should be rather tragic."

"Sit down, brother," said the podesta, who then turned to Urbino. "Now, my old friend," he went on, with kindness, "speak out. My brother and I are impatient to hear your news. But tell us only what you know."

"Alas, Excellency!" replied the old man, standing respectfully before his master,—“alas, if I told you only what I know, I'd tell you nothing at all!"

"Then what's the meaning of your great discoveries, Urbino?" questioned the priest.

"The meaning is that there's good reason for saying that sooner or later murder will out; that the good God doesn't leave any crime unpunished; that he who does evil and thinks he has taken all precautions against being found out, is found out at last through those very precautions he took for his safety."

"Well, come to the point, Urbino, about my son," said the podesta.

"Yes, Excellency; and you'll give him a round scolding, and banish that little devil of a Graciani, and hang a certain Ghirlandaio. Do you know, Excellency, what that young wretch, Graciani, carried to our young heir of the Canossas, hidden under his mantle with such care that if the servant of that other wretch, Ghirlandaio, hadn't told me to-night at Vespers, I'd never have known it? Do you know? Can you form any idea? No? Then deign to hear me, Excellency.

"After your departure for the Medici Palace, I had an idea: 'twas to go

see my sister. The story of the three ducats was galloping through my head. I arrived, and found the family at dinner. 'And the ducats?' I said to my brother-in-law.—'Well, they paid the landlord,' he replied.—'And you don't know where they came from?'—'Not the slightest idea.'—'Yet you thought you recognized Michaelangelo's voice?'—'Yes, I did think it was something like his; but my wife says I was mistaken, that his voice is a greater deal sweeter than the one we heard. Anyway,' continued Biffi, 'may the good God reward him!'—'Him and his,' added my sister. 'I had to give away the ducats, but I'll keep the paper in which they were wrapped up as a souvenir.'—'Let us see the paper,' said I to my sister. She had it under a glass; she took it out and gave it to me. Here it is, Excellency. Sterina confided it to my care until to-morrow. Look, your Excellency. Isn't that the writing of Michaelangelo?"

"Why, yes!" said the podesta, who, after examining the paper, passed it to his brother.

"That is truly my nephew's writing," agreed the priest.

"As your Excellencies can see," said Urbino, "there's only one name on this paper—that of *Ghirlandaio*."

"'Tis the name of a painter of some renown," replied the podesta. "But go on, Urbino."

"This name was not unknown to me," proceeded the old man. "After considerable reflection, I remembered that I knew it, because an old comrade of mine was the man's valet. But I didn't know his address. Well, I might meet him at Vespers at Holy Cross; and, sure enough, I did. And the first thing he said to me was: 'Well, your young master is one of ours.'—'How one of yours?' replied I. —'Yes,' was his answer; 'he has Ghirlandaio for master.'—'You had better understand,' I promptly informed him, 'that my

young master, the heir of the counts of Canossa, recognizes no other master than God, and is nobody's servant.'

"I thought I had clinched the nail, but not at all. Paola burst out laughing. 'The servant, no; but the pupil of Ghirlandaio, yes. Ah, little Graciani had a time of it to get him there!' At the mention of Graciani I became all ears, and I immediately said to myself, 'That's where they cripple folk, break heads, and so on.'—'Just fancy, Urbino,' went on Paola, 'young Graciani had the patience secretly to copy the works of our master, and then carry them to your young Signor, who thus learned the great art of painting; and learned it so well that last week Ghirlandaio received Signor Michaelangelo into his studio, and he pays him I don't know how many florins a year. That's fine,—a young fellow of fourteen to be earning florins already!'

"You understand, Excellency? Here were my ducats and my donor of ducats found. 'Tis Michaelangelo. No more doubt: the mystery was clear; and I ran back here, but you hadn't returned from the Medici Palace. At last you are here, and my story is told."

"My son can't have retired yet," said the podesta. "Go, Urbino, and bid him come to me."

"I'm going, Excellency,—I'm going," said the old servant, as he left the room with considerable alacrity.

He found Michaelangelo in the library, sitting at a table and working at the design he had begun that morning.

"Ah, well," said Urbino, "there'll soon be an end of the arts and artists, and artists' apprentices! The podesta wants you, Signor. He wants you to give you a good scolding, I hope. Everything is discovered, all is known."

"All what?" asked the boy as he arose and followed the old man.

"Everything, Signor. The plot is discovered, the guilty are known, and, I repeat, we are going to say good-bye

to paintings and painters and Signor Graciani. Henceforth we are going to live like the great lords we are, with nothing to do from morning till night,—sleep late, go to bed early, and have a siesta two hours' long every day."

"Well, if that isn't a sleepy-head's life, I'd like to hear of one!" laughed Michaelangelo.

"Laugh away, laugh away, Signor! You don't expect what's awaiting you. And the one who gets the worst of it won't be old Urbino, but rather you and Graciani and his young friend, and Ghirlandaio, chief of a school where, it appears, people's arms and legs and heads are broken. Now for it!"

And Urbino, drawing aside the curtain, announced in a loud voice: "Signor Michaelangelo!"

Then, instead of retiring, the good old servant glided furtively to a corner of the large room, and, rubbing his hands, impatiently awaited the issue of an interview which was to vindicate all his prevision and prophecies. But what was his astonishment when, instead of scolding Michaelangelo, the podesta caught the boy to his breast and in his tenderest tones exclaimed:

"Come to my arms, my dear child! You are a true and worthy descendant of our ancient and honorable house. You will one day be the pride of your father and the joy of the Canossas. Since such is your vocation, be an artist, my son; and since you make so good a use of your money, continue to earn it. So Ghirlandaio, instead of *being* paid by you as by his other pupils, actually *pays* you! And how much does he give you a year?"

"Six, eight, or ten florins, according to circumstances, father; and, I confess, I wouldn't have taken the money if it hadn't been for poor Biffi."

"There is no shame in taking money that has been well earned, nephew," said the priest; "and that money did you honor."

"To-morrow, Michaelangelo," said the podesta, "you will tell Graciani that hereafter he will always find his place prepared at my table every day. And now go to bed, dear boy, and sleep in peace, with the blessing of the happiest of fathers."

"And of uncles," added the priest, as he in turn embraced his nephew.

"Well, now, Urbino," said Michaelangelo, as the old man lighted him to his chamber,— "well, who got the worst of it?"

"'Twas I, Signor," confessed the old servant, his recent elation vanished,— "'twas I; but I hadn't the least idea that great lords could mix themselves up with the arts."

(The End.)

Weather Signs.

Farmers, trappers, and others much out of doors, learn to read the weather signs from all things about them, and there are very many interesting sayings in regard to the behavior of various animals before a storm.

New England people say: When a storm threatens, if cattle go under the trees it will be but a shower; but if they continue to feed greedily it will be a continuous rain.

Others of these sayings are:

When the donkey blows his horn,
'Tis time to house your hay and corn.

When a cat or a dog eats grass in the morning, it will rain before night.

When a mule throws up the earth, rain follows soon.

Bats flying late in the evening indicate fair weather.

Crows flying alone bring foul weather; flying in pairs, they bring fair weather.

When chimney swallows circle and call, they speak of rain.

When the peacock loudly bawls,
We shall have both rain and squalls.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Verdi," by A. Visetti, has just appeared in Bell's "Miniature Series of Musicians."

—The Dolphin Press announces "The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi," newly translated into English by the Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. This will be the only authorized rendering of the critical Latin text edited at Quaracchi.

—Cadieux & Derome, of Montreal, are publishing an "Historic Gallery," a series of portraits relating to Canadian history, from the early days of French domination and English rule to the present period. The pictures, judging from the specimen portraits which we have received, are very good, and the "Gallery" merits Canadian and other patronage.

—The latest sixpenny booklet of the London C. T. S., "The Crisis in the Church in France," is an eminently timely and valuable contribution to contemporaneous Church history. The various phases of the whole question are luminously discussed by Viscount Llandeff, Abbot Gasquet, Father John Gerard, and the Rev. Dr. Barry. In view of the tremendous amount of misinformation that has been disseminated by the English and American press concerning the religious troubles in France, it is to be hoped that this little volume will have a very extensive sale on both sides of the Atlantic.

—We regret exceedingly to learn that in the recent fire which destroyed "the Priests' Building" at Nazareth, North Carolina, the Rev. Thomas F. Price was a heavy loser. As he states in a circular letter, "books, documents, papers of every description, furniture, clothing, catables, library, the whole outfit for our magazine work for *Truth* and *Our Lady's Orphan Boy*, accounts of every kind, mailing lists, etc.—the accumulations of a lifetime,—all have gone to complete destruction." In proffering our condolence to the afflicted editor of *Truth*, we must express the confident hope that the publishing of that sterling little monthly may not long be intermitted.

—While Theosophy connotes nowadays the cult established by the Russian, Madame Blavatsky, and while it does not possess any considerable number of adherents in this country, certain of its hypotheses are adopted by a good many followers of such systems of belief as the New Thought and the like novelties. There is, accordingly, an element of timeliness in the volume "Theosophy and Christianity," which is a reprint of sundry papers written for the *Bombay Examiner* by its scholarly editor, Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J. As a lucid exposition of the tenets of theosophists, and a triumphant exposure of

their errors, the book is one to be heartily commended to scholars interested in such questions. London Catholic Truth Society.

—The long promised Life of the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R., by his brother Redemptorist, Father Cyril Ryder, is among forthcoming books by Burns & Oates. It will have an introduction from the pen of Dom Gasquet.

—A new book by Martin Hume, whose fondness for the love affairs of English queens will be remembered, is on "The Wives of Henry the Eighth." The work is complete in a single volume; however, it is a demy 8vo.

—Some radical errors in the system of Free-thought are ably exposed in a lecture by the Rev. J. Gerard, S. J., entitled "Modern Freethought" (Sands & Co.; B. Herder). Abundant proof is given of perfect familiarity with the contentions of such Freethinkers as Karl Pearson, W. Kingdon Clifford, Sir Leslie Stephen, John Morley, and others. Father Gerard is a keen logician, and he reduces the popular systems of modern free-thought to a heap of contradictory statements.

—"Forget-Me-Nots from Many Gardens" is a neat little volume of 200 pages, consisting of a series of thirty readings for the Month of the Holy Souls. We are glad to see among the selections presented here fewer translations from the French than appear in most such "Months"; and glad, too, to notice that the Ursuline Sister who has compiled the book has the literary honesty to indicate the different sources from which its material is drawn,—this magazine among the number. The eight-line stanza which serves as the appropriate foreword of the volume should also have been credited to THE AVE MARIA. The book is one to secure for spiritual reading this month. Publishers: R. and T. Washbourne, Benziger Brothers.

—THE AVE MARIA has sometimes made fun of the University of Chicago and other universities on account of queer sayings and doings on the part of members of their faculty. But we take it all back in view of a recent highly important discovery by Prof. Walter D. Scott, of Northwestern University. He has found out that riding on railroad trains is conducive to the writing of poetry. The clicks of the wheels on the rails, it seems, not only fire the imagination, but promote continuity of thought and ease of expression. "The mind is compelled to break the steady click of the wheels on the rails into spans of two and three, and the thoughts unconsciously are timed into metrical feet." The result is "that the production of verses is greatly facilitated by

riding on a train and giving one's self to the influence of the sounds of the wheels." The only thing that makes us sceptical about this discovery is that the professor doesn't state how long the would-be poet must ride, or whether frequent stops would be any drawback. It will probably turn out that a trip across the continent in a through train will be required for ordinary verses, with hot boxes and other minor mishaps for elegies, threnodies, etc. The requirements for an epic we shudder to contemplate.

—We rejoice to learn of the success of a work in defence of Christianity by Lt. Col. W. H. Turton, D. S. O., R. E., published by Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., London. This is another instance of distinguished service adequately rewarded. "The Truth of Christianity (Compiled from Various Sources)" has just reached its fifth edition (seventh thousand). It is an excellent book, ably and attractively written. "Compiled from various sources" is Col. Turton's modest way of stating that he has read industriously; for the volume has the stamp of his winning personality. He is keen yet kindly, always frank but never unfair. We have all the more pleasure in recommending his work because we know of nothing on quite the same lines by a Catholic writer.

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.

- "Modern Freethought." Rev. J. Gerard, S. J. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.
- "Theosophy and Christianity." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 45 cts., net.
- "The Crisis in the Church in France." 25 cts., net.
- "Forget-Me-Nots from Many Gardens." 45 cts., net.
- "Manual of Church Music." 75 cts., net.
- "The Freedom of the Will." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. 30 cts., net.
- "The Household of Sir Thomas More." Anne Manning. 60 cts., net.
- "Socialism and Christianity." Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D. \$1.10.

- "English Monastic Life." Rt. Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. \$2, net.
- "Health and Holiness." Francis Thompson. 55 cts.
- "A Girl's Ideal." Rosa Mulholland. (Lady Gilbert.) \$1.50, net.
- "At the Sign of the Fox. A Romance." Barbara. \$1.50.
- "Valiant and True." Joseph Spillman. \$1.60, net.
- "Glenanaar." Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan. \$1.50.
- "The Resurrection of Christ—Is it a Fact?" 30 cts., net.
- "The Spalding Year-Book." 75 cts., net.
- "The Epistles and Gospels." Very Rev. Richard O'Gorman, O. S. A. 50 cts., net.
- "Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella." Very Rev. J. Magnier, C. S. S. R. 15 cts.
- "Infallibility." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. 36 cts., net.
- "The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts., net.
- "George Eastmount: Wanderer." John Law. \$1.10, net.
- "The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Angel of Syon." Dom Adam Hamilton, O. S. B. \$1.10, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. George Loeb, of the diocese of Dallas; and Rev. P. J. Cosgrove, diocese of Erie.

Sister Judith, of the Daughters of Charity; Sister M. Cyrille, Sisters of the Holy Names; and Sister M. Vitalis, Poor Handmaids of Christ.

Mr. J. F. Font, Sr., of New Orleans, La.; Idaline C. Spang and Mrs. Johanna Dee, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Arthur Short, Napa, Cal.; Mr. Daniel Scott, Mr. Peter Lawless, Mr. J. E. McGettigan, and Mrs. Elizabeth Gallagher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Heckmann and Mrs. Mary Engert, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Charles Sullivan, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Joseph Meeting, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. John Whalen, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Nellié Donahue, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Arthur Smith, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. F. X. Becherer, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mary Kevlin, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. T. M. Ryan, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. George Gardner, Sr., Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. M. J. Malone, Long Beach, Cal.; Mr. J. Burtlier, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Martin McCarthy, Huntington, Ind.; Mr. Bryan Sherry, Dayton, Ohio; and Mr. John Smith, Pleasant Valley, N. S., Canada.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

NO. 21.

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

After Confession.

BY BENJAMIN COCKER.


GOD, what am I that Thou shouldst deign
To take me to Thy heart again,
And whisper: "All is not in vain,—
I hear thy prayer!"

Why shouldst Thou stoop to such as I,
And bid my bitter tears be dry,
And plead in answer to my cry:
"Thy guilt I bear.

"Go forth: thy sins have been forgiven!
The saints before My throne in heaven
Have wept for thee as thou wert shriven:
Canst thou despair?"

Something about Purgatory.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C.P.

OVEMBER being the Month
of the Holy Souls, we natu-
rally think of them now more
than at other times: especially
of any who are endeared to us by ties of
blood or of affection. And perhaps our
hearts echo the poet's cry in "Maud":

O Christ, that it were possible
For one brief hour to see
The forms we lov'd, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

Yes, *where* is a peculiarly interesting
question. Our imagination does not
help us much, and may easily lead
us astray. We may picture our dear
ones as confined on one of the planets,
though we know that human life in
its mortal state could not exist on

any of them. But there is good reason
for believing that departed souls never
quit this earth until they pass to
heaven. Shakspeare, with far greater
probability, conceives "the de-lighted
spirit"—that is, the soul deprived of
light in its purgatorial existence—

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribb'd ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.*

Now, that many a soul from purga-
tory has appeared, from time to time,
to make known some want or to give
some warning, is certain beyond rea-
sonable doubt. And some must have
told of their whereabouts; since Father
Faber, in "All for Jesus," says that
some souls make their purgatory in
the houses they have lived in, or in the
churches where they have worshipped,
or by the graves which hold their
bodies; and he got his information
from trustworthy sources. Again, the
eminent French bishop, Monseigneur
Charles Gay, quotes, in his "Christian
Virtues," a revelation made by souls
in purgatory to Madame Dubourg, the
saintly foundress of the Sisters of the
Saviour. This religious had an extraor-
dinary devotion to the Holy Souls, and
they came to her in large numbers,
and told her many things, — even
travelling with her when she journeyed
to Rome. And a priest once informed
me of another foundress, a German,
whose Life he had seen in that lan-

* "Measure for Measure."

guage, and who had a no less extraordinary devotion to the departed: that whenever she went to Mass, a number of souls would meet her at the church door; some being allowed to go in to Mass, others not allowed; and that some were souls of priests.

It appears, then, that these "prisoners of the King" are not *all* confined in places under the earth, though probably the majority are. The language of Holy Scripture clearly indicates this subterranean confinement; and where did the Greeks and Romans get their belief in "the Shades," if not from primitive tradition? It would seem, however, that the term *place* in relation to purgatory does not necessarily mean what we understand by it. It rather signifies *state* than locality; or, perhaps, more accurately, *division*. Thus, in a very important communication made by a deceased Visitandine nun at Annecy, the mother-house of the Order, we learn that there are "three *places*" in purgatory. "In the first, the punishment is comparatively light," said the nun; "in the second, it is very severe,—and I am there; in the third, they hear the groans of the damned,"—because it is close to hell. But she gave as an instance of the lighter kind of purgatory the penalty inflicted on the mother of one of the nuns, who had kept her daughter back a whole year from entering that very convent. She had to lie prostrate on the altar steps in the chapel, adoring Our Lord for a year. This soul, then, was in the first "place," I presume. The dead nun herself, who was in "the second place," was punished by fire, it appeared; for when her living friend asked a proof of her identity, she answered, "Hold out your hand," and touched the Sister's forefinger with her own; and instantly a bit of charred flesh fell off the bone.

The purgatory of fire is probably the shortest as well as "very severe." No doubt, many a soul who is enduring

some other kind of punishment, such as darkness, would gladly exchange it for one of fire. I know of two striking instances of other punishment,—one a purgatory of darkness, the other of cold.

The first was made known to me through a dear friend whom I received into the Church many years ago, and who has now a son a priest and a daughter a nun, she herself being a Tertiary Dominican. This lady had counted among her special friends a Catholic gentleman, whom, I suppose, she would have married had he lived. She herself had scarcely any religion then; while he had the reputation of being a "careless" Catholic, though good-hearted and charitable. When he died, she understood that he received the Sacraments; and when, some years later, she had become a High-Church Episcopalian, she used to pray for him a good deal. At the time of her reception into the Church, however, she imagined him in heaven, and seldom thought of praying for him.

Well, on a certain Sunday in summer, during a brief holiday she was taking in the country, she returned from Mass rather tired, having had to walk a mile each way, and lay down in her room to rest awhile before dinner. She was not asleep, for she heard her little girl (now the nun) playing downstairs; but her eyes were closed: when, suddenly, she was made aware that her dead friend of long ago stood beside her. No audible word passed between them. Soul spoke to soul. He reminded her that this very day was the twenty-second anniversary of his death. "And," said he, "I am still in purgatory." She was horrified. "Oh! They tell us that a day there is like a year in this life!" she answered. "How dreadful! But you are happy?" she asked.—"I have lost all sense," he replied, "of either happiness or unhappiness; for I am *in total darkness*." She felt very like fainting, but managed to

blurt out: "But you will soon be in heaven?"—"I see no prospect of it as yet," he rejoined. Then, begging her not to forget him again, he went away.

She got up immediately and wrote to me. I was then in South America. What did I think of the affair? I replied that she ought to be very thankful that her friend's soul *was saved*. "He is bound to reach heaven *some day*," said I; "and let his punishment warn you and me not to be careless Catholics."

The other case—the purgatory of cold—was related to me by one who had it directly from the son of the woman concerned. This woman had died; and a day or two after the funeral, the young man saw some one very like his mother sitting in the room she had occupied, and *pulling in yarn*. He was too scared to speak; and the apparition came three or four times before he went to a priest and told him about it. The priest answered that most probably it was his mother, and advised him to take holy water and sprinkle it around him as he went into the room, and to ask in the name of God who the mysterious visitor was. He did as directed, and at once heard his mother's voice. "I am your mother," she said. "I am saved from hell, but am suffering greatly. You know that I was employed in making woollen garments. Well, I stole some of the yarn, and am punished by a *purgatory of cold*. I have to face all the storms." The young man had several Masses offered for his mother's soul; but it was not till a year later that she appeared to him on her way to heaven.

Here it is quite in order to observe that these revelations go to show that the disembodied soul retains the body's sensibility to pain. The pain of the soul, or mental suffering, is, we know, of a higher order than corporal anguish; but we are apt to forget that it is the *soul* that suffers when the body is

afflicted. When, then, we are assured that the pains of purgatory are, or may be, greater than any sufferings of this life, let us not hastily scorn such an idea. Our mortal body can not stand more than a certain degree of pain: anything beyond that degree will stop the heart and cause instant death. But in purgatory the mortal nature is gone; and since the soul is indestructible, it may be made to suffer far more intensely than was possible while it wore "this muddy vesture of decay."

Lastly, there is a tendency among many Catholics to make light of purgatory because it is not hell. This is very foolish. Purgatory is to be *feared*. "Agree with thine adversary quickly," says Our Lord, "whilst thou art in the way with him; lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Amen, amen, I say unto thee, thou shalt in no case come out thence until thou hast paid the last farthing." That is: Agree, and lose no time about it, with the justice of God accusing thee through thy conscience, whilst thou art in the way of this life; lest perhaps the accuser deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, St. Michael, who has charge of souls that are saved, and thou be cast into the prison of purgatory. Verily, verily, thou shalt in no case come out of that prison until the last farthing of thy debt to the Divine Justice shall have been paid.

But it will be asked, Is it not of faith that the souls detained in purgatory are "helped by the suffrages of the faithful" (here on earth), "and especially by the Sacrifice of the Mass"? Will not *our* debt be paid *for* us in great measure? Yes; but it is *not* of faith that individual souls will be sure to *receive* all those helps which are offered for them. On the contrary, some souls, beyond doubt, are punished by getting no relief at all, while others

have to wait a very long time for it. And Our Lord told a holy person that He sometimes applies for the salvation of the soul in *this* life the fruit of all the Masses and prayers which will be offered for it after death; and in that case the poor soul has to pay its debt alone.

Let us, then, while thinking of purgatory, not dare to be presumptuous, but fear the adorable exactions of God's justice. Then we shall be moved to a great charity toward the "prisoners of the King"; remembering that 'as we mete it shall be measured to us again.' And if we are wise, we shall particularly succor the souls for whom our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph wish us especially to pray.

Better than He Planned.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IT was in the month of August—and a very hot August, too,—when I was at "Klösterli" with my friend Charles. While the sun's scorching rays beat mercilessly on the weary dwellers in the plain below, the heat was tempered for us on the Rigi by a refreshing, invigorating breeze. Over the green mountain meadows, from which the tinkle of the bells of the Alpine cows reached our ear, stretched the deep blue vault of heaven, with promise of fair weather for some time to come. In order to escape from the unrest of tourists and summer visitors coming and going, I betook myself every day to a shady spot in a plantation of young firs, where the delicious stillness was broken only by the murmur of a stream hard by. There I was wont to lie for hours in dreamy meditation, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

We had been for about a week amid these delightful scenes. While I revelled

in the joys of idleness, my companion, a clever, promising young artist, was not equally inactive. The greater part of his time was spent in the little chapel of Our Lady of the Snow, so picturesquely situated on the Alpine heights. It was no pious fervor that took him there—since, I regret to say, for some time past he had given up the practice of his religion,—but devotion to art. His fancy had been taken by the simple beauty of the altarpiece—a representation of Our Lady of the Snow, the work of a Swiss painter of bygone days. Nothing would do but he must copy it.

Steps aroused me one afternoon from my repose. It was Charles who came up to my side.

"I have seen them again!" he said in rather an excited manner. "They are staying in the same hotel as ourselves."

"Whom do you mean?" I inquired languidly.

"Why, the two ladies, of course, whom we met a week ago on the Lake of Lucerne! Don't you remember it, old man?"

Yes, to be sure. I had almost forgotten the incident in question. My friend evidently had a better memory than I had. When reminded by him, I remembered that one splendid but rather stormy day we went on board the little steamer *Helvetia* at Lucerne to go to Flüelen, intending thence to travel by the St. Gothard and Rigi railway to "Klösterli," our destination.

Beside us, on the deck of the boat, sat two ladies, their likeness to each other proclaiming them to be sisters. The elder of the two might have been about thirty; her pale features bore the unmistakable trace of great trial and suffering. On her knees she held a vivacious youngster some five or six years old, who apparently found great satisfaction in trying to catch in his chubby hands the spray that dashed over the bulwarks. The younger lady,

of slight build and pleasing appearance sat somewhat aside.

Suddenly a gust of wind carried away the restless urchin's straw hat; my friend sprang up and contrived to secure it before it was swept into the waves. The boy's mother was profuse in her thanks; the younger lady also bowed politely, thus affording us an opportunity of remarking what fine eyes she had.

There was no time to engage in conversation with our travelling companions; for almost immediately the *Helvetia* stopped at the landing-place at Brunnen, where they went ashore. My friend looked after them with undisguised interest until they were lost to sight in the crowd. I did not suspect that any deeper feeling actuated him than an artist's admiration of a fair face.

It was not long before we renewed our acquaintance, slight as it was, with the ladies. The fact that we were all inmates of the same hotel, where, as a matter of course, we met frequently, was naturally conducive to our friendship; and very soon there sprang up between us that pleasant intimacy which often exists between persons thrown together for a short time at a distance from home. We learned many particulars concerning the circumstances and family relationships of our new acquaintances.

They hailed from a large town in the south of Germany, where their father, long since dead, was a merchant. The elder lady, Mrs. Lucy Helldorf, had been a widow three years. On the death of her husband, an architect in good employ, she was left with the charge of five young children. This was not her only trouble. Her health had begun to fail: a hard, dry cough revealed to a practised ear the nature of her malady.

Fortunately for Mrs. Helldorf, she had in her sister Marietta, who was some eight years her junior, the kindest

companion and helper. Short as was our acquaintance with them, we soon perceived that with self-sacrificing generosity she devoted her life to her sorely-trying sister, caring tenderly for her, reading to her, endeavoring to divert her from melancholy thoughts and alleviate her sufferings by conversation. And all these and other services, great and small, were rendered with such invariable kindness and cheerfulness that we could easily perceive that she made it the one object of her life to smooth her sister's path as much as possible.

Charles' artistic training had made him a close observer of men and things. Attracted in the first instance by Marietta's personal charms, his liking for her was deepened into love when he discovered that her charms were not merely external. I could not fail to remark his growing attachment to her, enhanced as it was by her sympathetic interest in his work, and her intelligent appreciation of his sketches and studies. Especially did she interest herself in his copy of the Madonna in the little sanctuary, whither, as a pious Catholic, she often went to pray. She congratulated him warmly on the fidelity where-with he reproduced it on his canvas.

I, too, although in another way, felt the beneficial influence of this girl's society; and when I noticed her heightened color and bright look when my friend made his appearance, I could not do otherwise than desire and pray that these two fine characters might be united. I also hoped that intercourse with her might have a favorable effect on Charles, and induce him to return to the faith and practice of his earlier days.

At the end of three weeks, my furlough being out, I was obliged to take leave of the friends whose society I had so much enjoyed. On bidding Charles good-bye, I said, in a marked manner, that I wished him success.

When I added jestingly that I wondered at his choosing a "church-goer" for his betrothed, he looked me full in the face gravely, almost sternly, as he replied:

"You know as well as any one that I never scoffed at any one's religious beliefs. On the contrary, I have always esteemed and respected those who are able to pray with heart and soul. An unchristian education deprived me of that power. Perhaps I may regain it some day."

Thus we bade each other farewell. A fortnight later I received the following telegram from Lucerne:

"This evening I go by the St. Gothard railway to Rome. I will write from there. Charles."

I shook my head as I read the message. It boded no good. I had not long to wait for further intelligence. Unfortunately, my forebodings were correct.

Shortly before the departure of the two ladies, my friend availed himself of a moment when he was alone with Marietta to acquaint her with his feelings and beg for her hand. With tears in her eyes, she acknowledged that she cherished toward him sentiments of more than mere friendship, yet she could not accept his offer. God required of her complete self-renunciation, in order that nothing might interfere with her devoting herself entirely to her sister, now in failing health and burdened with cares. She then told him more explicitly the troubles which were laid upon her sister. Mr. Helldorf had speculated in rather a risky manner, and lost large sums in that way, so that at his death his widow found herself in very straitened circumstances.

"Marietta," my friend concluded, "told me plainly that were she to abandon her sister now, it would be her death. She considered it her vocation, the business of her life, to nurse the invalid and be a second mother to her fatherless children. It grieved her

deeply, she said, to have, although unwittingly and unwillingly, cast a shadow on my path of happiness. She hoped I would always think kindly of her, but she must beg me to promise never to make any further effort to see her. Can I possibly be angry with her for such heroic self-sacrifice? Would that I could rise to so sublime a height of virtue! At present I am far from it. Do not think me unkind if you do not hear again from me for a long time. My wound must be healed in solitude."

One year, two years passed without my receiving more than the briefest intelligence concerning my friend. He was then living in Rome, quite alone, avoiding all social intercourse, even the companionship of the German artists residing there. Nor had I of late heard anything of Mrs. Helldorf and Marietta, although for some months after our parting we had now and again exchanged some words of greeting on a picture card. I myself had been somewhat of a wanderer, moving from place to place for the completion of my studies; consequently my correspondence even with old friends had been almost at a standstill. On this account I was all the more glad when, my studies being ended, I could again set my face in the direction of my childhood's home.

As my way led me through St. Gallen and Zurich, something prompted me to break my journey there, and, for the sake of reviving the pleasant memories associated with that spot, allow myself a brief holiday at pleasant "Klösterli."

On arriving, after a few hours' rest, I betook myself to the beloved little sanctuary of Our Lady of the Snow. The chapel was almost dark; there was only one person there beside myself. A lady dressed in deep mourning was kneeling before the altar, absorbed in silent prayer. As she rose and turned to leave the chapel, I caught sight of her

face. It was Mrs. Helldorf, Marietta's sister. A feeling of apprehension came over me; I longed, yet feared, to speak. As soon as she had crossed the threshold I addressed her. She grasped my hand convulsively, and with streaming eyes uttered the one word: "*Marietta!*" That told me all. I knew for whom she wore mourning. Marietta was dead.

Yes, so it was. Pneumonia, following upon a severe attack of influenza, had cut short her life of self-sacrifice, of devotion to duty. Apprised of her danger, she carefully prepared for death, and yielded up her soul to God with touching resignation. From the beginning of her illness Charles' name never passed her lips; but oftentimes her eyes rested wistfully, sorrowfully, on the magnificent copy of Our Lady of the Snow which he had sent her, as a parting gift, from Rome. On receiving the notice of her death, Charles had sent a few touching words in reply, expressing his profound grief and sincere sympathy.

Of her own grief at the loss of one who was to her more than a sister, Mrs. Helldorf said nothing. The interest her tale had for me did not prevent me from being struck with the improvement in her appearance. When I asked her how she was, she answered:

"Thank God, my health is very much better! I can almost say that I am well. The air of this place, where I have been several times, and a long 'cure' at Davos, have strengthened my lungs wonderfully. The doctors promised me complete restoration if I could but reside permanently in a high latitude. Fortunately for me, just at this juncture a distant relative, the parish priest of a village among the mountains, sheltered by forests, asked me to go and keep house for him in the place of his sister, who died recently. In return for my services, he says he will willingly superintend the education of my children and assist me in placing them out in the world. Thus God in His mercy

has lifted this care from my shoulders, owing, I fully believe, to the prayers of my dear sister, who has not ceased, when parted from me, to intercede on my behalf."

After three days I proceeded on my journey, but not before we had sent some words of greeting to my friend—our common friend—on the banks of the Tiber. Soon after my return home I received from him the following letter:

MY DEAR FELLOW:—Many thanks for your kind sympathy! My heart still bleeds, but I am not sorrowful even as others who have no hope. For on Marietta's grave a sweet flower has sprung up for the solace of my soul,—the flower of Christian faith. You will, I am sure, rejoice with me when I tell you that I have once more learned to pray. The remembrance of the unassuming piety, the unostentatious heroism of the beloved one who has gone from us, and doubtless her intercession on my behalf, have awakened in me the beliefs my mother taught me, recalled to mind the prayers I used to repeat with folded hands kneeling beside her.

Last Easter, for the first time after many, many years, I approached the sacraments in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, or as it is also called *Sancta Maria ad Nives*. In that splendid basilica is the original of the altarpiece in the little chapel on the Rigi, which an ancient tradition asserts to be the work of St. Luke. I have become very grave, dear old friend: my former light-heartedness has forsaken me. But I now take great pleasure in my work, and my mind is at peace.

Next spring I shall most probably leave Rome, and enter on my homeward journey. I long to see the Alps once more, and to visit Marietta's grave, not to speak of the pleasure of seeing you again. Farewell until we meet!

Yours ever,

CHARLES.

Missus Gabriel de Cœlis.*

I.

GABRIEL, from the heavens descending,
 On the faithful Word attending,
 Is in holy converse blending
 With the Virgin full of grace;
 Good and sweet that word he plighteth
 In the bosom where it lighteth,
 And for *Eva*, *Ave* writeth,
 Changing *Eva*'s name and race.

II.

At the promise that he sendeth
 God the Incarnate Word descendeth;
 Yet no carnal touch offendeth
 Her, the undefiled One.
 She, without a father, beareth,
 She no bridal union shareth,
 And a painless birth declareth
 That she bare the Royal Son.

III.

Tale that wondering search entices!
 But believe,—and that suffices;
 It is not for man's devices
 Here to pry with gaze unmeet.
 High the sign, its place assuming
 In the bush, the unconsuming;
 Mortal, veil thine eyes presuming,
 Loose thy shoes from off thy feet.

IV.

As the rod, by wondrous power,
 Moistened not by dew or shower,
 Bare the almond and the flower,
 Thus He came, the Virgin's Fruit.
 Hail the Fruit, O world, with gladness!
 Fruit of joy and not of sadness:
 Adam had not lapsed to madness
 Had he tasted of its shoot.

V.

Jesus, kind above all other,
 Gentle Child of gentle Mother,
 In the stable born our Brother,
 Whom angelic hosts adore:
 He, once cradled in a manger,
 Heal our sin and calm our danger;
 For our life, to this world stranger,
 Is in peril evermore.

Amen.

* A sequence by Adam of St. Victor, who, according to the famous English hymnologist, Dr. Neale, was the greatest of Latin poets, not only of mediæval, but of all ages. This composition was not known to be the work of Adam of St. Victor until M. Gautier established its authorship. The translation is by Dr. Neale, but it is not contained in all editions of his "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences."

Mother Catherine Aurélie Caouette.*

WHEN, in his progress through Italy, the Catholic tourist arrives at Bologna, one of the first objects of interests which attract his devout attention is the convent founded by St. Catherine, in which repose the mortal remains of her who united the mind of a man to the heart and soul of a woman. It is the same at Siena, where another St. Catherine commands the love and reverence of the descendants of the people among whom she lived and labored; and in a lesser degree at Alexandria, in whose ancient halls once studied and expounded the noble patroness of Christian philosophers.

And now comes another Catherine, a claimant to devotional honors, and one to whom they will, we doubt not, be granted, whenever the wisdom of the Church ratifies the claims to wonderful sanctity which her friends and associates have long accorded her,—Mother Catherine Aurélie, foundress of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, of St. Hyacinthe, Canada. There, on the 11th of July, 1833, she was born; there she dwelt all the days of her life, save when she was travelling from place to place in the interests of the God whom she served; and there she died on the 6th of July of the present year.

God is slow with His saints; it is to His greater glory and theirs that the sanctity of their lives should be proven by the lapse of time, which brings things to their proper focus; and in this case there will be no exception. Nevertheless, it may be confidently predicted that, at the proper time, detached from the legends already surrounding it, the Life of the holy foundress of the Adorers of the Precious Blood will add another—perhaps more wonderful than any that have gone before—to the list

* *La Semaine Religieuse* (Montreal), *Le Rosaire* (St. Hyacinthe), and other sources.

of the saints of North America. The purpose of this article is simply to trace the outlines of Mother Catherine's life; to indicate what admirable virtues adorned her soul; but principally to show how fruitful of salvation to others have been the good works undertaken and realized by her during the past fifty years.

As has already been stated, Aurélie Caouette was born at St. Hyacinthe, on the 11th of July, 1833. She was baptized the same day by M. l'Abbé E. Durochers, in the parish church of Our Lady of the Rosary. She was still very young when her parents placed her in the convent in her native city, at that time under the control of the Congrégation de Notre-Dame de Montreal.

Not long after her entrance there, she made her First Communion. It is a well-known fact that the vocation of many saintly souls dates from that important day. We have not been told whether such was the case with Aurélie Caouette; but we may presume to believe that on that great occasion an intimacy real and fervent was established between the Creator and the pure white soul which was to dedicate itself entirely to Him in the future, and especially in devotion to the Eucharist. There can be no doubt that the first reception of the Body and Blood of Christ made an enduring impression on the young heart.

Endowed with more than ordinary intellect, Aurélie soon held first rank among the pupils of the boarding-school. Yet she took no pride in these triumphs; for her cheerfulness, unselfishness, and amiability left no room for that root of all evils. And, strange to relate, her companions felt no jealousy of the talents with which she had been gifted; they did not envy, but only admired and loved her.

Her demeanor was characterized by great modesty. Egotism and affecta-

tion were strangers to her. She had an instinctive horror of everything that might draw attention to herself. Simplicity was always the keynote of her temperament,—to such an extent that those who did not know her were apt to consider her a person of very ordinary piety.

The years rolled by swiftly and rapidly in her convent home, till at last the day arrived when Aurélie was obliged to bid adieu to her companions and teachers. It was in the month of July, 1850. She was just seventeen.

Gifted with an exquisite sensibility and lively imagination, Aurélie very soon divined that for her the world was a stumbling-block, a source of great danger. She therefore quietly began to impose upon herself mortifications and privations, small in themselves, but sufficient to establish the fact that her soul thirsted for penance and self-immolation. But all this went on silently. Outwardly nothing was changed in her conduct: her companions found her the same gay and lively comrade as before.

The hand of the Lord, however, had touched that brave, pure spirit, elevating it, transforming it; destroying in it naught that was natural and sensible, only consecrating and spiritualizing it. The less Aurélie grew to love the world, the better she loved her parents. She surrounded them with an atmosphere of affection, assisting them in every way; always cheerful, always eager to do her share, and more than her share, of the household tasks.

Her piety grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength. The greatest happiness of her life was to pass long hours before the Tabernacle. Every morning, unless hindered by indisposition or some imperative duty, she betook herself to the parish church to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. The days on which she received Holy Communion were to her veritable feasts.

She was gradually ascending the heights of sanctity and renunciation. In the valleys of worldliness and selfishness her soul would have been ill at ease. Simple, sincere, happy, unobtrusive, her days passed in kind service to those about her,—she was still a soul apart.

The limits of this article will not permit of the recapitulation of the gradual progress of this favored soul in the remarkable sanctity which was a preparation for the work to which she was destined. She had long discarded all worldly vanities—such as amusements, associations, and modish dress,—when, on August 30, 1854, the Feast of St. Rose of Lima, in the church of Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Hyacinthe, she received the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

As she already had a great devotion to the Precious Blood of Jesus, and wished to see founded an institute whose object would be to increase this devotion among people in the world, her confessor, a Dominican, who received her into the Order, gave her, as a Tertiary, the name of the famous apostle of the Precious Blood, St. Catherine of Siena.

After several years of delay, the foundation of the Sisters of the Precious Blood of Canada was made on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14, 1861. Mother Catherine Aurélie and three devoted companions were the first members of this Order of Reparation, engaging themselves to spend their lives in glorifying the Precious Blood.

The late Monsignor Joseph Larocque, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, was devoted heart and soul to the new foundation, which had its first home under the paternal roof of Mother Catherine. This house soon became too small for the increasing numbers of the community, and an abode more fitting was found for these chosen daughters of the Cross.

It will not be amiss at this point to

explain the object and mission of the Order, for the benefit of those to whom they are not familiar. To begin, it has for its motto *Sitio*,—"I thirst,"—words that sank deep into the heart of Mother Catherine, as she knelt day after day, and night after night, before the altar of her parish church, while God was entering her soul to make the desire of her heart the echo of that cry, "I thirst!" Who thirsts? Almighty God, for the souls of those who neglect Him, who deny Him, who have abandoned Him. It is to atone for this neglect, this contempt, this indifference, this abandonment, that the Religious Adorers of the Precious Blood give their lives to adoration, reparation, mortification, and abstinence.

Their food is of the simplest, their privations many. They are cloistered, as becomes those devoted to perpetual prayer. It is their duty to make reparation each night for the sins committed every day throughout the world. Therefore the community rise at midnight to spend an hour in prayer. They maintain a perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament; and the manual labor, which is shared by all, is performed with this intention. The Sisters spend the time not employed in prayer in making vestments and altar linens. In this way they support themselves.

They are also instrumental in propagating devotion to the Precious Blood among persons outside the cloister, through means of the Confraternity established and affiliated with that at Rome, and enriched with numerous indulgences.

The religious tree planted by Mother Catherine in 1861 has put forth many branches, several in Canada and some in the United States. This contemplative Order now brings peace and benediction to the cities of Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, Nicolet, Portland (Oregon), Manchester, Brooklyn, and even as far

as Havana. It was approved by the Holy See in 1895.

To return to Mother Catherine. As early as 1868 her sanctity was spoken of by Père Chocarne, the author of "The Inner Life of Lacordaire," himself a holy and famous Dominican. At that period he visited Canada, made her acquaintance, and wrote subsequently concerning her, in a letter, as follows:

"I shall not recount to you all that has been said of the virtues of the Mother Superior and the extraordinary graces with which she has been favored, because, in the first place, one can never regard this kind of gifts with too much discretion, above all when living persons are concerned; and because, moreover, I do not wish to put myself in bad odor *with this true friend of the good God.*"

Mother Catherine united in herself two characters which are rarely combined, besides possessing a temperament which is not usually found among contemplative souls. Serene they may—nay, must be, if their holiness is sincere,—yet they are seldom of a lively disposition. Mother Catherine possessed the virtue of cheerfulness in a degree which amounted to vivacity. Her greatest joy was to lose herself before the crucified image of her God upon the altar, but she was eminently practical in every detail of daily life.

While the tone of her writings is that of one absorbed, dissolved in God, reminding one of the mysticism of St. Teresa, she did not hold herself aloof from the little things which make up the sum of existence in this world. Keen, alert, matter-of-fact, kindly, generous, sympathetic, she was endowed with the faculty of making her own every burthen that was brought to her, of understanding and solacing every woe and trial, of penetrating every deception, and reading, by the light of heavenly illumination, the miserable subterfuges of hypocrisy.

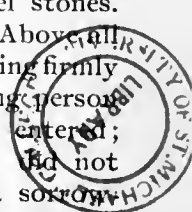
No one ever approached her without feeling that, by her gentle attention, her sympathy and her prayers, she had lifted the cloud that had darkened the troubled heart and soul. No one ever sought to deceive or impose upon her who did not leave her presence mortified and ashamed,—let us hope with a good seed ready to take root and grow in soil long choked and stifled by the tares of wickedness.

She had the zeal of an apostle united with the rarest discretion. Opposition never terrified her: she was gifted with an indomitable perseverance. Her soul seemed literally to radiate torrents of love for the Almighty, illumining and inspiring with that same love all those with whom she came in contact. Ungrateful and unworthy indeed would be the daughters whose souls did not respond to the holy ardor of such a mother.

She had a most beautiful spirit of Christian forgiveness. Sensitive to a remarkable degree, and often the object of misunderstanding and even persecution, she was always ready to pardon injuries, and that without a particle of bitterness.

Many instances are related of her prophetic insight. We shall give only a couple of examples.

A young girl, about to enter a religious community, came to her for her blessing. The eyes of Mother Catherine, gazing thoughtfully in front of her, as of one penetrating the future, at length turned to the young girl awaiting her benediction. "Poor child!" she exclaimed. "You will have need of graces and courage. Your cross will be heavy; your path to Calvary full of thorns, brambles, and cruel stones. My soul is oppressed for you. Above all things, when that day comes cling firmly to Jesus Crucified." The young person left the community she had entered; sought another, in which she did not remain; and thereafter led a sorrow-



ful existence, full of misery and regrets.

A religious who is now a valued member of the Order of the Precious Blood was, at the age of twelve, a pupil in a convent, the teachers and scholars of which had been invited by Mother Catherine to attend the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the Feast of the Precious Blood. After the procession they were asked to visit the garden of the monastery where they laughed and chatted until interrupted by the Angelus bell. The pupil above mentioned, after the last prayer was finished, observing some persons near engaged in conversation, wandered, with the natural curiosity of a lively child, in their direction. They proved to be Mother Catherine and the directress of the visiting children.

"Well, Mother Catherine," said the mistress, "do you see any future novices for the Precious Blood among these young girls?"—at the same time designating the circle of larger young ladies by a wave of her hand.

Mother Catherine's penetrating eye ran up and down the ranks, finally resting outside of them on the lively creature, who least of all there assembled seemed likely to become a religious of any kind, much less one of so austere and contemplative an Order as that of the Precious Blood.

"Yes: *that* one," she answered.

And as the words passed her lips, it is safe to say her reputation for prophecy was not increased among that bevy of girls. The little girl herself must have made a gesture of incredulity, judging from what follows.

Like a child, she soon forgot all about it; and it was recalled to her mind only years afterward, when she had made her choice, as predicted, and entered the Order. When it recurred to her, she inquired of the venerable foundress if she remembered the circumstance. "Yes, perfectly," was the reply,— "even to the way in which you were

dressed, and the ridiculous gesture you made when I said it."

After a pilgrimage of more than seventy years, the latter portion of which was still further sanctified by an illness, borne most patiently and heroically, Mother Catherine gave up her pure soul to God on the 6th of July of the present year, 1905.

During the last weeks of her life she asked that the word *Sitio* should be placed in large letters above her bed, which was done. During one of the visits of the chaplain, she pointed to this motto which had been the keystone of her saintly life. Thinking that the venerable sufferer desired a drink, he told the infirmarian to give her something to moisten her lips. But Mother Catherine at once made him understand that such was not her wish. Comprehending her real meaning, the chaplain said: "Yes, I understand. You have had a thirst for sacrifices all your life; a thirst for self-immolation, for the salvation of souls; a thirst for justice; and now you thirst for the sight of Our Lord."—"Only for patience and resignation," meekly replied the gentle sufferer, once more relapsing into the silence which was habitual to her.

When, at the beginning of her illness, the Sisters expressed their ardent desire that her life might be prolonged, she had but one reply: "Whatever is pleasing to God.—I am in His hands. His will is my will." During the last months of her life she observed an almost continual silence, keeping her hands joined. "Why, dear Mother," was said to her one day,— "why do you remain in so fatiguing a position?"—"I can do no more," she answered, "for the glory of the Precious Blood; but by this attitude I wish to tell Our Lord that I am constantly adoring the Precious Blood, that I wish constantly to repair the outrages which It receives, and that my intention is to pray uninterruptedly for souls."

She preserved her perfect clearness of mind to the end, and died while the chaplain and Sisters were saying, "Through Thy Most Precious Blood, O Jesus, mercy!" It is said that many favors have already been granted through her intercession. Her Life, in its entirety, has yet to be written. We are satisfied that when the day comes, her memory will have stood the test of time, and that the revelations of the extraordinary sanctity with which she has been credited will be augmented a hundredfold.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XLI.—(Continued.)

EBEN KNOX made a movement as if he would have struck his antagonist; but he restrained himself, licking his lips with a tongue that felt dry and parched, and fumbling at his collar as if the passion which consumed him bid fair to produce suffocation.

"You dare to speak in this way," he exclaimed at last in a voice which was hoarse and unnatural, "because you suppose yourself safe in possession of the papers. But remember that I am aware of their contents and of the whole history of the events there recorded. You can't muzzle my tongue; and I can produce witnesses to testify to the truth of my statements, unless you make it worth my while to maintain secrecy."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Jim Bretherton, losing his temper. "How dare you make such a proposition to me? Do you suppose I have come here to enter into collusion with you or to have a share in your villainy?"

Eben Knox's jaw dropped, and he stood staring at the speaker as if he were striving to fathom his meaning; while the younger man strove hard

to master his indignation and regain the control of his temper which he had momentarily lost. He resembled nothing so much as a thoroughbred mastiff held in leash, and chafing and fretting that he could not spring at an ignoble prey.

"I am trying to remember," observed Bretherton at last, "that this is mainly a matter of business, that what you say is immaterial, and that your base insinuations can only recoil upon yourself. Apparently, you can not even understand the feelings of an honest man."

The rage and hatred in the eyes of Knox as he gazed upon the man who had in every respect so unquestioned an advantage over him, were intensified by every word that was spoken.

"How the law will regard your share in this nefarious business, I do not know,—nor do I very much care, since I am no police officer. My sole business with you is to obtain such additional information as may enable my father and myself to right the wrongs to which we have been unwillingly a party."

"To right wrongs!" echoed Eben Knox, in his amazement and consternation. "Why, you don't mean to say that you are going to rake up that ugly affair which I and some others have kept secret all these years out of consideration for your family?"

"My family can take care of itself," answered Bretherton. "I am certainly going to rake up, as you say, this affair in so far as will be necessary to restore her inheritance to a woman who has been defrauded, and his liberty to an innocent man."

"But the man may be dead," Eben Knox suggested, looking down with an inscrutable expression at the desk before him.

"He is living and you know it!" said Bretherton, partly at a venture.

"Well, he's at liberty, anyhow. He has served his twenty years."

"Good heavens!" cried Bretherton. "To think of the poor wretch suffering all those years for another man's act! It is infamous!"

"Your late uncle was of another opinion," observed Eben Knox, with a sardonic laugh. "Twenty years of another man's liberty seemed but a small price to pay for his security."

That was, in truth, the bitter, galling thought which for a moment reduced the brave-hearted young man to silence. It was his uncle, of the same name which his father and generations before him had borne so honorably, who had done this thing,—his uncle, whom he had loved and admired in boyhood! Painful as was the test, however, the principle of inflexible justice which was so strong within him never permitted him to swerve from the determination to right every wrong.

"And as for the woman," remarked Eben Knox, slowly, "it will be hard to find her after all these years."

"I know where to find her," said Bretherton, quietly.

"You know where to find Janet Maxwell?"

"I do, and I will take immediate steps to put her in possession of her rights."

Jesse Craft, who was following the thread of the discourse with unabated interest, here uttered an exclamation under his breath:

"Janet Maxwell! Geewhillikins!"

"As I have said," continued Bretherton, "I am only anxious to obtain the fullest information possible, in order that justice may be done."

"Better apply to your friend, Miss Tabitha Brown. She had a finger in the pie."

"Leave her out of the question!" cried young Mr. Bretherton, sternly. "That is another piece of your rascality,—trying to frighten a woman, and an old one at that. This matter can be dealt with by men. The best reparation you can make for the past

is to aid us in our endeavors. Should you decline to do so, we shall proceed without you, and have the matter thoroughly sifted. For I warn you, Mr. Knox, that this reparation must be made at any cost."

The glare in Eben Knox's cavernous eyes became almost that of madness. The simple honesty of the man before him disconcerted him as nothing else could have done, and set his schemes far more completely at naught than the most intricate web of falsehood. He would like to have poured out a torrent of invectives, to utter the fierce imprecations and maledictions which rushed into his mind. Their very futility infuriated him, as he looked into the calm, strong countenance of his opponent, and marked the carelessness of his attitude. His youth and strength, his very integrity, rendered him absolutely fearless.

A sudden, murderous instinct came upon Eben Knox. It was his last chance. They were alone,—there was no one to say that young Mr. Bretherton's fall had not been accidental. The fancied wrongs of years, the bitter jealousy and hatred, his futile love for Leonora, which he now realized was hopeless forever, goaded him on to that one act which might still leave grounds for hope. He braced himself for a spring. Robust, muscular, treacherous, and with a frantic strength which seemed like madness, he suddenly hurled himself upon his unsuspecting rival, striving to push him backward into the open hatchway. Taken altogether by surprise, even the young man's vigorous frame was not proof against the shock. He reeled, wavered, and, pressed by his furious assailant, would have fallen three stories into the cellar, but for the prompt action of Lord Aylward.

With a view to keeping out of earshot while still keeping an eye upon the contending parties, the Englishman had taken up a position at the outer edge

of the bales. By a hurried rush, he was therefore enabled to reach his friend and catch him with one hand, while with the other he dealt the manager so powerful a blow that it was his turn to stagger back.

At the same moment Jesse Craft raised a shout of:

"Hooray for the Britisher! Down with pizon snakes!"—while he hobbled to the spot from his hiding-place behind the bales as quickly as his rheumatic joints would permit.

Jim Bretherton regained his equilibrium in an instant, a shade paler—as may well happen to a man, who has barely escaped an almost certain death,—but otherwise undisturbed. He looked at Eben Knox as one might observe a noxious reptile, wondering of what species he might be; while he strove to subdue the anger which arose in him and urged him to chastise his treacherous and malignant foe.

The manager, panting, glaring, stood leaning against the desk, with the strongest possible resemblance to a foiled wild beast. His last card had been played. His attempt upon Bretherton's life had failed like all the rest, and, as he now discovered, had been made in the presence of hostile witnesses.

For some minutes there was dead silence, broken only by the monotonous whir of the machinery. It was a curious silence, vibrant with intense emotion. That act in the drama, so nearly tragic, had passed apparently unnoticed by the mill hands, who continued stolidly at their work before the looms. Even Dave Morse had been unable to absent himself from his post sufficiently to approach the scene of what he had believed might be a contest.

Jim Bretherton won in those few moments a hard-fought battle, and the generosity of his nature permitted him to feel something like pity for the wretched being before him. When he spoke it was to say:

"It is fortunate for you, Mr. Knox, that there have been no other witnesses to this affair than Lord Aylward and Mr. Craft, who were here without my knowledge, and who will, I am sure, respect my desire for secrecy."

He looked pointedly at Jesse Craft as he uttered the last words, and the latter responded genially:

"If mum's the word consarning the serpent and his doings, including an attempt at murder, Jesse Craft can hold his tongue with the best."

"Thanks!" replied Bretherton, turning again to address the manager, who still remained rigid and motionless, his cavernous eyes staring straight before him, his breath coming short and sharp.

"I am willing to overlook your rash attempt upon my life, and shall certainly make no charge against you," declared Bretherton. "But I advise you to be more careful in future, or you may not always escape with impunity. As to the subject of our conversation, make public what you please, act as you think proper. Whether you assist us or not, my father and I will find means to compensate, as far as we can, the unfortunate prisoner, and to do justice to Evrard Lennon's wife."

"That is a matter upon which *I* can say a word or two," interposed Jesse Craft, "and make it clear to all consarned that Janet Maxwell has no legal claim to Evrard Lennon's belongings. But that story will keep for another time."

Bretherton cast a look of astonished inquiry at the old man, while this utterance dealt the final blow to Eben Knox. Even his desire to inflict financial injury upon this Bretherton, whom he hated most of all that hated race, bade fair to be likewise foiled. If this old man spoke the truth, Knox had been nursing one more fallacious hope,—that was all.

He stood still, in a stony stillness, as

of one stricken by catalepsy, an awful expression upon his face and in his whole attitude. It was as if some one had legibly written above his head, "Vengeance is Mine, and *I* will repay." The ruin of a life, with its plots and counterplots, its hopes and aspirations, its despairing love and its fierce hate, was imaged there as by the work of a sculptor.

There was something impressive and awe-inspiring in the sight. It wrought upon the three spectators, who silently, with a touch of pity stirring in their hearts, turned and went down the stairs. They left Eben Knox, with the whirl of the machinery sounding in his heedless ears, and breaking the stillness of the frosty sunshine. The radiance of that sunshine stole in through the window, encompassing that sinister, solitary figure, even as God's mercy encircles saint and sinner.

(To be continued.)

A Once Famous Shrine.

IN the beautiful days of Faith, when men were not ashamed to ascribe the blessings they received to the favor of Heaven, and believed in God's willingness to answer prayer, there arose in the shire of Norfolk, near the sea, a shrine to the Blessed Virgin, called Our Lady of Walsingham. It was founded in 1061 by a pious dame, the widow of Sir Ricoldie de Faverched; and was an imitation of the Santa Casa at Nazareth, the home of Christ's Mother.

After the Moslem conquest of Nazareth, the Crusaders transferred their devotion to this shrine of Our Lady in England, and it became a celebrated place of pilgrimage. Many believed that the Mohammedans had so desecrated her shrine that Our Lady had deserted her old home and come to regard the English shrine with especial friendship.

Beside the chapel arose a magnifi-

cent priory founded by Geoffrey de Faverched, and given to the monks of the Order of St. Augustine; and in 1420 a large church was added to this group of buildings. Erasmus mentions this church in his "Colloquy upon Pilgrimages," saying that it is splendid and beautiful; and of Our Lady's shrine he observes: "It is built of wood, and pilgrims are admitted through a narrow door at each side. There is little or no light in it but what proceeds from wax tapers, yielding a most pleasant and odoriferous smell; but if you look in, you will say it is the seat of the gods, so bright and shining as it is all over with jewels, gold and silver."

Many were the gifts to Our Lady's treasury, and votive offerings were received from those who vowed a pilgrimage to her shrine in the hope of gaining some dear wish of their hearts. In 1369 one Lord Burghersh left money in his last will and testament for the making of a silver statue of himself (with truly masculine modesty) to be offered to Our Lady of Walsingham. King Henry III. made a similar offering,—an effigy of himself kneeling upon a table with "a brode border, and in the same graven and written with large letters, blake enameled, these wordes: Santa Thoma, intercede pro me." Henry III., Edward I. and Edward II. made the pilgrimage to Walsingham. Henry VIII. walked thither from Barsham barefooted. Henry's most unhappy wife, Catherine of Aragon, dying, committed her soul to the "gentle hands of our most sweet Lady of Walsingham"; and also left two hundred nobles to be given in charity to pilgrims to the shrine.

One of the miracles related as having been performed there was that of a knight, a devotee of Our Lady, who sought sanctuary at the shrine, his enemies pursuing and overtaking him just as he reached the door of the chapel. This entrance was so low that a man must stoop his head to enter;

and the knight, mounted upon horse-back, gave himself up for lost before the wicket. He cried to Our Lady to save him, as the pursuers rushed upon him; and lo! in an instant he felt himself transported through the air, all mounted as he was, and set down within the sanctuary.

At the quaint old "wishing wells," which suddenly gushed from the ground during the ceremony of consecrating the shrine, many miracles occurred. The Blessed Virgin granted to pilgrims the wishes made when quaffing this deliciously cool water, which was also considered efficacious for curing headache and other disorders. The common people considered that the Milky Way pointed to the shrine, calling it Walsingham Way; while the harebells which grew in quantities against the gray stones of the old walls were called "Lady Bells." The broad and footworn road which led by Norfolk lanes to the priory was called Walsingham Road, and in every town through which the pilgrims passed a mighty cross was erected. Some of these memorial crosses are still standing.

These pilgrimages of the Middle Ages were one of the most wonderful manifestations of the religious spirit of the time, and their fame has been celebrated in song and story. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote:

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And then I'll take my pilgrimage.

And the pilgrims as they wended their way through the lovely English vales must have been curious and interesting. Sir Walter Scott says:

With naked feet and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go.

And the long russet cloaks and broad hats, and surtouts embroidered with

scallop shell (from the shells used to drink from in Palestine), contrasted strangely with the fair brilliance of England's verdant landscape. Upon their hats the pilgrims wore tiny images of the saints whose shrines they had visited. In "Quentin Durward," Scott speaks of the hat of Louis XI. of France as being stuck full of silver images of the saints; and Chaucer says:

Then as manere and custom is, signs there they brought,
For men of contre shoulde knowe whome they had sought;
Eche man set his silver in such thing as they liked,
And in ye meenwhile ye millar had y-picked
His bosom full of signs of Cantherbury brochis;
They set their signes upon their hedes, and some upon their capp,
And sith to ye dinner ward they gan for to stapp.

The rosary upon the left arm, a water flask at the back, and a food-pouch in front, completed the costumes of the pilgrims who thronged the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham.

It was a terrible blow to the good people of Norfolk when the vandal and apostate Henry VIII. despoiled this beautiful shrine. Of this unhappy event an old chronicler writes: "It would have made a heart of flint to have melted and wept to have seen the breaking up of the house and the sorrowful departure of the monks." A poet of the day wrote, under the title "The Lament for Walsingham":

Bitter, bitter oh to behoulde,
The grasse to growe
Where the walls of Walsingham
So stately did shewe!

Oules do serike where the sweetest himmes
Lately were songe,
Toades and serpents hold their dennes
Where palmers did throng.

Weepe, weepe, O Walsingham,
Where dayes are nightes,
Blessings turned to blasphemies,
Holy deedes to despites!

Sinne is where Our Ladye sate,
Heaven turnèd is to helle,
Sathan sitte where Our Lorde did swaye,—
Walsingham, O farewell!

Of all the sins upon his evil conscience, this one against Our Lady's shrine seems to have sat most heavily on the soul of the wanton King; and, dying, he left his soul in the keeping of Our Lady of Walsingham.

To-day there remains in the grounds of the present owners, the Lee-Warner family, only a portion of the east front of the priory church and a bit of the old refectory,—all that is left of the lovely scenes of Our Lady's "Holy Land of Blessed Walsingham."

M. F. N. R.

A Plea for the Religious Drama.

IN a paper contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* for October, Mr. B.W. Findon makes a fairly strong plea for the religious drama. He admits at the outset that 'until recently he never regarded Holy Writ as a hunting-ground for the playwright; but experience has shown that the religious drama is both a possible and, when treated in a reverent spirit and handled with artistic care, a valuable instrument for good.' The following extracts from Mr. Findon's paper will be suggestive to some readers, informative to others, and, as showing the trend of twentieth-century dramatic thought, of interest to all:

Performances such as the old morality-play "Everyman," or "Ben Hur," point to the fact that in the Bible and all that appertains to it we have a field of literature which, properly treated, could be made the means of winning to the side of dramatic art those who are now conscientiously opposed to the stage.... We are living in an age of materialism. In spite of churches and creeds, Indifference stalks with giant tread through the land. There are those who tacitly acknowledge a religious belief, but who make little or no outward profession of faith; while there are others so spiritually inclined that anything which is not associated with religion is devoid of attraction. Could the religious drama be made to appeal to these two opposing elements?...

In a rude, untutored manner the drama spread

itself among the people, and gradually the priesthood began to see in it a valuable medium for the diffusion of religious knowledge. Indeed, it appears from a MS. in the Harleian Library that one of the Popes was so convinced that it was a useful factor in instructing the people in the mysteries of the Christian faith, that he granted an indulgence of one thousand days to every person who attended in serious spirit the Miracle Plays at Chester during the Feast of Corpus Christi.

As to the extent to which he would personally wish to see the Bible used for dramatic purposes, and the safeguards he would advocate for the preservation of due reverence, the *Fortnightly* writer says:

The Passion Play of Oberammergau periodically attracts thousands of devout and curious sightseers to the little Bavarian village, and the Passion Play in Paris has been very favorably received. I do not advocate the introduction of the Trinity on our stage; and all I want to see removed are the present restrictions which forbid the dramatist to take from the pages of Holy Writ characters belonging to the earth, and scenes which, while compelling our pious admiration, are not essentially divine in their origin. Further, it might be made obligatory that all plays dealing with Biblical subjects should be written as poetical dramas, and that the censor should be strictly enjoined to sanction none but those conceived in the most reverent spirit; that it should be his duty to attend the dress rehearsal, so that he might veto any detail in the production which, in his opinion, was in the least degree open to the accusation of vulgarity or bad taste.

DOING one's duty by one's son too often implies merely food, lodging, clothes, and education supplied by the parents. Why, a public institution would give that! What the boy needed most was deep draughts of love; he needed to live in an atmosphere of sweet sympathy, counsel and trust. The parents should ever be an unfailing refuge, and constant resource and inspiration, not a mere larder or hotel or wardrobe, or school that furnishes these necessities free. The empty boast of mere parental duty is one of the dangers of modern society.

—W. G. Jordan.

Notes and Remarks.

Much as the average American Catholic resents any admixture of religion and politics, and dislikes to see the clergy unduly prominent in political contests, we feel sure our people everywhere were gratified over the action taken by the Archbishops of Cincinnati and Philadelphia during the recent municipal elections; and we are equally certain that it met with the cordial approval of American citizens generally. Mgr. Moeller's name figured prominently among the organizers of an association for the purpose of securing honest elections. The systematic and widespread violations of the election laws in Cincinnati, etc., rendered such action imperative, and the Archbishop felt in duty bound to help on the movement. An attempt to use religious prejudice as an instrument in fighting a political battle in Philadelphia was met with a protest from Archbishop Ryan so strong and so strikingly phrased that, as one newspaper remarked, it deserves a place among voters' classics. The action of neither prelate was criticised as interference in politics, but, on the contrary praised on all sides as the manly performance of duty. The issues of elections in the United States are political, not religious; but where false registration, illegal voting, tampering with the count and returns, and the use of money to corrupt the elections, are practised, it is plainly incumbent upon ministers of religion to inculcate civic virtues.

News comes from Turkey that the wholesale conversion of the Nestorians to Catholicism is progressing favorably; and this, despite the trials to which these people have been subjected. The *Bulletin of the Work of Oriental Schools* (French) quotes on the subject this passage from a letter written by a

missionary priest at Van: "All these returns to the faith are for us the cause of mingled joy and sorrow,—of joy, because we see that God is blessing our work; of sorrow, because we can not satisfy as we would wish the legitimate desires of these poor people who beseech us to procure for them in their different villages the benefits of Christian instruction and education." It will be noticed that this missionary does not confound intellectual enlightenment with the broader training of mind and morals. He speaks of instruction and education.

The *Bulletin* makes a forceful plea to its readers for special contributions, having for object the establishment, in each of these newly converted Nestorian villages, of a chapel-school. The re-entrance into the true fold of the followers of so old a heresy as that of Nestorius is as gratifying as it is notable, and we trust that the missionaries may receive adequate assistance in carrying on the good work.

One of the reverberating, and not uninteresting, echoes of the Russo-Japanese war is the tribute paid to Catholic foreign missionaries by Baron de Binder Kriegelstein, who went through the Manchuria campaign as correspondent of the *Kreuzzeitung*.

"The Catholic missionaries," writes the Baron, "are men of a faith so strong, of a sense of duty so conscientious, that one may without exaggeration qualify them as heroes compared with whom soldiers, however brave, are as inferior as earth to heaven.... I have observed them, these modest heroes, in Turkey, in India, in China, in South America; and I have never found a single one who did not measure up to the sublime exigencies of his vocation."

Commenting on the assertion that the Chinese become Christian converts from interested motives, in the hope of being protected and aided by the

missionaries, the German correspondent says: "This may be true as regards the English and American missions;...but it would be unjust to say the same thing about the Catholic missionaries and their recruits, particularly the French....When, at Mukden, two hundred Catholic natives were seized, and told to burn incense before the idols or else suffer death, there was not one among them who would abjure his faith; they all suffered heroically the tortures that preceded their death,—a clear proof that it was not in view of temporal advantages that they had embraced Catholicism."

We commented, several months ago, on the highly interesting treatise of the Spanish Jesuit, Father Ferreres, on "The Symptoms of Death as a Condition for Administering the Last Sacraments." A translation of this admirable monograph is appearing in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, from the current issue of which periodical we quote the following passages. They will prove as consolatory to many of the ordinary faithful as they will be useful to pastors of souls. Among the resolutions unanimously approved by the Academy of Saints Cosmas and Damian are these:

Before the appearance of putrefaction, no indication or combination of indications exists that will establish with absolute certainty the presence of death.

Generally, after twenty-four or twenty-six hours have elapsed from the so-called moment of death, the signs of mortification become unmistakable; and putrefactions appear more quickly during the summer.

As a general principle, Father Ferreres lays it down that, "in cases of sudden death, the period of latent life probably continues until mortification begins to manifest itself." After citing various authorities in support of his contention, he concludes with this paragraph from Professor Witz:

When the body appears to be dead, all indications lead us to believe that we have before us

but a lifeless clod,—and yet the helps of religion may still come mercifully to the aid of one who is actually living. Experience has confirmed the principle that, in cases of drowning, hanging, or death by lightning, *we must disregard all appearances, and act as if the subject were still alive.*

On the whole, it would seem not only permissible, but eminently advisable, to administer conditional absolution even in the case of persons who have been, apparently, dead for some time. "The sacraments are for man"; and since the period of latent life, still subsisting after apparent death, is undetermined, and possibly indeterminable, the stricken Catholic should receive the benefit of every doubt.

Whether by accident or design, the old "total depravity" hymn,

Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all,

is omitted in the "New Methodist Hymnal" prepared for the use of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the "Methodist Church, South." (A great split was made in this denomination during the Civil War, and it still remains unhealed.) Commenting on the omission of the old hymn, familiar to all pious Methodists of the last generation, a magazinist observes: "The next thirty or forty years will so accustom the great church laity to new forms of thought that many of the most popular hymns of to-day will become intolerable." And yet the hymnology of the Methodists represents their doctrinal teaching.

Few things are more gratifying to a Catholic editor than to see his suggestions acted upon, to have even one of his pet plans put into execution, and to watch the results. We have often wondered, and more than once expressed our wonder, why the clergy in country districts do not utilize the newspapers as a means of communi-

cation with Catholics whom they are able to visit only at rare intervals, and for the purpose of enlightening non-Catholics, so many of whom sit in utter darkness in regard to the message of the Church. We are more pleased than we can express to learn from the *Missionary* that this idea has been taken up by a zealous priest somewhere in Ohio. "He has had a conference with one of the editors of the weekly county paper, and an arrangement has been made whereby the paper sells him ten inches of space in each issue at its regular advertising rates or \$40 a year. This is his to use as he desires. He proposes to print each week some pointed statements of Catholic doctrine, giving them a human interest, so that they will be eagerly read; and he hopes through the fifty weeks of the year to get before the farmers a very full exposition of the Church's doctrine and policy."

Of course we entirely agree with the editor of the *Missionary* that there are unlimited possibilities in this plan, if properly executed; and we shall watch its workings with eager interest. To any one disposed to follow the example of the Ohio priest yet doubtful whether other country editors would be willing to accord such a privilege for so small a consideration, we have only to say, Make the proposal.

A striking commentary on the position of the Head of Christendom in his own diocese, and the force of his appeals for freedom and independence, is offered by the following paragraph from the Rome correspondence of the *Tablet*:

If a bishop in any part of the British Empire wished to make changes in the parochial divisions of his diocese, he would be guided by his own discretion and by the Canon Law, and then proceed to carry out his plan. The Bishop of Rome, in the year of grace 1905, does not find things so easy. Many months ago his Holiness issued Bulls suppressing two Roman parishes and creating two new ones, but it was only on

last Friday morning [Oct. 20] that the Roman newspapers were able to publish the following wonderful announcement: "Publication has been made of the royal assent to the Pontifical Bull abolishing the two parishes of S. Tommaso in Parione and S. Lucia del Gonfalone; and creating in their stead, with the same rights and the same revenues, two new parishes,—one, of the church of Santa Maria, known as the Chiesa Nuova; and the other, of S. Giacchino in the Prati di Castello."

Deliverance from this sort of bondage, at whatever cost, is what every loyal Catholic must desire for the Church. As States are now constituted, complete separation from them means the emancipation of the Church. Oppression and material losses are mere vicissitudes of a power which in the end must triumph everywhere.

In connection with the organization of the "Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States," commented upon last week, let it be said that well-to-do Catholics who occasionally refuse to contribute to foreign mission funds on the plea that there are Catholic needs enough in our own country to be looked after, will henceforth have an excellent opportunity of showing that the plea in question is not a mere evasion. The new Society is concerned with the United States only; there is good reason, therefore, why these advocates of American money for American needs should contribute generously to the Society's permanent fund, which is to be at least a million dollars.

The position of the Governor of Porto Rico is certainly not an enviable one. There are two parties down there at present, and our administration has the support of neither. "The one political fact more conspicuously in evidence than any other in Porto Rico is that the wave of anti-Americanism is a distinct and undeniable entity," writes Mr. Charles W. Tyler in *Harper's Weekly*. The Protestant Episcopal

Bishop Van Buren is blamed by Protestants generally, including members of his own small sect, for much of the trouble that has been made for Governor Winthrop. The change of the Porto Rican seal presented an opportunity for the Bishop to air his prejudices; and he profited by it to the full, seemingly without a thought of the embarrassment that must result to the Governor, or of the discomfiture to himself. The affair is thus explained by Mr. Tyler:

The ancient seal of Porto Rico represented a lamb lying on the Bible, with the Spanish coat of arms in evidence, and with the letters F and Y (the initials of Ferdinand and Ysabella) on each side of the lamb. The real name of Porto Rico, by the way, is not Porto Rico, but 'San Juan Bantista'; and the seal was supposed to tell the world, in the vivid language peculiar to seals, something about John the Baptist and Spain's ardor in the spread of the faith. It was a pretty enough seal. To have let it alone was to have gone around just one more point of possible friction. But the seal was changed, and in its place was substituted an American seal, showing an entirely secular combination of a craft of the caravel type, a sunrise, and the American coat of arms. The change was unnecessary, but it turned out all right at the time; and would have remained all right if we could only have managed to refrain from digging the subject up again after it was once dead and buried. But this, it seems, was beyond us. In a moment of unfortunate inspiration, Mr. Post, the Secretary of the island, led a movement to change the secular American seal back to the semi-theological Spanish one. The change was made. Instantly there was an uproar.

Bishop Van Buren, who had already won for himself the reputation of not always having been so keenly alert as his friends could have wished to take advantage of opportunities for preserving a tactful silence, let this especially favorable chance of that kind escape him, as he had several others. He spoke out. He denounced the transaction, and in denouncing it managed to stir up religious prejudices so long dormant in Porto Rico.

The result of Bishop Van Buren's action was the very opposite of what he desired. Instead of winning friends for himself, he made enemies, besides intensifying the anti-American feeling which our administration was doing

all in its power to change. Until then religion had rested lightly upon many Porto Ricans; but Mr. Tyler bears witness that this stirring up of religious controversy has had an awakening effect upon them. "In recent church festivals, Porto Ricans, who had seldom if ever been known to do such a thing before, appeared bearing candles in religious street processions. Religion became a factor in the anti-Americanism that was rampant." That Governor Winthrop and all others who are making honest efforts for the pacification of Porto Rico, and to establish a popular government that will cease to be a disgrace to the United States, would gladly part company with Bishop Van Buren, is a safe assertion, in view of the facts set forth by Mr. Tyler, who claims to know, and proves that he does, "how politics is played in Porto Rico."

The president of Harvard College, after saying that he has noted that the American people in the long run want the best there is in any line, and regardless of cost at the moment, continues: "Endowed colleges thrive and live in spite of the competition of State Universities where the tuition and fees are lower." In the same way parochial schools live and thrive in spite of the competition of free public schools, although maintained at the cost of the pupils' parents. The American Catholic wants "the best there is."—*The Pilot*.

Which is very well said. If all American Catholics are not eager for "the best there is," it is because they are less enlightened than the Protestant Guizot, who declared: "It is necessary that education be given and received in a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances penetrate all its parts. Popular education, to be truly good and socially useful, must be fundamentally religious." This great truth is beginning to dawn upon all classes of the American people. It is a pity that it should be unrealized by a single Catholic.

Notable New Books.

Lives of the English Martyrs. Volume II. Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth. Completed and Edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Burns & Oates.

In this handsome volume of well-nigh seven hundred pages we have authoritative and fairly adequate biographies of twenty-four of the English martyrs whom, in 1886 and 1895, Leo XIII. declared Blessed. The lives have been written by different hands, the Fathers of the Oratory, the Jesuits, and the secular clergy being represented among the contributors; although the majority of the biographies are from the pen of the late Father Edward S. Keogh, of the Oratory. The task of revision and completion, committed to Dom Camm, has been accomplished with the thoroughness which one naturally expects from so distinguished a scholar; and the result of his careful editing is a very satisfactory addition to English hagiographic literature. Not the least interesting or important portion of the work is the extended introduction by the Rev. J. H. Pollen, S. J. As a lucid explanation of the origin, nature, and tendency of the conflict in which these English martyrs lost their lives, Father Pollen's pages are of distinct value. And, if the introduction merits commendation, so does the concluding portion of the book,—a gratifyingly full and detailed index, for the intelligent and skilful compilation of which due credit is given to Miss Gunning.

Of the martyrs whose life stories are herein set down, it is interesting to note that fifteen of the twenty-four are secular priests, three are Jesuits, one (Blessed Cuthbert Mayne) is the proto-martyr of the Seminary priests, and the remainder are laymen. That the accounts of their stirring lives and noble deaths make fascinating as well as edifying reading need scarcely be said; but it may be well to remark that the study of such biographies as these furnishes a very effective antidote to the insidious poison that lurks in non-Catholic historical novels dealing with the sixteenth century, as well as a point-blank refutation of much that calls itself not historic fiction, but historic truth. The book is well worth an honorable place in Catholic libraries, great and small; and if it should have the good fortune to be introduced into the public libraries of this country and England, so much the better.

The Life of St. Patrick, and His Place in History.

By J. B. Bury, M. A. The Macmillan Company.

One of the standard encyclopædias says of St. Patrick: "Of the existence of this holy man there is no question, but every other fact about him has been hotly disputed." This is scarcely accurate, for there has been controversy even

about the historic reality of the Apostle of Ireland. Mr. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, tells us, in his preface to this latest Life, that in his study of early European missionaries: "When I came to Patrick, I found it impossible to gain any clear conception of the man and his work.... Doubts of the very existence of St. Patrick had been entertained; and other views almost amounted to the thesis that if he did exist, he was not himself, but a namesake." The radical defect, says Professor Bury, in the mass of historical literature that has gathered around Ireland's saint, is that the material has never been critically sifted. The author's justification of the present biography is that it rests upon a methodical examination of the sources, and that the conclusions, whether right or wrong, were reached without any prepossession. It is interesting to note, at the outset, that the conclusions in question "tend to show that the Roman Catholic conception of St. Patrick's work is, generally, nearer to historical fact than the views of some anti-Papal divines."

An octavo volume of some four hundred pages, this work consists of St. Patrick's biography proper, comprising two hundred and twenty-four pages; and of three long appendices (Sources, Notes, and Excursus), supplying the justification and groundwork. A good table of contents, two maps, and a fairly full index facilitate the reader's mastery of the scope of the book, and increase its utility as a work for future reference. As for the scope, the author best explains it by the statement that the subject attracted his attention, "not as an important crisis in the history of Ireland, but, in the first place, as an appendix to the history of the Roman Empire, illustrating the emanations of its influence beyond its own frontiers; and, in the second place, as a notable episode in the series of conversions which spread over northern Europe the religion which prevails to-day."

Perhaps the dominant sentiment of the reader who concludes an attentive perusal of Professor Bury's scholarly work will be surprise that, in these days of historical criticism, or hypercriticism, a methodical examination of the sources of Patrician literature has left the traditional story practically intact. The author has not, of course, said the last word on St. Patrick's birthplace, which he thinks was in southwestern Britain, perhaps in the regions of the lower Severn, nor on several other disputed questions; but he has practically settled some points which of late years have been controverted by writers whose wish has been rather to their thought. One of these is the relation of Ireland's Apostle and the Irish Church to Rome. As to St. Patrick's consecration by Pope Celestine, for instance,

our author says: "Nor... would the question involve any point of theoretical or practical importance. By virtue of what had already happened, Ireland was, in principle, as closely linked to Rome as any Western church." Again: "It becomes evident that, when Ireland entered into the ecclesiastical confederation of the West, it was merely a direct and inevitable consequence that, for the Church in Ireland, just as for the churches in Gaul or in Spain, the Roman See was both a court of appeal and also the one authority to which recourse could be had, whenever recourse to an authority beyond Ireland itself seemed desirable." We trust our Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist friends will note the foregoing statement. Of Professor Zimmer's theory, that the "Confession" is the confession of a life's failure, Mr. Bury says: "Any such interpretation misreads the document entirely."

We have, however, already overstepped our allotted space, and must conclude our notice of this interesting and valuable book with the statement that its publishers have given it an appropriately handsome dress.

The Suffering Man-God. By Père Seraphin, Passionist. Translated by Lilian M. Ward. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

This excellent book is something more than a prolonged meditation on the sufferings of Christ: it is a most successful attempt to argue the divinity of Jesus Christ from considerations that pertain only to His Passion. Père Seraphin was a very holy man, and the present volume breathes throughout the fragrance of his saintliness. His arguments for the divinity of Christ are not merely the cold result of hard logic: they are living convictions animated by the eloquence of faith. After every chapter is placed an Act of Reparation.

To our mind, the many apt quotations from the Fathers give the book much of its pleasing tone and color. St. Jerome's beautiful amplification of the Prayer in the Garden is cited, as is also St. Ambrose's ingenuous explanation of the Jews' conduct during Our Lord's mock trial: "With their own hands they give Him the insignia of royalty. They salute Him as a King. They crown Him as a Conqueror. They adore Him as God." Then there is St. Augustine's penetrating answer to all those who ask with the Jews: If Jesus is God, why does He not come down from the cross? "Simply because He is God." God can not contradict Himself.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

It is rare to find in religious books illustrations coming at all within the category of art; but in this new edition of the *Fioretti* the illustrations,

eight in number, by Paul Woodroffe, are exceptionally fine, and seem in keeping with the spiritual and artistic beauty of "The Little Flowers." The text, which has been brought closely into accordance with the Italian, is the rendering followed in the edition given to the public by the English Catholic Truth Society; and, throughout, the spirit of the unknown compiler who gathered these flowers in the fourteenth century has been preserved. No exotics these, but hardy flowers of genuine devotion, needing only the sunshine of God's love and the shade of humility.

The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul. By the Ven. Blossius, O. S. B. From the Latin by the late Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O. P. B. Herder.

The author tells us in a brief preface that he intended this book to be a kind of spiritual mirror which should reflect the "chief things necessary for leading a holy life." He has succeeded admirably. A mention of some of the subjects treated will reveal the writer's general scope: Self-Government; Comfort for the Tempted; Comfort for those who are imperfect, but of good will; The Doctrine of Resignation.

The Venerable Blossius speaks throughout this treatise with an unction and a fervor that lead us to think he had often enjoyed the favor once accorded to the disciples of Emmaus: "Was not our heart burning within us whilst He spoke in the way?" His reflections on temptation are consoling. Of the violently tempted he says: "These men are often more praiseworthy before God and have more excellent virtue than the men of weaker passions. Perfect virtue is the fruit of lawful conflict." Here is his view of sufferings: "By cold and heat, by illness and other like things, whether of body or soul, doth God purify, sanctify, and in a wonderful way adorn the souls of His chosen ones. Those that in His eyes are not worthy to wear necklaces of gold, He is pleased to adorn at least with garlands of flowers,—that is, with lesser trials."

Joan of Arc. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Sands & Co.

Attractively bound in blue and gold, comes a sympathetic sketch of the Maid of Domremy, giving perhaps no new facts and throwing no new light on the career of La Pucelle, yet adding fresh testimony to the charm of the heroine,—the purity of her life, the inspiration of her actions. The chapter setting forth the life, trial and death of this martyr to her love of country first appeared in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, where it attracted favorable notice; and its reproduction in more permanent form is but giving the efforts of the author the recognition which they deserve.



A Story in Three Parts.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

THERE are three parts to this little story, but it all took place inside of a week.

Just seven days ago a little girl named Loretta met another little girl, whose name is Agnes, about an hour after school, a mile or so from home.

"Where are you going, Agnes?" asked Loretta.

"I've just been on a visit to Mrs. Brady's," was the answer. "And O, she has the loveliest flowers in her little conservatory,—beautiful late roses, the rarest chrysanthemums, fine orchids, exquisite ferns, and O, so many other lovely plants! O, I'd just like to stay in there forever!"

"Well, you enthusiastic girl, you,—with all your O's!" replied Loretta. "You'd look nice staying in a hothouse forever, wouldn't you? Do have sense. Did Mrs. Brady give you a flower? I see you've got a pot there, although the plant's all wrapped up."

"O let me show you!" answered Agnes. "It's the most magnificent chrysanthemum you ever saw!"

Gently the little girl laid down the flowerpot, carefully she untied the string, tenderly she opened the paper covering, and there, indeed, stood revealed a very queen of chrysanthemums, perfect in size, splendid in shape, and with the most gorgeous color imaginable.

"Isn't it a beauty? Isn't it a love?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is pretty; and you're lucky to have won the favor of stingy Mrs. Brady."

"O don't say one word against her!" cried Agnes. "She's as sweet and kind as she can be. But it isn't for me."

"No?" queried Loretta in surprise.

"No: it's for Clara, poor thing! And O, won't she be delighted! For it's just what she's been longing for; she wanted it to complete her set. It has just the hue that she lacks!"

Now, Clara is a delicate little thing, whom everybody that knows her loves. She has a passion for flowers,—an absolute passion. And her plants seem to feel her ardent affection, for they thrive under her care in a most wonderful way. She pets them, fondles them deftly, removes withered leaves from their branches, stirs up the earth around them, waters them just when they need it, talks to them fondly, calling them pet names; and looks at them proudly, as if she were a happy mother and they were a throng of dear, gentle, affectionate, dutiful children.

But Clara's parents are poor, so that her flowers have been obtained mostly from seeds and cuttings, and have therefore been raised by herself. She has time to look after them, because she no longer goes to school. Her mother can not afford to keep a servant, and has to keep her home to help with the housework.

"I suppose she'll be pleased," said Loretta, who does not care very much for flowers herself. "Well, good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" responded Agnes, neatly covering the plant again, taking up her precious burden, and going on her way.

II.

Two days after this, Loretta happened to pass by Clara's home and went in for a brief call. After a while Clara asked:

"Won't you come and see my flowers?"

So the two girls walked into the dining-room, the bay window of which is filled with stands on which are pots and boxes containing plants.

"They are charming," observed Loretta, after looking at the collection rather hurriedly. "But they must require a great deal of work."

"It isn't work to tend them," replied Clara: "it's pleasure. They seem to me to be alive, to know what I'm doing for them, and to love me for doing it. To show me their thankfulness, they put out their blooms. I just love them dearly."

"I'd like to feel like that," observed Loretta. "It's quite poetical. By the way," she added, having looked in vain for Mrs. Brady's flower, "did Agnes bring you a chrysanthemum day before yesterday?"

"No. Why?"

Did you ever have a number of thoughts flash through your mind in a second? That's just what happened to Loretta then. She thought:

"I wonder why Agnes kept that flower.—Sister Mary Frances warned us only yesterday to beware of rash judgments.—I guess I'll tell.—Agnes is a mean thing. I don't like her one bit.—I promised the Sacred Heart at my last confession not to say ill-natured things of any one. But I want to tell on her so bad.—I'll bet she kept it herself, the thief!—There, there! I mustn't even think that way. Don't say a word about it. Holy Mother of God, pray for me! Dear Guardian Angel, help me!"

You can't imagine in what an incredibly brief instant all these ideas rushed through Loretta's brain. Even before Clara, who was taken up with an examination of some fresh geranium cuttings, had noticed her hesitation, she slowly said:

"O nothing! She said something to

me the other day about a plant for somebody. Well, I must be going. And there, the baby's awake and beginning to cry, so you're wanted. I'll hurry away. Good-bye!"

And away she went.

III.

This morning early, Loretta met Agnes again not far from the place where they encountered each other a week ago. But this time the latter was carrying two flowerpots.

"Where are you coming from now, pretty maid?" inquired Loretta. "And where are you going?"

"I'm coming from Mrs. Brady's, and I'm going to Clara's."

"You said the same thing a week ago," remarked Loretta, coldly. "Did you go then?"

"No, unfortunately I didn't," replied Agnes. "O Loretta, let me tell you what happened that other day! After I left you I walked as fast as I could toward Clara's. I was absorbed in the thought of the pleasure she'd take in the chrysanthemum. Just as I was lifting the pot from one tired arm to the other, I tripped on a broken piece of pavement, and fell down and hurt myself pretty badly. But O, worse still, I smashed the pot, broke the flower, and scattered the soil all over the sidewalk! Well, if I didn't have a good cry! When I got home I could hardly speak. But I managed to tell my sad story. Mother sympathized with me. Then I said I'd do anything to get the money to buy another chrysanthemum for Clara. Uncle John laughed at me. He said I didn't mean it. I said I did. He jokingly offered to give me a dollar if I'd black his shoes for five days. I took him at his word and did it. He wanted to let me off after I had blacked them once, but I stood to my bargain. To-day he gave me two dollars,—one for the chrysanthemum and one for myself. He said he wished

I loved him as much as I do Clara. And I do. O, I could hardly wait for Saturday to come! When I told Mrs. Brady all about it, she gave me this extra one for myself. And O, I'm so happy!"

"Well, I declare!" said Loretta. "I'm glad it all turned out so well. Good-bye and good luck this time!"

And then she said to herself, did Loretta, as she went on her own way:

"And I'm mighty glad I kept my tongue quiet that time,—thanks be to God!"

Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

VIII.—JOHN HUNYADI.

It was Indian Summer, with the leaves in their gayest scarlet and gold, and the sunshine so warm and the breezes so gentle that the Nelsons voted for an outdoor meeting on a certain delightful river-bank in the suburbs of their city. It finally developed into a Saturday picnic; and on the chosen morning they were having great fun tying up the provisions, which were sufficient in quantity for at least a dozen, when in came Captain Morris, followed by their new acquaintance, the little Jap, Keyiro, with another basket of supplies. The laughter that greeted this threatened to disrupt the household; for the baby at once gave a howl of disapproval; and Mrs. Nelson, in despair, made the revellers vanish, though they declared they weren't half ready.

The trolley car brought them to the paradise by the river; and when the party was safely perched on a knoll overlooking the water, with the near-by tree branches converted into hat-racks, and a convenient rock into a table, they began their discussion, to the intense admiration of Keyiro, who

was busily scorching his fingers while building a fire for the coffee.

"You must guess our hero's name, Captain Morris," said Bessie. "His initials are J. and H., and he lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries."

"John Hunyadi!" answered the Captain, so promptly that the boys and girls looked up in surprise.

But their friend was quite willing to explain.

"I really couldn't come before this learned company unprepared, so I'll confess to having asked a few questions of your father. He told me that George was strewing books from cellar to roof, and even forgot his breakfast one morning trying to read up the subject. So let's hear the result."

They all laughed at the recollection of the incident, and then George began the story of one of the noblest heroes that ever waged war in defence of the Cross.

"We studied in school about the Ottoman Turks and Mahometans," he said; "but I never knew before how powerful they were. Why, in Hunyadi's time they were running riot over Europe, meaning to conquer all the Catholic countries, especially Hungary, which was a very important nation then, and was strongly held by the Christians. Well, the Turks, or Mahometans—they're about the same,—were fast gaining ground, outraging our holy religion everywhere; and their Sultan, proud of the strides he had made, vowed that some day he would feed his horse from St. Peter's altar in Rome. What was needed was a leader,—a brave Catholic soldier, so true to his faith that he would go into any danger to fight for it."

"Hunyadi was exactly that kind of man," commented Bessie: "ready to dash right out and drive away those dreadful Turks,—not for glory, you know, but because it was in Our Lord's service he was going to engage, and he

longed to win victories for Him. He did win them, too,—ever so many. And people used to say that his success was due to the hours he spent before the altar every day, praying for strength. He didn't come from a noble family, but still became a courtier to the Emperor Sigismund, and with him had travelled through the countries the enemies had attacked. In this way he grew to understand the position of the Christians, and on his return went into the war."

"Soon the Turks were afraid of even his name," added Frank. "And their chief wish was to kill him; for, with him out of their way, they thought the rest would be easy."

"I know a story about that!" Belle cried. "A Hungarian soldier who looked very much like Hunyadi offered to dress in his armor and take his place in battle. At first Hunyadi said, 'No!' but later, knowing the trouble that would arise if his army lost their leader, he consented. The poor soldier was killed in the struggle; and the Turks, thinking they had slain Hunyadi, began to cheer. But just then the hero came along with more soldiers, and they were so surprised and frightened that they ran off the field, and the Christians won."

"The Pope, of course, was heart and soul in the cause," observed the Captain. "He gave the income of the Holy See to carry on the war; and, as the rulers of the Catholic countries were often indifferent, and spent on pleasure and private politics the money they should have provided for the same purpose, he made up the loss by selling his art treasures, furniture, and even his table service."

"After a while," said George, "Hunyadi took his men into the tyrant's empire—a thing no other leader had dared to do,—and they made so many conquests that the Sultan sued for peace. It was granted, but didn't last

long. The war was renewed with a fearful battle, which was just turning in Hunyadi's favor when the young King of Hungary, who was jealous of his General and wanted to share the glory, rode into the field at the wrong moment. He was killed, and the Hungarians were defeated."

"Then came a time of dissension," remarked the Captain, "when they were electing a new King. Hunyadi was made governor. But this angered the envious nobles; and when order was restored, and the General wanted to go to war again, they refused their consent. Still, he had several estates of his own, willed to him, in compliance with a law of that day, by noblemen who, leaving no sons or brothers to inherit their property, were obliged to give it to the most valiant defender of the country. The revenue from these lands he had always used to help defray the expenses of the religious wars; for he himself lived more simply than his soldiers. Now, however, he sold much of this property, and with the proceeds fitted out his army."

"But, oh, he had so many trials!" sighed Bessie. "One of his captains and a whole regiment joined the Turks, and a lot of provinces followed; and then the new King Ladislaus began to hate him."

"The idea!" exclaimed Belle, indignantly. "Just because his two horrid old uncles made up false tales about Hunyadi, saying he wanted the crown for himself! Indeed, those very same uncles had thought one of themselves should be chosen King, so they kept Ladislaus hidden away until he was almost grown up, and it was really Hunyadi that freed him."

"Well, now they decided to put the hero to death," Bessie continued; "but it ended in their taking away his possessions and ordering him to be exiled. You can still see in Hungary the papers in which that mean King

wrote the most awful things about his best General,—made a regular villain of him. But he soon saw his mistake, and Hunyadi was restored to his honors. And think of it!—he never looked for revenge, though I'm sure you'd expect it; but went back to his duties, only thinking of those who were fighting against God."

"Now came the most striking scene of the war—the storming of Belgrade, which is unequalled in history. Who'll describe it?" asked Captain Morris.

"I!" cried four voices; but the lot fell to Frank.

"Belgrade was a most important fortress on the borders of Hungary," he said; "and the two greatest warriors of the day were contending for it: John Hunyadi and Mahomet III., the Turkish Sultan. The Sultan's army was immense, and Hunyadi was left alone to decide what to do with his small forces; for the King, afraid, of course, had skipped to Vienna to be out of the way. But the Pope, as usual, was ready with help; and at once sent St. John Capistran, a Franciscan monk, to preach a crusade against the Turks. That turned out to be a splendid plan; for thousands of volunteers came back with him. So Mass was said; and the Catholic army, much larger now with the new men, marched out, with the church bells chiming, and St. John Capistran and the cardinals in command of the Pope's own troops, carrying the cross which was their banner.

"Hunyadi began his work so daringly that the Turks were stunned; for, before they knew what he was about, he had crossed through their big fleet in the Danube River, and entered Belgrade before their very eyes. Then the firing started; and at last, after five hours, the cross was raised high over the fortress, and the cry of 'Jesus!' from the Christians told of their victory. It was the worst defeat the Turks had

ever had, and the people in Europe were wild with joy. *Te Deums* in thanksgiving were sung at High Mass everywhere, and the Pope wanted to give Hunyadi a crown."

"But he didn't need it," put in Bessie; "for what do you suppose? He died in the midst of all the fuss, worn out by what he had done. I guess his reward came to him in heaven, though; don't you think so?"

"There were no bounds to the sorrow his death caused," added Captain Morris; "and even the most unfavorable historians have to admit that the loss of the celebrated Hungarian hero was an irreparable one, not only for his native land but for the entire Catholic world."

"Well, if ever I did great deeds, I'd like to live to enjoy the praise," concluded Frank, rather glad that it was time to leave the past with its victories for the present with its picnic baskets.

And I think they all would admit that John Hunyadi was forgotten in the fun they had that afternoon. Keyiro, only, sat silent and pensive, wondering if all American boys and girls were like these, talking like schoolmasters, with grave faces, one minute, and, the next, climbing trees amid gales of laughter.

A Bad Excuse.

A trumpeter in a certain army happened to be taken prisoner. He was ordered to immediate execution, but pleaded, in excuse for himself, that it was unjust to inflict death on a person who, far from intending to do mischief, did not even bear an offensive weapon. "So much the rather," replied one of the enemy, "shalt thou die, since, without any design of fighting thyself, thou excitest others to the bloody business; for he that is the abettor of a bad action is at least equally guilty with him that commits it."

The Ruse of Old Aicha.

The city of Tlemcen had been besieged for a long time by a great army, and the inhabitants were reduced to the last extremity. Their provisions were exhausted, and famine and sickness had killed so many that the survivors were discouraged.

The mayor called a meeting of the most notable citizens, and said to them:

"My friends, we must surrender the town: our provisions have given out."

"No, no, no!" cried an old woman named Aicha; "don't surrender! I'm sure the enemy will soon abandon the siege. The Prophet Mohammed will help us, I'll answer for it. Don't give up the city; but only do as I tell you, and I promise you we will be saved."

The magistrates agreed, and the old woman continued:

"In the first place, I must have a calf."

"A calf!" said the mayor. "It is impossible to find a single one in the whole city. All our animals were eaten long ago."

Old Aicha, however, insisted; and after a long search a calf was found in the house of an old miser. He hoped to sell it soon for a great sum of money. The mayor appropriated the calf, despite the miser's remonstrances.

"Now," said the old woman, "I must have some corn."

"Impossible to get any in this unfortunate city," declared the mayor.

But old Aicha pressed the matter so strongly that he finally ordered all the houses to be searched. Grain by grain, they finally succeeded in getting a measure of corn, which they brought in triumph to the old woman. Having wet it so as to increase its volume, she fed it to the calf.

"O Aicha, what extravagance!" exclaimed the mayor. "Here we are all starving, and you waste this good grain on a mere animal!"

"Let me be," replied the old woman, "and I promise you the enemy will abandon the siege."

Then she took the calf and led it to the gate of the city.

"Open the gate," said she to the sentinel.

He refused to do so; but the mayor soon came up and bade him do as Aicha told him.

As soon as the gate was opened, the old woman let the calf go out. It immediately began grazing near the city walls, on the outside. The enemy had heard the noise at the gate, and a troop of soldiers hastily rode up. They saw the calf and bore it in triumph back to their camp.

"Where did you find that calf?" asked the king.

"Near the gate of the city, sire. The inhabitants let it out to graze."

"Ah!" said the king. "I thought the citizens were suffering from hunger. That can't be, however; for if they were hungry, they'd eat this calf, though he *isn't* very fat."

The soldiers agreed.

"Yes, that's true, sire. They evidently have more provisions than we. 'Tis long since we've had a dinner of fresh veal."

"Well," said the king, "kill this animal, and you'll have a veal roast."

The men killed the calf; and, much to their astonishment, found a quantity of good grain in its stomach.

The king, being apprised of this discovery, remarked:

"If the citizens of Tlemcen have so much grain that they can afford to feed it to their stock, we may stay here for a long time. In fact, *we'll* die of famine before they will. 'Tis useless to continue the siege."

He struck camp that very day.

Tlemcen was saved. The grateful citizens carried old Aicha in triumph around the walls, and gave her a pension generous enough to let her live in peace and comfort all her days.

With Authors and Publishers.

—In the form of a leaflet, with the caption "The Claims of the Catholic Church," the London C. T. S. reprints an interesting letter written half a century ago by a convert lady to a non-Catholic relative.

—W. S. Lilly's work "On Shibboleths" furnishes the London Catholic Truth Society with material for two valuable issues of its excellent penny pamphlet series. Their titles are "Education, True and False," and "Some Thoughts on Progress." A shilling or two invested in a selection from this series will well repay such of our readers as are interested in Catholic literature that is good and cheap.

—The trenchant articles dealing with the present crisis in France by Viscount Llandaff, Rev. Dr. Barry, Father Gerard, and Dom Gasquet, lately noticed by us, are issued separately as penny pamphlets, as well as in one volume, under the general title of "The Crisis in the Church in France." The excellent Westminster Lectures, also, are to be had in paper covers at half the price of the edition in cloth.

—"A Short Course of Religious Instruction," compiled by the Rev. P. C. Yorke, is especially designed for boys and girls who work and must prepare for First Communion and Confirmation as best they can in evening classes. However, this booklet will also be found decidedly useful for many an adult whose opportunities for extensive reading are limited. The Text-Book Publishing Co., San Francisco.

—"Faulty Diction; or, Errors in the Use of the English Language, and How to Correct Them," is a useful hooklet by Thomas H. Russell, LL.D., published by George W. Ogilvie & Co. It contains 1017 words or phrases alphabetically arranged, thus enabling the reader to see at a glance how each should be employed. The author has consulted such authorities on the English language as Alfred Ayres, G. Crabb, W. H. P. Phylfe, G. P. Marsh, G. W. Conklin, J. R. Bartlett, and Grant White.

—Of all the pests, physical and mental, which have become epidemic in our acute civilization, few, in the opinion of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, are so devastating and so hopeless of remedy as the "Current Literature Fever." Most people are not ashamed to acknowledge that they are unvaccinated, but the number is small of those who are willing to confess that they have not read the latest novel. "It is a disease," says the editor of *Out West*, "because it depends upon a fevered condition of mind; it is distressing, because it engages and absorbs the intellectual activity God

meant should be used for the learning of something that is worthy to be remembered for at least three days running. A great many clever people are to-day writing things which eager publishers purchase—to sell at a large profit. Those who have nothing better to do can keep up with the mercantile publishers and the commercialized writers. But, as a matter of fact, there is Nothing In It. Neither the author nor the publisher nor the reader remembers a year from now this momentarily accelerated temperature."

—Charles Major's latest contribution to contemporary fiction is entitled "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." The novel possesses all the qualities that, within the past few years, have secured ephemeral vogue for the author's "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." This is equivalent to saying that it is a typical representative of the "yore and gore" variety of historical romance. The heroine of the present story is scarcely so strenuous a personality as Dorothy Vernon; still she is, for all that, anything but a conventional maid, even as conventionality existed in the days of Duke Charles of Burgundy. The "lightning change" dexterity with which she passes from the rôle of the daughter of a bourgeois to that of princess of Burgundy, and back again, is rather a strain upon the credulity of a critical reader; but the average novel-reader eschews criticism and longs for "thrills." These latter are furnished with commendable profusion; so there appears to be no good reason why "Yolanda" should not speedily reach that niche in the temple of fictitious fame known as the Six Best-selling Books. Published by the Macmillan Co.

—The steady increase in the number of American Catholic periodicals appealing to practically the same class of readers, impresses some persons as undesirable. If the number of readers were increasing proportionately one could only rejoice over this multiplication of reviews and magazines, but such does not seem to be the case. The appearance of new periodicals at the present juncture means some lessening of influence for all the others, no matter how old or how excellent. The names of the same writers appear regularly in the contents of most of our magazines and reviews. Is it the supposition that the more a writer produces, the better will be the quality of his work? It would seem so. Commenting on an important change about to be made in the management of the historic *Dublin Review*, as Newman called it, a writer in the *London Tablet* expresses this opinion: "It has always seemed to us that the projectors of new critical

reviews were going on a wrong track. The true course, and the only one that offers much hope of success, is to strengthen and develop those already in existence." This strikes us as being the common-sense view of the matter. We rejoice over the rejuvenation of the *Dublin Review*; we should be sorry to see a new Catholic quarterly started.

—The keynote to the "Westminster Lectures," several of which have been noticed in these pages, will be found in the preface to a lecture on "The Immortality of the Soul," by the Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. "There is no killing a hydra-headed system of error by mere criticism," he observes; "and consequently the Westminster Lectures have aimed at demonstrating positively, with as little negative criticism as possible, the truths which form the subjects treated by the various lecturers." Dr. Aveling's demonstration of the soul's immortality is based on the scholastic theory of Matter and Form. He is a close reasoner, and is possessed of a strong style. Every stroke of his incisive pen cuts deep and lays bare some decaying principle of Materialism. Mr. B. Herder is the American publisher of the Westminster Lectures.

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.

- "Lives of the English Martyrs." (Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth.) \$2.75.
- "Joan of Arc." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 75 cts.
- "The Life of St. Patrick, and His Place in History." J. A. Bury. M. A. \$3.25, net.
- "The Suffering Man-God." Père Seraphin. 75 cts., net.
- "The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul." Ven. Mosius, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.
- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." \$1.60, net.
- "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." Charles Major. \$1.50.
- "The Immortality of the Soul." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.

- "Addresses. Historical, Political, Sociological." Frederic R. Condert. \$2.50
- "Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt." William Roper. 55 cts., net.
- "Modern Freethought." Rev. J. Gerard, S. J. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.
- "Theosophy and Christianity." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 45 cts., net.
- "The Crisis in the Church in France." 25 cts., net.
- "Forget-Me-Nots from Many Gardens." 45 cts., net.
- "The Freedom of the Will." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. 30 cts., net.
- "The Household of Sir Thomas More." Anne Manning. 60 cts., net.
- "Socialism and Christianity." Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D. \$1.10.
- "English Monastic Life." Rt. Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. \$2, net.
- "Manual of Church Music." 75 cts., net.
- "Health and Holiness." Francis Thompson. 55 cts.
- "A Girl's Ideal." Rosa Mulholland. (Lady Gilbert.) \$1.50, net.
- "At the Sign of the Fox. A Romance." Barbara. \$1.50.
- "Valiant and True." Joseph Spillman. \$1.60, net.
- "Glenanaar." Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Allan McDonald, of the diocese of Argyll; and Rev. Joseph Friedman, archdiocese of New Orleans.

Mr. William Lant, of Rome, Italy; Mr. John Osborne, San Pedro, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. John Meade, Los Angeles, Cal.; Philip Mennell, Esq., Bayswater, England; Miss Julia Conghlin, Nevada Co., Cal.; Dr. M. S. McCarthy, Leavenworth, Kansas; Mr. John Hoff and Mr. Otto Hoff, De Pere, Wis.; Mr. T. F. Keane, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Frank Mannion, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. John Pallas, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. M. Whitaker, and Mrs. Mary Flynn, Shenandoah, Pa.; Col. Edward Hng, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. James Conboy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Dolan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine O'Farrell, Co. Leitrim, Ireland; Miss Alice Holmes, Simpson, Pa.; Miss Marie Brasier, Mrs. Mary McGurk, and Mrs. Rose Kearney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Gates, Youngstown, Ohio; and Mr. Louis Wilhelm, Wheeling, W. Va.

Requiescant in pace!





THE MADONNA OF GYÖR.



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

NO. 22.

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

The Garden and the Child.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

I WALKED along the well-known trodden ways
Of the bright garden of those early years.

The flow'rs were dead; there were no dewy tears
Upon their shrunken faces. The sun's rays
Made golden all the dreary land, and plays
Of music floated 'cross the empty meres.

The winds sang out their hearts' deep, hidden fears.
O how I longed to clasp those early Mays!

There came a little child who took my hand.
"The flow'rs are gone," he said, "but lingers yet
The perfume of a Memory." And then
He crept away. "Come back!" I cried. The land
Stole in between. "No! no! Farewell—forget!
I am thy Youth! Go thou and live with men!"

The Story of a Miraculous Picture.

DURING the year 1896 the Bishop of Jaurinus, Hungary, ordered a general pilgrimage to be made to the various shrines of the Blessed Virgin within the limits of his episcopal jurisdiction. Priests and people joyfully obeyed this summons to an act of supreme Christian chivalry. Clad in the armor of God—having on the breastplate of justice, the helmet of salvation, the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit,—these zealous pastors and their devoted flocks went forth to take heaven by violence, to intercede for the preservation of their faith, and to pray for the prosperity of their country.

The banners of religion and patriotism preceded the multitudes, who might be seen in thousands, 'walking as children of the light,' and 'as becometh saints,' 'speaking to each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.' The woods and fields re-echoed the sacred chants of the pilgrims. Whole parishes, headed by their pastors and by their respective banners, were drawn up like soldiers in battle-array. On approaching a shrine of the Blessed Virgin, the pilgrims carried lighted candles, and two hundred maidens, bearing wreaths of flowers, led the way thereto. Like the early Christians, these fervent pilgrims had but one heart and one soul; and when their journeyings had come to an end, they withdrew in tears to their homes, cherishing sweet memories, and declaring the wonderful things of God.

The occasion of this great national pilgrimage was the bicentenary of a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin preserved in the cathedral of Jaurinus. Our information concerning it is derived from a pastoral letter dated January 3, 1897, of the above-named Bishop. After a careful perusal of this interesting document, we heartily agree with the venerable prelate when he refers to the year 1897 as "an auspicious one" for the faithful in general, and for his countrymen in particular.

On the seventeenth day of March, 1697, this picture of Our Lady was seen to sweat blood. The marvel was

witnessed by crowds of men, women and children, and continued for several hours. A certain Christopher Schogg, then canon of Jaurinus, wrote copiously about the wondrous event. Documents preserved in the archives of the Capitular Sacristy refer to his writings in these terms: "He truthfully committed to writing what he had heard from his contemporaries and from eyewitnesses of the prodigy." Again, he is quoted directly: "It would be impossible to express the holy awe that seized the spectators, and the eagerness with which they sought to approach the extraordinary sight." Finally—and this is most important,—he writes: "That credence might be given to the miracle, and that even the least suspicion of deception or trickery might be removed, the image was first detached from the wall, at the instance of the ecclesiastical authorities; then taken out of its frame, stripped of every ornamentation, even of its marginal lines, cleansed, examined, and thoroughly shaken. Now, whereas after this investigation, it was found to be devoid of any natural moisture; whereas the wall was perfectly dry; whereas, when removed from the sunlight and supported by a priest on a small table, it ceased not to sweat blood,—the event must have been miraculous.

"And this is that blessed picture," writes the Bishop, addressing himself especially to his priests, "with which you are all so familiar,—that picture before which you knelt and prayed when you were about to cast your lot with the Lord forever,—when you were on the point of making an irrevocable consecration of yourselves to the Triune God by receiving the subdiaconate. And ever afterward when passing by the cathedral church, you have reverently saluted your Queen, the Mother of Mercy. At her feet you have sought protection, consolation, strength, and counsel. You have prayed, and

your petition has never been rejected."

The marvellous picture is painted on canvas, and measures one foot and a half in height. It represents the Mother, her hands folded in an attitude of prayer, watching over her Divine Infant. It was brought to Jaurinus by the Rt. Rev. Walter Lynch, Bishop of Clonfert, Ireland, during the persecutions of Cromwell. The exiled prelate took the picture with him to preserve it from the profanation of the Puritans. Upon his arrival in Hungary in the year 1655, he was charitably received by the Rt. Rev. John Püsky, Bishop of Jaurinus, and given a canonry. Later on he was made Archdeacon of Pápa, where he also acted as auxiliary bishop. In the ancient records of that place, frequent mention is made of the fact that the parish priest was ordained by "an Irish Bishop,"—*per Episcopum Hibernum*. Moreover, there is preserved at Jaurinus a pectoral cross, which was blessed by Bishop Lynch.* The holy exile passed to his reward at Raab on the 14th of July, 1664. His life, so his biographers tell us, was a perfect mirror of priestly virtues.

"Quite recently," adds the Bishop of Jaurinus in a footnote to his Pastoral, "I wrote to the Rt. Rev. John Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, for information about the life of Bishop Lynch. And

* In testimony whereof the following brief document, in the Bishop's handwriting, may be cited: "I, Walter Lynch, Bishop of Clonfert, Ireland, do testify, by these presents, that I consecrated and blessed, according to the prescribed form, this pectoral cross for the use of the Rt. Rev. George Suppanich, Abbot of the Most Holy Trinity of Sikelyos, and Archdeacon of the cathedral church of Jaurinus, December the 8th, the year of Our Lord 1662. The motto of the same George Suppanich: 'And Thou, O Lord, art a God of compassion.' (Ps. lxxxv, 15.) Walter Lynch, Bishop as above." On the back of the document are the words: "All ye holy men and women, saints of God, make intercession for us. Amen. Sweet Jesus! Kind Mary! Sweet Jesus, have mercy on me. Kind Mary, pray for me. S. Afra, S. Anne, S. Joseph, pray for me."

to my question regarding the state of affairs in Ireland in 1697, his Lordship reminded me that that was a sad year for Erin, citing the infamous decree: 'The year 1697. All Papal archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, Jesuits, monks, regulars of every Order whatsoever, and all Papists exercising any ecclesiastical authority, must leave the realm before the 1st of May, 1698. If they are found in this Kingdom after the above-named date, they shall be transported outside the King's Dominion; and if they return to this country, they shall be deemed guilty of high treason.'"

"The name of Walter Lynch, Bishop of Clonfert, awakens interesting memories of the Hungarian Church," says the learned Dr. Bellesheim.* "Born in Galway, he received his first lessons in theology in the Irish College at Lisbon. For several years, despite the persecutions of the time, he directed an advanced school at Limerick. Later, he attended the University of Paris, where he received his Doctor's degree. Appointed provost in Galway, he aroused general attention by his pulpit eloquence. Rinuccini describes him as 'learned, a distinguished pulpit orator, mighty and influential, a spirited defender of Catholic interests, recommended and desired by the clergy and the laity for their Bishop.' His love for knowledge caused him to gather a noteworthy library, which the Puritans destroyed by fire.

"On the 11th of March, 1647, he was appointed Bishop of Clonfert. After the taking of Galway by the Puritans, he fled to the island Innisboffin, where he remained for some time. Here he would have died of hunger, had not one of the royal ships laden with grain landed at the island, after having been pursued by two armed frigates of the Duke of Lotharingia. Bishop Lynch describes his suffering during this period

in a letter to Pope Innocent X. He fled from Innisboffin to Brussels. At length we find him at Raab in Hungary, with Bishop John Püsky, who made him his coadjutor and a member of the cathedral chapter."

Upon the death of Bishop Lynch, the picture became the property of the cathedral church at Jaurinus, and was placed near the altar of St. Anne. Shortly after the wondrous event narrated above, Count Sigebertus Heister and his wife, the Countess Aloysia Katyianer, erected in the same church an altar to the Blessed Virgin; and to this altar the venerated picture of the Comforter of the Afflicted was transferred.

Canon Matthias Bubnich (1688-1721) bequeathed a vineyard in Nyul, with the provision that its produce should be used for the Holy Sacrifice, and a lamp be kept burning before the shrine every Saturday as well as on the vigils of all feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Innumerable gold and silver offerings by the faithful have been deposited near the picture in testimony of veneration and gratitude.

Finally, a zealous client of the Blessed Virgin, Francis Zichy de Vásonkeő, Bishop of Jaurinus from 1743 to 1783, erected at his personal expense the present marble altar which replaces that built by Count Heister and his wife, the Countess Katyianer. There the precious picture still remains.

During Hungary's wars with France a considerable portion of the gold and silver offerings about the image was carried off, but in time these were replaced by new gifts. A few years ago a certain Joseph Trichtl adorned the shrine with side candelabra, and Francis Ebenhöch presented a beautiful silver lamp. In 1874 his Holiness Pope Pius IX. granted a plenary indulgence to be gained on the 17th and 25th of March, in perpetual remembrance of the wonder wrought in 1697.

* History of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Mainz, 1890, vol. ii, p. 512.

Our Adventure in the Mountains.

ILL through the mountains of Southern California, on arid, abandoned ranches, there are scattered deserted houses,—well built, some of them, and others only temporary makeshifts for the better days that never came to the discouraged owners, who, after a longer or shorter sojourn, left them to desolation and decay. These were, for the most part, Englishmen, younger sons, “remittance men,” adventurers, and others, who came, saw, were first enraptured, then disgusted with the loneliness and wild beauty of the mountains.

All these houses, if they could speak, would tell tales of baffled hopes, of poverty, discouragement, weariness, homesickness, and disillusion. Many of them have seen tragedies. It is a strange fact that not a few appear to have been abandoned suddenly, without premeditation; as though the inmates, unable to endure another day in the solitudes, had broken away in a kind of frenzy from the bonds that held them.

In these deserted dwellings may be found decent furniture slowly rotting away: beds unmade, as though the former occupants had but just arisen; china on the tables, and cooking utensils on the rusty stove. Seldom is a door or window fastened; often the house stands roofless to the winds of heaven. On the floor of one I found a number of letters torn into bits; they had been written on the finest cream-laid paper; and among them were dainty monograms and crests. Books, too, and magazines and papers by the dozen, and bottles of perfume, and good clothing hanging in the closets. Perhaps not many of these houses have a more strange or pathetic history than the one of which I shall tell.

We had been roaming through the mountains, in love with camp life, pitch-

ing our tents now here, now there, and passing ideal days in exploring the country. Whenever it was possible, we sought some ranch house at evening to lay in supplies of milk, fresh eggs, and an occasional chicken. But when night fell, finding us far afield, there was always the camping wagon if it rained, and the tent in the open when the weather was fair. For the autumn was upon us, the rainy season unusually early, and our progress was all the more delightful in consequence, because of the new growth of vegetation which had begun to spring up as under a magician's hand.

One evening the sun set in a bank of heavy clouds, which portended unfavorable weather. We were apparently far from any habitation, when we came suddenly upon a broken gateway, broad and imposing, whence a long avenue of eucalyptus trees led somewhere—we were certain. Following it, we soon reached a large, handsome house, built of stone, two stories in height, with a wide portico. What had once been a carefully tended and beautiful garden was overgrown with all kinds of flowers. The shutters were open, though the windows were closed. It was evident that no one had lived in the house for a long time.

It began to rain briskly. I tried the front door, and found it unlocked. Within, everything was coated with dust; but the place was very comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished. A centre table covered with books stood in the middle of the room; lounges and easy-chairs were scattered invitingly about. A fire was laid in the grate, which I speedily lighted; and we sat in front of it, enjoying the blaze.

After some time we examined the dining-room. The furniture here was quite massive, the china plentiful and elegant. From there we passed to the kitchen, which contained everything in the way of cooking utensils necessary

for a small family in good circumstances. We then ascended to the second floor, where we found all in good order, save for the inevitable dust. There were three bedrooms with dressing-rooms attached. Fine mattresses and pillows, soft blankets and coverlets, invited our weary limbs to repose. The linen closet was well stocked.

My wife removed her hat and cloak. I went downstairs, stabled and fed the horses, brought in some wood which I found in the shed, and provisions from our own stores, safely covered up from the rain in the camping wagon.

We mended the fire, by this time burnt low; put on the kettle, made tea, and ate our supper off the drawing-room table, which I then observed was covered with English magazines. The meal over, we once more remounted the stairs, and were soon in bed and asleep. We rose early. The rain had ceased. It was a beautiful morning, as we resumed our journey after a substantial breakfast. The reader may be sure we indulged in many speculations as to the story belonging to the place we had just left.

Two miles farther on, we came to a little house, nestled in a hollow at the foot of a long stretch of hilly road. A man was standing in the door, in his bare feet.

"Tell me, my friend, what there is to be told of that grey stone house back yonder," said I.

"You've been there?" he answered, sententiously.

"We have just come from there. Slept in the house last night."

"You wouldn't if you knew," he said.

"Why not?"

"It's a cursed place."

"Haunted?"

"I don't say that, but no one hereabouts would put his foot across the threshold or even go up the avenue for any money."

"Why? What is the matter with it?"

"Cursed, I tell you."

"How?"

"You see, it was this way," he said, coming to the side of the wagon and placing his hand upon it. "One night people living in the house,—living fine, too: riding, dining, and all that. Next day nobody there,—gone, disappeared, swallowed up. No signs of murder or suicide or thieves—but completely gone!"

"Was there a search?"

"Not that I know of. They didn't owe anything."

"Who were they?" I asked. "How many persons?"

"English people. Man and wife. Very rich, people said. Anyway, they had that fine house built and lived in it for two years. Kept no servant,—couldn't get any up here. Wife did all the work. Cooked dinner every night, then went up and dressed, and they sat down and ate the dinner. Something happened in the night. No one ever saw or heard of them since."

"How long ago was that?"

"Five years or so."

"Very strange!" said I. "It seems a shame to see that good property going to ruin and decay. I wonder people haven't stolen the furniture."

"Honest folks hereabouts," rejoined the man. "Besides, no one would touch it. 'Tisn't lucky."

We left the old man shaking his head, as he shambled slowly back to his cabin. We talked of the lonely house very often, my wife and I, almost resolved to return to the spot some day and take possession. But graver occurrences soon banished it from our minds. We were obliged to go abroad.

The next spring we were in England. May found us in Devonshire. We were very fond of driving about, and one evening lost our way. Twilight fell, and as we drove slowly along we met an old gentleman with a dog. He had a gun across his shoulder. He was

a vigorous man, with a fresh, ruddy complexion and smiling countenance.

He answered my questions as to our whereabouts very pleasantly, and then asked:

"From America, aren't you?"

I replied that we were.

"What part?"

"California," I said.

"Northern or Southern?"

"Southern," I rejoined.

"Ever been to Indian Creek?"

"No longer ago than last summer," I replied.

"Can it be possible? Did you happen to pass a grey stone house on the Blue Mountain road, close to Murphy's Cañon?"

"What do you know of it?" I asked, answering him, like a Yankee, with another question.

"It is *my* house," he said.

"Yours!" I exclaimed. "Are you the man who left it so mysteriously?"

"I am the man. Now, what do you know of it?"

I told him. He seemed greatly interested. When I had finished, he said:

"I had thought there would hardly have been a stone left upon a stone by now."

"The settlers seem to think it is haunted," I remarked. "It is as good as ever for you, when you want it."

"I shall never want it," he replied sadly. "She for whom I built it, and for whom I left it, is no longer here."

For a moment there was silence. Then I asked:

"Would you mind telling me why you *did* leave it?"

"I will tell you," he answered after a pause. "My name is Grey. I am a retired naval officer. I married somewhat late in life. My wife was much younger than myself. She was the orphan daughter of a brother officer. She had a brother of whom she was very fond. He had gone to America, and was ranching it somewhere. He

had not been heard of for a good while. My wife was somewhat whimsical, but I loved her. She was bound that we should go in search of him. We had a clue, and followed it. She fell in love with that wild place, where her brother had come and gone at intervals. I built that house, where we lived in isolation for two years, expecting him. Then one night we chanced to see in a San Francisco paper that the poor boy, living on a lonely ranch far off in Nevada, had committed suicide. 'Take me away from here!' cried my wife,—'take me away this very night, or I shall go mad!' So I took her away. We drove fifty miles in the wagon,—I had a pair of good horses. We got the train at a place called Hamlet. What became of the horses and the wagon I have often wondered. We returned to England, where she did go mad. She is dead now, thank God!"

His voice broke. He turned away without another word. We saw him waving his stick in the air for a long distance behind us, till he passed from our sight.

I do not know whether the lonely house is still lonely, or whether some one of a different calibre from the mountaineers around it has swept away the dust and cobwebs, and made it alive once more with human voices, and human occupations. As for us, we shall probably never pass that way again.

X. Y. Z.

FROM the holy virgin martyr who in the first ages of the Church invoked the aid of Mary against the demon of impurity, to the youth who kneels to-day before her shrine imploring the preservation of his innocence or the restoration of lost virtue, it has never been heard that any one who fled to her protection, implored her assistance, or asked her prayers was left unheeded.

—Rev. M. Müller.

Fame.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

A POET'S home once, and they came
Daily his talent to proclaim;
He seldom passed the threshold o'er
But friends and flatterers walked before.

Last night he wandered to the place,
Thinking the whole world knew his face;
He knocked upon the well-known door,
Responsive to his touch no more.

One came. He asked: "Who dwelleth here?"
"I do, have done so many a year."
"A poet's home once, long ago?"
"A poet's? Friend, I do not know."
"The man was famous in his time."
"Perhaps; I do not care for rhyme.
No, friend: I never heard his name."
Thoughtful he went, who smiling came.

The City of St. Helen.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

PERHAPS the most Protestant district in all England is the country that lies along the east coast between the Thames and the Lincolnshire Wash. The three counties that fill this space—Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk—were, more than a thousand years ago, the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia; and, though they have been so long united with the rest of England, the East Anglians of to-day have yet a character of their own. A farmer leaving the district for some other part of England talks of "going into the shires," or says he "is going foreign." A man from the other side of the county boundary is "a' foreigner." For the real foreigner, the man who can not talk English, the East Anglian has no kindly feelings. "What do you think of the Boers?" asked a tourist of an East-Anglian peasant farmer during the South African War. "Well, sir," was the reply, "you see they're foreigners,

and I says all foreigners ought to be punished."

A rustic population characterized by such narrowness of view has lived for three hundred years under the influence of the country vicars and rectors, and later of the dissenting ministers. Here and there the Catholic Church has an outpost, an oasis in the desert. In one old hall, the home of a family that has always held the faith, Mass has been said for centuries,—even said by stealth during the days of persecution; but in most of the villages there is not a single Catholic. Yet every village has its beautiful, square-towered church, where Mass was once said; and there are the ruins of many abbeys. The High Church movement has done a little to bring back respect for Catholic ideals among the more educated, but the rustic population in the out-of-the-way villages still lives in the bigoted Protestant atmosphere of two hundred years ago. While I was staying in a small East-Anglian town, a friend who knew the people well said to me: "There are plenty of honest farmers about here who would thoroughly enjoy seeing you or any other Catholic burned in the market-place."

And yet the most prominent object in the oldest and most important city of Protestant East Anglia is a colossal statue of a saint holding aloft the cross. It was set up only a few years ago, on the roof of the new town-hall of Colchester. The city stands on a hill, and the lofty tower of the town-hall looms on its summit; so that the figure of St. Helen displaying the cross is seen for many a mile over the surrounding country. The statue was erected in this prominent position from a historic rather than a religious motive; for Colchester is the city of St. Helen. Here she was born, here she married the Roman commander who was to be the father of the first Christian emperor. In her honor the city bears on its coat

of arms, dating from Catholic days, a golden cross; and in the initial letter of the city charter granted by Henry V., St. Helen holding the cross is painted in miniature by the mediæval artist.

Of the days when the Romans ruled at Colchester, one sees the traces everywhere in the city of to-day. In all the old churches (and there are more than twenty of them) one finds, built into the walls, large numbers of what look at first sight like thick red tiles. These are Roman bricks taken from earlier edifices as handy material for the church-builders. Wherever the ground is broken to dig foundations or carry out draining or other engineering work, Roman pavements, vases, fragments of pottery, are certain to be found. By the roadside, on the highways leading north and east and west from the city, Roman graves have been found; and the city museum is rich in the monuments of officers of the Legions,—altars and sculpture telling of their victories, also weapons and coins.

In the High Street stands one of the oldest inns in all England, with a carved, timbered front, quaint, old-fashioned rooms, and a spacious courtyard. In the smoking-room, displayed on the wall is a fine fragment of the tessellated pavement of a Roman villa. It was exhumed when, a few years ago, foundations were dug for an extension of the inn. The inn, the "Red Lion," dates from the year 1406; and this fragment shows that, centuries earlier, on its site there stood the home of some wealthy Roman official. It is in the highest part of the town, the top of the hill, near where the Pretorium of the Roman Governor must have stood; and it may well be that St. Helen lived at, or was a visitor of, the great house, now known only by this bit of artistic tilework hanging on the wall of the smoking-room at the "Red Lion."

Camolodunum was the ancient name

of Colchester. Before the Romans under Claudius landed on the low-lying banks of the Colne, it was the capital of the Trinobantes, the most warlike of the Keltic tribes of Briton. They were the warriors of whom Suetonius tells that against others the Legions fought for fame, but against these they fought for their lives. On the hill above the river where the green ramparts and the oak stockades of the Keltic city stood, the Romans built their fortress, the centre of their power for three hundred years. Stormed and burned by Boadicea, it was rebuilt with greater splendor. Here Constantius ruled, and wedded Helen. Here, according to some accounts, Constantine was born. When the Saxons came they changed its name. It became Colne-chester—i. e., the camp or fortified town on the Colne (*castra*, a Roman military station, becoming "chester" in all Saxon names). Hence the shorter name Colchester of to-day.

A part of the town is still known as St. Helen's; and there is an old chapel of St. Helen, now restored as the chapter house of the Protestant deanery. Of Saxon Colchester, one of the most interesting relics is the tower of Holy Trinity Church. It is built partly of Roman bricks; and its narrow doorway is of special interest to the architect, for it belongs to a time when the builder found it a difficult matter to construct an arch. Apparently, he tried to make an arch and had to give it up; for from the jambs of the doorway, two courses of tile-shaped Roman bricks are built up so as to meet at an angle of about thirty degrees. The doorway is thus topped not by an arch but by what may be best described as a triangle minus its base.

There are also the remains of two great abbeys. The older of the two was the Benedictine Abbey of St. John the Baptist, founded by the Norman Count Endo, in 1096, thirty years after

Hastings was fought and won. All that is left of it is some fragments of the walls, and a beautiful gateway in the perpendicular Gothic style, built about 1412. The open space before this gateway is a holy place for the Catholic visitor to the old city, for it has been sanctified by the blood of a martyr. Here, on a winter morning, the Blessed Thomas Beche, the last Benedictine abbot of St. John's, Colchester, was put to a cruel death by order of the arch-tyrant, Henry VIII. The Catholic congregation at St. James' Church, in Priory Street, keeps alive the memory of this martyr. One sees his portrait in the church,—a modern building in the Norman style, not far from the stately ruins of another of the old monasteries of Colchester.

This is the ruined Priory of St. Botolph. Botolph was a Saxon saint, famed throughout Eastern England. He gave his name to St. Botolphstow, in Lincolnshire, shortened as the years went on to Boston, whence comes the name of another Boston on the other side of the Atlantic. St. Botolph's Priory at Colchester, built in 1107 by Abbot Eonulph, was a house of the Augustinians. The west front and the arches and pillars of the aisle of the church remain. The whole is in the simple Norman style, with rounded arches, and small arcades let into the walls above the west door. Pillars, arches, walls, are all of rubblework, or uncut stones cemented together. There are no shafts in the massive pillars: each is a small tower of rubblework. There are traces showing that the whole was cemented over, and the ornament of capitals and mouldings worked on the surface of the cement. Some Roman tiles are worked into the walls, and there are small shafts of stone in the piers of the west door.

The whole effect of the building is to give one an impression of strength and dignified repose, and the Norman

architect has done all this with the roughest materials. Ruined at the Reformation, further damaged by the fire of the Parliamentary cannon when Colchester was besieged in 1648, exposed to the storms of three hundred years, Abbot Eonulph's work still holds well together, and his pillars of rubble and cement are as strong as if they were shafts of granite.

These are a few of the Catholic memories of Colchester, St. Helen's city. It is a busy town, with a market, and engineering works of various kinds; and it is a garrison town, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery lending color to its streets with their bright uniforms. But withal it has a quiet, Old-World air. The houses of the better class, with the hall door opening on the street, and beside it the archway for a carriage, the Continental *porte cochère*, remind one of Belgium or the north of France. There are quaint inns like the "Red Lion" in the High Street, and the "Angel," once a favorite halting place for pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. There is the castle with its quiet park, and the stone that commemorates the gallant death of the cavaliers, Lucas and De Lisle, who held it for the King.

There are many old wooden houses with overhanging fronts, helping one to realize what the city was centuries ago. Old and new meet in strange contrast. But one can see electric tramways and engineering works in most cities: what one goes to Colchester to see is its Old-World churches and inns and quaint houses, and the wonderful array of remains of Roman days, that tell plainly the story of the time when the hilltop city was one of the Imperial Eagle's eyries in Britain.

NEXT to the fear of the Lord, esteem nothing so much as health; it is preferable to all the wealth of the world.

—St. Peter Fourier.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XLII.—JESSE CRAFT'S STRANGE STORY.

"WELL, Bob!" exclaimed young Mr. Bretherton, holding out his hand, which his friend grasped, "I owe you another good turn, old fellow!"

"It was only a question of the old hatchway," Lord Aylward responded; "otherwise you would have been good for more than that scoundrel."

"Do not try to make light of the service," said Jim. "You saved my life. Only for you, it's almost certain that my neck would have been broken in that fall. But how came you and Mr. Craft to be there so opportunely?"

"In our opinion," interposed Jesse Craft, who was still in the company of the two friends, as they left the mill precincts,— "in our opinion, it wasn't safe for an honest man to be left alone with a serpent."

The three walked along silently,— Jim Bretherton stealing a swift, furtive glance at Rose Cottage, hoping for a glimpse—which was denied him—of Leonora. Lord Aylward, on the other hand, averted his eyes, as if he had no right to look in that direction.

Jesse Craft did not turn in at his own gate, but announced his intention of walking a piece of the road with the young men.

"For," said he, "it's on my mind to talk over that business of Janet Maxwell. It's the curiousest thing that I've been searchin' for that woman this twenty years."

"And, if all accounts be true, Jesse, you might have found her any day," observed Jim Bretherton.

"Found her? Whar? Well, now, it can't never be Mother Moulton that my old mate used to rave about, nights, in the fo'castle, away off in the Northern

Seas! He used to swear that she was the purtiest lass a man ever laid eyes on. He told me the whole yarn, and I reckon it's got more'n a little to do with what you was talkin' about to the serpent."

The two young men exchanged an amused glance,—Jesse Craft so frankly acknowledged that he had been listening to every word of an exceedingly private conversation. They were, however, very much interested. Old Craft in his excitement stood stock-still upon the wooden pavement of Millbrook High Street, just where it merged into a country road leading to the Manor. He laid an impressive grasp upon Jim Bretherton's arm, as he exclaimed:

"You were sayin' in thar, for one thing, that Janet Maxwell was the legal wife of Evrard Lennon, and by that token entitled to his lands and money. Well, sir, before that matter's settled I'll tell you a bit of a yarn,—not here or now, since the public streets is no place for private talk. Perhaps, if you was to come down to my place this afternoon—"

"Better still, come up to the Manor, and let my father hear the story as well," suggested Jim.

It was with a feeling of something very like awe that the sturdy old man found himself that afternoon whirled through the formidable iron gates of the Manor and deposited at the foot of the steps. He was relieved to find young Mr. Bretherton waiting with outstretched hand to greet him.

Together they entered the library, where the Governor sat, a courtly figure amongst his books, the stateliness of a bygone century blending with his geniality. He greeted Jesse Craft with a kindly cordiality, which immediately set the old man at his ease.

Very soon, indeed, Craft had taken the floor and launched into his narrative.

"I gathered from what I heerd down yonder, Governor, that the serpent has

a plot afoot to take over the property of Evrard Lennon which your son inherited."

"The 'sarpen't,' as you call him," said the Governor, with a smile, "has not, as you seem to suppose, devised this plot. He has sinned rather in keeping his knowledge of the affair secret."

"That may be," replied Craft; "but if the yarn I'm goin' to spin doesn't knock that vile endeavor of his into splinters, I'm a Quaker, and I can't say more."

The Governor, despite his preoccupation, and the real grief and mortification which these revelations had occasioned, could not help being amused at the strongly typical personage before him. He regarded him with kindly interest; and Jesse Craft, encouraged by the affability of the great man, for whom he had always felt a profound admiration, pursued his stream of talk for some moments uninterruptedly.

"Governor, when I first seen your son come back from furrin parts, I took his measure instanter. Well, it wasn't long after that when Miss Tabithy's niece comes home, and the young man got desperate fond of Miss Tabithy."

Here Craft chuckled and shook his head delightedly, while Jim laughed and reddened; and the Governor regarded them both with amused and tolerant eyes.

"Battered old hulk as you see me, I knew the ways of youngsters, and that it was jest a step from the aunt to the niece. After nomination night, I hadn't no doubt in the world how the land lay, and I was tarnation glad. For I tell you what, sir, there ain't such another young man as your son from here to Californy,—not exceptin' the Britisher, and he's a fine feller, too. And as for Miss Lenora, there ain't her match this side the Jordan."

The Governor's eyes were dimmed with an unwonted moisture as he listened to this eulogium upon his

idolized son and the girl whom the latter had chosen as a wife; for he guessed that the guileless-hearted old man before him was a shrewd observer, and that his impartial testimony was well worth having.

"Now, it being ordained that your son was to have for his wife one of the sweetest women that ever drew the breath of life, and he bein' calculated to make her about as near an approach to a good husband as I know of, what does the enemy of mankind do but sends along a pestiferous serpent? And that serpent's name is Knox,—Ebenezer Knox, called Eben for short. He played the very deuce with Miss Tabithy, and he worried poor Miss Lenora most to death. He had the gall to talk of marryin' her; and he set to work to bowl out young Mr. Bretherton, and to terrorize the old woman into givin' him her niece. Part of his game, as I gathered the other day at the mill, was to get Evrard Lennon's property for his old witch of a housekeeper. He claims that she's Janet Maxwell, but I'll be jiggered if *she* could ever have been a beauty!"

Craft's expression of disgust and incredulity was so irresistibly comic that the father and son laughed in spite of themselves.

"I think," said the Governor, "that Knox was much more anxious to gain certain ends of his own by suppression of facts than to secure her inheritance to Janet Maxwell, whom we have every reason to believe identical with the woman called Moulton."

"Whether that woman be Janet Maxwell or not," declared Jesse Craft, solemnly, "she was never the legal wife of Evrard Lennon."

Father and son turned a glance of interested inquiry upon the old man; but the Governor observed quietly:

"We have Evrard Lennon's own evidence to the contrary."

"And I have evidence on top of that

to prove he was mistook!" cried Jesse Craft, leaning forward in his excitement, and putting his hand upon the Governor's knee. "Take my word for it, she was never his wife."

"Even a common law marriage holds good in equity," dissented the Governor; "whereas the validity of this union is placed beyond doubt."

"Not if the woman had another husband livin'!" shouted Jesse Craft, triumphantly.

"Certainly not in that case. But how are you going to make good such a supposition?"

"That's what I'm comin' to in the yarn I'm goin' to spin. And, mark you before I begin, the woman wasn't to blame, no more was Evrard Lennon. The husband had been given up as dead."

A hush fell upon the room as the Brethertons, father and son, prepared to listen to the singular story, which had so unlooked-for a connection with their own destiny. Human lives are bound into one vast chain by links so numerous, so curiously formed, and so far-reaching, that it is impossible to predicate where they may begin or where they may end.

The picturesque figure of Jesse Craft, crowned by his silver hair, was incongruous in that stately apartment, and in marked contrast to its other occupants. Yet his sturdy dignity, his impressive manner and dramatic gesture, as he proceeded, seemed to lessen this incongruity, and to justify his presence there.

"'Twas off the coast of Greenland, on a whaler, that I first fell in with Brind Janssen. He was a Norwegian, but he had shipped many times on vessels bound for these shores. We had a hard voyage that time, and we suffered from mortal cold. We had mighty fine sport, though; and we speared the carcasses of whales nigh a hundred feet in length. We got our share of

profit, too; but that's neither here nor there. Brind was a silent sort of cuss; but one night, when we was shiverin' over the fo'castle fire together, and the ice-wind was howlin' about the vessel, Brind says to me:

"'Mate, you hail from Massachusetts, don't you?"

"'Vermont,' says I,—for it was before my comin' to Millbrook.

"'It's all one,' says he.

"'No, it ain't, sir,' says I. 'But I've been often enough in the State of Massachusetts.'

"'Do you know a place called Millbrook?' says he,—and he spoke English well enough, though he had a queer, furrin twist to his tongue.

"'I do,' says I, wonderin' what was comin' next.

"'Did you ever set eyes there,' said he, 'on a lass called Janet Maxwell?'

"Now, you could have knocked me down with a feather when he put that question, for a reason that I'll tell you presently. And the next words he said staggered me more than ever.

"'She's my wife,' he says. 'We've been married this five years. Three out of the five I've been cruisin' about in these waters; but I've enough saved now, and I'm goin' back to keep her in comfort for the rest of her days.'

"While I was beatin' my brains what to say to him, if he took it into his head to ask any more questions, he went on:

"'She's a purty lass,—Scotch, but of gipsy stock.'

"'She *is* purty,' I says. 'I seen her once when I was in Millbrook. And you're not like to quarrel, seein' that you're at a safe distance from each other.'

"The wind howled, while we was talkin', as if Old Nick himself was in it; and we heerd the cracklin' of the frost outside, and stuck close to the fire.

"'We have one child,' says he again, 'and it's called Janet after the mother.'

"Well, sirs, I never told Brind what

I knew of Janet Maxwell, thinkin' he'd find out time enough, when the voyage was over. He said it was goin' to be his last cruise; and it was, true enough. He died and was buried in mid-ocean ten days out from an American port. He charged me with a message to Janet Maxwell and how she was to get at his savin's. And from that day to this I was never able to find her."

Jesse Craft paused to take breath, while the two men, who had followed his narrative with the deepest interest and emotion, uttered exclamations of wonder.

"You haven't heerd the curiousest part of it yet," resumed the old man, proud of the sensation he had created. "It had happened one day before I come to live in Millbrook, and before I had taken that cruise with Janssen, that I had some business in one of them little towns on the borders of this State. I was sittin' in the justice's office, jest as I'm sittin' here now, when in walked a couple to be married, and a handsomer couple I never set eyes on. The woman was young and purty, and the man as handsome as a pieter. I guessed right away that he was some 'big bug' actin' without the knowledge of his folks. Anyhow, I was called in to be a witness, and that was the very first time I ever heerd the name of Evrard Lennon. The girl, Janet Maxwell, owned up, when it came to signin' her name, that she was a widow, and that her first hnsband was Brind Janssen. She said he was a sailor, and had been drowned some time previously, off the Orkney Isles."

"What a wonderful chain of circumstances!" exclaimed the Governor,— "that you should have afterward met the other husband far off on the shores of Greenland!"

"And I couldn't make up my mind to tell him of the marriage I had witnessed. For one thing, I was scared

that he might let fly and blacken both of my eyes; and for another, I was afeerd it might break his heart. And so I was glad after, as a body mostly is, for havin' held my tongue. When I got back to the United States and came to Millbrook, the first thing I heerd was that Evrard Lennon was dead, but there was neither trace nor tidin's of Janet Maxwell till to-day at the mill."

After finishing his recital, which led both father and son to the conclusion that truth is, indeed, very often far stranger than fiction, Jesse Craft was suitably refreshed, and his ancient tobacco pouch was well stored with the very finest brand of the weed he loved. Jim Bretherton also took him about the place, showing him every detail and enjoying his quaint comments upon the sights. When he had been sent away again, in the company of Nort Jenkins, with whom he held a somewhat one-sided conversation all the way to town, father and son were left together. They stood in the spacious hall. The Governor was about to ascend the stairs, and his son stood leaning on the lower rail.

"Those two people," said the former, impressively, "entered into that marriage contract in good faith, and it was Evrard Lennon's intention to provide for the woman he supposed to be his wife. What do you think of the matter, my boy?"

Jim Bretherton raised his head and looked at his father, the light falling full upon his face, and the portraits of his ancestors seeming to gaze upon the noble figure of their descendant.

"I think, sir," he said, "that we are bound—though not legally, of course,—to act as if it had been a genuinely valid marriage, and to make ample provision for the woman."

"You are right, my son!" said the Governor. "And I am rejoiced that you take so just a view of the affair."

A Friendship of Saints.

—

ST. BASIL and St. Gregory Nazianzen were born almost at the same time,—one at Cæsarea in Cappadocia, in 317; the other at Nazianzen, in 316; and hence both belonged to the Church of the East, as well as to families glorious by their sanctity. Basil's father, his mother Emelia, his sister Macrina, his two brothers Gregory of Nyssa and Peter of Sebaste, are enrolled in the number of the saints. As to Gregory, his mother St. Nonna, his brother Cesarius, his sister Gorgonia, shared a like honor. At the time of his birth his father was still a pagan, but he did not long delay being baptized; and the ardor of his faith, zeal, and charity, added to his natural virtues, gave him such prominence in the Church of Nazianzen, that four years after his conversion the voice of the people chose him to fill the vacant episcopal See.

Like Basil, Gregory from his childhood gave proofs of extraordinary genius and virtue. Study, piety and chastity were the companions of their early years and young manhood. Both went to Athens when about the same age, to complete their literary and scientific education; and from the first days of their acquaintance they formed those ties of friendship which never withdrew them for a moment from the higher love of God. They lived together in studied retirement, and had their goods, labors, and recreations in common.

"We had the same object in view," writes St. Gregory, "and sought after the same treasure—virtue,—hoping to secure eternal union by fitting ourselves for a happy immortality. Each served as master and guardian to the other, thus mutually spurring ourselves on to the practice of piety; holding no intercourse with companions of irregular lives, but frequenting the society of

those whose modesty, discretion, and prudence might strengthen us in the pursuit of good. We knew but two streets in Athens—those that led to the church and to the school. The way to the theatre and places of public diversions was absolutely unknown to us."

Foremost in the strife after virtue, the two friends also held the first places in the pursuit of science and letters. To rhetoric and philosophy, for which Gregory felt an irresistible attraction, Basil joined an excellent knowledge of geometry and astronomy. His chest was weak and he had frequent illnesses, which made him undertake the study of medicine, especially in its moral aspect. His eloquence was so remarkable that the famous orator Libanius, who worshiped art for art's sake, never pronounced Basil's name but with enthusiastic delight, and seemed carried beyond himself every time he heard him speak in public.

So much talent, learning and virtue excited universal admiration, so that wherever Athens and its schools were spoken of, the friendship of Basil and Gregory was mentioned with reverence. Gregory saw the ascendancy which superior genius and sublime energy of character gave to Basil; but it awakened no feeling in his heart except joy for the success of his friend.

Among its innumerable students, Athens had then a youth of twenty on whose lamentable career the eyes of the world were to be fixed in after years. Short in stature, with thick neck and sharp, wandering eyes, Julian, the future apostate Cæsar, nephew of the Emperor Constantine, even at that early day hid, under a hypocritical nicety of manner and garb, an intense hatred of Christianity and a wild dream of the revival of paganism.

Shrewdly foreseeing the influence that Basil and Gregory would one day wield over their contemporaries, Julian tried

to ingratiate himself into their friendship; but an invincible repugnance kept them aloof, and Gregory was able even thus early to sound the heart of the future apostate. Seeing him pass one day through the streets of Athens, he exclaimed: "What a monster the Roman Empire is nourishing in her bosom! God grant me to prove a false prophet!"

At length the two friends had completed their course of study, and were forced to bid adieu to each other and to Athens. All the city rose as one man, and masters and pupils alike gathered around them, imploring them to stay yet awhile in their midst. Basil, invincibly attracted by that love of solitude that made him one of the greatest promoters of Eastern monasticism, was inflexible; but Gregory's more yielding character allowed him to remain and accept a chair of oratory. Soon, however, unable to resist his friend's entreaties, he sacrificed position, pupils, fame, and set out to rejoin Basil in his Cappadocian retreat. His charming letters recall with regret the memory of those too short moments passed amid the sweet austerities of religious life.

"Who will give me back the psalmody, the watchings, the elevations of the soul to heaven in prayer, the life freed from the body, the concord, the union of heart that pressed me forward toward God, under your direction, dear Basil? Who will restore to me that emulation, that ardor for virtue, confirmed and strengthened by your rules and written laws—that study of the Divine Word,—that light which flooded our souls under the inspiration of the spirit of God? To descend to particulars, I have not forgotten the least detail of the well-regulated labors that filled our days, when by turns we cut wood, dressed stone, planted trees, and irrigated the fields. I hear in memory still the plantain, more precious far

than the golden tree of Xerxes, where sat, not a king in regal pomp, but a poor monk bewailing his sins. I planted, Apollo watered. By Apollo I mean you, my cherished friend! God gave it to grow up for an hour, as a monument of our assiduous labors, just as He preserved in the Ark the miraculous rod that bloomed in the hand of Aaron."

In such accents the poetic, saintly soul of Gregory bewailed his separation from his friend Basil. Born about the same date, they were also raised to the sacred ranks of the priesthood at nearly the same time, and under the same circumstances. In those troubled days, when Arianism ravaged the Church, and Julian the Apostate revived, under a less violent but more perfidious and dangerous form, the persecution of Christianity, the faithful, in their hunger for true pastors, imposed the burden of priesthood and episcopacy on the holiest and most eloquent of their number.

Gregory, thus laid hold of by the Christians, was led by force to the feet of his aged father, the Bishop of Nazianzen, to receive the imposition of hands. Like a victim fleeing from the sacrifice, the newly-ordained priest, terrified by the responsibilities of his office, and deeming himself unworthy of the honor and incapable of the sacred ministry, immediately after the ceremony fled into the desert, to his friend Basil. But the faithful followed him and brought him back; and then, overcome by their entreaties, and encouraged by his father, he gave himself up wholly to the exercises of his priestly life.

Nothing could be more touching than the explanation of his flight, in which he begged their pardon, promising never to leave them again. We quote the peroration of this admirable discourse, in which Gregory's love for his people breaks forth in accents of heavenly beauty:

"I have returned to you, and here shall the remainder of my life glide by, with no other care or anxiety but for you and your eternal interests. Here as my own guides I shall have my hoary-headed father and venerable mother, — a father like to the patriarch Abraham, aged beyond his years through his tenderness for me; a mother, a true Sarah, who gave me birth to spiritual life. God is my witness that for their sakes I would have sacrificed all my inclination for study, oratory, philosophy. In returning to you, I returned also to them; and this thought, I acknowledge, has strengthened my courage. 'Fugitive from God,' I said, 'go where God calls thee!' And now, bishops and priests who surround me, flock of Christ, pious faithful gathered about my pulpit, here I am! Behold me, venerable father, who didst give me a twofold life,—behold me prostrate at your feet, humbled, conquered, subjected to your authority by the divine law of Jesus Christ. I vow obedience to you. In return, deign to bless me! The blessing of a father strengthens the house of his children. May we be thus confirmed and strengthened in sanctity, O spiritual house of Nazianzen, that I have chosen as the place of my repose, that I shall exchange nevermore but for the abode of the first-born who have graven their names on the pillars of the eternal home!"

He kept his word, and remained at Nazianzen, the prop and stay of his venerable father, who lived to the age of one hundred years. Gregory closed the patriarch's eyes in death, and succeeded him in the government of the diocese, until the will of God called him temporarily to Constantinople.

In the meanwhile Basil, torn from his solitude and his religious by the voice of the people of Cæsarea, had been ordained to the priesthood; and later on, despite the threats of the Emperor

Valens, raised to the dignity of metropolitan of that See by the choice of the assembled bishops of the province. Immediately after his election he wrote to Gregory, imploring him, in the name of their friendship, to come to his assistance in the terrible charge laid upon him. It may be permitted us to quote, as a last proof of this undying friendship, a few lines from the answer of Gregory, who was forced to resist his tender pleadings:

"I desert you, dear, sacred head? How did such a word escape your lips? How, even supposing me guilty, could your pen trace it? Did not your soul revolt, and the paper tear itself away from the hand that wrote such a line? O reminiscences of our youth! O school of Athens! O labors, virtues, pursuits in common,—whither are you flown? But pardon me! I allowed myself to be carried away by the vehemence of my feelings. Still, in very truth, do you no longer know me? Could it ever be that Gregory would be indifferent to what interests you? What does Gregory admire and love among the things of earth, if not you? Your voice rules all my soul. They may tell you that I am bereft of reason, but never truly that I forget or desert you."

What human tenderness in the soul of a saint! Where can it be sought and found, if this be not true friendship?

One word from Basil's answer to Gregory will suffice, for it comprises all: "Helenius has brought me your letter. The anguish that I have suffered you have shared. One only consolation remains to me—your friendship: that I prize beyond aught of earth."

We must pass over in silence, as not quite within the scope of our subject, the labors of all kinds undergone by Basil during his fruitful episcopate,—his struggles for the liberties of the Church against Arian bishops and emperor, with their tools and partisans. But we can not refrain from

mentioning his works of charity and mercy, which were wonderful even for a saint; and his earnest pleadings for assistance for the suffering brethren that made Mr. Villemain, in his exquisite studies of the Fourth Century, style him the "preacher of almsgiving." We will first listen to an address by Basil to the rich, then see him in the exercise of his apostolate of charity.

"You all know well," he said to the faithful of Cæsarea, gathered about his pulpit, "the giant ruins that overhang our city like a great pile of artificial rock. I can not tell the epoch at which these dismantled walls were built, but I know that even then there were poor in Cæsarea; and the rich, instead of providing for their maintenance, sank their riches in this senseless architecture. What is left of their expended fortunes? The breath of Time has thrown down their colossal structures as if they were mere child's toys, and the master of these ruined palaces now lies groaning in hell. When I enter the luxurious homes of the unfeeling rich, and gaze upon their magnificent gildings and furniture, I think in my heart: 'How foolish is the man that lavishes his wealth on inanimate creatures, whilst he neglects the cultivation of his own soul!' What comfort can you find in your ivory tables and gilded couches, when at your door thousands of fellow-beings are craving bread?...

"But you will say: 'I can not provide for all the needy, I can not succor all the wretched.' Yea, and I answer: 'The rubies, diamonds, sapphires in the rings you wear might ransom twenty captives from the debtors' prison where they languish; your wardrobe could clothe an entire tribe of the destitute; and yet, in face of such extravagance, you refuse a mite to comfort the indigent. Have you forgotten the threat of the Sovereign Judge, that if your heart remains sealed against mercy, if you drive the poor from your door,

you in turn shall be driven from the Kingdom of Heaven; if you refuse a morsel of bread to the needy, you will be refused entrance into eternal life? Know for a certainty that the bread you do not eat belongs to the hungry; the clothes you do not wear, to the naked; the gold you do not expend, to the poor and destitute."

These seemingly harsh words hide under their apparent severity all the tenderness of Jesus Christ, and are but a faint reflection of the great principle of human brotherhood. And who, in presence of Basil's works, could dispute his right to use such language? The whole city of Cæsarea had seen him, despite his infirmities, braving the contagion of an epidemic, to devote himself to the stricken,—housing, feeding, clothing, consoling the wretched during a famine; and daily beheld in their city a monument of his charity that excited the envy of the world. At the city gates the holy Bishop laid out a kind of annex, containing a series of peculiar, attractive buildings,—hospitals for the sick of both sexes, homes for the aged, the infirm, and the incurable; places of entertainment for strangers, and schools for little children.

These different establishments were separated by large gardens, and at the extreme outer boundary was the lazaretto, the objective point of Basil's most frequent visits. He embraced the lepers with the tenderness of a loving brother. In the midst of this real "city of God," which public gratitude named "Basiliade," a vast church, adorned with all the splendor befitting the sacred worship, towered aloft as the centre of all consolation, overlooking the asylum of all affliction. A community of monks, with the Bishop for superior, served the men, while widows or consecrated virgins filled the same offices toward the women. An almost incredible number of keepers, infirmarians, teachers, and serving brothers,

peopled this kingdom of charity, of which Basil was the founder, head, and animating spirit.

Thus, in the very face of paganism, one great man, working out the inspirations of faith, planned and perfected beneficent institutions that have never been surpassed or even equalled in succeeding ages,—not even in our own day, that claims the credit of inventing such establishments, whereas in reality it has often degraded them by giving God no part in their workings. Is it to be wondered at, after such prodigies of charity, that the death of Basil filled the city of Cæsarea with consternation, and drew tears from every eye? "Never was such a gathering seen before," said St. Gregory Nazianzen, in the funeral oration he pronounced over his friend; "and the grief of the multitude would have touched even the most insensible. Pagans, Jews, strangers,—all wept alike. At one moment the universal mourning threatened a calamity. Under the pressure of the dense crowd, several persons expired; and, instead of bewailing their loss, the people cried aloud, proclaiming the happiness of those who died for Basil."

At the end of his panegyric, Gregory gave free vent to his tears and personal sorrow. "Why do I linger here below, when the half of my being has been reft from me? Can life be borne without such a friend? How long shall my exile and separation from him be prolonged? Each night he returns to me. I gaze upon him, and hear his words of comfort, reproof, or exhortation. But why mingle my wailings with my praise? I would fain retrace his life, that I might propose to the imitation of all souls a perfect model of every virtue."

At the very moment he thus mourned for his friend, and pronounced his panegyric, St. Gregory Nazianzen, so enamored of peace, retirement and

study, summoned all the sublime energy and generosity of his character to make the greatest sacrifice of his episcopal career. Despite the repugnances of his naturally calm, poetic disposition, he accepted the most formidable position in the Christian warfare of the times; and, yielding to the entreaties that came to him from Constantinople, he set out for that new Rome which for forty years had made and unmade bishops at its will, and had been, owing to the cowardice and cupidity of its emperors, the stamping ground of rampant Arianism.

"What is to become of me?" he exclaimed on setting out. "Basil is no more; Cæsarius, too, is torn from me. The brother of my soul has gone to rejoin my brother by nature. I am ill in body, and old age is bowing my head; cares pour in upon me; labors multiply, and my friends desert me. The Church has lost its shepherd; good is dying out, and evil alone is flourishing. I must steer my course through the dark night alone. Christ sleepeth."

Thus, while marching bravely on to the field of battle, he poured out the sorrow with which nature and faith flooded his soul.

On reaching Constantinople, he found all the churches in the hands of the Arians, and the Catholics so poor and oppressed that they could not even give him a suitable residence. He was obliged to take lodgings in the upper story of a friend's house, where, in fasting, prayer and tears, he meditated on the condition of his wretched flock. A morsel of bread and a handful of herbs boiled in water were his sole nourishment; and yet, despite his absolute destitution, the Arian faction, lording it over the city and its deluded inhabitants, trembled at his coming, as if Theodosius himself had arrived among them to avenge the wrongs of the Church of God.

By means of eloquent entreaties and the mild inculcation of his strong doctrines, St. Gregory was not long in forming for himself a powerful party in Constantinople; and his improvised basilica was daily thronged with eager multitudes, hungering after his words. Nevertheless, on the arrival of Theodosius, the majority of the people, who did not know the new Emperor, and thought him favorable to the Arian bishop, Demophilus, showed themselves hostile to Gregory. The saint himself will best describe his interview with Theodosius, and their entrance together into the basilica of the Holy Apostles.

"At my approach, the Emperor loaded me with marks of his benevolence and tender affection, expressing his wish that I should assume the episcopal title of Constantinople, and officiate solemnly the following day in the basilica of the Holy Apostles. 'The entire city ask for you as their bishop,' he said; 'and God makes use of me as His instrument to open the gates of His holy temple, and reward your generous sacrifice.' This speech terrified me. I knew full well the fury of the Arians, and foresaw scenes of bloodshed and carnage. I took the liberty of remonstrating with the prince, expressing at the same time my gratitude for his goodness to me. He reassured me with a smile, confirmed his decision, and bade me meet him in the palace the following morning at break of day. I was faithful to the appointment.

"A thick fog covered the city as with a sombre veil. The basilica was occupied by an armed soldiery; and, outside, the people, trembling with suppressed rage, were ready for violence. On all sides, from as many throats as the sands of the seashore, rose cries of hatred against me. Nothing could be heard but sobs and tears and uproar. The Emperor, surrounded by a military guard, left the palace. I walked before him, pale, trembling,

hardly able to breathe. On every side my eyes met only looks of rage, and I kept them fixed on heaven. The heroic Emperor, calm and imperturbable, continued his route, until, hardly knowing how, I found myself within the vast basilica, where, prostrate before God, and raising my hands to Him, I intoned a hymn of thanksgiving, in which all the clergy joined.

"At that moment, by a favor of Heaven, the sun, bursting through the clouds, filled the whole place with dazzling glory. The gloom of darkness seemed to yield to the light of Christ, and a thousand fires lit up the holy tabernacle. 'Gregory, our Bishop!' burst unanimously like a thunderclap from the converted populace, and was repeated without interruption until I made a sign that I wished to speak. The agitation was calmed, and I said: 'My brethren, cease, I pray you, to proclaim my name! It is now the moment for thanksgiving. There will be time enough for other things afterward.' These few words met the approval of Emperor and people. The holy mysteries were celebrated in silence and recollection. When I left the sacred basilica, from which I never expected to go forth alive, the crowd knelt to kiss my hand; and the triumph of Catholicity was achieved without the shedding of even one drop of blood."

Thus the heart of an entire people, and the heart of God Himself, were won by the calm courage of a hero and the humility of a saint. But this day of triumph was destined to have a counterblast, wherein the murderous rage of the enemies of the Church vied with the generous calm of its pastor.

"While I was confined to my bed by illness," continues St. Gregory, "a dark-visaged crowd entered my room and wakened me with a start. 'What will you have, my friends?' I asked.—'To see you,' they answered, 'and thank God and the Emperor for giving us such a

Bishop.' Then they knelt to get my blessing, and withdrew, except one young man with pale face, disordered hair, and glaring eyes, who remained in a corner of the room. After some moments of terrible anxiety, I beheld him casting himself at my feet in tears and sobs. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Whence come you? What service can I render you?' Without answering my questions, he redoubled his tears and groans, and clasped my hands convulsively. I tried to raise him, and, filled with pity for his condition, I too wept, when he confessed that the Arians had employed him to murder me. 'I came for the purpose of committing a base crime, O my father! Can my tears ever expiate such guilt?'—'Go in peace, my child,' I said; 'and may God protect you as He has protected me! For the future think only of making yourself worthy of Him and of me.'"

St. Gregory did not long govern the Church of Constantinople. The council convened the following year by Theodosius had hardly confirmed his election, when he seized the first opportunity of resigning a dignity which his age and humility made him consider far beyond his strength. He returned to Nazianzen, to pass the rest of his days in retreat, meditating on his approaching end and on the evils that threatened the world.

From his copious poetry, in which pure doctrine and ardent piety are clothed in elegant language, we shall cite only a few short fragments from a drama "The Passion of Christ," that has been praised alike by Christian antiquity and modern critics. "One scene peculiarly touching and bold when viewed in the light of the Gospel narrative," says Mr. Villemain, "is specially worthy of admiration. The Mother of Sorrows standing at the foot of the Cross has just obtained from her dying Son the pardon of St. Peter."

THE CHORUS. I hear sobs and wailing; I distinguish one voice whose broken accents reach my ear. A criminal confesses a grievous guilt, and implores the mercy of God. He strikes his breast and pleads on. I recognize in him the Apostle Peter. He keeps aloof, his face bathed in tears; and now, overwhelmed by his grief, he lies prone on the earth.

THE MOTHER OF GOD. Why weepest thou, Peter? Thy fault was grave, but is there not time yet to crave its pardon? O my Son, my well-beloved Son, Incarnate Word of God, let fall from Thy lips a sentence of mercy! To err is human. Peter fell from fear of men.

CHRIST. Virgin, my Mother, thou dost ask it, and I pardon Peter's sin, as I have ever granted the pleadings of thy indulgent tenderness. Thy tears purchase every grace, and break each sinner's bonds. Fear no denial when thy prayer is for the guilty, even for those who nail Me to this infamous wood.

THE MOTHER OF GOD. O gentle Son, Thy mercy is infinite! In dying by the hand of man, Thou ceasest not to love him. He nails Thee to the cross, and Thou hast only words of pardon in return.

After the descent from the Cross and the burial of our Redeemer, the Blessed Virgin stands before the Sepulchre, and there unfolds in sublime words the mysteries of the present and the future:

Grant me yet one word to this glorious tomb! O gentle Son, Thou dost now enter the sanctuary of the dead, crossing the threshold of the realms of darkness! The dazzling light of Thy countenance shines upon the ancestors of the human race. Adam, the father of mortals, cast off the fetters of death at the sound of Thy voice. Thou wilt conquer the sleepers in the tomb, and with Thy liberty wilt make them free. Thy death hath vanquished Death. From the tomb where Thy body resteth, Thou wilt soon come forth, resplendent with glory, to take Thy place at the right hand of the Father, the immortal King, the Eternal God, associating human nature to the triumphs of Thy divinity. Thy hand will still distribute crowns and change the lot of empires.

O Jerusalem, ungrateful city, know that thou hast crucified thy unknown God, and that hereafter divine vengeance will scatter the race of Israel to every quarter of the globe! I see unquenchable fire licking the walls of thy palaces, the Roman torch lighting up the sacred precincts of thy temple. O sanctuary of God, O city so long cherished, O rampart and tower of David, home of the Prophets, how

art thou changed into a heap of bleeding corpses and smoking ruins! What lamentations can bespeak thy sorrow!

And in the prayer that closes this admirable drama, the poet-saint bursts out into an appeal to the Virgin Mother of God, with a confidence never surpassed in after ages.

Hail, Virgin Mother, joy of all hearts, beautiful beyond all virgins, raised above the choirs of the celestial court, sovereign Mistress of heaven and earth, pride of humanity, be ever merciful to the race whose one unsullied bloom thou art! O my Queen, grant me condonement of my sins and the salvation of my soul!

So sang, in the accents of a Homer, in language that the proudest verses of "Athalia" never surpassed, an aged Bishop of the fourth century,—a poor monk, an unrivalled orator, a saint, gentle yet strong of heart, who had relinquished the See of Constantinople and the favor of Theodosius to die in the little town of Nazianzen, immortalized by his holiness and genius. What obstinate freethinker will dare to affirm in good faith that these two great men, Basil and Gregory, are not an honor to the human race,—their talents, their labors, their charity, their contempt for worldly grandeur, not a glory to the world as well as to the Church their lives adorned?

WHAT most people call "deep and earnest convictions" on political and social topics are generally muddle-headed medleys of knowledge of fact and opinion. They know that such and such a thing is an evil, and they opine that they see a way to amend it; and if wiser people point out to them that the evil would not be so amended, or that greater evils would accrue from the attempt, they only feel that their "convictions" are affronted and opposed by cold-blooded calculations. This kind of opinion is often as confident as actual knowledge.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

Sayings and Stories of the Blessed Curé of Ars.

THE new Life of Blessed Jean-Baptiste Vianney, by M. Alphonse Germain, though charmingly written, adds little to our knowledge of the celebrated Curé of Ars. The well-known work of the Abbé Monnin, Kathleen O'Meara's delightful volume, and the beautiful little book by Father Bowden, together with the homilies, seem to comprise all that can be learned concerning the holy priest lately enrolled among the Blessed. Of all the sayings and stories gathered by M. Germain, the following are least familiar; to some readers they will doubtless be altogether new; in any case they are well worth repeating.

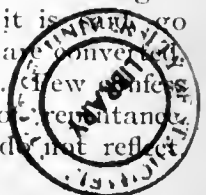
..

People of the world say that it is too hard to work out one's salvation; and yet nothing is easier. Keep the commandments of God and the Church, and shun the seven deadly sins. That is all; or, if you prefer it, Do good and avoid evil.

Here is an excellent rule of conduct: Do only what you can offer to the good God. Of course we can not offer Him slanders, calumnies, hatreds, impurities, injustices, vengeance, and the like. Yet this is all that the world offers Him.

If we only knew the value of the Holy Sacrifice, or rather if we had faith, we should be more eager to assist at it. All the prayers of the Mass are preludes to Holy Communion; and the whole life of a Christian ought to be a preparation for that sublime action.

We go to confession preoccupied with the shame which our sins occasion in us. We confess like a steam-engine (*à la vapeur*). Many, it is, go to confession, not many are converted. I believe it, my brethren. I confess their sins with tears of repentance. The trouble is that we do not reflect



If one were to say to those who work on Sunday, to those who get drunk, "What have you done? You have crucified Our Lord," they would be amazed. Sinners do not think of this. My brethren, if we were to remember it, we should shudder; we should be prevented from doing evil.

The way to overcome the devil when he suggests thoughts of hatred against those who do us injury, is to pray at once for their conversion.

* *

The Blessed Curé was once asked in a sneering way, "What teacher did you have in theology?"—"The same as St. Peter," was the meek reply.

A talkative woman complained of being prevented from speaking with him for three days. He replied: "We shall converse in paradise."

Another woman, a widow, more curious than pious, wanted to know whether her husband was in purgatory. "I have never been there," was all that the holy Curé would say to her.

To light-headed people who demanded to be told their vocation, he was accustomed to answer: "Your vocation is surely to go to heaven."

To one who importuned him for relics, the holy priest replied, with a smile, "Make some!"

On the return, after a long absence, of the Abbé Toccanier, his friend and fellow-priest, the Curé welcomed him with these kindly and gracious words: "Ah! my friend, here you are again! What happiness! I have often thought that the reprobate must be very wretched at being separated from the good God, since we suffer so much in the absence of those we love."

Go to Mary for the royal heart of innocence. She is the beautiful gift of God, which outshines the fascinations of a bad world, and which no one ever sought in sincerity and was disappointed. — *Newman*.

Notes and Remarks.

It will be a day of deep disgrace for Protestant missionaries of a certain sect should the facts relating to their propaganda in Hawaii ever be laid bare. "That secret history," says Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, "is yet to be written; and when it is published, this new book of revelations will appall the gentle reader,—though it will scarcely astonish the natives." We sincerely hope that such a book will never see the light. The infamy of the Rev. Mr. Hyde and the Rev. Mr. Gage is more than sufficient, we trust, to satisfy the generality of readers. From letters published in the Honolulu papers, and more recently in the *New York Times*, it appears that Mr. Hyde's crime is more monstrous than was supposed. Years before his death, he learned from a brother missionary that his infamous charge against Father Damien was utterly false; and yet he failed to withdraw it! He deserved the awful castigation which he received at the hands of Robert Louis Stevenson even more than Father Damien's defender had any idea of; or than the public could realize.

Justice has never been more poetic than in the case of the apostle of the lepers of Molokai. At long last he has been vindicated by a minister belonging to the same sect as his traducer,—by the reluctant admissions of the Rev. Dr. Pond of Honolulu.

Some remarks of Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *New York Sun*, by way of reply to a question we had ventured to put to him—he does not answer it,—go to show how useless it is to argue about miracles with a confirmed unbeliever. Mr. Smith denies the possibility of miracles. It is not a question of evidence or testimony. He does not believe in miracles, therefore no miracles are wrought, or ever have been wrought

therefore again, any person, or any number of persons, of whatever class or condition, claiming to have witnessed a miracle are under some sort of delusion. After examining the proofs, categorically set forth, of the instantaneous cure of a case of varicose veins by means of the Water of Lourdes, Huxley is said to have remarked: "If I were to believe in a miracle at all, I would believe this one sooner than any miracle related in the Gospels." He was not disposed to accept the proofs, though he was disposed to ignore them. This, according to Mr. Smith, is the scientific temper, despite all that has been said about the necessity of an open mind in all scientific investigations. Predisposition either way, to deny or to affirm about anything extraordinary, is not the attitude of the true scientist, however,—Mr. Smith to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Smith is under the impression that his incredulity regarding the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius nullifies all testimony in proof of that marvel,—which is a delusion on the part of Mr. Smith.

In a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Dr. Crozier fell afoul of Mr. H. G. Wells, asking what the author of "Modern Utopia" has added to the Science of Sociology, and generally minimizing the work of that highly imaginative writer. In a reply to his critic, Mr. Wells reiterates the thesis implicitly contained in his book,—

Which thesis is that the so-called Science of Sociology is not a science at all; that the large, copious writings upon Sociology of Comte, of Herbert Spencer, of Mr. Kidd and of Dr. Crozier are interesting intellectual experiments of extraordinarily little permanent value; and that the proper method of approach to sociological questions is the old, various and literary way, the Utopian way of Plato, of More, of Bacon, and not the nineteenth century pneumatic style, with its constant invocation to "biology" and "scientific" history, and its incessant unjustifiable pretension to exactitude and progress....There

is no science of sociology, there is no science of economics, but only an elaborate expansion of certain arbitrary and unjustifiable assumptions about property, social security, and human nature. There is also, if one may glance at the Fabian Society, no "scientific" socialism. Because writings upon any subject are recognizably not literature, it does not follow that they are scientific. Because a work has imagination, it does not, as Dr. Crozier seems to think, cease to be a contribution to thought.

Mr. Wells was accused by Dr. Crozier of ignoring the past, of not wishing to have men learn from the past; "and by spelling it," says the former, "with a capital P, he gives it a sort of technical air, and gets an effect of really believing that my dismissal of the scientific claim of Sociology is a refusal to use the material of history and anthropology. Absolutely the reverse is the case."

In the concluding paragraph of his reply, the imaginative author is thus outspoken:

Please notice that I have been trailing my coat-tail for some time, loudly denying scientific authority to Sociology, emphatically disputing dignified and respected claims, and asserting the rightness of the literary, poetical and Utopian method of dealing with these things, and that Dr. Crozier's is as yet my only reply. I have been disrespectful to Comte and Herbert Spencer, disrespectful to Mr. Benjamin Kidd; to all "scientific" Socialists, my gestures go to the very limits of permissible disrespectfulness. It is not, however, true that I disdain the Past.

Discussing the support and encouragement which Catholics owe to the distinctively Catholic press, the prelates of Australia utter a word of warning that is at least as timely in this country as in that over which they exercise immediate jurisdiction. The latter portion of the following extract from their recent pastoral letter is a vigorous condemnation of a criminally thoughtless course of action, of which too many American Catholic parents are unfortunately guilty:

It is to be feared that many of our people do not realize their responsibility in this matter. They do not take the interest they should take in the welfare of the Church, and so they are

content with the small quantity of news about the Church they get in the secular papers. This is not as it should be. Those who can afford to subscribe to a Catholic paper, should do so. Some, indeed, are so heedless in this matter as to spend their money in the support of periodicals that are positively hostile to religion and a danger to Christian morality; and they seem to think it no harm to bring into their homes, and under the eyes of their young children, pages that must plant in unsuspecting minds the seeds of indifference to the truth of Catholic faith and to the sanctity of Christian virtue. Such carelessness is criminal, and would readily be condemned as such if it were question of the adulteration of the bodily food of their children. But, since it is a question of poisoning the mind instead of the body, they are so blind to the spiritual welfare as not to see the harm for which they are responsible.

Supervision of the reading of their children is nowadays an imperative duty on the part of Catholic parents; and the father who is indifferent as to the nature of the books and periodicals habitually devoured by his sons and daughters is either a criminal or a fool.

Not the least of the trials which converts from Anglicanism have to bear is the substitution of the Revised Version of the English Bible, with its lucidity and dignity and beauty of diction, for the Douay version, the English of which is frequently clumsy and not infrequently obscure. In reply to a correspondent who asks, "Why should the Anglican Bible be forbidden to Catholics?" the editor of the *Bombay Examiner* makes this important observation: "The Authorized Version represents the best talent of the English nation in the zenith of its literary history; while the Rheims-Douay was produced by exiles working under the most adverse circumstances. Moreover, the Catholic translators took up a principle of literalism which certainly sacrificed elegance to accuracy, and which cherished rather than removed the obscurities of the original text." Father Hull then proceeds to explain the Church's attitude toward non-

Catholic versions of the Scripture, showing that the prohibition which cuts off the faithful from all connection with the Protestant Bible propaganda is both reasonable in theory and beneficial in practice. His answer to the lament that Catholics are deprived by this legislation of the use of what would greatly increase their pleasure and understanding of the Bible, on account of greater lucidity of style and literary charm, must be quoted in full:

The conclusion to be drawn from this lament is not that the Church should give up her principles or make an exception to her general laws. The real conclusion is that we ought to set to work at once in good earnest, and provide ourselves with a Catholic translation which would meet the demand, instead of going outside for it. No one who knows the Douay version can fail to recognize the truth of our correspondent's criticism of it, as "often clumsy and obscure." The reading of the Epistles and Gospels every Sunday is demonstration enough, if demonstration were wanted, of the urgent need for improvement in parts. No one ever wrote so severe a stricture on our present Douay text as Cardinal Wiseman, one of whose plans was to put the work of a new translation into the hands of Newman. The collapse of that noble scheme was nothing short of a calamity; and we can only hope that the Church in England will yet provide us with an authorized edition of the Bible which shall remove from Catholics any temptation to run outside for what ought to be supplied to them from within. Half a dozen scholars could be named in England at the present time who, with the immense facilities of scholarship and previous versions at their disposal, could accomplish the work within two years. The only wonder is, Why has it not already been done?

The revolution in Russia, the uprising of the Poles, and recent events in other countries, recall some words of Dr. Brownson which would be interesting merely as an illustration of his strong faith, deep sympathy with the masses, and thorough understanding of democratic tendencies. He wrote:

A new political order seems to us to be rendered inevitable by the popular movements of modern times. It seems to us that there is to follow, perhaps throughout all Christendom, after a

more or less protracted struggle, an era of popular governments. The people are to take the place of the old kings and nobles. Whether this will be a change for better or for worse, we, perhaps without offence, may be permitted to regard as problematical; but that it is to be, we regard as inevitable. The Church will conform, and we see that she is already conforming, to the new state of things. It is in accordance with the principles on which she has always acted to accept the new state of things, when once established. The new order being the popular order, the Church will accept and sanction the popular order. The Church, which has always been on the side of the people, will hereafter, we venture to predict, be on the side of what is called popular liberty; and the triumph of the Church and of the people will be celebrated together.

These words are all the more remarkable from the fact of having been written upward of half a century ago. Cardinal Manning made a similar prediction, but that was long afterward.

It is like refreshment in a desert land to meet with thoughts like the following, after long reading of wordy books and vapid newspapers. The most lauded volumes often prove to be dull or inconsequential, and the average paper is sometimes least readable when subjects of greatest interest are being treated. It is a long time since readers could turn from the perusal of a book of essays to the editorial page of a newspaper without experiencing something like disgust. We quote from Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie and the Rev. Henry Van Dyke respectively:

Surely there is need that the lesson set for Job should be studied by the men and women of to-day, whose first impulse when any pain falls on them is to challenge God, and whose passionate response to any hardship which comes to them in their relations with society is to tear down and cast aside the ancient order which has slowly and with infinite pain built up the home, and set the family in it, and made it the shrine of love.

..

Cannibalism is dying out among the barbarous tribes: the Fiji Islanders have given it up; but it still survives among the most highly civilized peoples. You might find yourself in some difficulty

if you invited a company of friends to a feast in which the principal dish was to be a well-roasted neighbor. Everybody would refuse with horror, and you would probably be escorted to the nearest lunatic asylum. But if you wish to serve up somebody's character at a social entertainment, or pick the bones of somebody's reputation in a quiet corner, you will find ready guests and almost incredible appetites.

How cruel are the tender mercies of the wicked! How eager and indiscriminate is the hunger of the gossip! How quick some men are to take up an evil report, and roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, and devour their neighbors—yes, even their friends! Perhaps some of my readers are doing it even now, chewing the cud in secret. "Yes," you are saying, "this passage applies to So-and-so. And he certainly is a dreadful gossip. I remember he told me—" Stop, friend! The passage was written for you and me.

If all who write to be read instead of writing against space were to take their readers a little more seriously, and aimed to rouse thought rather than to provoke smiles, serious reading would doubtless become popular,—at least a great deal more popular than it is.

It is so seldom that the lines of our foreign missionaries fall in pleasant places, that unusual interest attaches to a letter which Father Audren, C. S. Sp., sends from Zanzibar to the *Missions Catholiques*. As he describes it, his district is a veritable El Dorado among missions. "Boura, where I am," he says, "is a missionary station in the interior of the mysterious continent, in the domain of lions and tigers, eighty leagues from the Indian Ocean, and thirty from the highest mountain in Africa. Although only a couple of hundred miles from the equator, the climate is temperate rather than hot.... Here spring is perennial; roses bloom all the year round, and the strawberry we have with us always. We plant potatoes every month; they grow well, and we never eat any but those that are 'new.' Wheat yields sixty-fold; and all the other cereals, including black corn, thrive abundantly. Very slight

labor on our part furnishes us with superb vegetables, and we eat cauliflower from January to December. There is excellent fishing, too. All the fruits you have in France, and those of torrid climes also, develop here wonderfully. We have two hundred coffee plants flourishing so well that the same stock bears both flowers and fruit."

From a governmental as well as a climatic viewpoint, the missionaries of Boura are singularly blessed. Zanzibar is a British protectorate; and Father Audren, wishing to secure a deed of the mission property, recently applied to the English Governor. "What area do you require?" asked the latter.—"Two hundred hectares," replied the priest.—"That's not enough, you'll find. I shall give you five hundred." On the whole, we think it likely that there are many worse places on the home mission even in this country than this exceptionally pleasant corner of the Dark Continent.

Newspaper correspondents in various parts of the country are denouncing the customs of surgeons in calling "successful" those operations in which the patients die. There is some point in the denunciation, too. While, of course, it is quite possible that in a technical sense the operation, as such, may be skilfully performed, and so far successful that the immediate result aimed at is achieved, ordinary lay people, the patients and their friends, will persist in qualifying as "successes" only such wieldings of the surgical knife as appreciably restore the health of those operated upon. The non-medical man may not be speaking with scientific accuracy when he says that So-and-so died from an operation, which the surgeon declares to have been, *qua* operation, entirely successful; but whether death supervenes as the immediate, or only the indirect consequence of the knife, makes very little difference to either the subject or the subject's

relatives. Smiles relates somewhere the story of a French surgeon who astonished an English confrère by the statement that he had performed some fourscore different times an exceedingly difficult operation which the Englishman had attempted less than a dozen times. The latter's patients, however, had without exception recovered, whereas the Frenchman admitted: "Ah! with me the patients all die; but the operation was very brilliant."

Although persecution of Christians in China has been frequent and severe during late years, and many native converts have been called upon to sacrifice their lives for the Faith, we are assured that few pagan countries at the present day are so ready to embrace Christianity as the Celestial Empire. In his new book on "China and Religion," Prof. Parker bears witness that, in spite of all opposition, the Church has more than maintained its position among the Chinese. Year by year the number of missionaries has been augmented, and they have mightily increased the record of converts. Mr. Parker states that, whereas in 1866 there were 263 European and 242 native priests, having care over 383,580 Christians, at the present time there are 1,063 European and 493 native priests, 4,961 churches and chapels, and 803,000 Christians.

A notable characteristic of Chinese converts is their devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The Sisters of Charity at Ningpo, to whom we lately had the pleasure of sending an offering for their mission, tell us that "no good Chinese Christian would think of retiring to rest without chanting the Rosary, no matter how tired or weary he might be. In the evening we see hard-worked fishermen kneeling in their little boats, with their wives and children, fervently singing away, quite regardless of their pagan surroundings."



The Twins' Thanksgiving.



OR several days there had been quiet in the Van Dusen household. The very idea of quiet in connection with any place where the twins were pleased to take up their abode, was in itself a sufficient cause of alarm. Not that they ever prolonged that blissful state for more than a few hours' enjoyment, anyway; for, mischievous little spirits that they were, they declared it their "solemn duty to enliven the dulness of the neighborhood" by such tricks as they alone could devise. Everyone, however, had noticed a most decided change in the recent behavior of the twins.

It was remarked by the jubilant Mrs. Van Dusen that the great change had set in since Father McAllister's sermon on the previous Sunday's Gospel. It was either the text itself, or the earnest, appealing manner in which the pastor expounded it, or perhaps the absence from the front pew of the fat lady who usually attracted their attention; but, at any rate, something had made a deep impression on the twins.

"Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find call to the marriage," they were frequently heard to murmur, mysteriously. "Now, what do you think that means exactly? We'd like your own sermon on it, too,—that is, if it's quite orthodox, you know," they asked of almost every person they met; and would then settle down to an animated discussion of the opinion good-humoredly given.

The impending excitement, however, soon reached a crisis. The powers had evidently come to an agreement, and

with characteristic energy they proceeded to action.

"Mamma," said Betty, hastily entering Mrs. Van Dusen's boudoir, where the mother was busy writing invitations for a Thanksgiving dinner,— "mamma, we've just decided to give a little party, ourselves, in the nursery next Thursday night. It's to be very private, and we don't want any inter—inter—"

"Ruptions," beamed Bobby. "Got you there, didn't I, Betty? Yes," he added, "and we must get lots of good things to eat for—"

"O Bobby, that's all you can think about! I declare you're quite common! No, that's not the point at all." And Betty proceeded to settle herself with a businesslike air, until Mrs. Van Dusen was free to attend to her.

The mother readily agreed to Betty's plan, and promised, much to the twins' delight, to give the cook the necessary instructions.

The great day arrived. Amid all the excitement and commotion of the preparations for the grand dinner, the twins remained perfectly calm, as though it were the most ordinary day of their lives.

"We'll sit here with you," Bobby announced to the footman at the door. "We'll receive our friends ourselves,—you might scare them."

"They might forget their cards," corrected Betty, after a vigorous pull at Bobby's jacket by way of reminder.

And soon their own guests did arrive, cordially received by the twins, but much to the bewildered footman's discomfiture. Such a motley group had never before graced the stately entrance of Aylmer Hall. There was "Old Jim" with his wooden leg; Mrs. Grundy,

the apple-woman, "all stiff in the joints with rumatiz"; the deaf sewing-girl who lived way up in an attic, and whose hospitality the twins especially delighted in when "running away"; and, lastly, the little newsboy whose friendship they had secured by taking him home with them once before to the pantry.

Such a fine supper as it was, too, with turkey, sweet potatoes, ice cream and cake, and everything else a loving boy's heart could suggest; for the *menu* was distinctly Bobby's charge. Betty's hand was seen in the pretty decorations about the room, and in the little candy turkeys at each plate for souvenirs. Her masterpiece, however, threw a white light upon this Thanksgiving entertainment; for right over the doorway on a huge paper sign were seen these words, in much belabored print:

"Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find call to the marriage."

"You see, it really isn't a marriage," they explained to the puzzled Mrs. Grundy; "but it's a good dinner and a feast, which, after all, is *the* thing; for we went to Aunt Margaret's wedding, and we know."

Just above the grate fire, which filled the whole room with warmth, was Bobby's choice of mottoes: "Many are called but few are chosen." And still again was seen a mutual contribution hanging on the wall itself: "Wedding garment needed. Can't come without."

It was the sight of this last placard which now roused the jubilant hosts; and, in spite of yearning glances toward the table, the guests were strictly forbidden to touch "even a cranberry" until the twins returned.

They returned soon, however, much to the general relief; and each guest was presented with a mysterious-looking white square, greatly resembling a pillowcover with slits for head and arms.

"Wedding garments," the twins explained. "Put them on. We're the waiters, and we'd have to put you out if you didn't wear them,—see?"

"Here, Mrs. Grundy, this one's for you. Hope it will fit. It's the biggest in the house," continued Bobby. "I just pulled it off the best bed." And he chuckled at the remembrance.

Nothing abashed, but laughing merrily, all sat down to the table, which fairly groaned beneath its burden.

"Oh, it's grand! It's just grand!" the twins agreed, while removing the courses, which they did to perfection,—breaking only three dishes. "Doesn't it make you feel good only to see them?" And they danced in delight.

Soon the guests declared that they "just couldn't eat another thing," and they willingly assembled around the hearth fire to be regaled with some of "Old Uncle Jim's" stories of times "Before the War."

Presently they heard a knock, quickly followed by an excited cry of "Fire! fire! The hall lamp's burst!" And all rushed to the door.

It was Mrs. Grundy's presence of mind that saved the day.

"Be still with you now," she commanded; "and be after bringing some blankets,—quick!"

Bobby and Betty, followed by the sewing-girl and the newsboy, soon appeared with comforters stripped off the nearest beds; and "Old Uncle Jim" wrapped them around the lamp and extinguished the fast-spreading flames.

"My! how fortunate to think you were passing just at that moment and saw it—outside!" said the startled Mrs. Van Dusen, appearing a few minutes later. "How can I thank you all! You have indeed saved our house and perhaps the lives of our children."

"Mother," exclaimed Bobby, proudly, "these are our *guests*! They were here for *our* party to-night." And he formally introduced each by name.

Though somewhat taken aback, the mother smiled and shook hands with all.

"From the highways, you know," beamed Betty. "Doesn't it fit right in? These were the only ones with wedding garments."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Bobby. "And my motto fits, too; for, you see, while a whole lot were called to come and eat, ours were the only ones chosen to save us, and keep the house from being burned down."

KATRINA.

Gem Lore.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

V.—PEARLS.

The pearl, from its association with all that is pure and innocent, has often been termed the gem of the Blessed Virgin. In the Ages of Faith, when it was a common practice to leave money or jewels to be applied to the adornment of Our Lady's statues, it was usual to stipulate that the gems chosen be pearls. Indeed, there have been handed down to us many of her gowns, girdles, and crowns of which pearls form the chief decoration.

These beautiful gems have another distinction—that of requiring no polishing or cutting to make them perfect, being shapely and lustrous when discovered in the shell which is their home, and proudly disdaining all aid from the hands of artisans.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the formation of pearls. In the time of the ancients it was thought that they had their origin in drops of dew which found their way into the shell of the pearl oyster; but in modern times it has become generally believed that little irritating grains of sand are the foundation around which a pearly secretion gathers. In fact, certain experiments have proved this to be true, and many pearls have

been formed after the sand has been introduced artificially.

We read of pearls in the earliest recorded writings; and, so far as history goes, they have always existed, Eastern nations being especially fond of them. The Persian nobles were in the habit of wearing a large pearl hanging from the right ear; and the gay young men of Athens wore earrings in the shape of small bells, a pearl forming the clapper of each one. Similar ornaments have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

The story of the pearl dissolved and swallowed by Cleopatra is well known. A similar incident is related of an English merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was enormously wealthy; and as he owed much of his prosperity to his Queen, he felt called upon to extol her on every occasion. At one time the Spanish ambassador was boasting of the wealth of his own sovereign, when Sir Thomas remarked: "My Queen has subjects who at one meal can expend a sum equal to the daily revenue of Spain." Saying this, he took from his pocket a pearl worth 75,000 dollars, made a powder of it, which he put in a glass of wine and then drank to the toast: "Queen Elizabeth, our Sovereign Lady!" One can not help wishing that so enthusiastic a champion had had a more worthy object of devotion.

Pearl oysters are found in many parts of the world, in both salt and fresh water; and are procured by divers, who prepare themselves for their dangerous task by a severe course of training. Their bodies are rubbed with oil, their nostrils and ears are stuffed with cotton, and a large stone is usually fastened about the waist to facilitate the descent. Forty or fifty trips are usually made in one day, the divers of certain Eastern countries using their toes as well as their fingers in picking up the oysters. The stay under water

is from one to two minutes. In recent years the diving-bell has been brought into use by the pearl fishers; and doubtless the old-fashioned, dangerous method of hunting the beautiful treasures will in time be entirely abandoned.

Pearls are found of various colors, the yellow ones being most highly prized by some people, notably the Chinese. In Buddhist temples, many pink pearls are found in the ornamentation; and sometimes a pink pearl is placed in the mouth of the dead. What are called black pearls are not uncommon.

These gems are not always round, being often formed in the most fantastic shapes, and then called *baroque* pearls. Pearls are very sensitive to surrounding influences, and are injured by contact with noxious vapors. The Romans called them by the name of *margarita*; so every "Maggie" should be fond of pearls.

The largest and finest pearl in existence to-day is in the possession of the Shah of Persia. It is valued at something like a million dollars. The crown jewels of the monarchs of the Old World contain many other wonderful specimens of these lovely objects which rank so high among the beautiful gifts of God to man.

The Patron Saint of Scotland.

When Our Lord passed by John the Baptist, who stood with two of his disciples upon the banks of the Jordan, the Forerunner said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and the two bystanders rose and followed Christ. One of them was named Andrew, the son of Jonas, and he was a fisherman of Bethsaida in Galilee. It was he who, having become a devoted follower of Our Lord, sought out his brother Simon Peter and brought him to Christ.

After the years spent in following his Master, St. Andrew travelled far and

wide as a missionary of the Cross,—going to Thrace, Macedonia, Epirus, Scythia, and finally to Patræ. There he met his death, receiving the cross of martyrdom in A. D. 70, at the hands of the Roman consul. After having been cruelly scourged he was crucified, but was fastened to the cross by cords instead of nails, so that his death might be a lingering one of hunger and thirst.

A Christian lady of high rank, Maximilla by name, caused the saint's body to be embalmed and buried at Patræ; but in the fourth century the Emperor Constantine removed it to Byzantium, and erected for the remains the Church of the Twelve Apostles. This, however, was not their final resting-place; for in A. D. 368 a Greek monk named Regulus conveyed them to Scotland, and built a splendid church for the relics upon the coast of Fife; and thus St. Andrew became the patron of Scotland. Every good Jacobite knows the old roundelay:

St. George he fights for England,
For France is St. Den-nee,
But St. Andrew is for Scottish men
Who dwell upon the Dee.

To the Bitter End.

When a man speaks of pursuing a course of action to the bitter end, he means that he will follow it to the last and direst extremity—to death itself. While the phrase, in this sense, has the sanction of good usage, it is probable that originally the expression was "to the *better* end." This latter form is used properly to designate a crisis, or the moment of an extremity. When in a gale a vessel has paid out all her cable, her cable has run out to the "better end,"—the end which is secured within the vessel and little used. Robinson Crusoe, in describing a terrible storm, says: "We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end."

With Authors and Publishers.

—In an article on "Recent Caxtoniana," by Mr. Pollard, in the *Library* for October, convincing arguments are given in favor of the theory that a contemporary likeness of Caxton is to be found in an engraving there reproduced.

—We learn from the *Athenæum* that Mr. Reginald Balfour is to be associated with Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the editorship of the *Dublin Review*, a new series of which will begin with the next number.

—"The Decline of Darwinism" is a sixteen-page pamphlet by Walter Sweetman. It is an excellent exposition of the latest phases of the system with which the name of the great evolutionist has come to be identified. Published by the London Catholic Truth Society.

—The Macmillan Co. announce a new edition of "The System of the Stars," by Miss Agnes M. Clerke. The work has been thoroughly revised and largely rewritten; and novelty has been given to the illustrations by extensive substitution, suppression and additions. It is not generally known that Miss Clerke, who ranks among the foremost scientific writers of the day, is a native of Ireland, where she has a host of friends, not less appreciative of her worth than of her accomplishments.

—The Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., has arranged and edited another little book of selections from the works of Father Faber. This time the thoughts are on prayer, and the extracts make a compendium of the teaching of the Church on this subject. Among the points touched upon are mental and vocal prayer, answers to prayer, and the power of prayer. Part II. has for a heading "Distractions and their Remedies." This little book is published by R. and T. Washbourne; Messrs. Benziger Brothers, American agents.

—Directors of sodalities and others whose duty it is to provide suitable devotions, hymns and music for religious services in chapels, confraternity rooms, etc., will welcome two books lately issued by the Notre Dame University Press—the "Holy Cross Hymn Book," and the piano and organ score of the same. A large number of beautiful hymns—some of the best of them are new and were written for this collection—are presented; and the music to which they are set, original and selected, has been carefully revised by a competent professor. Besides hymns, motets, etc., the "Holy Cross Hymn Book" contains a great variety of prayers for public services and private use, together with an excellent Mass book, the psalms and antiphons for Vespers, the litanies in general use, etc. etc. Both books are of

convenient size, and well printed on superior white paper, as all such books should be. The price of the hymn book is 75 cts.; of the musician's complement, \$1.50.

—Educational Brief: No. 12, just published by the Superintendent of Parish Schools, Philadelphia, is the Rev. Dr. Pace's excellent paper, "Modern Psychology and Catholic Education," a reprint, with permission, from the *Catholic World*. We have frequently had occasion to commend the discriminating taste evinced in the selection of matter for "Educational Briefs," and we congratulate the publisher on this latest manifestation thereof.

—Another volume of Lord Acton's letters is in preparation, and it is stated that in the new series "the essential Acton will be presented,—a student of history unrestingly alert to apply his endless erudition to the defence and elucidation of contemporary Christianity. His own final attitude toward the great religious controversies in which he figured is set forth by himself with a plainness of speech which, perhaps by accident rather than by design, was somehow eluded during his lifetime."

—There is consolation of a certain kind for Catholic authors and publishers in an article published not long since in the *New York Independent*. On all sides is heard the discouraging remark (intended to explain the lack of interest in Catholic literature—the small sale of our best books and the general neglect of our most deserving periodicals): "Our people are not a reading class." Judging from the revelation made by the *Independent*, however, they do not deserve this reproach any more than other classes of Americans. The truth would seem to be that the reading of by far the great majority of people in these United States is confined to newspapers, generally of the yellow variety, and to novels mostly of the sensational sort. This is what—in part—the *Independent* has to say on the subject:

From time to time we have commented upon the astonishing fact that a people which spends millions of dollars annually upon education is, nevertheless, a people that takes almost no interest in substantial literature. No other people in the world boasting of its intelligence has so small a percentage of readers of serious books. The proofs that back up this assertion are notorious and overwhelming. For example, there are at least twenty thousand somewhat pretentious public libraries in the United States, not counting the little ones. If one-half of these bought one copy each of every standard book that is published, there would be a market for any volume of genuinely scholarly or scientific quality. There would be a sufficient sale to pay the author and the publisher for the labor and expense of producing it. As a matter of fact, there is almost no market for such books in this country. New York publishers say that the public library call for a high grade book seldom takes up an

edition of more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred copies. The reading of one-half of the American population consists of ephemeral novels and newspapers. The reading of the other half consists of the nickel magazines and "scare heads."

There is no good in mere scolding, and when undeserved it may do a great deal of harm. Our people, like all other people, may be confirmed in their neglect by constant reproaches on account of it. And we doubt very much whether American Catholics can justly be called a non-reading set. Not to speak of papers and magazines, of which we have a great number, all managing to keep afloat, numerous books deserving to be ranked as standard are published every year; and the sale of them can not be so very small, or we should oftener hear of Catholic publishers going into bankruptcy. We will do our people the justice to assert that when a really interesting and well-written book on any subject does not receive due welcome from them, it is the fault, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, of those who stand sponsors for it. The trouble is that too many books of exactly the same kind are issued, and the newest are not always the best. People can not be expected to purchase every book that makes its appearance regardless of those already in their possession. Does one buy a new umbrella every time it rains? Our publishers would do well to advertise more and publish less. Anyway, there is wisdom in the old Irish proverb: "If you want to sell only a hen, take it to the middle of the fair ground."

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.

- "Prayer." Father Faber. 30 cts., net.
 "Lives of the English Martyrs." (Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth.) \$2 75.
 "Joan of Arc." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 75 cts.
 "The Life of St. Patrick, and His Place in History." J. B. Bury, M. A. \$3 25, net.
 "The Suffering Man-God." Père Seraphin. 75 cts., net.
 "The Immortality of the Soul." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.

- "The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul." Ven. Blossius, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.
 "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." \$1.60, net.
 "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." Charles Major. \$1.50.
 "Addresses: Historical, Political, Sociological." Frederic R. Coudert. \$2.50.
 "Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt." William Roper. 55 cts., net.
 "Modern Freethought." Rev. J. Gerard, S. J. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.
 "Theosophy and Christianity." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 45 cts., net.
 "The Crisis in the Church in France." 25 cts., net.
 "Forget-Me-Nots from Many Gardens." 45 cts., net.
 "The Freedom of the Will." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. 30 cts., net.
 "The Household of Sir Thomas More." Anne Manning 60 cts., net.
 "Socialism and Christianity." Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D. \$1.10.
 "English Monastic Life." Rt. Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. \$2, net.
 "Health and Holiness." Francis Thompson. 55 cts.
 "A Girl's Ideal." Rosa Mulholland. (Lady Gilbert.) \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in hands.—HER., xlii.

Rev. James Clare, of the diocese of Sacramento; Rev. Gordon Thompson, archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. John McCourt, diocese of Leavenworth; and Rev. Angelus O'Connor, O. F. M.

Sister M. Benedict, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Placida, O. S. B.; Mother M. Michael, Sisters of St. Francis; and Sister M. Ignatius, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. E. B. Finefield, of Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. W. H. Hill, Norwich, Conn.; Mr. Frank Curley, Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss Julia McDonald, New York; Mr. Richard Haas, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Grimes, Batavia, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Houston, Texas; Mr. Lawrence Farrell, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Esther Cadden, Mrs. Marie Hackley, Mr. J. N. Kelly, and Mr. Charles O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Frank Gray, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Anna Reynolds, New London, Conn.; Mr. Eugene McCarthy and Mrs. Annie Walsh, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Elizabeth Archibald, Antigonish, Canada; and Mr. E. H. Miller, Rochester, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 2, 1905.

NO. 23.

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

Jam Sol Recedit Igneus.

TRANSLATED BY DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

WHILE now doth sink the fiery sun,
And swiftly stride the shades of night,
Give us Thine own eternal light,
O holy Godhead, Three in One!

To Thee our Matin hymns we raise,
To Thee our Vesper songs are sung:
Oh, be our lot to stand among
The heavenly host and sing Thy praise!

To Thee, O Father, Thee, O Son,
To Thee, O Holy Spirit, be
Glory and praise unceasingly,
While the eternal ages run!

The Religious Orders, and Devotion to Our Lady.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IT has been truly said that "the religious Orders were central schools of devotion to our Blessed Lady." It would be almost impossible, indeed, to overestimate the services rendered by them in this matter; and the annals of England alone sufficiently prove how strenuously the monks, and later on the friars, labored to promote Mary's honor, and to make her ever more and more widely known and loved.

Amongst the most noted Benedictines who, though not all of them Englishmen by birth, spent many years of their lives in promoting the cause of reli-

gion in this country, may be mentioned St. Augustine, St. Bede, St. Bennet Biscop, St. Dunstan, St. Egwine, St. Oswald of Worcester; Alcuin, the preceptor of Charlemagne; and last, but certainly not least, the great St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury—"the father of scholastic theology."

This high-minded, noble-hearted man had few equals among the learned men of his day; whilst his devotion to our Blessed Lady, whose Feast of the Immaculate Conception he was the first to establish in the West, has done as much as his marvellous intellectual gifts and singular personal charm to make his "an everlasting name."

The annals of Evesham, St. Alban's, and other great Benedictine houses, furnish us with numerous interesting details regarding the love of the monks for the Mother of God. At St. Alban's Abbey, there was a procession every week in "honor of Our Lady, the monks wearing surplices"; and we read that the eighteenth abbot, Robert by name (1151-1166), caused to be made "a very beautiful image of Mary (*pulchram Mariolam*) with its appurtenances." * Again, we are told that on the west-side of the magnificent shrine of St. Alban, erected by Simon, nineteenth abbot (1166-1185), there was an image, in high relief, of the Blissful Mother of God, which image represented her seated on a throne, holding her Divine Son in her lap, "and adorned with

* "Gesta Abbatum Monast. S. Albani, a Thoma Walsingham," v. i, p. 107. Rolls Edit.

gems and precious ornaments of gold."

It is recorded that William, twenty-second abbot (1214-1235), gave a most harmonious bell to the Lady altar. This bell was called "Saint Marye," and was rung three times daily, to summon the ministers appointed for altar duty,—namely, the six monks whom Abbot William had ordered to sing a daily Mass of Our Lady; the monk whom he had chosen to be the guardian, or *custos*, of her altar; and "others of the faithful of Christ and devout humble clients of the Blessed Virgin," who at the voice of this Mary bell hastened to pray for the prosperity of the Church and their own.

It is a significant proof of the honor paid to Mary that at that time, in all the principal churches in England, "a Mass of the Blessed Virgin was sung each day to note." "Furthermore, it redounds to the praises of the same Abbot William," continues Walsingham, "that he presented to our church a most lovely image of the Blessed Virgin Marye, which the oft-mentioned Master Walter of Colchester had sculptured with the most consummate skill." This celebrated image, known as "Our Lady the Beautiful," was "hallowed" (or blessed) by Bishop John of Ardfert, and stood in the south transept, near the chapter house. The wax candles, "which," says the old chronicler, "we have been accustomed to wreath with flowers," were lighted before the statue on the days and nights of Our Lady's principal feasts, and in the procession which was made in commemoration of the same.

It is remarked of Hugh de Eversdone, twenty-seventh abbot, that he had an especial veneration for Christ's Holy Mother. History tells us, moreover, that the acts of this good abbot were always on a large and generous scale; and with him rests the honor of having completed "in a praiseworthy manner," at the east end of the church, the Ladye

chapel which had been begun many years earlier by John de Hertford.

Ere we quit St. Alban's, we must mention, in passing, that in this famous abbey church there was an altar of Our Lady called of the Four Candles, or *Quatuor Cereorum*; so named because four candles, offered by four officials of the abbey, were daily lighted. Again, we find yet another altar, erected by Brother William Wintershalle, the almoner of the abbey, before an image of Our Lady which stood in the nave.

At Evesham, a very renowned sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, we are told that "there were in thys same chyrche iii or iiii images of our blessyd ladye, Sent Marye"; and before each image hung a lamp, which was lighted at every principal feast through "alle the yere, both by nyghte and by daye." "These lamps," the old chronicler goes on to relate, "lightened all the chyrche aboute." Before Our Lady's altar in the crypt one wax light and one lamp burned continually; also one cresset by night. Cressets, it may be remarked, were torches fixed on poles. At the celebration of the Marye Mass, twenty-four wax lights and thirty-three lamps were burned daily.

It is interesting to find that Thomas Marleberge, or Marlbarew, who was prior of Evesham between 1218 and 1229, showed his devotion to the Blessed Virgin in a very substantial manner, by buying two shops in the centre of the high street and giving them to the support of the lights of Our Ladye in the crypt. It is also recorded of him that, "whilst he was sacristan, he arranged with the chapter that the lamps before the high altar, and the altar of Our Lady in the crypt, should be continually burning"; and that, when prior, "he bought of Adam Peterel a piece of land, the half of which he devoted to alms, and the other half to the lights of Our Lady in the crypt."*

* See "Chron. Abb. de Eves.," p. 267.

Bells dedicated to God's Mother were given by different pious abbots; whilst Abbot William de Cheriton (1316-1344) built the magnificent crenelated abbey gate, one of the most noted features of Evesham. This gateway was adorned by him with stone statues of our Blessed Lady and St. Egwine.

Another famous Benedictine foundation was that of St. Edmundsbury, formerly known as Beoderic-weorth. The glorious abbey church attached to this monastery was erected by Cnut, and consecrated on St. Luke's Day, 1032, by Ægelnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury, in honor of Christ, His Virgin Mother, and St. Edmund, king and martyr. It is scarcely necessary to state that Lady altars and chapels were not wanting here,—notably (1) that to the north of the choir; (2) Our Lady's altar and chapel behind the high altar; (3) the crypt of Our Lady, under the shrine of St. Edmund.

One of the most distinguished monks of this celebrated abbey was Dom Galfrid Waterton, or Watretone. He flourished about the year 1350, and is said to have been profoundly versed in sacred and profane philosophy. It is a noteworthy fact that, amongst the five works written by him, one was a book on the Angelical Salutation, and another a "Mariale," or treatise in praise of our Blessed Lady.

The very ancient monastery of St. Augustine, in Canterbury, which was founded in 608 by King Ethelbert and St. Augustine of Canterbury, must not be forgotten in the long list of venerable Benedictine houses where devotion to Our Lady flourished exceedingly. This devotion, as we have seen, took concrete form in the shape of noble chapels and richly adorned images; and the sanctuary, which was ultimately to become so famous as the shrine of St. Thomas, the martyred Archbishop, was noted from its very beginning for memorials of Mary. Here Ethelbert's son and

successor, Ethebald, built the historic chapel of Our Lady, in which eventually he and his wife Emma were buried, and in which St. Dunstan had his visions.

So pleasing to the Queen of Heaven was this oratory—which stood at the east end of the monastery—that, "according to the English proverb, it was called the Sacrarium, or Vestiarium of Marye"; and, continues the chronicler, "in it did the Mistress of the world often appear; in it was the brightness of miracles made manifest; in it the voices of angels and the melodious strains of holy virgins were frequently heard."

In an ancient document describing the enthronement of William Wareham, Archbishop of Canterbury, we find reference to "Our Ladye at Rolles"; but of this image or representation of the Blessed Virgin no other particulars have yet been found.

The most celebrated memorial of Our Lady in Canterbury cathedral, and one to which pilgrimages, as well as many rich offerings, were made, was the noted chapel of Our Ladye Undercroft, or in the Crypt. It may be briefly described in the words of one who visited it in the very zenith of its fame. "From the shrine of St. Thomas," says Erasmus, in his "*Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo*," "we returned to the crypt. Here the Virgin Mother has an abode, but somewhat dark, enclosed within a double screen of iron, for fear of thieves; for indeed I never saw a thing more laden with riches. When lamps were brought, we beheld more than a royal spectacle, which in beauty far surpassed that of Walsingham. This is shown only to men of high rank, or great friends."*

We have already mentioned St. Oswald of Worcester as one of the great Benedictines specially devout to Our Lady during the early ages of the Church in

* See "*Erasmi Colloquia Amstelodami*," 1644, p. 418.

England. He it was who, in A. D. 983, completed the new minster, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and in which he erected twenty-eight altars.* This famous church, founded in 678 or 680, and originally dedicated to St. Peter, "was soon called St. Marye's."† Indeed, as far back as the year 743, we find it spoken of as "St. Marye's Minster"; and, as has just been remarked, when Oswald finished his new church, he dedicated it, like the older building, to the Most Holy Mother of God.

Pre-eminent amongst the benefactors of Worcester's grand cathedral church is that true model of an Anglo-Saxon lady, Godgifu, better known as Godiva, Countess of Mercia. This gracious woman, whose remarkable piety and strikingly attractive personality have been recorded not alone by St. Ælred but by numerous other historians, was so singularly devout to Our Lady, that she is said to have "denuded herself of all her treasure for the making of the sacred images." Her exceeding beauty of face and form was far surpassed, say her biographers, by her many gifts of mind and heart. Lovely as she was exteriorly, her soul would appear to have been even fairer still, so richly was it endowed with heavenly graces.

On the death of her husband, Earl Leofric, in 1057, "Godgifu came to the monks [at Worcester], and gave them, for the health of his and her soul, three cloaks, two curtains, two coverings for benches, two candlesticks finely wrought, and a library; desiring that she might hold certain lands promised by Leofric, during her life, paying yearly a stipulated sum of money, and that, at her death, they should return to the abbey; to which the monks readily assented."

It is not surprising to learn that, after this "religious Countess sent her

steadfast soul to Christ," her body was buried in one of the porches of the magnificent abbey church of Coventry, not far from the noted image of Our Lady, to whom her dying thoughts and affections had been given. It will be remembered that Coventry Abbey, which was once the glory of England, but of which not a stone now remains, was founded by Leofric and Godgifu.

So much for the monasteries. We must now turn to the friars, whose love for Our Lady has ever been a household word.

The White Friars, or Carmelites, propagated throughout Europe the devotion of the Scapular which had been revealed to St. Simon Stock at Newnham. Simon was born in the county of Kent, and history tells us that when only twelve years old he left his home to live as a hermit in the hollow trunk of a tree; hence his name of Simon Stock, or rather Simon of the Stock. For twenty years he led a solitary existence, passing his lonely days in penance and in prayer, until in God's good time the Carmelite Friars came to England, and he was admitted into their Order, A. D. 1212. Later on, in the year 1245, on account of his great holiness, he was elected general by the chapter held at Aylesford, near Rochester. It is interesting to find that, according to an old tradition, the White Friars were called "Our Lady's Brothers."

The Grey Friars, or sons of St. Francis, have ever been conspicuous for their devotion to our Blessed Lady, and in particular to her Immaculate Conception. First and foremost stands the glorious patriarch himself, who placed his three Orders under the protection of Mary conceived without sin. Examples of the singular love of the Seraphic Saint of Assisi for Christ's stainless Mother might be multiplied almost indefinitely; whilst trooping down the dim avenues of Time comes

* See "Mon. Angl.," vol. i, p. 568.

† See "Angl. Sacra.," vol. i, p. 469.

a long procession of his most noted children, whose illustrious names shine like stars in the crown of their holy founder. Antony of Padua, Bonaventure, Bernardine, Duns Scotus, Gabriel of Ferreti,—we know them all. We know how loyally they strove to enhance the honor of their Queen, how faithfully and unfailingly they served her cause. The most learned members of the Order—and they have been many—have, like Alexander Hales, and Scotus the Subtle Doctor, devoted their great mental gifts, their luminous intellects to the defence of what has been called *l'opinion Franciscaine*,—in other words, the special privilege of Mary's Immaculate Conception.

A beautiful Franciscan devotion, one which spread rapidly throughout the Order, is that known as the "Crown of the Seven Joys of the Most Blessed Virgin, or the Franciscan Crown." This pious practice originated about the year 1422. St. Bernardine of Siena was one of the first to adopt it, and he used often to say that to it he owed all those heavenly favors which were so freely bestowed upon him. This Rosary of seven decades is always worn by the Franciscan Friars.

The Black Friars, or Friars Preachers, as the Dominicans were called, must not be forgotten; though, indeed, it seems superfluous to repeat the well-known fact that it was they who spread far and wide the Psalter of Our Ladye, now familiar to us under the title of the "Rosary."

Of the Servites, too, it is unnecessary to speak: their very name implies their sublime mission.

In conclusion, we may mention the Gilbertines, so called after St. Gilbert of Sempringham, in Lincolnshire, the founder of the Order, who, it is interesting to note, ordained in the rules which he drew up for his children that, unless there was any urgent reason to the contrary, *all* the churches of

the Order were to be dedicated to our Blessed Lady. Before his death, St. Gilbert saw seven hundred brethren and fifteen hundred Sisters following his rule; and his Order is specially remarkable as being the only one ever founded in England.

Thus we see that the religious Orders, both monks and friars, formed the great mainspring of devotion to Mary; and their "glory is this, the testimony of our conscience that in simplicity of heart and sincerity of God, and not in carnal wisdom, but in the grace of God, we have conversed in this world."*

The Jewel of the Comaras.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

GUIDO was home on furlough,—an immense event, as anybody in Samhene could tell you. That morning the coach—the one solitary coach in town—had fetched him from the station, and many a figure appeared in the doorways as the rattling red and yellow thing drove by. Some insisted they had caught a glimpse of the long, bright cavalry sabre; many had seen for a moment, at the window, the brown face looking out so happily.

Guido was the youngest of Baron Comara's sons; but, though his two older brothers were important enough personages in themselves, the affection of the community, for some reason unknown, centred in Guido. Of course Guido was a soldier, which partly explains this romantic interest; for another thing, he was handsome; and, finally, Guido had a genial smile, a ready hand-shake, a delightful way of saying pleasant trifles; wherefore had he honor and glory in the land.

The Comaras were not so wealthy as they had once been; but where name and lineage count, they ranked among

* II. Cor., i, 12.

the highest. They had retired to the estate of Samhene when the Bourbons of Naples fell. They still owned a house here, a bit of land there, and other sundry residues of what had once been vast possessions; but as to their rent-roll, it was excessively abridged. When Guido resolved upon a military career, first he had to overcome much opposition, because he, who was a Baron of the Kingdom of Naples by hereditary right seven times renewed, could lower himself to serve United Italy; and secondly, when at length his father relented there was the further difficulty of keeping him for years at the Collegio Militare. But Guido was perfectly willing to enlist as a private. The only thing he objected to was his brothers' elegant habit of inoccupation, and the elegiac attitude of the family in general toward the defunct Neapolitan dynasty.

Guido was born too late for certain hereditary prejudices. The last time the throne of Naples was mentioned in the oration against arms, he muttered wrathfully: "Doesn't exist!" And the verdict was so peculiarly, if painfully, logical he was allowed to go to Modena. Eventually he gravitated to that terribly exclusive regiment, the "Cavalleria Nizza." He was beloved by his brother officers; and, by the time he got his first leave and came home, tall, sinewy, very brown, and wearing with dandified pride the handsome black jacket and French-gray riding-breeches of the Nizza Light Horse, the last recalcitrant in the household was compelled to admit he had chosen well. That was three years ago.

On the morning of this latter arrival, he flung himself out of the coach, stooping to save his head; kissed everybody all round, and then: "For pity's sake somebody give me something to eat! There was no 'diner' on the train, and I'm nearly famished." This pleased his mother, and there was a scramble for the kitchen,—a rafted

place with brown beams, and a little crucifix, and bit of olive bough on the wall. No servants were kept, save a peasant woman to draw and carry water; but the mother insisted Guido should be served in the dining-room, where aged massive silver was prepared in his honor, with embroidered damask napery, that was two generations old already and would not consent to wear out. These contrasts in the house of Comara are so common as to pass unnoticed. So also guests sleep under damask quilts, and the *baronessine* make the beds. But this is aside from the present story.

Guido uncovered his head as he entered the hall,—perhaps because of the coat-of-arms under its coronet hanging on the archway opposite, perhaps only because deep-bred in the sons of this house is a reverence for the place where their kindred dwell. The race itself is one that, for good reasons, worships symbols. Guido they considered a radical and a democrat. It was good, however, to have him home. The whole of the first day was spent, mainly, in feasting their eyes upon him and listening to his voice. Furthermore, apart from the blessedness of merely looking at him, he had a great deal to say that was interesting. The regimental news, the field manœuvres, last June's review, and a miscellany concerning town life,—for the Nizza were stationed in a city whose social atmosphere suited even their fastidious taste.

It seemed to Guido's mother once or twice that the boy looked tired, but he laid it to his journey. After he was safely in bed, she came into his room, as she was wont to do, setting in order this little trifle and that. With his head upon the pillow, she could see more clearly how all the delicate shadows of eye, temple, and cheek-bone were deepened; and how, in repose, the countenance was graver. Wofully she remembered his tales of the gambling

in certain regiments (not his own, he took care to say); and, after his sisters left the room, there were other stories of gallantries of conduct, required, it would seem, of the officers in a garrison town.

Guido himself had no idea how he had disquieted the soul of his mother. Now she came, sitting upon the bed, and asking him why there seemed to be a cloud upon his brow. He did not know, unless there were rain coming. Had he been good? He threw back his head to laugh, long and light-heartedly; then brought his brown eyes, deep with love, to hers and said:

"Angelic!"

"When was he last at confession?"

"A fortnight since."

"Really, Guido? You are not making fun of me?"

And he raised himself on his elbow to say, rather warmly:

"Do you suppose I have forgotten what I promised you? Heaven knows I have been laughed at enough for an old woman and a cenobite!"

Then she said to him certain things that it must have been rather sweet for him to hear.

On the morrow mother and son were left alone together all day. The Baron was busy as usual among his peasant tenants; the brothers had gone to inspect a shooting box; the girls were invited to a picnic, to which they attempted in vain to drag the cavalryman. He had to see friends in the town; he would not be at home forever; please leave him in peace. So they lunched alone, mother and son; and afterward he followed her round "like a little dog," she said; but it made her happy. And she watched him pick up now this thing, now that, examine them as if he had never seen them before, and laugh at scraps of reminiscence attached to them.

"You haven't proposed to visit the Madonna yet," he said at length.

And she, quite composedly:

"I waited for you to ask."

His white teeth gleamed a moment, as if he thought her very clever.

"May I see it now?"

She led the way to the chapel, and again he smiled at her quietly imperious.

"Light the candles!"

Very quickly he lit the tapers, and she opened a shutter-shrine in the wall, at the right of the altar, and knelt down. Her son bowed on one knee behind her.

"*Ave Maria, doloribus plena; Crucifixus tecum; lacrymabilis tu in mulieribus, et lacrymabilis fructus ventris tui, Jesus.*"

The sonorous voice of the cavalryman, very low, responded:

"*Sancta Maria, Mater Crucifixi, lacrymas impertire nobis crucifixoribus Filii tui, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen.*"

"*Virgo Dolorosissima,*"

"*Ora pro nobis!*"

There was silence a little while, then the mother stood and took the statue in her hands. Close behind, the slow breathing of her son sounded deeper in her ear; his arm circled her shoulders. This was the jewel of the Comaras, for which they would have given their last ell of land and their money to the last cent,—the "Madonna Addolorata," an heirloom in the family for nigh three hundred years; a tinted wood-carving some sixteen inches high; of Spanish workmanship, so connoisseurs said; crowned head bowed in anguish, hanging hands clasped, the feet bare under the draperies, seven swords in the breast; and, the marvel of it all, the face, wondrously wrought to image life, pale and wan in the agony of weeping; the throat seeming to rise with the convulsion of a sob about to break. This flexibility of expressed emotion betokened high artistic origin: the reality of it, the livingness of it, could not but move the coldest spectator.

How the Madonna came to the

Comaras was wrapped in mystery. A legend exists of a saintly pilgrim on his way to Loreto, of his begging hospitality at the Palazzo Comara in Ascoli, invoking a special benediction on the family, and announcing future trials to the chatelaine, a holy woman, who served him with her own hands and washed his feet. In the morning he was gone, unheard, unseen; and the "Addolorata," a gift far too precious for a night's lodging, remained.

To Guido, standing silent, came a memory of childhood,—the most vivid thing in his mind at that moment. This same mother of his flinging herself down with a half-conscious baby in her arms and calling aloud to the Virgin of Sorrows: "Mother, save him!—Mother, save him!" The little body shuddered a moment and lay still. And the lad Guido had expected the mother to break into screams, for he knew what had touched and immobilized his infant brother; but she did not: she crept nearer the shrine, leaning her arm and her forehead against it. She seemed to feel there was a reason why she should make no outcry before that other Mother with the swords in her breast.

It was this perhaps made Guido draw his mother closer. Very gently, as she put the precious object back, he asked her if she really believed the story of the Madonna.

"It is tradition in your house, Guido."

"I know. I am not saying it might not be true: one has to admit the miraculous somewhere."

"The trials came to the Comaras. I doubt if they ever rally. And they used to be a great race. Soldiers and saints make a strong backing, Guido."

"You are aside from the point at issue. But never mind. Let's go out on the hill, mother."

It was the home-hill rising up sheer behind the house; and the lower swellings, covered thick with green and

studded with wild flowers, were a favorite resort. One in particular Guido loved. A kindly knoll enabled you to lie in the shade, while all around you the sun drew deep aromas from the waving grasses, and the threshing wind made paths for itself across the billowy surface.

"Guido," the mother questioned, after they were snugly ensconced, "why did you ask me just now whether I believed that?"

"Simply to find out if you did,—hey, move a little, dear one, and let me stretch out!"

"You don't doubt it, do you?"

"How can I doubt anything, with my head in your lap? Thanks to this beastly life of mine, one has a mother only once every year or two!"

"Guido dear, I don't believe you are happy."

"An immense delusion, mother! Why shouldn't I be?"

"I don't know, child. But I can feel it in you. Something has hurt you, or else you have done something wrong."

"Please remember that I am a full-fledged lieutenant in the finest cavalry regiment in the world, and don't hurt my dignity."

"Are you in love, perhaps?"

"Fie, madam! So direct a question!"

Then it dawned upon her slowly, painfully, that he was indeed full-fledged, as he said; that the world—the brilliant, polished, mask-wearing world—had set its mark upon him, and that it was not quite her old Guido who came home. If he had a sorrow, he meant to keep it to himself. Her breeding forbade her pressing further, even with her own son; but she turned away her face that he might not see the bitterness his first reticence caused her. She had not reckoned that he could look upward and, under the lids, discover the dumb tears forming.

"Mother!" he cried, starting up from his idle posture,—“mother, you are not

crying? Why, I'd tell you in a minute, if I thought you wanted me to! I was afraid it would pain you, so I have been trying hard to keep my mouth shut. I thought if I came home and stayed with you a while, perhaps I could get a little manhood into me again, and go back quietly to my work without shifting my troubles on to you. But it must grieve you, if it must. You shall never think I do not trust you. In reality, there is not very much to tell.

"You remember the English girl I told you about last year? That is the whole matter in a nutshell. I was in love with her,—you must have guessed it. She was beautiful, of course; it's not much use my telling you that, because nobody believes lovers. But she was really beautiful, she was magnificent; and good,—you don't often meet people quite so good as she was. But most of all she was fascinating,—a sort of charm one can't explain. When you left her, you began to wonder whether during those few hours your breathing had gone on just the same.

"I know now what kind of a woman it is that men play heaven and hell for. But she was quite pure, you understand; and deeply religious in her own way,—only a Protestant, of course. I was fully determined to marry her, if she would have me. Church legislation about mixed marriages had grown extremely dim in my mind; and I felt sure, anyway, that later on I could talk to her, and that ten to one she would be a Catholic right straight off, because she was so earnest and intelligent.

"About Christmas we became engaged, with the religious question still very cloudy. That night I tried to write to you about it; but your face seemed to come up before me, grave and troubled, and you were asking me questions: Where would I be married and by whom? I could not write to you, and you appeared to me as the first dash to my joy. But I don't blame

you, mother. Perhaps some day I shall yet thank God. In the morning I asked Bertha about it. In the Church of England, naturally, she said: she would not feel married at all save by her own minister. I went home pretty glum; but next day, quite graciously, she regretted she had been so abrupt, and expressed her willingness to go through the ceremony in my Church.

"The only matter that really troubled me was an uncertain one in the future,—the possible question of children. The idea of a Protestant Comara was so sickening, I determined to settle that point at once. Bertha was ready for me. Sons would, of course, follow their father's belief, but girls the mother's. We tussled over it a week, then one fine day I gave in. (Why don't you take your hand away, mother?) I was selling my conscience, and I knew it. In cold blood, it's an incredible thing to say. I could only pray Heaven to send us none but sons. Then came the festival of Our Lady of Sorrows in April, and your letter to remind me. You always did try to get me to the sacraments under every pretext, but I couldn't refuse the 'Addolorata.' Bertha and I were going to the theatre that evening, and, as I was on duty all day, I had to send her Cavallotti, and slip off to confession: I wouldn't have had time in the morning.

"To begin with, this made her angry,—as though I enjoyed doing it! And, secondly, that Capuchin friar said to me many and various things on the subject of mixed marriages and on the risking of immortal souls. You can thank him for my final resolution: I didn't come to it myself. I was hot with him. I couldn't get to sleep: I couldn't even lie down. All night I paced my room, and all sorts of queer things came to my mind,—mostly things that happened when I was a boy: Toto, when he died and you brought him to the shrine and cried out for help

for him,—do you remember? Then my First Communion day,—such a heavenly day! And then Maria and Dolores, so innocent in their white veils, when their turn came. I had promised—I, I myself—that no little daughter of mine should ever have a First Communion day! And what harassed me most of all was the thought of our Madonna in there. Foolish—wasn't it?—when the tradition about it is mere talk, and, as likely as not, unfounded.

“I went deliberately to Bertha in the morning and told her that, upon reflection, I could allow no child of mine to be reared a Protestant. She replied that this was of a part with my unpardonable behavior the evening before in sending her a substitute for escort. I tried to explain. I had always thought her adorable when she was angry, but she said a few things that it was a little too hard to bear. I was going back on my given word. She was right: I was. And in her eyes the condition was fair and just. But, though you may trifle with your conscience sometimes, by moments, in the end it will rise up and overpower you. I frankly owned I had been wrong at first, but did not mean to let a temporary weakness stamp out my honor and self-respect. Then she knew, she had heard, that I came of a brood of fanatical, superstitious, medieval tyrants; blood must tell in the end, and she was glad I had shown my true colors ere it was too late. She put her engagement ring in my hands, forced me to take it. All the “fanatic's” blood in me oozed away from the heart as she did, but a last glimmer of reason allowed me to let her do it.

“There it is. Take it, mother! I have been carrying it round in my inside pocket like a fool because it touched her. Don't let anybody wear it; but you can hang it up in the shrine, if you want to, for an ex-voto. God will remember the cost.”

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XLIII.—A RUSH OF EVENTS.

WHILE that singular scene was in progress in the library of the Manor, Lord Aylward had gone driving with Mrs. Bretherton. The lady's face was overclouded and her manner had an unwonted tinge of despondency. She had been deeply mortified and inexpressibly shocked by those disclosures reflecting upon the fair fame of the family, which, despite the wildness of Reverdy Bretherton's youth, had never hitherto been seriously compromised. She had borne the ordeal, however, with outward composure, and in the presence of her husband and son had endeavored to conceal the extent of her distress. With Lord Aylward she suffered this forced attitude of serenity to relax somewhat; while he, on his part, made no allusion whatever to the subject, of which circumstances had made him cognizant.

Lord Aylward himself was not in the most buoyant of moods. He recognized in what had occurred the death-blow of his own lingering hopes with regard to Leonora. He readily perceived that the barrier which Eben Knox had laboriously erected between the lovers was about to be swept away, leaving in its place a clearer mutual understanding than had yet existed. Very soon, indeed, there would, in the sentimental aspect at least, be room for those two and no other upon the surface of the green earth. For Lord Aylward, it remained only to accept his final defeat with his usual manly fortitude, and to make his exit from the scene as gracefully as possible. He felt a strong repugnance to awaiting the culminating act of the drama. His love for Leonora, undemonstrative as it appeared, was

yet far too deep and sincere to permit him to assist as an impartial spectator at her wedding, even though she were marrying his best and dearest friend. He, therefore, took the opportunity afforded by the drive to broach the subject of his intended departure to his hostess.

"I think I shall have to be getting away shortly," he observed. "I have made a very long visit, and you have all been awfully kind to me. I shall miss Millbrook and the Manor immensely."

"And we shall miss you," Mrs. Bretherton declared warmly; for the young Englishman had, indeed, endeared himself to every member of the household. "Yes, we shall miss you exceedingly, and I don't know what Jim is going to do without you."

"It is very good of you to say so," he responded gratefully, ignoring, as was wisest, the latter part of the remark. Perhaps he reflected that Jim, despite their mutual regard, must be inevitably relieved by his departure from embarrassing situations. "You can't think how I shall regret going. But the wrench has to be made some time, and I fancy it had better come now."

Possibly Mrs. Bretherton understood that the young man was referring to the wedding, which could not be very long delayed now. In fact, the mother was somewhat surprised that her son had not hastened the event. He had left his parents in ignorance of the threatened separation between him and Leonora, from a hope that circumstances might intervene in his favor, as well as from a reluctance to converse upon a subject so deeply painful to him. Mrs. Bretherton, therefore, took care to lead the conversation into other channels, and to keep upon the safest of topics. Gradually, however, the conversation drifted round to Jim; and Lord Aylward spoke warmly of

the attachment which he had always felt for him, and of their days together at the University.

"You know, Mrs. Bretherton," said he, "I owe a lot to Jim. He was so very straight and all that sort of thing at college; and, then, we looked up to him, don't you know? And he was so plucky and so clever, and came out ahead in everything. And he stood up for his religion. We all admired that in him, even fellows like myself that hadn't any."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Bretherton, "leaving higher considerations aside, Jim is far too thoroughbred to hesitate for an instant about professing his belief anywhere. But I am sorry to hear you say, my dear boy, that you have no religion yourself. That strikes me as very dreadful."

"I suppose it is," Lord Aylward replied seriously. "Jim always made me feel as if I would like to believe; and since I have known you all at the Manor, and—one or two others in Millbrook, I have often regretted my own lack of religious training. There isn't a bit of cant or humbug about any of you, and you live up to what you profess."

"We *try* to live up to it," said Mrs. Bretherton, with a smile; "but amongst us Catholics there is never great room for self-laudation. There are always so many who have pressed on to so much loftier heights. Our religious Orders serve that purpose, amongst many others. They keep the rest of us humble, when we consider what their standard is, what they accomplish, and the wonderful work they are doing, each after its own fashion."

"At home," said Lord Aylward, with a sigh, "it is different. My mother is religious,—she is very High Church, you know; but my father is like most busy men nowadays: he hasn't time for that sort of thing."

"Well, I hope *you* will take time," said Mrs. Bretherton, laying her hand affectionately on the young man's arm. "Try to remember that it is the only thing really important, and find place for it in the life that is fleeting away. I don't want to preach, and I should be sorry to influence you *unduly* toward Catholicity. But if you were a Catholic, you would feel differently toward these things."

"You Catholics have all the logic on your side; and, by Jove, you *do* live up to your faith! I remember at college Jim would never argue, but he always used to say: 'We Catholics are on the right side of the great "If," and that's enough for me.'"

Lord Aylward paused a moment, then he said earnestly:

"Do you know, that idea of his has stuck in my mind ever since!"

Before the carriage drove in at the Manor gate, Lord Aylward said:

"You needn't be surprised some day if you hear that I'm among the 'verts to Rome."

"If that happens," said Mrs. Bretherton, seriously, "your friendship for Jim and your visit to Millbrook will have been, indeed, worth while. Only be faithful to the light, and don't feel that it depends altogether on yourself. You need a great grace to take that step, dear boy! But 'Ask, and you shall receive.'"

This little conversation impressed the young man the more that never before, during his stay under their pleasant roof, had any of the Brethertons spoken to him upon the subject, or even so much as alluded to his belief. They had gone their own way, practising their own religion with a fidelity and exactitude which commanded the young man's warmest admiration; but with a kindly tolerance toward others, and an utter absence of anything like bitterness or rancor. It was, in truth, a typical Catholic household, where

religion was in the atmosphere,—a genuine, unaffected religion: cheerful, lovable and sympathetic, but never either harsh, obtrusive, or what their visitor would have described as "psalm-singing."

Lord Aylward, having announced his departure, proceeded to act upon the announcement by engaging his passage in the outward-bound steamer for a fortnight thence. For, as he sadly thought, even the war on "pizon snakes" was in a sense ended. He had to make a brave and determined effort to tear himself away from Millbrook; but he felt that it was time to take Jesse Craft's advice, and fly as fast and as far as he could from the dangerous proximity of Leonora. He resolved to make but a flying visit to his home in England, and thence to proceed to South Africa, where, in the hunt for big game and in the excitement of a new existence, he might hope to find forgetfulness.

He had not told Mrs. Bretherton of his love, though she had surmised how much the unspoken influence of Leonora and the force of her example had strengthened the prepossessions toward Catholicity which he had received through Jim in college days, and through his stay at Bretherton Manor.

Though no assistance could be had from Eben Knox, the Brethertons, chiefly through Miss Tabitha's good offices, were enabled to discover the whereabouts of the man who had suffered so cruelly for Reverdy Bretherton's act. The spinster one day received a formal visit from the father and son. Dressed in her taffeta gown of state, her face pale, haggard and drawn, trembling like an aspen leaf, Miss Tabitha no longer resembled one of her own pinks, but rather some faded white blossom which had once been fair. It was a terrible ordeal for the poor lady, in presence of the Governor whom she

so much revered, and his son whom she loved and admired more than any other human being, to confess her own share in that iniquitous past.

Nothing could exceed the kindly consideration of the Governor, or the deferential and sympathetic attitude of the younger man. They lifted, as it were, a heavy burden from her shoulders; they even expressed their gratitude for the part which she had taken,—a part which, though reprehensible and altogether mistaken, as the Governor delicately reminded her, was nevertheless taken for the love of Reverdy and out of loyalty toward the Brethertons. They begged her assistance in righting that supreme wrong, and Miss Tabitha displayed a feverish eagerness in racking her memory for names and dates.

The wretched ex-prisoner was found, destitute, broken-spirited, and gaining a precarious living by the charity of the compassionate. Needless to say, he was put beyond the reach of want, and established in comfortable quarters for the rest of his life by the Brethertons, who, moreover, made it a solemn duty to interest themselves in his spiritual welfare. He was visited from time to time by Mrs. Bretherton, who usually took with her on these occasions the remorseful and anxiously solicitous Miss Tabitha.

On the evening following the stormy scene at the mill, Eben Knox had returned to the mill-house at the accustomed hour, and found Mother Moulton alone, crouching as was her wont over the fire. His face was deadly pale, his eyes blazing with so baleful a light that it might have seemed as if the seven demons who possessed him were gazing out through those apertures. His appearance terrified even the crone.

She rose from her place, staring at him with her bleared eyes, in the dimness of that sordid room, and uttering an almost inarticulate cry. She was

alone; for her daughter had never ventured to return there since Eben Knox had discovered the loss of the papers. He regarded her for an instant steadily, with a truly demoniacal hatred and fury in his glance. Then he threw wide open the entrance door and pointed.

"Out!" he thundered,— "out of my sight, and never dare to recross that threshold, or I will kill you as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow!"

Tremblingly, Mother Moulton moved toward the open door. She kept as far as possible out of the range of the manager's arm, for she feared that he might kill her even then; and she held her eyes fixed upon his face while making that wide circuit. She reached the door, and passed from that habitation which had been her only shelter for a score of years. She presently heard the door slammed and bolted upon her, and in dazed bewilderment realized that she was shelterless, under the pitiless sky of winter.

She moved forlornly away from the house, past the mill, which had been a part of her existence all these years; and, reaching the alder bushes at the point where a path led direct to the main road, her courage and energy suddenly deserted her. The weight of years seemed to crush her, and senile tears flowed in a piteous stream from her eyes. Happily, Jim Bretherton, who had felt anxious as to her and her daughter's safety, came that way; and through his mediation a temporary shelter was found for the wretched old creature under the convent roof. The daughter, too, was found, begging her way with her child about the neighboring villages, and was placed for the time being in the same secure refuge.

Then came a brief interval which was occupied by the Governor and his son in securing what they considered to be the moral rights of Mother Moulton and her heirs.

"People so often shelter themselves behind the legal aspect of a case," the Governor said, "when they are compelled to pay by law. They make use of every quibble and every evasion which can be suggested to them by the most unscrupulous lawyers; and they forget the great Assizes, where only the immutable law of justice will avail. Let your conscience, enlightened by faith, be your one rule of action; and then you can go forward, meeting even the end fearlessly. The bubble reputation is, after all, only a minor part of the question. But it is not to be despised; and it is a great gratification to me to know, dear lad, that 'young Mr. Bretherton' possesses and deserves the confidence of his associates."

"I hope they will always be able to say, sir, that he is trying to model himself upon his father."

While they stood thus the mother joined them.

"You are his counterpart," said she, laying a hand on her son's shoulder. "But you have been so immersed in these troublesome affairs lately, that I scarcely seem to see anything of either of you."

"They are nearly settled now, dear," said her husband. "We are allowing Janet Maxwell a fair price for Evrard Lennon's property, and we are investing the money for her and her heirs safely and profitably."

"When once that is done," observed Mrs. Bretherton, suppressing a sigh, "I suppose we shall be listening for wedding bells—"

"And a joyful sound they are," interposed the Governor. "After all this darkness and misery, it will be like sunshine in a fog."

Jim pressed his mother's hand softly.

"I shall be so happy, mother!" he said quietly.

And that was enough for the mother.

"We shall all be happy together, dear," she answered.

Just when the mists that had encircled the pleasant little town of Millbrook were clearing away, there was a general regret felt for the departure of Lord Aylward. He tried to slip away quietly, but it was no use. Millbrook got wind of his departure, and would give him a "send-off." He narrowly escaped the brass band.

He was brave and plucky to the last. He went to see Miss Tabitha and her niece and bade them both good-bye with apparently undisturbed mien; though his voice did falter, and he had to gulp down a lump of emotion which rose in his throat, when it came to Leonora's turn.

"I'm awfully glad to have known you!" he said to her. "And I shall be the better for it all my life."

"You will never be forgotten by any of us in Millbrook," Leonora said, "even after you have long ceased to give us a thought."

"Do you really think I shall forget so easily?" he said. "You are wrong there! But it will be an awfully pleasant memory, I assure you."

He said no more, wringing the girl's hand and vanishing for the time being out of her life, as people are so constantly passing out of each other's lives till the journey of existence becomes almost spectrally unreal.

Lord Aylward had a little private word with Jesse Craft just upon the platform of Millbrook station.

"You're doin' the wisest thing," said the old man,—*"flyin' fast and far. That's my motto where womenfolk is consarned."*

"If only we could take our hearts with us!" Lord Aylward said. "But I'm not going to whine about it. Many a fellow's been wounded in the fight and lived to do good work."

"Jest so!" cried Craft,—*"jest so! You're game every time. I always said that of you, you know. You're what I call a man!"*

Lord Aylward laughed, and wrung the old man's horny hand.

"The world is small, and sometime we may meet again," he answered.

"And tarnation glad I'll be to see your face agin! Good-bye and good luck to you, and may you keep at the same job of helpin', wherever you go, to take the fangs out of pizon snakes!"

The old man's emotion threatened to overcome him, and he hobbled to the rear of the platform; while Aylward, his tall and somewhat uncouth figure conspicuous among the crowd, his face a trifle pale, was pressed upon by an eager host of well-wishers, each seeking for a last word.

Finally he was upon the car, Jim Bretherton following and seeing him seated. Each felt a genuine pang of sorrow at the separation, as their hands met in a farewell clasp.

"Good-bye, Jimmy! Good luck to you—and her!"

"Good-bye, Bob, old fellow!"

They looked into each other's face a moment longer, while the warning bell rang, and Jesse Craft raised a shout of:

"Hooray for the Britisher!"

The shout was taken up and repeated by the crowd on the platform, which included many of the chief citizens of Millbrook, as the train steamed away, and young Mr. Bretherton stood watching it, with a look of deep emotion upon his face.

Of course certain rumors floated into the air of Millbrook concerning the revelations recorded in those documents which had fallen into Jim Bretherton's hands. Tommy Briggs, in some mysterious fashion, possessed himself of a few choice bits, more or less accurate, for distribution at Smith Jackson's emporium. Dave Morse talked in awed whispers about that occasion at the mill when "the boss was near gettin' licked," and when there was a lot of queer talk between him and the young

gentleman from the Manor. Curiosity was on the alert; but many of the older generation who had been most deeply interested in the events recorded had passed away, so that the feeling aroused was not very strong. In so far as the disclosures were known, public sympathy was entirely with the Brethertons, who were striving honorably to atone for past wrongs. Father and son accordingly stood higher than ever in the general estimation.

Even to Reverdy a kindly and forgiving thought was extended by many. The dead are seldom severely censured, and he was remembered as a wild blade, who had settled down into a liberal and affable gentleman. Poor Evrard Lennon was but a faint memory; and his death was, after all, the accidental result of a quarrel.

Matters at the mill went on for a while in precisely the oldtime groove. The bell clanged out morning and evening as it had done for many years; and the manager, fiercer, darker, gloomier, was at his post, a terror and a menace to every one of his employees. He lived alone during those weeks in the silence of the mill-house, till at last one morning the bell did not ring. The silence was somehow more ominous than its discordant clangor. The mill hands, with perturbed faces, crowded about the door, which was locked, and waited and waited restlessly.

At last Matt Tobin, with a blanched, startled countenance, proceeded to the mill-house. To his surprise, the door yielded to his touch. He entered, shivering with an undefined dread. Yet nothing met his sight as he passed from room to room. The ashes of a fire were on the hearth; only emptiness and desolation filled that dreary, sordid interior. There was nothing to indicate the recent presence of the manager, nor yet his unexpected departure.

Matt Tobin came forth after his ineffectual search, with a puzzled and

still startled countenance. He kept that look for many a day, glancing over his shoulder every once in a while, gazing about him, as if he expected to see the sinister figure of Eben Knox beside him. But he never came. Search was made; the pond was dragged, those upon the bank waiting with nervous, intense interest. Yet the mill-stream threw no light on the mystery.

The Millbrook woolen mills, being thus left without their manager and part proprietor, presently shut down. For the first time in the memory of most living persons, the harsh clanging of the bell ceased to sound at morning and evening. The mill was closed, and the windows had a ghostly, haunted look, gazing out upon the mill-stream and the alder bushes.

After some time, however, the Brethertons and other shareholders arranged matters. Matt Tobin was appointed manager, and the woolen mills came to life again. Now, the mill-house was also the property of the Manor family, and young Mr. Bretherton held an interview with Mother Moulton about its being occupied.

He found the old woman still bewildered, still pining for that strange domicile which had been her home. He, therefore, suggested to his father that the mill-house might be put in order and rendered more habitable, and that Mother Moulton, with her daughter and grandchild, should be installed therein in perpetuity, or at least for the old woman's lifetime. And so it was done.

The poor creature's joy and gratitude were unbounded when she found herself in that familiar domain, now so vastly improved. Every comfort was provided for her, and she was in possession of a comfortable income, the result of Evrard Lennon's bequest and the Brethertons' integrity. For a while the dark shadow of Eben Knox was projected over the

place, and the women shuddered at times with a sudden fear that he might return to his old haunts, darker and more terrifying than ever.

The late manager of the Millbrook woolen mills seemed to have vanished into space. Perhaps he had deliberately chosen, out of his malignant will, to leave this dark uncertainty behind him. All sorts of rumors were current. The theory that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and

Rushed into the dark house of death unbidden, was entertained for a time, but finally dismissed as untenable, since no proof of his demise had ever been discovered. Many were of opinion that he had suddenly lost his mind and had been seized and conveyed to an asylum for treatment.

The most probable solution of the mystery seemed to be—and this gained a certain confirmation after a time from the testimony of individuals who reported having seen him—that he had simply lost himself, as it were, amongst the masses of humanity. Like the Wandering Jew of the legend, he was seen now here, now there, in the most unexpected of places. The glimpses of him were always fleeting, and the testimony concerning him more or less vague and unsatisfactory. One thing was certain: he had removed himself finally from Millbrook and from those personages with whom his destiny had hitherto been bound up; and his departure seemed to have removed a blight from the landscape—or that portion thereof surrounding the brook, the alder bushes, and the mill.

(Conclusion next week.)

In Advent.

☉ SHE comes, and lo! it is the dawn,
Behold the day arise!
The shadows of the night are gone,
I see sweet Mary's eyes! ***

A Militant Priest.

BY BEN HURST.

THE credulous dupes who, living in a narrow, fictitious world of their own, believe in their oracles' declaration that "the day of the Church is gone," and that "modern mankind gets on without it," are startled from time to time by the revelation of her potency in the works of her members, particularly those of her priests. The spirit of Christ sometimes breaks forth in these so strenuously that it can not be hidden even from the voluntarily blind and deaf. To those familiar with the aims and strivings of the Great Mother, it is a matter neither for wonder nor unbounded admiration when they find in the ranks of her clergy a statesman like Strossmayer, an apostle like Damien, a savant like Secchi. The Catholic Church counts warriors, poets, philosophers and heroes among her sons to-day as in the first centuries of her existence. Caring little for public appreciation, the foremost of these do not always come before the world's notice; but there are some who perforce receive the homage of the crowd.

Such a champion was the late Monseigneur Lanusse, the "fighting priest," whose record on the battle-fields of his beloved France may be envied by many of her marshals and commanders. It has been erroneously remarked that this valiant soldier would have better suited the Middle Ages,—as if his brethren were not found daily on India's frontier, in far Madagascar, or on the fields of Liaoyang, doing their Master's work amid showers of shot and shell, sharing cold and hunger and fatigue as well as danger with the objects of their ministrations.

No: the French veteran who has just passed away was typical of the Church as we find her to-day and shall find her

forever. Once again we repeat that Monseigneur Lanusse was but one, albeit the foremost, among many. The great veneration in which he was held, and which made even the enemies of Christianity admire him, guaranteed his retention of the post of chaplain to the Military College of St. Cyr until the day of his death. When all his colleagues were dismissed by a "free-thinking" government, the prospect of depriving the French youth of such a living example of valor made even the godless Gambetta pause. "If it is disciplined and courageous soldiers we want," he said: "they can have no better mentor than the Abbé Lanusse." And amid the desecrations and infamies of succeeding irreligious governments, not one was found bold enough to dislodge the veteran priest until the Great Commander called him.

How much of that Christian virtue and stanch adherence to a persecuted faith which characterize the officers of the French army is due to the teaching of Lanusse, may best be computed when we contrast their lives with those of the men produced by a godless system of education. Vice and impiety could not abide under the same roof with the noble-minded Lanusse. The sight of that erect, venerable figure, on whose soutane glittered a row of military medals, passing, with benignant smile, to bow low in adoration before his Master, will not soon fade from the minds of the students of St. Cyr. Daily intercourse with one who had earned distinction on fields raked by the enemy's fire will have inculcated not only those virtues of bravery and patriotism on which Gambetta counted, but something else as well: a love and veneration for that creed whose votary was so brilliant an example of its efficacy.

In 1865 Père Lanusse's enthusiasm made him commit the fault of forgetting to apply for his bishop's permission to

accompany the French expedition to Mexico until it was well out at sea. This and similar rash steps—always in the right direction of self-sacrifice and heroism—were pardoned by his ecclesiastical superiors, who made allowances for his ardent temperament, and rated at its proper value his influence among the troops. The fiasco of the Mexican undertaking sank deeply into his patriotic soul; but we find him, nevertheless, an undaunted participator in the war of 1870.

A Prussian bullet broke the Cross of the Legion of Honor which adorned his breast, and he fell wounded at Sedan; but it was the inward wound of humiliated national pride that most deeply pierced the heart of the French patriot. His name is remembered by the participators in that disastrous struggle, not only as that of a ministering angel to the suffering and dying, but as that of an heroic comrade who strove with them valiantly against the foe.

It is as the author of a remarkable literary work, however, that the fame of Monseigneur Lanusse will go down to posterity. This book, which he has bequeathed to his compatriots, bestowing it on the French National Library, is indeed suggestive of the patient toil and refined artistic sense of his brethren, the mediæval monks. During the last three decades of his life the indefatigable priest devoted all his leisure hours to the compilation of his memoirs. The MS. is unique, whether with regard to accuracy of detail or beauty of design. The initial letters of each paragraph are specimens of the most elaborate illumination; and every word is written in his own small, legible hand. It is illustrated by drawings from memory of the different engagements he witnessed, and portraits of the celebrated men with whom he had come in contact. Such a work is of necessity huge in size. It comprises

two hundred and twenty volumes, and passes for the most complete history ever compiled by an individual.

The aged chaplain's loss is deeply felt by those who were the objects of his spiritual care; and their mourning is all the more acute because of the improbability of the vacancy's being soon filled by the present intolerant and illiberal government of France. On the other hand, no true son of the Eldest Daughter of the Church will believe that the armed guard which watched over the mortal remains of Monseigneur Lanusse in the chapel of St. Cyr, on the night preceding the burial, represents the last homage of military France to the French priesthood.

The Opening Season of the Liturgical Year.

PRIOR to the coming of Christ and the establishment of the new dispensation, the Jews were accustomed to observe a number of feasts besides the Sabbath for the purpose of commemorating various important events in their history. The festival of the Pasch, or Easter, for instance, perpetuated the memory of their departure from Egypt; Pentecost commemorated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai; and the Feast of the Tabernacles recalled the favors of which they were the recipients during their journey through the desert.

In much the same way, the Christian liturgical year is an annual commemoration and representation of the life of Christ, and of the time before and after His birth. This liturgical, or ecclesiastical, year is divided into five periods, "times," or, to use a term now obsolete except in composition, "tides." There are the time of Advent; the time of Christmas and Epiphany; the time of Septuagesima and Lent; Eastertide, or the Paschal time; and

the period of the Sundays after Pentecost, called also the time of Trinity.

To speak specifically of the first of these periods or seasons, that one upon which we are actually entering, it is to be remarked that the word Advent was originally employed in its primary, etymological sense, and denoted the "coming" of Our Lord,—that is, the day of His birth, Christmas. In the first centuries of Christianity, accordingly, what we now call the Sundays of Advent were styled the Sundays *before* Advent. For about a thousand years, however, the Church has given the name Advent, not to the feast of Our Lord's Nativity, but to the period of several weeks preceding that great festival,—a period during which in special offices she prepares the faithful for the worthy and profitable celebration of the Saviour's Birthday.

The season comprises the four Sundays immediately preceding Christmas; and its length is consequently three full weeks, and a part at least of a fourth week. The first Sunday of Advent is the Sunday nearest to the feast of St. Andrew (November 30); that is, it falls on some date from November 27 to December 3, inclusively. Formerly, the time of Advent began uniformly on the twelfth day of November, the morrow of St. Martin's feast, and it lasted for forty days,—circumstances which account for the alternative name once given to it, "St. Martin's Lent." An additional circumstance still further justifying this appellation was the fasting—obligatory in some countries, devotional in others—that signalized this opening season of the ecclesiastical year. The oldest document extant on Advent is an ordinance of Bishop Perpétue, of Tours, who in the last quarter of the fifth century prescribed a fast, three days a week, from St. Martin's Day until Christmas. The ordinance in question most probably sanctioned a custom already in use, and did not

create a new one. It merely regulated the manner of sanctifying the season by the practice, on specific days throughout the season, of the fast theretofore undetermined.

Of more practical import than a discussion of the origin, varying length, and changing usages of the Advent of old, is the consideration that, in present ecclesiastical discipline, the season is one of prayer and penance. The Catholic whose spirit is really in harmonious accord with that of Mother Church will naturally, during the coming weeks, give additional time and increased fervor to his daily prayers; will endeavor to snatch from the ordinary business or pleasure of the day occasional moments of genuine interior recollection; and will, in a number of little things at least, curb his desires for comfort and ease and luxury.

The grander and more important the festival that is to be solemnized, the more thoroughgoing and serious should be the preparation therefor. Advent is the ordained preparation for the great and joyous festival of the Man-God's birth; hence the only spirit congruous to the season is the one that will the most effectively make our souls ready for the spiritual advent within them of Christ the Redeemer. As Easter joy comes in fullest measure to those of the faithful who have spent the forty days of Lenten prelude in the most assiduous practice of prayer and fasting and varied acts of self-denial, so the brimming cup of Christmastide gladness will be quaffed by those only who generously perform during these preparatory weeks fruitful deeds of prayer and penance.

A GENEROUS prayer is never presented in vain; the petition may be refused, but the petitioner is always, I believe, rewarded by some gracious visitation.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Calendar Thoughts.

Notes and Remarks.

To remain always in one's party, one must often change opinions.

—*Card. de Retz.*

Money is a good servant and a bad master.—*A. Dumas.*

If we wish to be regretted, let us be gentle.—*P. Loti.*

A man without patience is a lamp without oil.—*A. De Musset.*

Every savant who fears not his own ignorance is a false savant.

—*E. Thiaudière.*

Wit pleases, but 'tis the heart that binds.—*L. De Tonseau.*

The smallest of enterprises is worth the attention of a good workman.

—*Nivernais.*

The world is always beginning for youths and maids of twenty.

—*E. De Vogue.*

Gratitude is a flower that droops speedily in men's hearts.—*M. Du Camp.*

There is always a little folly in the make-up of genius.—*Boerhaave.*

Gentle raillery is a thorn that has kept something of the flower's perfume.

—*C. Doucet.*

Away with those whose mouths blow hot and cold!—*La Fontaine.*

Frequent the company of the good, and you will become good yourself.

—*Franklin.*

The true wisdom of nations is experience.—*Napoleon I.*

Most men have great pretensions and small projects.—*Vauvenargues.*

The foolish young man augments his acquaintance; the wise old one sifts his.—*E. Thiaudière.*

The years: a capital whose value diminishes in proportion to its growth.

—*Limet.*

Beware of the eye of your neighbor and of the tongue of your neighbor's wife.—*G. Ohnet.*

Even more shocking than the revelations of unfaithfulness to the most sacred of public and private trusts on the part of men standing high in the estimation of their fellow-citizens, is the fact that, while admitting the charges against them, the offenders deny that they have done anything really criminal. Their contention is that they simply took advantage of opportunities offered, intimating that their accusers would do the same. Of the injustice done to their clients, of the suffering caused to women and children, the aged and the infirm, of blasted hopes and ruined homes, these monsters seem to take no account whatever. Their insensibility is so monstrous that one almost regrets that each and all of them can not be branded as confirmed criminals and forever excluded from the society of honorable men. "There is absolutely no hope," writes Grover Cleveland, "for [the rehabilitation of (?)] those who have so undermined their consciences that they have become victims of moral collapse. Let us fully realize the immeasurable distance between specific wrongful acts which result from surrender to temptation, and a chronically perverted moral condition no longer responsive to the voice of conscience or mindful of God and duty." Incarceration for any length of time with prisoners guilty of but a single violation of almost any law, seems too light a sentence for this new class of the enemies of society.

Were any extraneous incentives needed to interest good Catholics in a work of such primary importance to religion as the Propagation of the Faith, one might be found in the invasion of Christian countries by non-Christian sects. Not all our readers, perhaps, are aware of the erection in London, on the

Thames, opposite Westminster Abbey, of a magnificent marble mosque for Mohammedans. In addition, a college for proselytes is being erected, and a monastery will be established to teach such Englishmen as will go out as missionaries. It is said that the Shah of Persia, the Khedive of Egypt, the Amir of Afghanistan, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Rajah of Rampur, besides a number of wealthy Indian princes, have subscribed money toward this project for the conversion of London. Buddhists, theosophists, and other religionists of similar ilks, have for years past been making tentative proposals to establish themselves and propagate their tenets in various Christian countries, our own included; and the chaotic condition to which the progressive multiplication of so-called Christian sects has reduced the great body of non-Catholics gives these Oriental proselytizers some ground for hoping to win recruits.

There is a good deal of sane philosophy in a statement made, during the recent elections, by a candidate for a public office in New York. "While a real man," he said, "will endeavor to do his duty simply because it is his duty, whether he receives the popular support or not, it is much easier for him to do it with the approval of good men than to do it standing alone." The statement will hold true even if made of considerably wider application than in the instance cited. The Christian ideal is, of course, to do one's work, no matter what it may be, for the glory of God, according to the counsel of St. Paul; but the average Christian is a lamentably imperfect being, spurred on to action by a variety of motives; and it can scarcely be doubted that the judicious praise of the worthy is a genuinely powerful incentive to renewed efforts along the arduous path of either public or private duty.

The withholding of such encouragement is often excused on the ground that its bestowal may engender reprehensible feelings of vanity, may flatter a pre-existent pride or self-conceit; but there is commonly more exaggeration than reality in the alleged fear of producing such harmful results. There is a truth well worth thinking about in the couplet:

For every silly head by plaudits turned
There pine a hundred hearts for praise well earned.

There is apparently no end to the experiments which the good people within what are rather vaguely called "educational circles" are desirous of seeing made in our public schools. Every new branch, subject, or course of study that is advocated by enthusiastic principals and superintendents is, of course, declared to be of primary importance because of its "educational value." As a matter of fact, the real educational value of many of the successive fads that from decade to decade are taken up, vigorously prosecuted, and then dropped, is practically nil; while most of these new subjects can not compare, as actually valuable educational factors, with the fundamental studies that are slighted and pushed aside in order to make room for the novelties. Commenting on the proposed introduction, in grammar schools, of civics and a course "on commerce, industrial development, and the commercial relations of the United States to other countries," the *New York Sun* recently said:

The Board of Education would not be subjected to any violent criticism at this time if it had failed to establish the new courses. What there has been a good deal of demand for is classes of graduates who could spell correctly, write legibly, figure accurately, and construct grammatical sentences. If employers generally are to be believed, this want is not filled by the public schools just now; and those who feel the want will be apt to show impatience at the grafting of new excrescences upon the course of study before it is supplied. . . . It remains extremely doubtful whether, for common school

purposes, any topics have been or can be added to the course which have a higher educational value than the Three Rs themselves, thoroughly, sincerely and practically taught. They carry with them so much mental discipline, and they may be made to involve such a variety of unconscious acquirement, that he would be a rash man who said that their possessor in a full degree was anything short of capably educated to face the problems and the duties of life.

This, perhaps, is somewhat exaggerated; but it is the simple truth to say that the Three Rs nowadays are being unduly slighted in the average public school.

We learn that, on the occasion of a recent visit to Cardiff, the Marquis of Bute expressed his wish to give a bronze statue of his father to the city as soon as the municipality decided on a suitable site, and to be informed of those charitable institutions of the late Marquis which require augmentation of territory or other improvements. It is rumored that Lord and Lady Bute, together with some other Scotch noble families, have consented to reside in Edinburgh for some months each year, and thus restore this somewhat neglected capital to part of its former importance. The Bute residence is one of the most magnificent the city contains. Lord Bute has ordered for the chapel an altar of Carrara marble similar to that in his castle at Rothesay. The young Marquis and Marchioness of Bute take a personal interest in all private and public works of charity, and in every other way have begun to fulfil the duties of their position.

The city of Castrogiovanni, "the centre of Sicily," though its origin dates back to prehistoric times, is now less interesting for its antiquity, at least to English Catholics, as the Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet* remarks, than for its connection with Newman. It was there, while journeying in Italy in 1833, that he was stricken

with a severe fever, which left his nerves in a sadly shattered condition. During his convalescence, he used to put his head under the bedclothes so as to avoid the clangor of the church bells,—to the horror of his servant, who declared that the demon in the heretic was tormented by the sound of the blessed bells. It is said that the Holy Father was greatly amused on hearing this anecdote from Archbishop Bourne, who lately visited Sicily to participate in the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Mgr. Lualdi. It would be interesting to know whether the good old servant, Gennaro, lived long enough to hear of the conversion of his master (whom he must have loved in spite of his heresy), and to learn of his being a cardinal.

It is to be hoped that the biographer of Newman will utilize all such *obiter dicta* as this. The circumstance is trifling in one way, yet our interest in the career of Manning is intensified for the moment by the remembrance that he once preached a violent "No Popery" sermon,—a performance which Newman resented so much that next day he was "not at home" to the other future cardinal. Did the thought of that tirade ever occur to Manning during his audiences with Pio Nono, by whom he was so greatly beloved, and by whom Newman, on the contrary, was distrusted for his alleged lack of love for the Papacy?

According to a statement made by the Rev. Father Kelley, president of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, the first contributor to the \$1,000,000 fund which it is hoped will soon be raised to carry on the work of this excellent organization, came from a newsboy. It happened in this way:

Father Kelley, changing trains at Port Huron, Michigan, stopped to buy a paper. The newsboy, who had often

met him before, congratulated him on the announcement that he had been elected to the headship of the Society. Father Kelley laughingly told the lad to reserve his congratulations until the \$1,000,000 fund had been raised; then, taking the paper, he boarded his train, and settled himself to read the news. A few minutes later the boy entered the car selling his papers. Pausing at the priest's seat, he leaned over and whispered: "Every little counts on that \$1,000,000, Father?"—Father Kelley answered without dreaming what was to follow: "Certainly."—"Then here is my part, and I wish it were fifty times as much!" Before the priest could remonstrate he felt a bill pressed into his hand, and the boy was calling "*News, Journal!*" at the other end of the car. That one-dollar bill hangs framed in Father Kelley's office, and is likely to be withdrawn from circulation permanently.

A recent address before a ministerial association by the Rev. Dr. Powell, of Kentucky, is of interest, principally on account of some remarks by Mr. Henry Watterson, in answer to the clergyman's contention that, "as a man and a citizen, the preacher has a right to exercise every function of any other citizen. He may go to the primaries; he may vote on every election day; he may serve on committees which have to do with the civic welfare; if he so choose, he may stand guard at the polls." After admitting the right of the minister to do all which Dr. Powell claims he has the right to do, the Kentucky editor observes:

But when he assumed the ministerial office, he parted with so much of his worldly character as might obstruct his spiritual duty. He took holy orders. He became at once a pastor and a teacher. In a word, he laid aside ambition and the opportunities for wealth and advancement, to assume the part and put on the raiment of the Shepherd, committed to the tending and

defending of his flock; it being no part of his duty to drop his crook and leave his flock, and to go forth among the wolves in quest either of scalps or glory.

Mr. Watterson was beginning to get too rhetorical just here, but another paragraph of his editorial is wholly plain and simple. We are sorry he has so poor an opinion of politicians as is here expressed:

He who dabbleth with pitch shall be defiled; and, under prevailing conditions, politics is mainly pitch. The preacher who "stands guard at the polls" quits an arena where he may do great good, to enter an arena where he may do infinite harm. He puts himself upon a level with the vilest of the vile without any compensating advantage.

Amid much that is lamentable in the news from France, there is an occasional paragraph of somewhat hopeful promise. It is gratifying, for instance, to learn that the "parochial associations" are being very generally organized and are everywhere receiving substantial encouragement. The Cardinals of Paris and Bordeaux have given them their authoritative sanction; from week to week the number of bishops to follow the example of these prelates is growing apace, and the Catholic press is unanimous in its adhesion to the movement.

Perhaps the best proof, to American readers, that this scheme of parish associations is really worth while, will be found in the bitter denunciation which the anti-Catholic, Masonic press launches against these organizations "having the curé as president, the bishop as director, and the Pope as commander-in-chief. The black army with the supreme head at Rome, such," they declare, "is the work of these associations. The danger must not be blinked. It is the seizure of the whole country by the clerical and reactionary coalition. It remains, then, for us to triumph over the Church which will be born again on the morrow of the

rupture with Rome, and to find, in a new victory, strength that will annihilate the conspiracy of the men in black." The anti-clericals, according to some of our most reliable Parisian exchanges, are right; and the parish association is indeed the form under which the Church in France will take a new birth.

It is hard to tell precisely to what class of outsiders Mr. Goldwin Smith belongs. In a recent communication to the *New York Sun*, he says: "There is nothing answering to the term 'supernatural.' If we discard miracles, as all free inquirers do," etc. This is the language of naturalism. In a letter to ourselves, the venerable scholar writes: "To God of course all things are possible. I have never denied, or thought of denying, His power of suspending natural law." This, surely, is not the way in which a naturalist would be expected to speak. Mr. Smith calls himself a "sceptic," and again we are puzzled. Of one thing, however, we can be sure: he is the gentlest and kindest of—let us say, critical inquirers. He writes further: "Demonstrate to me that a miracle has been performed, and I will pledge myself to accept the demonstration. You will not think it unreasonable to ask for conclusive evidence."

Assuredly not! That is what we ourselves always demand; and we can assure Mr. Smith that some Catholics are as sceptical as himself regarding the translation of the Holy House of Loreto, and other marvels to which he refers. Is it possible that a man of Mr. Smith's enlightenment can suppose for a moment that in order to be a member of the Church one must give credence to the tradition that the House of Loreto was brought by angels from Nazareth? Such things do not belong to revelation and are no part of the Church's teaching. Would to God that

all Catholics realized, and that all honest inquirers like Mr. Smith could be persuaded, that in reality the creed of the Church is a short one!

..

In connection with the foregoing, let us quote some words of an address read by the Rev. Dr. Hartmann Grisar, S. J., at the Scientific Congress in Munich a few years ago. He was then professor of Church history in the University of Innsbruck:

For thirty years my studies have made me occupy myself with the large number of errors which have gradually during many centuries slipped into the history and the outer life of the Church, and of which some remain to this day. Around the lives and the miracles of the saints, around their relics and sanctuaries, a number of unauthenticated traditions, accounts of miracles, and fables, have clustered; some of which are beautiful and poetic, while others are simply ugly and tasteless. Worse still, want of knowledge and judgment, and often even all sorts of bad passions, have worked together to produce false relics and false shrines, and to present them for the worship of simple people. It is against this abuse of holy things that we must fight for the sake of truth, the honor of the Church, and the interests of the Catholic Faith. Not only do such things provoke the scorn of our enemies: they may even injure the faith of less well-informed children of the Church. I myself have often met educated laymen to whom these foolish traditions have caused violent temptations against faith,—a proof, of course, that they do not clearly realize the point; for these things are not objects of revelation. The chief fault of the ultra-conservative spirit in these matters is that it does not consider the historical beginning and development of the numerous errors which appeared and were spread, mostly quite in good faith, in the past.

Concluding his memorable address, Father Grisar said:

Our aim is clear. We want to help to build up the Catholic life. We have no new building to set up; but just as in our great Romanesque and Gothic churches the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left their evil marks, so do we see in the great spiritual Church here and there a disfigurement which we must pull down. Let us put our hands to the task! The light of God's truth must shine pure and unmixed throughout His Church.



From the Distant Heavens.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

FROM the distant heavens
Where the angels are,
Farther than each cloudbelt
And each twinkling star,
Jesus watches o'er me
All the day and night,
Hears my least petition,
Helps me do aright.
From the distant heavens
Where the blessed stand,
Jesus smiles upon me,
Reaching forth His hand.
O Thou gracious Father,
In Thy loving sight,
Children are like angels
When they do aright!

"One of His Jewels."

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

I.

SHE was only a little shepherdess,—for there are shepherdesses still; though our young readers may fancy them merely a name for history or nursery rhyme, like "Little Bo Peep." Yes, Toinetta Bertoni was a shepherdess in summer time upon the high, grassy ridges of the Maritime Alps; and during the winter she drove her flock of black and grey goats through the sunny streets of Nice or Mentone, selling foamy cups of goat's milk to invalids and children; while her father bartered their kids to the butcher in those cruel-looking shops where baby lambs hung ghastly whole in the doorway.

And Toinetta was going, as she had done every year of her ten-year-old life

before, up to the mountains with her father and mother, and little sister Barberina, and the old baby Toto, and the new baby of eight weeks old, and the flock of goats and sheep,—up to the cool, fresh mountains for the summer. But something the thought of which made her stolid little face a wee bit excited and eager as they passed along the streets of Mentone this morning, was the consciousness that she had a new companion for the journey.

For it so happened that Antonio—or Biancheri Antonio, as he styled himself, putting the surname before the Christian name, as Italians do,—the sallow-faced baker of whom Toinetta's father bought their daily bread, had an only son. Luigi—"Antonio's Luigi," as the child was called,—was a small, pale, big-eyed, gentle child of somewhere about the same age as stout, stolid Toinetta; and through the long, hot summer months Luigi would pine and droop, and refuse to eat, till his mother would break forth in impatient lamentations, and his father watch him anxiously, and question the weather-wise who came into his little shop as to whether a hotter summer than usual were prophesied, or when the rains would come.

One day Toinetta's father, Stefano, was standing, in his picturesque shepherd's dress of tight breeches, and laced sandals with bright braid crossing and recrossing his legs, loose jacket flung over the left shoulder, and broad red sash round his waist, counting the notches in a substantial-looking brown stick which, with many others, hung inside the baker's door. It was his "baker's book," the record of many kilos of bread now owed, recorded in

the primitive fashion which still obtains in that part.

Stefano sighed as he fingered the last notch, and glanced at a goodly pile of long, brown loaves which lay waiting on the counter.

"It's a long count this time, Tonio," he said to the baker; "and bread so risen, too! The little ones seem to eat more day by day, and money to come in slower."

"'Tis far better to pay the baker than the doctor, my friend," responded Antonio. "There's many a one might envy you your fine, healthy children."

"Ah, yes, yes," replied the shepherd, "it is true! But, all the same, food is dear. Say, Stefano, could you not take a kid instead of money, in part payment for this score?"

Stefano shook his head decidedly.

"I think not. A whole kid would be too much for us, and I know of no one with whom to divide it. Besides, we eat little meat at this time of year: a plate of macaroni and a handful of tomatoes, that is wholesomer."

"I am going away this week, you see," hesitated Stefano, "and so it must be settled."

"Ah, there again you are to be envied!" sighed the baker. "You're going up to the fresh, cool mountain country, while down here we stew and pant our lives away."

"Eh, there is always something," muttered the shepherd, fingering his stick. "I would rather, at the cost of a little heat, change lots with you and be the owner of this shop."

"It is of the little one that I am thinking,—our Luigi," answered the baker, shaking out the crumbs from a large basket as he spoke. "I know not how he will bear the coming summer. Now, if he could but go up into the mountains, like you—"

And here Antonio broke off suddenly; for a thought had struck him,—too weighty a one to be lightly uttered.

"Where did you say that you spent the summers?" he asked, as Stefano began stowing away the long, brown loaves under his arm.

"In our own country,—that is, up near Cuneo, between that and Limone."

"And it is cool there, you say?"

"Oh, yes!—cool and fresh, and full of pleasant green pasturage, where the kids and lambs thrive. We lead them about all day long to browse on the sweet herbs; and some who can afford it even rent a field; and then we sell their milk to the cheese-makers."

"But you, where do you live yourself?" pursued the baker, intent on his own thought.

"We live in one of the villages along there, where my wife came from, and where her parents still live. They give us house-room, and we give them goat's milk, and a kid now and then."

"Would you have room, do you think, for our Luigi, if he were to go up with you? Your wife is a good, motherly woman: would she take charge of him there for a while? There is—the score you know that could be wiped off" (he pointed with his thumb to the much-notched stick), "and—and maybe other things as well, if our Luigi came back fat and strong. Talk it over with the wife, and she will counsel you."

And he placed on Stefano's arm a big round ring of bread with raisins stuck here and there upon its surface.

Stefano immediately went home and told his wife; and she, taking up the sleeping baby from the cradle where it lay in the dark cellar which sheltered them all, went off, there and then, to the baker's shop and settled the matter.

And that was how it came to pass that Toinetta had a companion on her spring journey.

II.

Little Luigi found it difficult to keep up with his companions at first; for they plodded on, hour after hour, along the dusty roadway,—Stefano

with a big stick driving the sheep flock noisily, aided by his dog; the wife carrying and tending her baby; Toinetta hustling the kids, and giving a hand to one of the band of little ones who trotted soberly behind. By and by Luigi and the little ones got a lift from some neighborly cart as far as Ventimiglia; and here, on Italian soil for the first time, they prepared to pass the night in a room hired by one of Stefano's friends. They penned up the kids and goats, and sat out near them to discuss a smoking dish of macaroni, of which Luigi took his share with more appetite than he had felt for many a day; although his limbs felt tired after their unwonted exertion.

"We are in Italy now," nodded Toinetta, as the two children sat together over their macaroni. "But I never call it Italy until we get away into the mountains. Then you will see!"

"Do you like the mountains so much?" asked Luigi, shyly.

"Yes, and so will you. Won't you grow fat and strong!"

"Do you think so?" The little face lighted up. Then he whispered: "Toinetta, tell me, are there not wild beasts up there? I am a little afraid."

She tossed her head contemptuously.

"What wild beasts should there be?"

"Oh, lions and tigers, you know! I have a book about them at home. They live in countries far away, and this is far away," said the little town mouse.

"Never heard of them, never saw them!"—again Toinetta shook her head contemptuously.

"But, then, there are the robbers,—mountain robbers," said Luigi, who had heard their doings talked of in his father's shop.

"Ah, yes, but not for us! We know how to avoid them," said Toinetta. "But, Luigi, you must learn to drive the sheep straight, and not be afraid of

the dog, else you will be no good at all."

So Luigi threw Rosso, the sheep dog, a bit of bread, by way of making friends; and the next day he took up his little stick with the rest, and hunted and drove the old ewes and their bewildered lambs as they trotted along the white, dusty roads, and scampered hither and thither in quest of a fresh bite of grass. And up and up they went—sheep, goats, father, mother, children and all,—walking with bare, dusty feet, and heavy bundles slung over their shoulders; buying their bread and a drink of wine, when they came to one of the small villages which here and there break the monotony of the mountain paths.

Little Luigi, with the observant glance of a solitary child, took many a mental note along the way: how the women washed their clothes in the narrow streamlets which ran down the village street, and under the single plank or stone which bridged it to their doors; how each tiny shop had its signboard dangling or protruding over the doorway with painted symbols showing—for the benefit of the unlearned—how this man made shoes and that one sold bread; no words of "baker" or "shoemaker" being written above the door, but only a shoe painted upon a signboard, or a group of loaves, or other commodities.

And, then, the small hostleries where they sometimes stopped to drink, what strange and wonderful pictures swung over their doors! "The Three Cocks," or "The White Bear," or "The Two Thieves,"—just the same elementary and homely signs as those which used, ever so long ago, to hang above the village inns or city hostleries in early England.

III.

One morning—it was not really long since Luigi had cried out "Good-bye!" to his father and mother, but it seemed to him an eternity—Toinetta, plodding

along the dusty road with Luigi at her side, began to notice, with little cries of recognition and delight, the wayside landmarks here and there.

"Ah, now I know we are getting near the tunnel! How you will stare! I wonder will you be frightened?"

"What is it, Toinetta?"

"A tunnel. Oh, yes, you know, of course! Like those black holes in the hillsides your trains rush through."

"Are there trains up here?"

"No: we walk through."

"Walk through a tunnel? Oh, I shall not like that at all!"

"Eh, it is great fun! You will see!"

And by and by he did see. Just a hole in the hillside, as Toinetta had said, and you looked straight into the darkness, with just a little pinhole, as it were, of light beyond, showing how very, very far off the other end, and daylight were.

Stefano shouted, and dogs and sheep scurried together into the dim, damp, water-dropping cavern, with its wet, loose stones underfoot. It was sharp work, driving all those stupid sheep and goats along in the darkness, past heavily laden carts, foot-passengers slipping, and horses tramping; and the echoing din of the hollow walls was bewildering even to more experienced travellers. Stefano called sharply to his wife and daughter to help him with the sheep, and Luigi was pushed and squeezed hither and thither by the rushing beasts until he nearly fell.

Presently a carriage came swiftly along. Luigi saw it well, by the aid of its two lighted lamps; and he bethought himself of his old town trick, dear to the heart of every street Arab, perhaps, in Europe; and as it passed, his active little hands had caught on behind, and he was soon riding on the hindmost bar,—on, on, faster and faster, far before Tonio and his flock of sheep. In the exhilaration of being carried along he almost

forgot them for a moment; and then he thought that he would ride on to the light, and drop down and wait there for them.

On, on went the whirling wheels; the pinhole of light grew larger; the horses dashed on into a blaze of light, and they were out in the sunshine once more. It was so delightful to the tired little feet, after their weary plodding, that the boy clung on still, as the horses trotted briskly onward, down the hill, and round its curve, toward the valley below. Really he must alight soon, he thought, and run back to meet the flock of goats. But just then a savage-looking dog sprang at the carriage, barking; and Luigi clung on, while they swung round a sharp corner; so that it was yet some distance before he finally gave the jump downward, and stood still, a forlorn-looking little figure, watching the friendly vehicle bowl swiftly along out of sight.

"Perhaps they will overtake me soon, if I wait here," he thought; "and then I shall not have to pass that horrid dog again."

So he sat down by the wayside and waited, idly plucking at the grass or throwing stones across the road, in all the placid contentment of childhood.

Meanwhile Stefano and his flock of children and goats had emerged from the tunnel, and stood blinking and laughing in the blaze of sunlight at its mouth. The goats were bleating and rushing eagerly about, nibbling the little tufts of grass here and there; the children shouting gleefully; Toinetta holding up a rent in her faded skirt which some one had torn, and the mother hushing the frightened baby.

"Come, now, we must not rest here! *Avanti, bambini,—avanti!*" cried the father to his scattered flock.

"Where is Luigi, father?" exclaimed Toinetta, as, after gazing for some minutes into the tunnel, she saw no other traveller emerge.

"Eh? What's that you say? Luigi? Why, surely he was beside you!"

"When we went in, yes; but after—I was too busy with the kids to notice."

"Provoking little scapegrace! He is still in there, no doubt," said Stefano. "Frightened, perhaps, of the dark!"

"Perhaps he has fallen, and hurt himself, poor little fellow!" put in the mother. "Some one had better go back and see."

"Oh, yes, I'll go!" growled the shepherd, lifting his staff and going back into the gloom, feeling half inclined to give the boy a "taste of it" for his lagging.

"Don't be cross to him, Fano!" called his wife as he went on. "Remember he is only a little one and a stranger."

Her husband remembered, too, even more forcibly, his bread score for the future and the necessity for kindly treatment of the little hostage, or visitor. So he only growled inarticulately, and then shouted down the tunnel:

"Luigi! Luigi! where are you? Hurry!"

But no answer came.

(To be continued.)

The Knight and the Cobbler.

A cobbler, dwelling in Perpignan, was seated before his door, and sang, as he worked, a ballad much in vogue. A knight who was passing by stopped to listen to the cobbler's song. At its close, he got off his horse, went up to the cobbler's bench, took a pair of scissors, cut two or three pairs of shoes all to pieces, and then without saying a word mounted his horse again and rode away.

The cobbler, stupefied at first, soon hurried after the knight, exclaiming:

"Wretch! why have you been so cruel? I am poor; I did you no injury; then why—oh, why have you ruined me?"

The knight quietly answered:

"My friend, you are angry with me. You say I have done you much evil. Come with me to the king. He is just. You will make your complaint, and I will give the explanation of my action. The king will judge between us."

The cobbler consenting, both appeared before the king. The tradesman spoke first:

"My Lord King, this knight stopped before my shop this morning. He took my scissors and ruined several pairs of my shoes without any reason at all, for I never did him any injury."

"My poor man," said the king, "you are right: "he has been very cruel. Knight, why were you so unfeeling toward this good artisan? Defend yourself."

"Your Majesty," said the knight, "will you permit me to ask this man a few questions?"

The king nodded his assent, and the knight asked:

"Cobbler, what were you doing when I stopped at your door?"

"I was making a pair of shoes for a neighbor."

"What else were you doing?"

"I was singing. It is my custom to do so. Is it not permitted to sing? I don't sing so well as the birds, but I sing well enough to amuse myself, and that's sufficient for me."

"Well, 'tis not sufficient for *me*," said the knight. "Whose song were you singing?"

"The one that's all the fashion nowadays,—'The Silence in the Forest.'"

"Well, cobbler," rejoined the knight, "I wrote the words and the music of that ballad. I stopped before your shop, because you were singing my song so loud that the whole street could hear you. Then when I noticed how badly you sang, I grew angry. You didn't sing a single note correctly. You didn't even sing the words correctly. You utterly spoiled my song. If you

had been singing inside your house, I shouldn't have minded. But you sang out on the street, and your miserable execution of my ballad injured my reputation. So, as you spoiled my song, I concluded that I had a right to spoil your shoes; for that ballad is my work just as much as the shoes are yours."

The king burst out laughing, and said:

"My friends, you are both right. As 'tis scarcely fair, however, that the poor cobbler should lose the price of his labor, I'll pay for the shoes. 'Tis not fair, either, that the musician's reputation should suffer; so, Sir Knight, I invite you to sing your ballad at court this evening, and I promise you everybody will be there to hear how beautiful it is."

Both knight and cobbler were delighted with the decision of the king, whose courtiers declared him as wise as Solomon and as unerring in his judgments.

The Order of Fools.

All through the Middle Ages quaint guilds were formed for charitable purposes, and none was more remarkable than the "Order van't Geeken Gessellschaft" (Order of Fools). Founded by Adolphus, Count of Cleves, in 1381, the members of the Order were gentlemen of high rank, and these devoted themselves to benevolent and charitable purposes.

The knights of the Order bore an insignia with the figure of a jester, dressed in red and silver, a cap and bells on his head, in one hand a cup filled with fruits to symbolize their charitable undertakings, in the other a golden key to unlock their hearts toward one another and all the world. The brotherhood held a yearly meeting, at which all matters pertaining to the Order were discussed, and all distinctions of rank were laid aside, the members meeting upon an almost Utopian equality.

Many were the good works they performed. The sick were tenderly cared for, little children were supported, the poor were housed, the hungry were fed; and the "Order of Fools" was wise in that its members laid up treasures in heaven.

A similar Order was instituted in Poland in the fourteenth century, founded by a Polish noble, and from his estate named "Republica Binepsis." This society was modelled upon the constitution of Poland, and had its king, its chancellor, and other officers. With a sense of the ridiculous as keen as that of an American college boy, the Poles seized upon any taste of a member and forced him to accept a corresponding appointment in the society: one too fond of the chase was made Master of the Hunt, one who boasted too much of his own deeds was made Field-Marshal. Thus were personal faults obliterated by railery, and absurd habits repressed.

Like the German society, the "Republica Binepsis" devoted itself to charity, to the suppression of all wrongdoing, and to the redress of many a grievance inseparably connected with the feudal system. It became a bright and shining light through the Middle Ages,—one of those bright beams which shed o'er the passions of the age the soft lustre of Mother Church.

December.

The Romans named December from *decem*—ten,—as it was the tenth month in their calendar. Martial calls it *Fumosus*, or smoky; while another ancient Latin named it *Cannus*, or hoary, from its frequent snows. The pagan Saxons named it "Winter Monet," or winter month; and after their conversion they termed it "Heligh Monat," or holy month, from the birth of Christ. By the modern Germans it is still called the "Christ Monat."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Society of St. Augustine, Bruges, announce another popular (French) Life of Pius IX. It is written by the Rev. P. Lumbour, and revised by Mgr. Delassus.

—The "Little Folks Annual" for 1906, published by Benziger Brothers, will surely delight children; for it contains just the kind of pictures that they enjoy,—pictures that tell a story. And there are charming sketches also that must appeal to young folk.

—No. 37 of the Catholic Penny Booklets issued by the St. Anthony Truth Guild, Chicago, has for general title "Sound Readings for Busy People." It is made up of an address by Father Cassilly, S. J., on "Can a State University Teach Morals?" and a number of selections from the editorial columns of the Catholic press.

—A French brochure of practically the same import as the pamphlet of Father Kress, elsewhere mentioned on this page, is "A Social Catechism for the Use of Labor Circles." It is really an excellent handbook of elementary social and political economy, terse, lucid, well arranged, and doctrinally unobjectionable. Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie.

—It is rarely that a publisher furnishes a more interesting literary note than the following, which comes to us from Little, Brown & Co.:

Mrs. Francis Alexander, of Florence, Italy, who has translated from the Italian the more than one hundred and twenty miracle stories and sacred legends which comprise the volume entitled "Il Libro d'Oro," is in her ninety-third year. She was a great friend of Ruskin during the latter's stay in Florence; and it was Ruskin who introduced to the world Mrs. Alexander's daughter, Miss Francesca Alexander, as the author of "The Story of Ida." Since his death Miss Alexander has published a volume of versified Italian legends under the title "The Hidden Servants"; while her mother has been devoting part of her leisure to translating and engrossing the miracle stories and sacred legends, written by Fathers of the Church and published in Italy in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mrs. Alexander's painstaking handwriting is as legible as type-writing.

—In the death of the venerable Henry S. Cauthorn, who passed away recently at Vincennes, Indiana suffers the loss of a notable citizen, and the Church in America, a son of more than ordinary ability and devotedness. Mr. Cauthorn was a member of the bar, and more than half a century ago took an active part in organizing the first municipal government of Vincennes. At different periods in his career, he held a number of legal positions in one of the largest judicial districts of the State, and was also a prominent legislator, serving in 1879 as the Speaker of the Indiana House. As a local historian, he achieved

real distinction; and in matters connected with ecclesiastical annals in more States than one was a recognized authority. Dying at the advanced age of eighty-three, he concluded a career as honorable as it was lengthy. *R. I. P.*

—Comprehensive, devotional, convenient, and attractive in size and form,—these are some of the special qualities of the "Treasure of the Sanctuary," arranged by the Irish Sisters of Charity and published by Gill & Son. While this little manual of devotions contains prayers designed particularly for religious, it is admirably suited to the needs of the faithful in general.

—"Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord" is the general title of a little book of devotions translated from the Italian by a Passionist Father, and published by Benziger Brothers. The origin of the Scapular of the Passion is explained, and introduces the meditations, which are thirty-one in number. In addition there are devotions for Mass, for morning and evening, and other occasions.

—"Questions of Socialists and their Answers" is the title of a readable pamphlet by the Rev. W. S. Kress, priest of the Ohio Apostolate. Within the compass of a hundred and forty pages, the author gives illuminative and adequate answers to a series of genniae interrogatories found in the "Question Box" which he established in connection with his course of lectures on "Socialism," delivered some months ago in Milwaukee. Archbishop Messmer furnishes the booklet with an appreciative introduction. Published by the Ohio Apostolate.

—We cull the following paragraph from the ever-interesting literary gossip of the *Athenæum*:

Mr. Edmund Gardner has nearly completed a work on which he has been engaged for some years. At present the title chosen is "St. Catherine of Siena: a Study of the Religion, Literature, and Politics of the Fourteenth Century." The book is not a conventional life of an ecclesiastical saint, but a study of the work and times of one of the greatest women in history. Mr. Gardner has been fortunate in discovering a number of hitherto unknown letters of St. Catherine herself, and it is thought that his work will throw new light upon the religious and political state of Italy in the epoch immediately preceding the Renaissance. Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. will publish the book, which will not be ready for some considerable time.

—It was in 1850 that Mr. A. Welby Pugin wrote his "Appeal for the Revival of the Ancient Plain-Song." The little essay has just been reprinted, and its timeliness few will deny. It is a unique bit of earnest writing, whose every sentence has an eloquent cadence. It is interesting as an historical document, and throws an intense light upon the "artificial state of ecclesiastical

music" in England half a century ago. We may well imagine how this sincere pleader would have rejoiced over the *Motu Proprio* of the present Holy Father on Church Music. Mr. Pugin could lay aside the cudgel argument when he wished, for he exclaims in one place: "What noble simplicity in the hymns! While the chaunt of the Psalter has an almost sacramental power in calming a troubled spirit and leading the soul to God." Benziger Brothers are the American publishers of this exceptionally interesting brochure.

—Anne Warner, author of the "Susan Clegg" stories, etc., gives this advice to aspiring authors: "Write fifty stories, each as good as you can possibly do. As fast as they are finished submit them (enclosing return envelopes). When they come back, read them carefully over; and if possible to improve them, do so to the best of your ability. Have a book and keep track of where each one goes, and send each to the different editors. When the fiftieth story has come back the tenth time, if *not one* has been accepted, it is wisest to give up. But if one can persevere to write fifty stories and to send each out ten times, *some will be accepted.*" Miss Warner declares that "if these few directions are explicitly followed, they will prove one talented—or the reverse." We wish she had insisted a little more on the importance of enclosing return envelopes, and that she had mentioned something about the necessity of putting postage stamps on them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord." 50 cts.

"Prayer." Father Faber. 30 cts., net.

"Lives of the English Martyrs." (Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth.) \$2.75.

"Joan of Arc." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 75 cts.

"The Life of St. Patrick, and His Place in History." J. B. Bury, M. A. \$3.25, net.

"The Suffering Man-God." Père Seraphin. 75 cts., net.

"The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul." Ven. Blossius, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.

"The Immortality of the Soul." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.

"The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." \$1.60., net.

"Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." Charles Major \$1.50.

"Addresses. Historical, Political, Sociological" Frederic R. Coudert. \$2.50.

"Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt." William Roper. 55 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in hands.—HEB., xiii.

Very Rev. Henry Bartlett, O. P., of the English Province.

Sister M. St. Felicianus, of the Sisters of Charity, I. C.; Sister Miriam, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Elizabeth, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Josephine, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. William Long and Mrs. M. F. Sweetman, of Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Finley, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Mary Moore, Manhattan, N. Y.; Mr. Henry Cauthorn, Vincennes, Ind.; Mr. Patrick Berry, Tampa, Kansas; Mrs. Henry Flaspohler, Logansport, Ind.; Mr. John Hickey, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. M. A. Studor, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Bernard Egan, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget McAuliffe, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Chanes, and Miss M. Atkins, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, Lima, Ohio; Mr. Bernard Magee, Mrs. Anne Magee, Mrs. Jennie A. Hookey, and Mrs. Catherine McLoughlin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. W. F. Banfiel, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. C. F. Bingham, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Donoghue, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine McCluskey, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. D. V. Cush, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Fitzsimmons, Lonsdale, R. I.; and Mr. John Witzel, Wheeling, W. Va.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For two Chinese missions:

Rev. T. F., \$10; Friend, Milwaukee, \$5; R. F. D., 50 cts.; M. A. D., \$1; J. C. B., \$1; Mrs. P. F., \$2; E. D., 90 cts.; D. J. R., \$1.30; N. N., \$5; Dr. T. J. C., \$1; J. J. C., \$1; E. J. B., \$5.

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

R. G., Johnsville, \$5; Mrs. B. F., \$5; Rev. J. H. G., \$10; Mary K., 50 cts.

For Sister M. Claver, Uganda:

Mary E. McKone, \$1.

The leper priest at Mandalay, Burma:

N. N., \$10; Child of Mary, \$1.



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 9, 1905.

NO. 24.

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

Immaculata.

BY ALEXANDER MANZONI. TRANSLATED BY THE
REV. J. F. BINGHAM, D.D.

RISING day, and evening falling,
When noon declares the moiety,
The bronzes hail thee, ever calling
Pious crowds to honor thee:

Thee the fear-struck child invokes
In night's dark watch; to thee, in pallor,
When danger roars its mighty strokes,
Appeals the trembling sailor.

Thy griefs each day are told with sorrow
In thousand parts; from thy content
The world, each day, doth gladness borrow
As from a new event.

Hail thou, given the second name!
Hail, salvation's Morning Star!
Bright as the sun's resplendent flame,
And awful as the pomp of war!

The Catholic Missions in New Caledonia.

BY DOM MATERNUS SPITZ, O.S.B.

NEW CALEDONIA, the well-known French penal colony, is, after New Zealand and New Guinea, the largest island in the Pacific. It belongs to the so-called Melanesia group, and lies between $20^{\circ} 10'$ and $22^{\circ} 25'$ S. lat., and between 164° and 167° E. long. It is about two hundred and forty miles long and twenty-five miles wide, covering with its dependencies—the Isle of Pines, the Wallis Archipelago, the Loyalty, Union and Belep islands—an area of

eighty-one hundred square miles. Intersected as it is by high mountains and rich valleys, adorned by magnificent cascades and abundant pastures, New Caledonia might be called an ocean paradise, were it not for its man-eating natives, the Kanakas, "brutal to an extreme degree, who seem to have forgotten the first principles of the natural law"; or were it not for its having been made a convict settlement. Honest people are naturally reluctant to settle down there.

Although discovered as early as 1774 by the famous Captain Cook, who called it New Caledonia, after the northern portion of Scotland, no European set foot on the island for the space of seventy years, as it was out of the way of commercial enterprise, and, so to say, walled off by an impenetrable barrier of coral reefs and rocks. But Catholic missionaries broke down the barriers which separated this island from the civilized world. It is due to their apostolic enterprise and their researches that we have become acquainted with the nature of the land and its inhabitants, their manners, customs and religion. Owing to its moderate climate, the island is blest with a splendid flora, and has become famous for its sandal-wood and precious pine trees, such as the kauri and araukari. The animal world, however, is scarcely represented there,—if we except rats and "flying dogs," the famous New Caledonian kagu, and also the hen-like pigeon, notu.

The Kanakas are treacherous and mistrustful, yet full of courage and enterprise. Eager for human prey, they are in constant warfare among themselves or with other tribes. Although cannibals, they hardly ever kill a man for food: they devour only captives. To have eaten an enemy is the *ne plus ultra* of triumph. His memory is ever after infamous. The women, who are kept in slavery and debasement, have the greatest portion of labors and the smallest share in the privileges of home, never being allowed even to eat with their husbands. In case the wife should fall ill, she is immediately expelled from the house. The Kanakas, on the other hand, are distinguished for great hospitality, which causes everything to be in common among them; but they are also the greatest of thieves. They know little or nothing about the unity and sanctity of matrimony; polygamy is widespread, and taking and giving away belong to the daily routine of life.

The natives believe in the existence of one supreme god, whom they call "Neuengut," one who is different from man and the soul of man,—eternal and unchangeable; although this idea is intermingled with beliefs in many other deities, which are mostly spirits of departed chiefs. Prominent among these are Kiemua, a kind of Greek Cerberus, the evil spirit who tortures wicked souls in Tsiabumbon, on the island of Poob, till they have atoned for their crimes, and, thus cleansed, are worthy of Doibat, the good spirit and the rewarder of rightful works in Tsiabilum, the New Caledonian paradise. For the natives believe in the immortality of the soul "Aiwan," which is something quite different from "Dieran," or material body.

Politically, the New Caledonians, previous to their annexation, were governed by the Teama and Mueau, the first and second chief; and by the Tea and Kabo, crown prince and crown

princess, who are either the son and daughter of the Teama or children whom he has adopted with the general consent of the nation. The Teama is highly venerated by his subjects, the Yambuets; his "palace" is of a larger size than the rest of the dwellings, and is distinguished by a flag; when he appears in his official capacity, he wears a beautifully adorned axe or hatchet; and his death is announced in the words: *Tenan delat*,—"The sun has gone down."

It was sixty-nine years after the discovery of New Caledonia that the first Europeans set foot upon the island and took up their abode among its barbarous inhabitants; and these first Europeans were Catholic missionaries. On the feast of St. Thomas, the Apostle, December 21, 1843, the French vessel *Bucephalus*, commanded by Captain La Ferrière, landed at Port Ballad, situated on the northeastern coast of New Caledonia. He had on board the first five missionaries of the Marist Congregation, who were destined to plant the tree of the Church in these regions,—namely, Mgr. Douarre, titular Bishop of Amata, Fathers Rougeyron and Viard, and two lay Brothers. Mgr. Douarre came as the first Vicar Apostolic of New Caledonia. He had to gather together and to form his flock out of pagans roaming about, naked in body and soul, in the dense forests of the island.

Captain La Ferrière heartily welcomed the native chiefs and kings, Pakili-Puma of Koko, Taneundi of Kuma, and Tshapea of Bonde, who immediately after his arrival paid him a visit. Tea Baiama, the chieftain of Ballad, willingly sold the missionaries a piece of land at Mahamata, gave them permission to build a chapel and a house upon it, and to preach the Gospel to his subjects. Four days after the arrival of the missionaries, being the feast of Christmas, Mgr. Douarre said

the first Mass ever offered on the island of New Caledonia. In a letter dated January 1, 1844, his Lordship writes:

"On Christmas Day I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice upon the site of my cabin. The temple was beautiful; it had for its roof the firmament; the altar, in its poverty, did not ill resemble the Crib of Bethlehem; and the poor natives who surrounded it in profound silence recalled to me the Shepherds prostrate before the Infant Saviour. 'Glory to God on high, peace on earth to men of good will!' These beautiful words were also addressed at this moment to my savages; at least I asked peace for them with all my heart of the Divine Infant."

After the festivities were over, the crew of the *Bucephalus* erected a little chapel and a house for the missionaries, both of which were blessed by Mgr. Douarre, January 21, 1844. The sailors presented arms; and Pakili-Puma, Koko chief, addressed a few words to his subjects; after which nine salutes were fired by the guns of the *Bucephalus*. Then the vessel sailed away, leaving the missionaries on the lonely island, among strangers of whose language and manners they as yet had no knowledge.

For the first twenty months the work of their apostolate was slow,—a work of patience and prayer and suffering. "We remained almost without any resources and any defence, in a country destitute of everything we might require, amongst a ferocious and cannibal people." Without an interpreter, grammar or dictionary, the missionaries had to learn the language; being often obliged to neglect the study of it in order to attend to the more urgent affair of procuring a means of subsistence, as the provisions left them by Captain La Ferrière—a barrel of salt meat and three barrels of flour—did not last long. Nor could the missionaries count too much on exchanges with the natives; for there were few

things to give them, and the New Caledonians had still fewer to sell. Mgr. Douarre and Father Rougeyron, with the help of the Brothers, set themselves to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; they cultivated a piece of land, and at the same time taught the natives the elements of agriculture.

Father Viard, being acquainted with the language of some rovers from the island of Wallis among the natives, was able to occupy himself in a more direct way with the work of the mission, and visited neighboring tribes with some happy results. From the 1st of November, 1844, he assembled, morning and evening, a certain number of natives in the house of the chief of Ballad and instructed them in the Faith. But the rude character of the majority, their cannibalism, and the constant robberies which they executed with a truly surprising skill, often coming to steal what they had just sold, constituted a formidable obstacle in the way of progress. Several serious attacks were made on the missionaries, in one of which Father Rougeyron was dangerously wounded by a spear. A native who was rebuked for his cannibalism answered: "Well, you may be right that it is a sin to eat one's fellowman; but you can not say that human flesh does not taste well, else you would tell a lie." And he threatened to make a meal of the Bishop. On account of this hostile attitude, the mission at Mahamata was transferred to Baiiao, where one of the Brothers, with the help of Mgr. Douarre, built a chapel and house in stone.

Nineteen months of a barren apostolate, with the exception of the baptism of children, had elapsed since the landing of the first missionaries, when on September 28, 1845, the French corvette, *The Rhine*, arrived in the harbor of Ballad, with two other missionaries—Fathers Grange and Montrouzier; but it took away Father Viard, who had

just been appointed auxiliary Bishop to Mgr. Pompallier, of New Zealand. Captain Bérard, commander of *The Rhine*, presented the missionaries with a large dog to guard their property against the rapacious Kanakas. But, besides this, the dog rendered many other good services. He had been trained to bark at the natives whenever they appeared unprovided with clothing. Such a thing as a barking dog being unheard of in the island, the Kanakas feared the animal even more than the reproachful words of the missionaries, and his barking inspired them with the necessary sentiments of decency. On quitting the island, the Captain gave the missionaries an abundant supply of provisions; and Father Viard left them a valuable collection of instructions, prayers and hymns, which he had translated into the Caledonian language.

Everything now gave promise of a brighter and better future. The new chapel at Baïao was soon filled with catechumens, eager to listen to the words of salvation; and a happy change began to take place among the other natives. "They are less disposed to robbery; their wars are of less frequent occurrence; they are beginning to understand the motive which has brought us among them; the impulse has at last been given and the people in general are desirous of becoming instructed. We have sown the seed in several other parts of the island, and we already reckon a small number of disciples well prepared for baptism."*

But every work of God, in order to be crowned with success, must be tried by visitations. The year 1846 was indeed a year of trials and tribulations, while the year following witnessed the temporary interruption of the work. At that time English and American trading vessels frequently anchored off the shores of New Caledonia. Protestant

missionary agents of both nations, fearing that New Caledonia might become a centre of our holy religion in the Melanesia group, at once began to hurl their usual weapons of calumny against the Church and her missionaries, to excite the hatred of the natives against both. The priests were represented as secret enemies of the Kanakas, bent upon their destruction. Unfortunately, a contagious disease had broken out and wrought great havoc among them. As the priests had postponed the baptism of their catechumens, they baptized them now in the hour of death. This, of course, was for the natives sufficient proof that the assertions of the Protestant agents were true; and, as a consequence, baptism and baptismal water were regarded with horror.

Two other events roused the ill-disposed Caledonians, increasing their hatred against foreigners in general and against the Catholic missionaries in particular. Some English merchants from Australia who frequently visited the shores of New Caledonia invited the natives to come on board; and as soon as a large number had been gathered, the captains suddenly sailed away to dispose of their human cargo to European settlers in Australia. In revenge, the Kanakas killed a certain Mr. Sutton and devoured him; they afterward gathered round the mission station, threatening the missionaries with the same fate.

In spite of all these obstacles, the missionaries peacefully continued their apostolic work, and Father Montrouzier was able to found a second station at Puëbo. Not far from here the French corvette *La Seine*, with two hundred and thirty men, under Captain Lecomte, had suffered shipwreck in 1846. Both the officers and the crew were hospitably received by their countrymen at Puëbo, where they remained for two months, working on the mission farm

* Letter, Oct. 27, 1845.

or mapping out and surveying the island. But the presence of so many Europeans roused the suspicion of the natives. Two chieftains, Buarate and Thindin, advised their subjects to rise and kill all the Europeans; but they were dissuaded from doing so by the old chieftain Goa.

Mgr. Douarre, thinking that peace had been restored, took occasion to return to France with the captain of the corvette, in order to secure more missionaries. But scarcely had he left when the Kanakas attacked the station at Baiao and burned it to the ground. Mgr. Collamb, Vicar Apostolic of the Solomon Island, with a companion, Father Vergunt, who had just arrived on a visit to his brethren in religion, as well as Father Grange, then in charge of Baiao, and Brother Bertrand, saved themselves by flight and went to Puëbo; but Brother Blasius fell under the blows of the assailants. A second attack was planned upon Puëbo. Hearing of the plot in time, the missionaries fled from New Caledonia on August 9, 1847. Thus the work of four years was given up, but not the hope of resuming it later on.

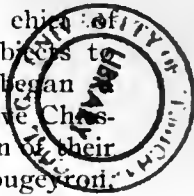
Several attempts were made to settle at Annatom (New Hebrides), and on the Loyalty Islands, so as to be near the sorely tried neophytes; but all these attempts failed. Later on, Father Gougeon successfully opened a field at Kumie (Isle of Pines); and when in 1849 Mgr. Douarre returned with some recruits, he resumed the work in New Caledonia itself. As the old stations of Puëbo and Baiao were in ruins, he founded a new one at Yengen; whilst Father Rougeyron gathered the remnants of the destroyed stations at Yate.

But the excited Kanakas had made up their minds to root out the very idea of Christianity, and planned another attack. Fortunately, the plot was betrayed. Bishop Douarre and Father Rougeyron left New Caledonia a second

time (1850), taking their catechumens and neophytes to the island of Futuna, in order to make them better acquainted with the ideal Christian life as it was led by those faithful and heroic children of the sainted Father Channel.

Two years later Bishop Douarre returned to Ballad, where he had landed nine years before, to resume for the third time the apostolate of his cherished field. He met with a hearty welcome; for the natives were now anxious to be instructed both in religion and agriculture. Unfortunately, however, an epidemic broke out a few months later, and the old prejudices regarding baptism and baptismal water were revived. The missionaries, who did their utmost to help and console the natives in every possible way, were coldly received by the sick; whilst those in health asked themselves and the missionaries over and over again: "How is it that the Europeans are spared from this disease, and why do they not die?" It was only when Bishop Douarre, a victim of charity in helping the plague-stricken, contracted the illness and died in 1853, that the hearts of the Kanakas were softened; they now received with joy the consolations and visitations of Father Forrestier. Soon after the stations of Baiao and Puëbo were rebuilt, and a third one was added at Tuo.

But the trials were not yet at an end. In 1853 the work of evangelization was threatened again, when Admiral Febvrier-Despointes took possession of New Caledonia in the name of France. He built barracks at Ballad, and fortified the harbor of Numéa, the capital of New Caledonia, which was thenceforth called Port de France. The chief of Puëbo hereupon urged his subjects to renounce Christianity, and began a regular persecution. The native Christians, wearied of the vacillation of their petty chiefs, begged Father Rougeyron, who after the death of Bishop Douarre



acted as Pro-Vicar Apostolic, to take them to some other place where they might serve God in peace. Father Rougeyron willingly complied with their wishes, and, accompanied by one hundred and twenty neophytes, left Puëbo and settled ten miles distant from Numéa, where he founded the station of La Concepcion. In 1857 the pagans rose once more to blot out the Christian religion, to kill both the missionaries and their political rulers. But the revolt was frustrated by an epidemic which raged for some weeks. One result of this fresh visitation was a new station at St. Louis, which to-day is the centre of the Vicariate.

Peace reigned over the island from 1857 till 1878; and, in spite of the persecutions of the natives and the French, the repeated calumnies of sectarian rivals and antagonists, and the unchristian lives of many French settlers, the missionaries celebrated fresh triumphs. In 1864 New Caledonia was made a French deportation colony. On the island of Nu was established a depot for one thousand prisoners, in order to acclimatize them; and the hospital which was founded there was entrusted to the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny. The prison for the convicts is on the peninsula of Ducos. Prisoners who have finished the time of their penal servitude but are not allowed to return to their native country, are kept in separate districts as involuntary immigrants, or scattered over the island as free colonists.

The Vicariate of New Caledonia, since its erection, has been governed by Mgr. Douarre from 1843 to 1853, by Father Rougeyron as Pro-Vicar from 1853 to 1873, by Mgr. Vitte from 1873 to —. The present Vicar Apostolic is Mgr. Fraysse. The population of the Vicariate amounted in 1901 to 62,000 inhabitants — natives, colonists, prisoners, and half prisoners. The native population, which in 1853 amounted

to 60,000, had dwindled to 42,520 in 1892, and has been diminishing ever since. The flock of 35,000 Catholics, including 11,000 natives, is scattered over 47 principal and 67 out-stations, with 88 churches and chapels. It is administered by a Vicar Apostolic and 61 priests of the Marist Congregation. About 45 Brothers and 146 Sisters (Tertiaries of the Marists, Sisters of the Poor, Daughters of Mary, Sisters of St. Joseph) have under their charge one seminary, 4 colleges for boys, 3 for girls, 5 high schools, 40 elementary schools with 5660 children, and 8 charitable institutions.

Herbert Roland's Mistakes.

BY MARIE GRACE.

HERBERT ROLAND sat in the exquisitely appointed drawing-room of his fiancée, Isabel Stevens. He had sent up his card and awaited her coming with feverish anxiety. Only the week before Death had stalked in and carried off Isabel's father, the master of this house, over which, Herbert had since learned, ruin was impending. To Isabel, whose heart was already oppressed with grief, the latter news had only just come. It was of it and all it involved she was thinking as she descended the handsome staircase so softly carpeted.

Herbert was a lawyer, and a clever one, though yet young in his profession. We can not call him a self-made man; for his making was really the work of Isabel's father, Reginald Stevens. In him the latter had discovered talent which attracted him, and ever since his college days Herbert had been backed by the wealth and influence of his powerful patron. So great was Mr. Stevens' infatuation that when his protégé pleaded for the hand of his daughter, he readily acceded.

Isabel too was nothing loath, having likewise fallen under the spell of his fascinations. Let us not wonder at it: Isabel was only eighteen, and Herbert twenty-five and very handsome. There was one objection, however: he was not a Catholic, and Isabel was. But this objection was overruled by her father, who, alas! attached no importance to religious matters.

Isabel's was a beauty which looked well in any setting; and, though robed in sombrest black now, she never looked more lovely. Herbert was not unconscious of these charms; she was the girl of his choice. Still, in proposing he had also taken into consideration the fact that she was an heiress. Now all was changed.

"You have no doubt heard the news?" was her greeting to him. "Poor, dear papa! He knew what was coming, and it was heart-break, not heart-failure, that killed him. Utter ruin is all I see before us. You will have to help us with your legal knowledge, and give us a little advice. Is there anything we can do, any step we can take?"

"Well, Isabel," the young man replied, "there is one step you can avoid taking: do not rush into matrimony. You know I am poor as yet, and have name and fame to make; I have nothing to offer you."

Isabel was startled; but her ready wit took in the situation, and she answered quickly:

"You mean, Herbert, that you do not wish to be encumbered at the beginning of your career by a penniless bride. Have no anxiety on that score: I release you. As for me, new duties await me. My mother and young brother are dependent on me alone. No match, however brilliant, would tempt me from the path of duty before me. So, as to matrimony, your legal advice is already accepted and adopted."

Herbert felt the sting, and answered: "This is hardly fair, Isabel. I am thinking of your good as well as my own in this matter."

"True, Herbert. Escaping you is a great good. This indeed I now realize. Good-bye! Henceforth you are free, and so am I."

And without another word she swept out of the room, looking like a queen in her weeds of woe.

"It is hard to have to give her up," was Herbert's reflection; "but she is right: I can not saddle myself with a poor wife; I must marry money."

So, with one more glance at her retreating figure, he deliberately turned his back on Isabel and happiness.

He spent a wretched night; in a frenzy he paced the floor; ever before his eyes was the treasure he had let slip from his grasp. In the dark hours of the night passion reasserted itself, and he cursed the hard fate which had disunited the heiress and the beauty. All night his love and his ambition wrestled, but the morning's resolution was: "I must never see her again. The temptation would be too great, and it would be madness to marry her."

As with the touch of the enchanter's wand, or rather that of the *disenchanter*, the lovely home had vanished, and the Stevens family were settled in a little flat in Harlem. Isabel's dainty touch had made it, in all its simplicity, look pretty and attractive; and her own bright smile was light in the darkness. Hers was a nature which found its greatest joy in self-sacrifice and devotedness, and there came a new happiness in the opportunities for this which her changed position afforded. In her heart there was no bitterness; and if she thought of the past, it was not to mourn over a lover lost, but to weep over a fond illusion dispelled. That chapter in her life was finished and closed—at least so she believed,—and forever.

The sale of her jewels and those of her mother had enabled them to furnish this humble abode, and pay the first month's rent. But other months were coming; and Isabel knew the income of the family would depend on her personal efforts, and that she must obtain some position, and that without delay. She was a brilliant girl; in school days had always been looked on as a light among her fellow-students, and naturally therefore considered herself competent to teach almost anything that she had ever studied.

The next morning found her at a "Teachers' Agency," bravely meeting the stony gaze of the lady in charge,—the scrutinizing gaze which conveyed nothing but dissatisfaction and discouragement, as did her words likewise:

"You look so unprofessional! Teaching now is a profession, and you appear to know nothing of pedagogy. People want no one who does not understand the technicalities of the art. And, besides, you tell me that you are a Romanist. You may, however, put your name on the register; it might happen that in the case of a very small child we could place you as a nursery governess."

Isabel colored and was about to make a sharp retort, when she remembered in what terrible straits they were, and that she must accept some position, howsoever menial.

"The registration fee is two dollars," added the agent. "Register or not, as you see fit; there are the blanks to be filled out." And she pointed to a table near at hand.

Isabel seated herself and read with dismay the long list of questions she was expected to answer: from what college she had graduated, what degrees she had received, how much previous experience she had had in teaching, in what schools and colleges she had been employed, etc., etc. She had nothing but negative replies for any

of these questions; it seemed useless for her even to register.

A gentle tap on the shoulder interrupted her reverie, and a sweet voice in her ear said:

"You here, dear Miss Stevens! How glad I am to see you! You are looking no doubt for a master in some of the arts and sciences into which you dip so deeply?"

Isabel colored once more, and replied truthfully:

"No, Mrs. Howard: I am looking rather for a pupil to whom I can teach the A B C."

"Why, what has happened?" queried the latter, quickly. "What can you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know," said Isabel, "that everything we had has been swept away? When the crash came, there was so much about it in the papers I thought everybody knew."

"I never heard a word about it," answered Mrs. Howard. "But you know, dear, I have been so wretchedly ill, I have not looked at the papers, and know nothing of what has been going on in the world for these last few months. Do tell me all about it. But first tell me what kind of a position you are really looking for. Maybe I can help you to get it."

"Oh, I have been made to understand," said Isabel, "that beggars can't be choosers, and that I must take what I can get! But the essential for me is to get it quickly."

"Well, that you shall, dearie!" said Mrs. Howard. "I just want a teacher for my little Laura. She is eight years old, and beyond the A B C. You can come to-day if you wish. But we are in the country, you know, and you will have to live with us altogether. What a happiness it will be to me to have you! For sometimes I am very lonely. Ours is a lovely place,—deep in the pine woods. They alone will keep me alive, the doctors say."

Isabel looked up at the beautiful speaker. The hectic flush was there, and it was evident that even the pine woods could not help her for long. The spark of life had begun to flicker.

"It is an imprudence for me to be out this morning, but I was so anxious to get the right kind of a teacher for my little Laura. And I look upon it as a real stroke of luck to have found you. Your ill fortune has been my good fortune. And now I am in town for the day, and you must come to lunch with me."

And, suiting the action to the word, she hurried Isabel downstairs and into her carriage, which was waiting at the door.

The salary Mrs. Howard offered was generous, and the position an enviable one; but it entailed on Isabel a sacrifice which was exceedingly painful—that of leaving home. This, however, she generously accepted, and cheerfully entered on her new duties. They were absorbing ones indeed; for, as the mother's life faded away daily, the little Laura learned to lean more and more on Isabel, whom she called her "other mamma." The father, too, unconsciously leaned on her for support in his hour of grief. His young and beautiful wife was slipping away from him; he was many years her senior, and it was hard to lose her. But it was to the invalid most of all that Isabel's presence proved a boon.

As the end drew near, she knew how to pour in words of heavenly hope and comfort, and spoke to Mrs. Howard, who was not a Catholic, of the one true Church, and of its infinite treasures of grace, its sacraments, its infallible hopes of immortality. She listened, and light came and grace to follow it. On her deathbed she was baptized, and received her first Communion as Viaticum; and as Isabel closed the eyes of her beloved friend, she had the unspeakable happiness of know-

ing that they would open in Paradise.

How she yearned now for the soul of the little one! And what a trial it was to feel that she would have to abandon her when she seemed to need her most! Yet she saw no other course open to her. Mr. Howard being now a widower, her position in the house as governess was no longer possible.

When the child learned that she was to lose her second mamma too, her grief knew no bounds. Her father feared for her health; she had inherited much of her mother's delicacy, and it seemed as if this second shock would prove fatal to her. Mr. Howard made an appeal to Isabel: could she not remain at least for the first year, if he opened up his town house and invited her mother and brother to live with her? For himself, he had decided to go abroad for a lengthened stay. To such an arrangement she could not object, and the Stevens family moved into the Howard mansion.

The year passed happily and swiftly. The companionship of Charlie Stevens proved an excellent restorative to little Laura; she romped and played with him, and was very proud of her "big brother," as she called him.

Meanwhile Mr. Howard had travelled much, coming finally to Rome, where he made a prolonged stay. His mind opened readily to the Catholic influences of the Eternal City. The beautiful death of his wife, and the visible consolation which the sacraments brought her, had not failed to affect him. He asked for instruction, and prayed for light and the grace of baptism. It was accorded him; and in the church hallowed by the relics of St. John the Baptist he received the sacrament of baptism, and subsequently made his First Communion.

He wrote to Isabel telling her of all these graces, and thanking her under God for them. One more favor he asked of her: would she not continue

her good offices toward him and his little daughter,—would she not become his wife? It would, perhaps, be a sacrifice for her, as he was an old man by comparison—fifty, and she twenty; but he assured her that his heart was still young and full of ardent love for her and deepest gratitude. As for her mother and brother, she need have no anxiety for them: his house should always be their home.

Nothing had been further from the thoughts of Isabel than such a proposal, and it took her by surprise. She had had her dreams of love, we know; and marriage without love she never thought of. Mr. Howard's sterling qualities, however, had not passed unobserved by her; and all the advantages which her marriage with him would bring to her mother and brother decided the balance in his favor. She accepted the proposal, and shortly after Mr. Howard's return the wedding took place. It was not a love-match, but love came with the years as they rolled on happily and cloudlessly. As her own children grew up around her, they were not more dear to Isabel than the little Laura of former days, now a tall, graceful girl.

Charlie Stevens had changed too, and looked a man indeed when, having completed his senior year, he came home from college with all his degrees and loaded with honors. Laura was proud of him, but felt that the time had come for the joyous familiarity of their childish friendship to cease; and so the kiss which was their usual greeting was omitted. But, somehow, Charlie did not seem like his old self: he was stiff and constrained, especially with Laura, and the poor child was troubled.

"Charlie doesn't care for me any more!" she thought.

But Charlie's affection for her had grown into love. To conceal this and bury it deep in his heart was no

easy task. His was a sensitive nature. Kind as Mr. Howard was, Charlie felt the weight of the obligations he was already under; and to aspire to the hand of his patron's daughter would, he thought, be unpardonable presumption.

And now the quiet, peaceful days at the Howard Mansion were drawing to an end: Laura was coming out, and society consequently coming in. She was a sweet little rosebud, and her début a great success. At the reception Isabel received with her, and it might almost be called her "coming out" too; for at the time of her father's death, ten years before, she had not yet made her bow to society. If she was queenly then, she was still more so now, as, gowned in black velvet and adorned with magnificent jewels, the gift of her husband, she stood in the splendid salon awaiting her guests. Mr. Howard was enraptured, and as he looked at his wife and his daughter, did not know of which he was the more proud.

Among the fashionable men present was Herbert Roland, now a lawyer of some distinction. When introduced to Isabel he had the audacity to say:

"I think we have met before. I knew your father and have often been at his house."

Isabel did not lose her self-possession, but answered coolly:

"Possibly."

With such scant encouragement, Herbert did not attempt to prolong the conversation, but devoted himself for the rest of the evening to Laura.

"What a charming girl your daughter is!" was all he said to Isabel on leaving.

After that he called frequently, always to see Laura, though the girl made no attempt to conceal her dislike for him. He saw, however, that by her father his suit was favored. Herbert now posed as a wealthy man; besides the income from his profession, an old lady, a

client of his, had when dying left him half her fortune.

As for Isabel, so completely had he gone out of her thoughts that even his visits to the house did not disturb her. Not so with him, however; this meeting with the love of his youth, so beautiful in her maturity, had awakened to new life the fire of his passion. Her indifference maddened him, and his vanity made him believe that beneath this icy surface the old love still lived, and it was his ambition to call it forth.

The opportunity was not easily found, for she persistently avoided him. It came, however, one day, and quite by accident. He had sent up his card to Laura, and was waiting for her in the parlor. He had come bent on no less a purpose than to make a formal proposal; and consequently, desiring to see Laura alone, had called a little before the usual visiting hours.

Meanwhile Mrs. Howard came in. She had spent the morning shopping and was tired; not expecting to find visitors at that hour, she entered the parlor to rest a moment before going upstairs. Great was her astonishment to find herself confronted by the man whom she least wished to meet. Her astonishment increased when, instead of the usual formal greeting, she heard her name repeated in ardent tones:

"Isabel, Isabel, have you not guessed that I come here with a heart which has never ceased to beat for you! Tell me that occasionally at least I have a heart-beat of yours."

Isabel, amazed at his boldness, and deigning no reply, moved toward the electric bell.

"Hold!" he cried. "If you dare to betray me, you are undone! I will tell our past to your husband. He will never forgive you for letting me come here, nor believe that I came for aught but you,—nor did I. Why did I pursue that phantom-like girl, or seek to grasp her, but that I might be near you?

Isabel, favor my suit with the little Laura, and you are mine forever!"

"This is base!" said Isabel. "But your threats affright me not; and rest assured that, far from favoring your suit, I shall combat it by every means in my power, and shield my little girl from such a fate, and myself from the disgust which your presence occasions me."

There was a something in her tone which forbade him to say more; and, muttering words of revenge, he hastily left the house,—this time leaving behind him love and fortune; for he had staked all on this last venture, and had notes to meet on the security of the rich alliance he was about to contract. Its failure of accomplishment left him a ruined man.

The next morning Isabel's arms were around her little daughter.

"You don't care for that horrid man, do you, darling?" she asked.

"Mamma, I hate him!" was Laura's reply, and little did her mother guess how deeply.

It happened that the day before, worn out from the late hours of this her first season, Laura had fallen asleep over a book in the library, and voices in the adjoining room had awakened her. They were the voices of Isabel and Mr. Roland, the whole of whose conversation she heard.

When Mr. Howard came down to breakfast, a great pile of mail lay by his plate. He selected a letter directed in the handwriting of Mr. Roland, from whom he was expecting a business communication. He tore it open hastily, and stared and stared again; it was undoubtedly Mr. Roland's handwriting, and yet it began:

"Dear Isabel,"—telling her that it was the last time he would thus address her; for that, in spite of the past, all was now over between them. "I have," he continued, "such respect and veneration for your husband that for his sake I feel I ought not even

grant you the boon you ask—a farewell interview, I ask you would it be wise or conducive to your own peace of mind? There is nothing to be settled between us; all is over. Do not be offended if I tell you that in my heart you have no place. I love little Laura, and hope to marry her, provided her father will consent to our living abroad. I have found in this sweet child a rest for mind and heart; her I hope to make my wife. Learn to become like her in her innocence and simplicity, and thus become worthy of the noble man who is your husband."

Mr. Howard stood aghast; and, having read the hateful page once more, reached over to the heap of mail by his wife's plate. Yes, there directed to her was a letter in the same handwriting; and, breaking the seal, he found the business matter which he had been expecting. Now he saw it all. The letters had gone in the wrong envelopes. Only the night before Mr. Roland had told him how absent-minded he was, and here was a startling proof of it, and one rich in revelations to him. Too excited to reason further or to see the flimsiness of the whole affair, he strode out of the room and out of the house, leaving his breakfast untasted.

That evening, on coming home, Mr. Howard sent word to his wife that he had important business letters to write, and wished to be alone. At the same time he sent a message privately to Laura, saying that he wished to see her in the library for a few minutes.

A formal summons of this kind from her father was unusual; but he did not keep her long in suspense as to its object. He told her that Mr. Roland had asked for her hand.

"Asked *you*, papa? Ah, he knew better than to ask *me*!"

"But, darling, I want you to accept him. He loves you very much; he is a very handsome man, a very clever

man, and a fairly rich man. You can not hope to do better. He could make you very happy. At least promise to receive his visits, and to try to like him. Unless you succeed in doing so, I shall not insist on your marrying him; for I need not tell you that in this matter it is your happiness I chiefly seek."

"Papa, I will never speak to him, I will never listen to him, and I hope that I shall never see him again. He is a serpent, a viper, which you have nourished in your bosom!" And Laura's pale cheeks fairly crimsoned with rage. "How has he dared to make this proposal to you? What think you is his object in gaining admittance to this house? Your Isabel, and none other! My own ears heard his vile propositions, and heard them spurned by mamma's lips: 'Why did I pursue that phantom-like girl, or seek to grasp her, but that I might be near you? And you have dared to spurn me, but I will be revenged!' These, papa, were his last words. Are you prepared to aid and abet him?"

Beads of cold perspiration stood on her father's brow.

"Darling, are you sure of this?" he gasped.

"Yes, papa,—certain!"

"Then call Isabel."

It was on bended knee that he received her, and she sank into his outstretched arms.

"Dearest, say you forgive me!" he murmured again and again.

"There is nothing to forgive," she answered. "I love you. I know that your late painful thoughts were prompted only by love for me."

"Then happiness is ours once more," he said. "We have nothing now to think of but the happiness of our children,—first that of Laura and Charlie. How can we procure it?"

"But have you not guessed?" whispered Isabel. "They love each other!"

In the Fields o' Ballinderry.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

BALLINDERRY, Ballinderry, in the opening of
the spring,
Sure 'twas there myself was merry, sure 'twas
there myself could sing!
Sure 'twas there my heart was happy (for the
world I didn't know),
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the summer time
came on,
How we blessed the cooling breezes from the
slopes o' Slieve-na-mon!
How the singing river woo'd us to its waters far
below,
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the corncrake blithe
had called,
When the reapers' work was ended, and the harvest
home was hauled,
On the last load riding gaily laughed the children
in a row,
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, in the winter cold and
white,
Glowed the hearths of Ballinderry in the darkness
of the night;
Sure the beggar-man from Kerry and the *shuler*
from Mayo
Found a friend in Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, what a change is there
to-day!
Though the places are as ever, sure the faces—
where are they?
Gone the merry-hearted maidens, gone the boys I
used to know
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Notre Dame des Trois Epis.

THE traveller who climbs to the
summit of the mountain on which
rests the village of Les Trois Epis, is
rewarded by the sight of a beautiful
and extensive panorama: the province
of Alsace lies before him. It is not
the view, however, that chiefly attracts
visitors to Les Trois Epis; nor is it
the bracing quality of the air which
plays around a summit more than two
thousand feet above the level of the
sea. It is the ancient and venerable
statue of Our Lady of the Three Ears
of Wheat, which dates back as far as
the fifteenth century.

In the year 1491, says the legend,
a reaper who was coming home from
work perceived, at the foot of an
oak tree which stood on the road
between Niedermorschwihr and Orbey,
an immense slug. This he attempted
to kill with his sickle; and not only
failed to do so, but wounded himself
so badly that he bled to death on
the spot. In memory of his sad death,
the pious countryfolk fastened to the
tree a picture of our crucified Saviour;
and, as they went to or from their
work, they would sometimes kneel and
utter a prayer for the soul of the
unfortunate reaper.

One man especially, a blacksmith from
Orbey, never failed to perform this pious
duty. He was rewarded by an apparition
of the Blessed Virgin on the 3d
of May, 1491. On that day, Thierry
Schoere—such was the blacksmith's
name,—happening to ride by the so-
called "dead man's oak," stopped his
horse and, dismounting, knelt accord-
ing to his custom before the picture of
the Crucifixion. He was praying thus
with great devotion when the Queen
of Heaven, surrounded by a dazzling
light, appeared to him, resplendent with
beauty and majesty. She wore a long
veil and garments of snowy whiteness.

HOWEVER practical we deem it, that
life loses itself which fails to keep
in touch with the invisible—with the
deepest principles which make business
more than barter, and science more
than hammering rocks and a skilled use
of the scalpel, and life more than the
baking and eating of bread.

—J. M. Taylor.

In her right hand she held three ears of wheat, and in her left what appeared to be a piece of ice.

The Blessed Virgin (so the legend runs) spoke to the blacksmith in these terms:

"The inhabitants of this country offend Almighty God by their sins, and the Lord has determined to punish them. I, however, have interceded in their behalf. Go to Niedermorschwihr, and speak to the people. Urge them to enter into themselves and to do penance. Tell them to organize processions, and to spread around them the fear of the Lord. To all those who are converted, Almighty God will show mercy; and the three ears of wheat which I hold in my hand signify the goods of this world with which He will bless them. To those, however, who harden their hearts, famine, drought, and sickness, represented by this piece of ice, will be sent to chastise them."

Trembling with fear and reverence, the pious blacksmith listened; then he stammered:

"O Heavenly Mother, if I speak these words to the people, how will they ever believe me?"

"Fear not. Many will believe in them," was the answer; and, before the blacksmith could speak again, the Blessed Virgin had vanished.

Thierry Schoere went down to Niedermorschwihr, a prey to conflicting emotions. If he kept silence as to the vision, he would displease the Mother of God; and yet if he spoke, would he not be taken for a madman by the people? This latter consideration had so much weight that he resolved to hold his tongue.

Having reached the town, Thierry entered the market-place and bought some corn. As he laid hold of a sack in order to set it upon his horse's back, he found himself unable to lift it; and, although the bystanders hurried to his

assistance, their combined efforts were in vain.

Schoere took this as a warning; and, full of repentance, he exclaimed: "O Mother, forgive me! I have indeed disobeyed you; but I am truly sorry for having done so."

Seeking out forthwith the priests and the principal men of the town, he related to them the vision and the words of Our Lady. Returning afterward to the market-place, he was able to lift the sack without difficulty. Then Thierry felt that he had been forgiven; and, full of pious enthusiasm, he addressed the crowd, exhorting them to do penance, according to the Blessed Virgin's desire. The clergy of the town also preached to the people, and they resolved to organize a procession to the chapel of Our Lady of Kientsin.

In a short time, the Blessed Virgin's warning becoming known throughout the country, many persons repented of their sins and changed their way of living. It is said in confirmation of the reality of the apparition, that those who followed the motherly advice of Our Lady were rewarded that year by an abundance of the fruits of the earth, and were cured of their various diseases; while those who persisted in an evil course of life were visited by every kind of misfortune: crops failed, diseases broke out, deaths were frequent.

The inhabitants of Orbey and Niedermorschwihr, not content with obeying the commands of Heaven, resolved to honor, by the erection of an oratory, the favored spot of the apparition. A statue of the Help of Christians was placed over the altar; and, curiously enough, it has escaped through the intervening centuries all dangers of fire, robbery or despoliation. Even to this day it is venerated by pilgrims under the title of Our Lady of Pity.

In the progress of time, as many graces were obtained at Les Trois

Epis, the number of pilgrims naturally increased. The oratory became insufficient for their use, and a larger chapel was erected. This stood until, in 1629, the Thirty Years' War devastated Alsace, and the chapel was first pillaged and then burned. A portion of the walls, however, were left standing; and, as has been said, the statue of Our Lady remained intact.

In 1651 Pierre Hordel Dulys, a canon of St. Dié Cathedral, not only restored the pilgrimage to its ancient splendor, but, in addition to the chapel, built a priory. This was occupied by the Antonite Friars when the French Revolution broke out in 1789. The chapel was closed not long afterward, and the monks were obliged to fly. Two years later the buildings and grounds were sold as national property; but they were purchased for a large sum by the pious inhabitants of Ammerschwihr, among whom the famous statue of Our Lady had already found a hiding-place.

It was not until 1804, however, that the priests of the diocese assembled the people in order to restore the statue to its ancient resting-place at Les Trois Epis. On the night of the 1st of July, unfortunately, a violent storm raged upon the heights; and, when morning broke, the road up the mountain was concealed by a thick fog, which for several hours threatened to stop the procession.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, and full of confidence in Our Lady, the priests, followed by a great number of people, left Ammerschwihr; and, at the foot of the ascent, divested themselves of their heavier vestments in order to carry the statue of the Blessed Virgin up the mountain. Scarcely had they done so when, to the delight of those present, the fog vanished, and the procession wended its way to Les Trois Epis, where it was met by the villagers, with great rejoicing. The people lined

both sides of the road, and climbed into trees and on the tops of walls, the better to get a glimpse of their beloved statue.

The auspicious day did not come to an end without the granting of signal favors by Our Lady. It was, for instance, deemed truly miraculous that no one was hurt by the collapse of a wall during the procession, as many people were standing upon it; and, again, that a gun, fired close to the church, burst without inflicting injury upon anybody.

From the time of the re-establishment of the pilgrimage, Les Trois Epis has continued to prosper. Not only Alsacians, but travellers from the outside world, flock to this little village. Hotels and villas have sprung up among the pine trees, and the tramway now facilitates the ascent of the mountain. The chapel itself has been enlarged by the addition of part of the adjoining convent.


Among the thousands of pilgrims who yearly visit this hallowed spot, some no doubt seek Les Trois Epis merely on account of the beauty of its site, and to drink in the invigorating air of the mountain; but the great majority, let us hope, go to Our Lady's chapel in search of spiritual favors, as was done by their pious ancestors long centuries ago.

WHAT is it that keeps us perpetually straining and moiling and wearing ourselves away, but some desire which is not chastened, some thought of the heart which is not dead to this worldly state? What makes us lament the flight of time and the changes of the world, but that we are still a part of it, and share its life? What makes us die so hard, but that we leave behind us more treasures than we have laid up in heaven; that our hearts are not there but here?—*Cardinal Manning.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XLIV.—CONCLUSION.

PRING had come again to Millbrook, which truly "blossomed white with May." It was an ideal morning indeed, upon which was to take place a long-heralded and joyful event. The trees were clothed with bravery of living green, amongst which the blossoms clustered thickly, and diffused a soft, faint fragrance upon the air,—a fragrance which recalled a thousand pleasant things to the senses. The sky was blue, scarcely marred by the fleecy white flecks showing here and there upon its surface, and sending down a shower of molten gold, as it were, in the broad, genial sunshine that overspread the entire landscape like the smile of God. Wild flowers sprang up from the grasses by the wayside, and vied with their floral sisters in the garden in giving the season's message to all and sundry. It was spring, and spring in its perfection, the sweetest time of all the rolling year.

It was a gala day in Millbrook, and Millbrook was conscious of the fact. If Nature had done her utmost and succeeded in producing an admirable harmony, Art, as represented by the townspeople, had closely imitated her in doing utmost honor to the festival. For example, Tommy Briggs, his perfervid sensibilities aglow, had freely exercised his powers of invention, and transformed the establishment of Stubbs & Co. to the extent of its capabilities. The emporium of Smith Jackson had not, however, permitted itself to be outrivalled. It was fairly resplendent. Flags and bunting had done wonders there, together with a judicious arrangement of the various wares which formed the staple stock-in-trade of the "general store."

Miss Spencer had manipulated her confectionery to such advantage that, with the aid of green leaves and blossoms, she had transformed her shop into a fairy bower. Voluminously arrayed in a faultlessly new spring costume, she spent a considerable interval of time that morning wiping her eyes and praying blessings upon the two who were about to start upon their life journey together from the radiant milestone of that May day.

Mr. Venn's assistant, with at least the connivance of his employer, exhausted the possibilities of bright color in the matter of decoration; and, notwithstanding the few sarcastic comments which he felt called upon to make, the butcher himself approved in the main of the results attained. They were unquestionably "striking." The German was, indeed, indifferent to his opinion, so permeated was he with the sentiment of the moment, and the enthusiasm aroused by the glorious weather and the auspicious event.

These were but a few, of course, of the principal centres of that movement of jubilation which had seized upon the entire town. People wore their Sunday clothes; the very dogs barked joyously, as if they guessed that something unusual was in progress; and Leonora's friend, the brown spaniel, wore a white ribbon about his neck in honor of the occasion. Everywhere there was gladness. Even the mill, relieved of the ominous presence of Eben Knox, and the mill-house, renewed and beautified, gave forth their own tokens. The brook and the alder bushes, whence the shadow was lifted, glowed in the warm sunshine. Invisible trumpets seemed blowing through the living world that the long night had rolled away. Nature was celebrating the *epithalamium*,—singing a song, joyous and rhythmical, in every sight and sound.

Upon the steps of Rose Cottage, Miss Tabitha appeared very early, clad

in festal raiment, as when she had prepared for the coming home from beyond the seas of young Mr. Bretherton. With trembling fingers, she had taken out from the obscurity of years, and from fold after fold of tissue-paper, a gown which she had worn at the Governor's wedding, and which had been the gift of the beneficent Madam Bretherton. Perhaps that worthy lady felt that she owed Tabitha some atonement for the untimely frost cast upon the budding of her early attachment. In any case, when the woman, now old, had appeared in that gown, she had been reckoned, as she sadly remembered, a very pretty girl, though somewhat quaint and prim, even then, with her ringlets and her sedate, timorous air.

It was a veritable marriage garment: faint pink bestrewn with sprays of white narcissus, and trimmed daintily with lace. It invested the spinster in some sort with a second youth, and caused her to resemble more nearly than ever one of her own pinks. Those pinks had not as yet appeared in the garden, but had sent heralds of their near approach in the shape of tiny shoots of green bursting through the warm, brown earth. Miss Tabitha had grown enfeebled in body during the late distressing period of storm and stress; but since the clouds had lifted, since the sinister vision of Eben Knox no longer darkened the landscape, since light had been brought into the gloom of the brookside mystery, Miss Tabitha's face had lost its accentuated lines, and her eyes their scared and haggard expression.

Upon that wedding morning of her niece, the old woman looked smilingly down upon the garden, with its trim walks and its flower beds, into which it seemed but yesterday the little lad from the Manor had come to play with Leonora. The spinster was buttoning her gloves with a fine assumption of dignity, befitting her new connection

with the long-descended Brethertons, when she suddenly perceived Jesse Craft looking through the familiar gap in the rehabilitated sunflowers. The old man wore a brand-new suit and a flower in his buttonhole.

"Miss Tabithy," he observed, raising a reverent head to the sky, "the Creator ain't never given anything better in the matter of weather than this here day. I kinder feel as if twenty or thirty years had been lifted off my shoulders, and as if I could join in that tune them birds are singin' up yonder. I ain't heerd nothin' so sweet since the veeries that used to sing long ago in the Vermont woods, when I was a boy."

The veteran paused, full of an emotion inexplicable to the spinster, who watched him with indulgent but at the same time majestic gaze. His thoughts for those few moments were not of her or hers, but of a time, before that grave had been dug amidst the hills of Vermont, when he had been young and had hoped for much in the arena he was entering. Rousing himself presently from his abstraction, Jesse Craft remarked upon Miss Tabitha's appearance.

"You look quite fine and spry yourself, neighbor!" he exclaimed. "You've grown young again, and purty, too."

The spinster's closely wrinkled cheek flushed a faint pink at the compliment, and she smiled upon Jesse Craft a wintry smile, which was calculated to keep him in his place. She had to live up to the great event which was approaching; each minute was bringing her nearer to that tremendous one when she should be aunt to a Bretherton. Fear, remorse, which had been banished, even the shadow of old love which had come out of the chest upstairs with the resurrection of the gown, and had caused her to steal a glance at the valentine of the hearts and her love-letters, were eclipsed by vanity. Gratified vanity had resumed

the ascendancy, and meant forever to hold sway.

"You'll be as grand as any of the big bugs that are comin' up from Boston," resumed the old man. "Fine feathers make fine birds, Miss Tabithy; and all them gewgaws you've got on are powerful becomin'. You'll be catchin' a beau yourself, I reckon."

The lady coughed, half in deprecation, half in displeasure, at her neighbor's familiarity; but with a consciousness that her appearance was impressive and must have its effect upon Millbrook at large.

"Gracious me!" went on Jesse Craft, with a sigh, "it's a tarnation pity that folks has to grow old like you and me! If a body could keep young clear way through the journey, and feel the heart in his breast light as a feather, I guess it ud suit every ticket. But as that can't be done nohow, the next best thing is to see the youngsters happy."

"Yes," assented Miss Tabitha, not quite so well pleased by the palpable allusion to her age, and keeping her eyes fixed with some severity upon her glove; "that is truly a compensation."

"And an all-fired blessin' it is, too," continued Jesse Craft, "to have the town of Millbrook rid for good and all of serpents. I guess you're powerful glad that Eben Knox has cleared out. He scared you worse than anything; he made you look most all the time as if you'd been seein' spooks."

Miss Tabitha did not like this allusion in the least, and there was something uncomfortable in the suggestion of her having seen spooks even in this cheerful landscape. She knew, however, that she was powerless to check her neighbor's reflections, especially as he had chanced to learn so many of the details of that bygone melodrama. She answered in a voice whereof the modulation suggested vinegar:

"Mr. Knox was certainly an objectionable person."

"Objectionable!" exclaimed Craft. "He was a serpent, a real pizon snake, lookin' as if he'd been feedin' on the slime of the marsh down yonder. Yes, ma'am, he was a viper, and I reckon you were often enough scared of his sting. But I guess we'd better leave him out of the discourse for this day, anyhow. The sky above there is bright, the smell of them flowers is mighty sweet, and the air's kinder soft-like. The blessin' of the Creator's jest on everything,—that's the way I feel; and I hope that there's blessin's goin' to light on Lenora and the Governor's son. I tell you what, ma'am, there ain't any other two like them in the State of Massachusetts,—no, nor in the whole United States neither. But, Jerusha Jane, that's the clock strikin' eight! I guess I'd better make tracks, if I want to get a place in the church."

The old man hobbled away; and Miss Tabitha was left to her reflections, which were many and various, until it occurred to her that she had better hasten in to see if she were needed in giving the final touches to the bride, who, with Mary Jane's assistance, was donning her wedding finery.

The church had been beautifully decorated by the Sisters from the convent. About the altar were arranged varied blossoms, palms, and maidenhair ferns in profusion. The edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity. Almost every man, woman, and child amongst the townspeople had proceeded thither, crowding, jostling, yet merry and good-tempered, and in fullest sympathy with the occasion. Thorneycroft, envious, and none too well pleased with the outcome of the drama which had been enacted during the past year, was there in force,—Thorneycroft, smiling and perforce cordial, wearing also its very best clothes.

The Bretherton connection was largely represented in the front pews, and was very stately, very imposing, and even,

at first sight, formidable. In reality, that connection consisted for the most part of very delightful people,—simple, unaffected, genial in manner, and prepared to receive with the utmost cordiality the beautiful bride whom their young kinsman had chosen. She belonged to them henceforth, and would be taken into their best graces as into their inner circle. Many of them had never as yet seen her, and awaited her appearance with an eager curiosity, veiled as to its outward expression by the perfection of their breeding and a courteous deference to the sacredness of the place.

It may be safely affirmed that none of them were disappointed. Leonora, in her bridal gown of white, simple, yet so perfectly designed and adjusted, and "worn so superbly," as some one remarked, was radiantly lovely. Her flower-like face, half hidden by the lace veil, was softened and beautified both in coloring and expression. Her eyes, more starlike than ever, were darkened and intensified by excitement. The psychological moment of her entrance had been announced by the jangling and clanging of the bells in the steeple,—joy-bells, casting out their greetings upon the air with reckless abandon. There had been a hush; then the organist, as if by an inspiration remembering the marriage tableaux and the moonlit night at the Manor, began softly to play "Amaryllis." Its passionate chords thrilled to the very heart two, at least, of those who heard.

During the Nuptial Mass Leonora's head was bent in prayer, in which it was evident that Jim Bretherton earnestly joined, realizing the solemnity of that crucial moment that joined their destinies for time and for eternity. "As they two swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love," the voice of the old priest, who had known them both from childhood, rang through the edifice, pronouncing those words of dread if

blessed import, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

The exultant, triumphal strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March announced that the sacred rite was over, and "the most beautiful bride that had ever been seen in Millbrook," as the assemblage with few dissentient voices declared, passed down the aisle, leaning upon the arm of her handsome and distinguished-looking young husband. Murmurs of admiration for them both burst from even the most unwilling lips. As the couple stood waiting to get into the carriage, Leonora heard a stranger ask:

"What's goin' on in this town, anyhow? It looks as if the whole place was one big fair."

The bride distinctly heard also the answer:

"Oh, don't you know? It's the marriage of young Mr. Bretherton to the handsomest girl in Millbrook."

Leonora, listening, could scarcely realize the fact. It seemed dream-like to her that this was really her wedding day, and that she was no longer Leonora Chandler but the wife of young Mr. Bretherton.

There was the Manor carriage waiting to receive them, with white favors in the horses' ears and on the whip; and Nort Jenkins, very spruce and smart, in a new livery, beside the old gray-bearded coachman. This was no dream, but a splendid reality. Seated in the carriage, she whispered to Jim, half smiling, half crying:

"I am so very foolish, dear! I feel as if some one else were being married, or that it is all a pageant which will fade away."

"I hope you feel one hundredth part as happy as I do!" exclaimed Jim Bretherton, eagerly.

"And without one regret, dear?"

"Who could even speak of regret on such a day, and with you at my side!" Jim answered.

Then further speech was rendered impossible by the shouting of the people. They had rushed forth tumultuously from the church at the earliest possible moment, and had taken advantage of the brief delay occasioned by the seating of the bridal party in the respective carriages. They had hastened forward to secure various points of vantage for the witnessing of the procession and joining in organized demonstrations of applause. The butcher's assistant, mounted on the steps, led off with a vociferous cheer for "*der junge Herr*" and his bride; and this cheer was taken up and never suffered to die away again, as the carriage containing the young couple drove swiftly by, followed by a stream of other carriages. Women wept, and little children, raising up their voices, echoed the prayers and good wishes which seemed showered on the path of the newly wed, even as the blossoming trees shed fragrant buds over them in passing.

At Smith Jackson's store the acclamations became deafening; while at Jesse Craft's quarters the veteran was there himself, waving a flag. He set up one hoarse cry of, "Hooray for Lenora and the Governor's son!" It ended in a sob; and the old man, ashamed of himself, hurried away with a muttered, "God Almighty bless you!"

The wedding breakfast was to be at the Manor; and, in passing Rose Cottage, bride and bridegroom simultaneously glanced toward the familiar place. It appeared so still and tranquil, with the garden bursting into bloom, the rose vines budding upon the porch, and the quiet sunshine lying over all. Turning, the two looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Look and smile were of perfect love and deepest comprehension. It seemed to review the past, when they had played together within those precincts, where the young gentleman from the Manor had been an honored guest; and it likewise recalled

the swift passage of that summer, crowded with events, when they had felt the force of their expanding love bursting into life and strength, as the dawn ripens into glorious day.

Leonora remembered how she had anticipated the return of her early playmate, and had wondered what he would be like, and if he had forgotten her. She bethought herself, too, of that traditional admiration for the Brethertons which had been fostered in her by her aunt; their long descent, embracing so many generations of the best American stock; their wealth, their connections; their wonderful, stately old dwelling, wherein, to her youthful mind, they had abode as people apart from all others. Now she was one of them; for the handsomest, the most attractive, the most gifted of them all had chosen her for his wife.

Jim Bretherton, on the other hand, reminded himself of that summer afternoon when he had seen her first in her young womanhood, standing upon the steps of Rose Cottage beside Miss Tabitha. Lord Aylward had faded out of the picture momentarily, at least; though a splendid wedding present attested his reality.

So the two reviewed in happy retrospection that entire drama of moonlight, love and roses, while the crowds still cheered and cheered. Flags were waved almost in their faces. The irrepressible Tommy Briggs, by his vociferated hurrahs, and his too ardent waving of flags, caused a slight panic among the horses just before the door of Stubbs & Co., and brought forth sundry exclamations of dismay from Nort Jenkins and others.

When the carriage arrived at the iron gates entering the Manor grounds, Leonora turned a shade paler. It seemed momentous, driving thus into a new sphere whence there was no returning; and the clank of the gates shutting them in filled her with something like

terror. Jim Bretherton, with quick comprehension, took her hand and held it firmly all the way up the avenue, and under the ancestral trees which had witnessed the advent of many a Bretherton bride.

"Leonora!" he said,—*"my Leonora!"*

And there was so much of pride and happiness in the tone that it seemed to dispel that foolish mist of fear.

The Manor lay there more handsome, more imposing, more stately than ever; but it was touched by the genial sun of May; and upon the veranda the Governor and Mrs. Bretherton, who had taken a short cut home, waited smiling and benignant, to fold the bride in their arms and bid her welcome. As the young couple ascended the steps, they could hear from afar the echo of the last cheering; for the crowds had followed them to the very gates of the Manor.

"Hurrah!" cried a multitude of throats in that shout, rendered faint by distance,—*"hurrah for the bride and for young Mr. Bretherton!"*

(The End)

A Memorial in Stone.

IT was about the time of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception that Mgr. Rudigier, the saintly and beloved Bishop of Linz, first formed the grand design of erecting a cathedral in the chief city of his diocese in commemoration of that auspicious event, as a permanent act of homage to the Immaculate Mother of God,—a memorial carved in stone which should endure for ages. During thirty years he labored indefatigably for the realization of his project, the full accomplishment of which he did not live to witness.

The cathedral of Linz is yet unfinished; but the part of the structure which is already completed testifies to the piety, zeal, and energy of the exemplary Bishop, as well as to the

liberality of the Austrian people, their loyal attachment to the Faith, and their enthusiastic devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Nowhere else in the whole Christian world has so grand a monument in commemoration of the great event of December 8, 1854, been erected as in Linz, the chief town of Upper Austria.

The votive chapel which occupies the centre of the cathedral was dedicated by Bishop Rudigier himself in 1869. It contains a beautiful, highly-finished work of art,—a statue of Mary Immaculate, carved out of a block of marble presented by Pope Pius IX. for the purpose. It was the wish of the Bishop of Linz and all the Austrian people that this statue should be solemnly crowned in honor of the Golden Jubilee of the promulgation. Pope Leo XIII. of happy memory, who held Bishop Rudigier in high esteem himself, not only approved of the project, but, in his generosity, presented the golden diadem, a most choice and costly one, wherewith to adorn the brow of Mary Immaculate. And his successor, our Holy Father Pius X., also sent a letter of encouragement and approval to the Bishop. The Cardinal Archbishop of Salzburg was commissioned to perform the ceremony in the name of the Supreme Pontiff. The 1st of May was chosen for it, that day being the one on which, fifty years ago, Mgr. Rudigier formally proclaimed the dogma in his diocese.

The town was elaborately decorated for the occasion, all the citizens vying with one another to show their gladness at the festival. The influx of visitors not only from the immediate neighborhood, but from distant parts of Austria, was so unprecedented that it was impossible to accommodate them all: a large proportion had to seek quarters in the nearest town.

On the eve of the festival a religious play was acted in the provincial

theatre, at which a vast number of people of all classes were present. The leading idea of the drama, of which each act was illustrative, was the fundamental truth that, as through a woman, Eve, sin and destitution were brought into the world, so in the divine counsels it was decreed that a Woman, our Blessed Lady, should be instrumental in bringing into the world Him who was to effect the redemption and restitution of mankind. The performance was not over when the cathedral bells rang out merrily, and the lofty Gothic tower was suddenly lighted up with Bengal fire.

The services of the day itself surpassed in splendor any ecclesiastical ceremony of recent times in Austria. In fact, some of those present who had witnessed the consecration of the far-famed cathedral of Cologne declared that it was a less grand spectacle than this at Linz.

Shortly before nine o'clock a procession of between five and six hundred clergy, regular and secular, passed on their way from the episcopal palace to the cathedral. They were followed by a great number of bishops, abbots, and other prelates, besides a large company of distinguished laymen, men of rank and position, civil and military. The Emperor was represented by the Archduke Francis Salvator. Students from the seminary had the honor of carrying the crown, its jewels flashing in the sunlight.

At the conclusion of the Pontifical High Mass, the principal ecclesiastical and secular magnates advanced to the votive chapel, and, while the prescribed liturgical prayers were recited, the crown was placed on the head of the statue. Immediately the noble edifice resounded with a joyous *Te Deum*, in which all present joined. And when its jubilant strains were hushed, in subdued tones, a *De Profundis* was solemnly recited for the soul of Pope Leo XIII.,

the donor of the beauteous crown.

The crown, in old Gothic style, is one of singular elegance, admirable both as to design and workmanship. It is formed of two parts. The lower part is a wide circle, out of which rise lilies and roses alternately, supporting a second larger and somewhat narrower circle, finely chased; from it spring slender leaves artistically intertwined, between jewelled sunflowers and the conventional fleur-de-lis. Above these, resting on them, are six larger and six smaller stars, set with diamonds and connected by chains of seed-pearls. On the lower circle in blue enamel are the words: *Leo XIII. Pont. Max. dono dedit*. Suspended from this circle, and attached to it at intervals, are strings of pearls symbolical of the Rosary, the frequent recital of which the late Holy Father commended so earnestly to the faithful.

The memorable day was closed by a procession through the streets of the town. They were lined with eager and pious spectators, whose reverent and devout demeanor was most edifying. The numerous banners and the magnificent vestments of the prelates formed a brilliant spectacle; but the centre of attraction was the Madonna wearing the splendid crown. As it came in sight, a murmur, quickly hushed, ran through the crowd and every knee was bent in respectful homage.

"As the crowd dispersed when all was over," an eyewitness relates, "I saw many a brave man—nay, even a stalwart soldier—furtively dash from his eye a tear of genuine emotion. 'It has been a glorious day, praise be to God!' was the ejaculation I frequently heard. Truly the Austrian people are faithful, loyal Catholics, devout clients of Mary Immaculate."

NOTHING so much helps toward folk understanding one another as realizing the grounds of their differences.

Notes and Remarks.

As Mr. Mallock's new book, "The Reconstruction of Religious Belief," is sure to have a host of readers among thoughtful people outside of the Church, it is matter for rejoicing that the author combats—it need not be said with clear reasoning and felicitous illustration—the views of such thinkers as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and Haeckel, whose works are in the hands of thousands who still regard the arguments there set forth as wholly unanswerable. Mr. Mallock shows that the same kind of scientific arguments which would do away with God, point also to the nonexistence of matter and motion. He contends that, whereas now we "see as through a glass darkly," and can not know anything wholly, still we do know in part, and science justifies us in a belief in God.

The constructive argument of the book is, of course, not new; but it is presented with much force, and a charm of language altogether remarkable. At a time when so many books of scientific philosophy which are inimical to theistic faith are being put forth, it is a relief to meet with a work like Mr. Mallock's, in which, without attempting to discredit science, it is shown how the whole scientific argument may be appropriated by the advocates of established religion. The thought that religious belief has always been concomitant with civilization is one of many that will arrest the attention of the general reader in the introductory pages and carry him on to the close of the book. It is to be hoped that "The Reconstruction of Religious Belief" will have many readers among agnostics and scientists.

Some words of an address by a Congregational minister of Glasgow, in behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society,

reported by the *Westminster Gazette*, are worth noting. After inveighing, in the usual strain, against the "tyranny of the Romish Church," the preacher bore witness that she was to-day, as she ever had been, a missionary church. "With evils at her heart which would have killed off half a dozen Congregational or Baptist churches, she had yet lived by her missionary spirit. She had kept her marvellous continuity during the centuries. She was to-day the power behind the powers in the councils of nations, not because of her august statesmanship, her crafty diplomacy, her innumerable agencies working from a common centre, nor because of a surface and imposing unity, with its pomp and pride and gorgeous ceremonial. Those were but the flimsy fabric of a dream as compared with the consecration of her sons who, on the threshold of a splendid manhood and on the way to the fever swamp, can answer the questions, 'When do you expect to return?' 'How long do you expect to labor?' with the utter self-sacrifice represented in the twofold answer: 'Never: I expect to be dead in two years.'"

These words must have reminded some of the listeners of that saying of Christ about the impossibility of an evil tree's producing good fruit; and they probably questioned whether there could be so much evil at the heart of the vigorous old Church as the preacher would have them believe. It is a blessed thing when a congregation of Protestants is set thinking in this way; and such is often the case, as many a convert can bear witness.

The attempt made a few years ago to place Savonarola in the same category with Martin Luther was nullified by an eminent American Protestant scholar, who declared that it was ridiculous to refer to Savonarola as a pre-Reformation Protestant; that,

whatever else might be uncertain about him, there could be no doubt of his being a true Catholic. The *Saturday Review* lately administered a similar rebuke to numerous non-Catholic writers who represent St. Francis as anything but what he was in reality,—not as a real saint of the Church, but as an ascetic like the Buddha, with more of pantheism about him than of Christianity. Writing of a new production by one of these Franciscan faddists, the *Saturday Review* observes:

The book is maimed and marred by the effort to present a St. Francis who shall be less offensive to modern susceptibilities than a real Roman saint of the Middle Ages. What can be the frame of mind of a writer who finds that St. Francis resembles a Protestant Reformer in his "positive aspects," who credits him with a "hold on the pantheism which pervades the teaching of his Master Jesus," who considers that "the framing of a rule was in reality the deathblow of the Order"? (The rule was *framed* by the saint ere his twelfth companion had joined him, so that the Order on this theory may be said to be almost stillborn.) Five years ago this sort of thing might have provoked merely a passing smile, but to-day nonsense about St. Francis comes in for review at a rate which makes it difficult for the reviewer to maintain equanimity.

A pen-picture of Pius X. that is somewhat notable by reason of the journal, the *Echo de Paris*, in which it makes its appearance, is being reproduced in a number of our French exchanges. Henri de Noussanne sketches the portrait; and, among other things, he says: "French opinion of the reigning Pope is very generally erroneous. Catholics and infidels see in him a 'good country pastor,' raised to supreme power contrary to every prevision of human reason, and crushed by the weight of the tiara. Pious souls pity him, and miscreants mock at him.... It must be stated at once—not without confusion—that what is ordinarily said of the Pope in the French parliament, and what one reads about him in most

of our newspapers, is a delight to Romans,—tickling those of the Quirinal even more than those of the Vatican. Rome laughs. But, still better, Berlin exults. Not one of our political blunders, probably, lowers us more in the opinion of foreign governments than the acts and purposes of our rulers with respect to the Holy See. We are made simply ridiculous.

"The legend of the 'good country pastor,' the sarcasms launched at 'Sarto,' are responsible for our being considered veritable fools, capable of believing that the son of a poor Italian village laborer could become a priest, Bishop of Mantua, Archbishop and Patriarch of Venice, then Cardinal, and finally Pope, without having given to the spiritual and temporal power of Rome strong proofs of the highest superiority."

We should like to quote further from so refreshingly frank a paper, and must in any case give this appreciation of Pius X. which M. de Noussanne attributes to the Duke of Genoa: "The Pope never does anything or allows anything to be done without good reason. The man who will get the better of his perspicacity is yet to be born. Remember the proverb: 'It takes seven Jews to trick a Genoese, and it takes seven Genoese to trick a Venetian.'"

The ever-memorable heroism of Father Damien, and the notable literary tributes paid thereto by Stevenson and Stoddard, have invested the leper settlement of Molokai with an interest which our readers as well as ourselves probably find active and enduring. Accordingly, the half-yearly report of the president of the Board of Health for the Territory of Hawaii, recently received from Honolulu, has impressed us as being much less dry and insipid than such statistical pamphlets usually are. The superintendent of the leper

settlement reports that, at the end of June, of the current year, there were living in Molokai 858 lepers—512 males and 346 females. While more than seven-eighths of the number are native Hawaiians, there are still ninety-eight lepers of other nations. Among these are forty-two Chinese, twenty-two Portuguese, nine Japanese, eight Americans, six Germans, three South Sea Islanders, and one each of the following nationalities: British, French-Canadian, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Porto Rican, Filipino, and Tahitian.

The religious charged with the care of these unfortunates are two priests, six Brothers and five Sisters. In his reference to the Baldwin Home, the residence of 112 of the male lepers, the superintendent speaks of repairs to the different buildings, and adds: "These improvements, together with the careful attention given by Mr. Joseph Dutton to tree planting and improving the grounds, make the Baldwin Home the most beautiful place in the whole settlement."

An explanation of the efforts now being made to combine Protestant agencies of propaganda in New York city, and of the present aggressive attitude of Jewish leaders toward infidelity and indifferentism, is afforded by the publication of some statistics gathered and compiled by Dr. Walter Laidlaw, of the Metropolitan Church Federation. A summary of the striking facts which these statistics establish was presented in a recent issue of the *New York Sun*. It appears that every Protestant denomination is losing its hereditary families, and that Jews in ever-increasing numbers are abandoning the religion of their ancestors.

"About one-half of the population of New York is Protestant; but more than a million are altogether outside of the churches, apparently indifferent to all dogmatic religion, even where

it is not positively rejected by them. Less than one-sixth of the Protestants are communicants of churches, but in addition something more than one-fifth are attendants on churches,—that is, pay some heed to religious observances. The Jewish population is now about 750,000. Add these Jews to the 'churchless Protestants,' and we get nearly half the population, or more than 45 per cent. The Jews number nearly as many as the Protestant communicants and church-goers put together. It appears, too, from a census made by this federation in various Assembly districts, that a very large part of the Jews are outside of the synagogues,—Hebrews by race rather than in religious belief. If we added their number to the Protestant population not in the communion of churches, we should probably get a majority of the people."

About one-third of the population of the Metropolis is now Catholic. The strayed sheep of all nationalities would undoubtedly give us a large majority. But the religious conditions of our people are being improved year by year. No efforts are being spared to prevent further leakage, to reclaim those who have fallen away, and to safeguard the faith of immigrants, no matter from what corner of the world they may come. Indeed there is strong reason for believing that the religious statistics of New York fifteen years hence will show a wondrous growth of the Church.

Readers conversant with the thorough Catholicism of French-Canadians will not be surprised to learn that they are contemplating the use, henceforward, of a distinct national emblem. Heretofore, it seems, the tricolor of France has always been used as a distinctive French flag at national celebrations; but the changed conditions in the old land, particularly in regard

to the attitude toward the Church, have given rise to a desire to have a national emblem different from the tricolor. What is known as the Sacred Heart Flag (a distinctively French-Canadian design) has been suggested, and is already used in many parts of Quebec. It is interesting, in connection with this subject, to note that the Acadians, the French-speaking population of Canada's Maritime Provinces, some years ago adopted a flag of their own, its distinctive feature, a star, being in harmony with both their national anthem, *Ave, Maris Stella*, and their national festival, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Whatever be the sentiments of the general reader as to the utility or expediency of the present Gaelic movement, he will doubtless be interested in learning just what views are entertained by the foremost leaders of the agitation now going on for the rehabilitation of the Irish language. Dr. Douglas Hyde, the right arm of the movement, said the other evening at a meeting in New York:

I see it said here by the more sympathetic of the papers that Ireland is engaged upon the last grand battle of the race for the preservation of its language. Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, it is more than that,—ten times, one hundred times more than that! We are engaged upon the last grand battle of the Irish race for the preservation of its own identity. We have now opened the eyes of the entire nation to the awful chasm into which they were about to step blindfolded: the yawning gulf of Anglicization, which, believe me, is only another name for national extinction.

Having called attention to the fact that Irish journals, as far apart as the poles on political questions, are at one on this subject, that Catholic prelates, Protestant dignitaries, and the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, are united in forwarding the movement, Dr. Hyde continued:

So that, you see, we have now a great mass of public opinion in Ireland behind us. And you

also see that we are no clique, no faction, no party, but that we embrace some of all parties and all factions; and that, offending nobody except the anti-Irishman, we stand firm upon the pure, immovable bedrock of Irish nationality. In one word, we mean to de-Anglicize Ireland.

Irishmen, it is probable, best understand the conditions of their own country; and the flippant criticisms of sapient publicists on this side of the Atlantic, as to the genuine worth of the Gaelic movement, may well be disregarded in any serious examination of the movement's innate importance and probable success. As to this last point, the authority whom we have already quoted says: "If we are in earnest, and have also the moral support and good wishes of our countrymen in the States, we must succeed. If we are only playing at being in earnest, we shall lose, and the whole world will deride us, and the historian will take his tablet and write *Finis Hiberniæ*."

The *Southern Messenger* of San Antonio, Texas, publishes, with the permission of the recipient, a letter written by a Catholic mother to a married daughter living in a place remote from religious influences, urging her to cling to the Church and to be faithful to the duties of her state of life. One paragraph of this letter deserves quoting as an illustration of how easily young folk can be taught to love religion and grounded in the practice of it when the parents are practical Christians, mindful of their obligation to give instruction and set example to their children. There is much for Catholic parents to reflect upon in this short paragraph:

If the Rosary is too long, say only a decade, naming the mystery. It is a splendid lesson, to know all the mysteries of the Rosary. In our old life at R., I never neglected daily meditation even if I had to read at dinner while the family ate theirs; and Catechism also had its place. I never knew of a complaint from my children against any holy practice.



My Offering.

BY S. M. R.

THE Christmas feast is drawing near,
The birthday of the King;
What shall I do to mark the day,
What offering shall I bring?

If every day from now till then
I do some action kind,
And if when others anger me
Excuse for them I find;

I think I'll have an offering
The Christ-Child will like best;
My wayward heart shall be a lamb,
And at His Crib 'twill rest.

"One of His Jewels."

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

IV.

WHEN the tunnel and its adjacent country had been searched and no sign of the truant appeared, Stefano announced to his wife and daughter that, as no other means suggested itself to him of finding their little charge, there was nothing for it but to proceed on their way, as they were bound to reach some kind of shelter before nightfall. This they accordingly did, sending back word by everyone they met that Luigi, should he appear, was to be "forwarded" to the next village on their route.

So, long before Luigi had done plucking flowers and hunting butterflies by the wayside, and had begun to think seriously of returning, the Biancheri family were climbing the mountains in quite another direction. Moreover, when he did begin to retrace his steps, he

forgot, in his agitation, that the carriage had turned a corner during his impromptu ride; and so he ran on and on, along the highroad leading toward Turin.

Presently, as he looked up and down, uncertain whether, after all, he had mistaken the road, since no sight of the tunnel or of the flock of goats appeared, a man came along, leading a huge, mangy-looking brown bear by a long rope. He accosted the bewildered child with,

"Hey, boy! What's the matter?"

"I—I think I have lost my way, signor."

"Where are you going, then?"

"I do not know,—at least I do not know the name of the place,—up to the mountains with Biancheri, the goatherd," he added hastily, as he caught a gleam of amusement in the man's eyes.

"Well, why are you alone?"

Luigi told the story, and ended with a sob.

"The tunnel—the Col di Tenda, that is. You are not on that road at all, my boy. But here, I am dead tired, and the sun is hot. Hold this beast for me, while I lie down and sleep a bit."

So saying, he placed the end of the rope in Luigi's reluctant hand, threw himself on the ground, his cloak over his head, and in a minute was snoring soundly.

Luigi's horror was unbounded. He was literally speechless with fear. Here, in good sooth, was one of the "wild beasts" he had so dreaded to meet. Master Bruin, however, crouched sleepily on the ground before him, and took no apparent notice of his new leader.

At last the man awoke, stretched himself, and sat up.

"Well, where is your Biancheri? Not come yet?"

Luigi shook his head.

"And he will not. He has given you the slip. Now, look here. I am in want of a boy,—I have left my last at Limone, sick of a fever. Will you come with me, and beg for *soldi* when my bear dances?"

Luigi did not like the prospect at all. But he liked still less being stranded forlornly on the wayside, with the sun going down, and no one in sight.

"Perhaps—perhaps we might meet Stefano?" he hazarded.

"Perhaps so." The speaker winked jocosely at his bear, knowing how remote such a chance would be. "Well?"

"Yes, I will come," said Luigi.

So that night, and for many nights and days afterward, Luigi tramped sadly, and for the most part silently, behind his new master,—sometimes leading Bruin with a rope end, or tossing him scraps of food; sometimes going round with his small, faded cap to collect the *soldi* dropped in at the end of a performance by the gaping crowd of a village street. And, strange to say, he grew browner, taller, and more hardy day by day.

V.

When the days shortened, however, and winter approached, Giuseppe—the *padrone*, as Luigi called him,—announced that it would soon be time to betake themselves to Turin. Poor little Luigi, true child of the sunny South, seemed in this cold Northern city to shrivel up into half his former self. His tattered clothes, which Giuseppe declared himself unable to replace, hung about him loosely, and his chilblained feet limped painfully as he shiveringly held out his hand for money at the *padrone's* bidding. Their lodging at night was the loft of an old stable, and by day they tramped the streets, through slush and icy winds and snow.

But one day—they had taken more

money than usual, and Giuseppe had gone into a *caffè* to drink, leaving Luigi and the bear in the courtyard—a kindly waiter had beckoned the child to a dark corner beneath the staircase, and given him a handful of hot chestnuts. These the boy, curled up out of sight, was munching in great content, when all at once a tremendous hubbub arose. Shrieks, oaths, cries for the police, and presently a writhing, struggling figure dragged out between two gendarmes. It was Giuseppe; and, from the vociferous exclamations of the spectators, Luigi gathered that in a fit of drunken fury he had stabbed a comrade, and was being conveyed to the police station.

Luigi, half fearful, half curious, followed the crowd of shouting onlookers, and heard their comments as the grim doors shut behind the prisoner. Turning back, he all at once realized that he was alone. What should he do? Where should he go? He had no home; he had not the necessary coppers to pay for a night's lodging; and, moreover, he feared to take sole charge of Bruin, who occasionally required the taste of his master's whip. So, hearing that his *padrone* would not be set free that night, he sauntered slowly onward, turning over in his mind the question as to what was to be done.

VI.

"Where are you going, little one?" asked a voice at his side, as he stood still for a moment to weigh the respective merits of broad thoroughfare and narrow byway.

"Eh?" and Luigi started and looked round at the priestly figure which bent toward him; and found himself gazing up into the very kindest, sweetest, yet homeliest, face he had ever seen.

"Well?" repeated the good priest's voice, in the soft Piedmontese tongue which was almost a patois.

"*Padre*, I do not know!" said Luigi, falteringly.

"No home? Is it so, *poverino*?" And the thin, warm, wrinkled hand sought the boy's in a firm clasp. "Come, now! Where did you sleep last night?"

Luigi told him, and related how he had suddenly been left desolate.

"Why, then, you must come home with me, little one. Come!" And he gently drew the wondering boy along, questioning him skilfully as they went.

And almost as he spoke, they stopped before the door of a large, unpretentious building, where the *padre* rang. His ring was answered by a burst of joyous laughter, as half a dozen young boys pulled the door open together.

"Eh, all of you, here's a new comrade! Where's Mamma Margherita?"

"In the kitchen, making the soup, *padre*!" shouted several merry voices.

And, still clasping the *padre*'s hand, Luigi found himself entering a warm, light, cleanly kitchen, where a tall, active-looking woman, in the usual garb of an Italian countrywoman, bent over an enormous soup pot.

"Here, Mamma, is another child for you!" cried his protector, pushing him forward.

"Poor little one! How cold he looks! Come, then, *bambino*, and warm yourself at this good fire. Here!"

And, without more ado, she had Luigi sitting at the table, a bowl of steaming cabbage soup before him, and a rough wooden spoon in his hand.

"There, eat, eat, and you will feel better. Now, Pietro, Ceccho, Domenico, set the table. All is ready. *Figlio mio*"—this to the good priest,—“you must be weary. Will you not take your supper?”

In clattered some twenty or thirty boys, laughing, chattering, hungry. No time was lost over choosing places: one moment's eloquent pause, with each young face turned toward the black cassocked priest, Don Bosco, as he murmured a Latin grace—and then

bowls and spoons (the latter a rarity in that humble household) clattered merrily.

"And now to bed!" said Don Bosco, as each boy, after rinsing his bowl at the tap outside, laid it on the dresser or shelf. They clustered round him for a farewell word, each boy kissing the fatherly hand held out to him with kindly looks.

Then, as Mamma Margherita (who in reality was no other than Don Bosco's mother) moved quietly about, washing pots and pans, and setting all in order for the night, her good son, drawing down beside him the wondering Luigi, began to question him gently:

"Now, *mio figlio*, tell me of yourself, and how you come to be wandering alone in the streets of Turin."

Luigi told him the story we know: about the tunnel of the Col di Tenda, and how he lost the shepherd's family, and followed the bear-leader; how they had come to Turin for the winter season, and his master had been seized by the police.

"Well, as to that, I will go to the police station to-morrow," said Don Bosco, "and will ascertain what will be done with him. And for yourself, my little Luigi, we must see what can be done. Now say your prayers,—do you know them?"

"I used to say some prayers a long time ago, *padre*, but—but I have forgotten!" stammered the child, hanging his head.

"Well, I will tell you how to say them. Kneel down here at my knee."

So Luigi knelt down, his two little hands between the priest's big, thin ones, and repeated after him the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary"; and then Don Bosco blessed him, and told him to go, and Mamma Margherita would show him the way to bed, and all else would be settled in the morning.

Better than That.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, was very fond of travelling alone and incognito, and he often traversed the streets of his capital and its suburbs. One day he was enjoying a drive along a country road. He had the carriage to himself, acting as his own coachman. 'Twas a Sunday afternoon, and the weather was fine, so the Emperor met many people well dressed and apparently enjoying themselves.

The sky, however, soon began to grow sombre, and the rain to fall. The Emperor, well sheltered by the hood of his cabriolet, turned his horse's head and started back to the city. He had not gone far when a soldier accosted him:

"Pardon me, sir!" he said. "But won't you permit me to drive with you? You are alone, I won't inconvenience you much, and I don't want to get my new uniform spoiled by the rain."

Francis Joseph told the soldier to jump in, and a few minutes later they were chatting away like old friends. The soldier, who was very communicative, hastened to inform the Emperor that he had been spending the day in the country with a friend who was a gamekeeper of his Majesty the Emperor.

"And you bet," he concluded, "I had a first-class dinner."

The Emperor, amused at his loquacity, inquired:

"What did you eat that was so very good?"

"Guess," replied the soldier, with a mischievous grin.

"Cabbage soup?" suggested the Emperor.

"Oh, I dare say, cabbage soup!" cried the soldier, contemptuously. "Better than that. Guess again."

"A calf's head?"

"Better than that."

"A good slice of ham?"

"Oh, better, a great deal better than that!" said the soldier, with an air of triumph. "I ate a roast,—a pheasant roast,—a pheasant which I shot myself in his Majesty's forest, and which was delicious, I tell you!"

The Emperor let on that he paid no attention to what his companion had said. The conversation continued gaily enough; the rain stopped; and when they reached the city, Francis Joseph turned to the soldier, asked his name and address, and offered to drive him home. Delighted with this politeness, the soldier accepted the offer with thanks, and asked to whom his gratitude was due.

The Emperor looked at him with a smile, and laughingly replied:

"Now, then, 'tis your turn. Guess who I am."

The soldier looked him over and ventured:

"You are no doubt a military man, sir?"

"Yes."

"Private?"

"Better than that."

"Lieutenant?"

"Better than that."

"Colonel?"

"Better than that, my man."

The soldier, surprised, hazarded timidly:

"Perhaps, sir, you are a general?"

"Better than that."

"Then, sir, you must be the marshal," said his embarrassed interlocutor.

"Better even than that."

"O heavens!" exclaimed the terrified soldier, "'tis the Emperor!" and he began to murmur confused excuses, begging his Majesty to stop the carriage and let him out.

But Francis Joseph insisted on driving him home, where he left him, with the friendly counsel not to shoot any more pheasant in the royal forest without first having obtained permission.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A welcome addition to the Crown Library, published by John Lane, is "The Reformation in England," by S. R. Maitland, author of "The Dark Ages."

—"A racy and entertaining autobiography" is the publishers' description of "Recollections," by William O'Brien, M. P. for Cork. As everyone knows, he is an interesting writer, and has played a considerable part in Irish history. His style is wonderfully fresh, racy, and energetic; and the volume takes it readers behind the scenes of the Parnell movement in dramatic fashion. The Macmillan Company announce the volume for early issue.

—When one sees the interesting matter arranged for modern school reading-books, one can not but compare them with those used a few decades ago. Naturally, too, one looks for better readers among our young people. This, however, is not saying that one finds them. But be this as it may, there is no gainsaying the fact that the Eclectic Readings furnished by the American Book Company are interesting and attractive. One of the latest additions to the series is "Stories of Great Musicians," which should make reading class, not a task, but a delight.

—It is a sign of the times, and a very gratifying one, that some of our foremost literary reviews are now opposing the publication of new unexpurgated editions of books whose chief claim to the attention of not a few buyers is their grossness. The *Athenaeum* often takes occasion to rebuke indecency in books; and the *Spectator*, reviewing a new edition of "Don Quixote," has this to say: "That there are certain passages in Cervantes' great work which are not in accordance with modern ideas of decency and cleanliness is unquestionable. These it is the plain duty of an editor to retrench. It is a foolish craze, if it is not worse, to insist upon having the books of a past age complete. One might as well insist that all the animals we eat should be eaten as they stand."

—A new work by J. M. Stone, author of "Mary I., Queen of England," etc., has just been published by Messrs. Sands & Co. Its title is "Studies from Court and Cloister," and its object is to give general readers a right estimate of certain persons and events often misrepresented by prejudiced historians, and to correct gross errors, constantly repeated in novels and newspapers. We append the list of contents: Margaret Tudor—Nor Wife nor Maid—A Notable Englishman—The Catholic Reformation in Germany—Jesuits at Court—Giordano Bruno in England—Charles the

First and the Popish Plot—The Runic Crosses at Northumbria—A Missing Page from the "Idylls of the King"—Foxe's Book of Errors—The Spoils of the Monasteries—The Royal Library—The Harleian Collection of Manuscripts. The work contains eight full-page illustrations.

—"Mother Goose's Christmas Visit," by Edith Thompson Langley (Samuel French, London and New York), is an attractive and original entertainment for children. All the old nursery favorites are numbered among the characters represented; and staging, costuming, and properties are all suggestively outlined by the author.

—The intense indignation aroused among the admirers of Edgar Allan Poe on account of his exclusion from the Hall of Fame is fittingly expressed by Father Tabb in the following skit, which is from the *New York Times*:

Unto the charnel Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go;
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe.

—Occasionally one hears a protest against fairy tales for children, but educators, as a rule, appreciate the advantage they offer in the way of cultivating the imagination. Among the master story-tellers for children are, of course, Grimm and Andersen; and the works of these two weavers of fancies have furnished the material for "Baldwin's Fairy Reader," arranged for first-year pupils. This number belongs to the Eclectic Readings Series, and is published by the American Book Co.

—R. & T. Washbourne, London (American agents, Benziger Brothers), have issued a new edition of "The First Days of Jesus," a simple story of the birth of Christ. The text is hardly needed, however, on account of the graphic, though inartistic, pictures which represent the various events belonging to the mystery of the Nativity. The book is published in two styles,—one the ordinary paper edition, the other printed on untearable linen, a decided advantage when the story is intended for very young children.

—Among new publications we note three good storybooks for Catholic children to which it is a pleasure to call attention. "For the White Rose," by Katherine Tynan Hinkson, is a pretty Scotch story, and breathes loyalty to the Church and the heather hills of Scotland. Imprisonment in the famous Tower, tender glimpses of home-life, court-scenes, and heart secrets—these are the attractions of "For the White Rose." Books like this give to young folk the spirit of an historic movement better than any number of text-books on the subject could do.—Any story that Mrs. Mannix

writes for children is sure to be thoroughly Catholic, full of information, and of absorbing interest. "The Children of Cupa" is like a chapter out of real life, and the atmosphere is a bit of California sunshine. Boys will be interested in the Indian element, which is strong in the story; and girls, too, who are brave and noble as Nellie was, will follow the fortunes of the cherished wards of the early missionaries. The home spirit will appeal to boys and girls alike, especially to those who know the privilege of "talking over" things with mother and father.—Every boy and girl who reads the opening pages of the pretty Bavarian story entitled "The Violin Maker," and sees the little Matthias bending his ear close to the trees to hear the vibration caused by his hammer stroke, will not be satisfied until he has followed the story to the end. It is an interesting career, and carries one to Cremona, where Matthias works with Maestro Amati, the great violin-maker; to Padua, the home of Master Railike; and back to Mittenwald, which Matthias Klotz makes the Cremona of Germany. The story is like a sweet strain of music that will linger long in the memory of the youthful reader. All three of these books are published by Benziger Brothers, and the price of them is forty-five cents.

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.

- "Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord." 50 cts.
 "Prayer." Father Faber. 30 cts., net.
 "Lives of the English Martyrs." (Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth.) \$2.75.
 "Joan of Arc." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 75 cts.
 "The Life of St. Patrick, and His Place in History." J. B. Bury, M. A. \$3.25, net.
 "The Suffering Man-God." Père Seraphin. 75 cts., net.
 "The Immortality of the Soul." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts. net.
 "The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul." Ven. Blosius, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.

- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." \$1.60., net.
 "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." Charles Major. \$1.50.
 "Addresses. Historical, Political, Sociological" Frederic R. Coudert. \$2.50.
 "Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt." William Roper. 55 cts., net.
 "Manual of Church Music." 75 cts., net.
 "At the Sign of the Fox. A Romance." Barbara. \$1.50.
 "Glenanaar." Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan. \$1.50.
 "Modern Freethought." Rev. J. Gerard, S. J. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.
 "Theosophy and Christianity." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 45 cts., net.
 "The Crisis in the Church in France." 25 cts., net.
 "Forget-Me-Nots from Many Gardens." 45 cts. net.
 "The Freedom of the Will." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. 30 cts., net.
 "The Household of Sir Thomas More." Anne Manning. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. M. N. Wagner, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. J. B. Cushing, diocese of Denver; Very Rev. William Pope, diocese of Leeds; Rev. Nicholas Pilger, diocese of Columbus; and Rev. Joseph Dunn, diocese of Newark.

Sister Mary Columba, O. S. D.; and Sister Anna Clare, Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. Thomas Wise, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. M. Schaefer, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Duncan, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Connolly, Washington, D. C.; Mr. C. F. Whetstone, Sandusky, Ohio; Mr. John Higgins, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. M. A. Calvert, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth Dunn, Chatham, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Ferguson, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Michael Malarky, Galena, Ill.; Mrs. Jane Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Thomas O'Connor, Sparkville, N. Y.; Mrs. Allen Ray, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Hannah Dever, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. Marshall Field, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen Finn, Vincennes, Ind.; Mrs. Rosa Tomello, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Michael Phelan, Maydale, Pa.; Mrs. Katherine Garthwait, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Alice McGrath, Peoria, Ill.; Mr. James Young, Stamford, Conn.; Miss Mary Murphy, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Maurice Hayes, Aurora, Ill.; Agnes C. O'Rourke, Orange, N. J.; and Mr. W. Hubertus, San Antonio, Texas.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 16, 1905.

NO. 25.

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

Gaining Peace.

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

"THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

What comfort to the trusting heart

This promise e'er will be!

But place our confidence in God,

And peace will fill our souls,

As He will teach the loving hearts

To reach life's highest goals.

Then let us trust Him all our days,

And go where He may lead;

He'll guide us in life's righteous ways,

Supply our every need.

Peace, peace, sweet peace will fill our souls,

And love surround our lives,

When each obeys the Father's will,

And for His blessing strives.

The Heralds of Christmas.*

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



GREAT O's reflect the spirit of the Church and her feelings during this season. I know of no more appropriate subjects of prayer during Advent than these beautiful and pithy sentences; and as a preparation for Mass or Holy Communion they are priceless. Let me now take each of the antiphons and try to explore some of the beauties; and perhaps I shall succeed in making you value and love them as I do.

(1) "O Wisdom, that camest out of the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end, ordering all things mightily and sweetly: come and teach us the way of prudence!"

The antiphons are made up of parts of Scripture. In that wonderful praise of wisdom in Ecclesiasticus (xxiv, 5) we read: "I came out of the mouth of the Most High." The Second Person of the Adorable Trinity is called the Word, the Wisdom of the Father; and we are taught that He proceeds from the Eternal Father by way of understanding. Then in the Book of Wisdom (viii, 1) Solomon tells us that wisdom 'reacheth from one end to another mightily, and sweetly doth she order all things,'—a saying which the Apostle reproduces when he declares that all things work together for our good. What might and sweetness are not displayed in the Babe of Bethlehem,—the might of His power, the sweetness of His love!

St. John in the Apocalypse (xxii, 20) adds his part to the antiphon: "Amen. Come, Lord Jesus." And the princely Isaias, who has been stirring us up during Advent with his burning prophecies, joins his voice (xl, 14) and tells of "the path of judgment" and "the way of understanding." The old commentators love to connect these antiphons with other things. Thus they refer this one to Christ and to the Holy Ghost in His Seven Gifts; for Our Lord came in the Spirit of Wisdom. They also refer us to Father Adam

* See THE AVE MARIA, Vol. Ivii, No. 25.

as the type of wisdom; for he was 'above all living creatures,'* and was made to the likeness of God.

(2) "O Adonai and Leader of the House of Israel, who didst appear to Moses in the fire of the burning bush, and gavest to him the Law on Sinai: come and redeem us with an outstretched arm!"

Each phrase is full of meaning. The name by which God revealed Himself to Moses on Horeb, "I Am who Am,"† the Jews considered too sacred to be pronounced by human lips. They therefore used some other word. It was called the Name,‡ the incommunicable Name, the Name of Four Letters. The actual pronunciation is said to have been lost; but it is supposed to be represented by the word Jehovah, or the other forms, Jahveh or Yehave. The four vowels used to point the Hebrew word were combined into another word, Adonai, meaning "my Lord." The very first word of the antiphon reminds us of the greatness of God and of the Incarnation, whereby in a very special manner He becomes "my Lord," having a name, Jesus, at which every knee shall bend.

We find traces of the antiphon in the song which Judith (xvi, 16) sang to the Lord after her triumph over Holofernes: "O Adonai Lord, great art Thou, and glorious in Thy power!" And when God renewed His promises to Moses, He said: "I am the Lord that appeared to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob, by the name of God Almighty: and My name Adonai I did not show them."§ This blessed name recalls him who was the leader of the House of Israel, Josue, the type of Him who saved His people from their sins. Also we are reminded of David, to whom the Lord said: "I took thee from the pastures, from following the flock, that thou shouldst

be the ruler of My people Israel."*

It was Adonai who was in the midst of the bush that burned and yet was not consumed (a type of the perpetual virginity of our ever dear and Blessed Lady), and who from Sinai's Mount gave forth the Law,—those ten blessed words which reveal God's will. To Him, therefore, as Lord and Leader, Holy Church cries and prays to come and redeem us as He promised to Moses, "with^e a high arm and great judgments";† with that "stretched out arm"‡ which denotes the special exercise of God's Providence on behalf of His people. We need His outstretched arm; for by sin we have wandered from His fold and from the reach of His ordinary mercies. It is only by a miracle of grace, by a stretching out of the everlasting arms, that we can be brought back. Blessed be Adonai, my Lord God! Glory and obedience to the divine Leader!

This antiphon is connected with the Gift of Understanding which is displayed in Our Lord as Leader and Lawgiver; and it finds its image in Noe, who obeyed the voice of God and was saved with an outstretched arm.

(3) "O Root of Jesse, who standest for an ensign of the people, before whom kings shall shut their mouths, whom Gentiles shall beseech: come and deliver us! Tarry not!"

This is somewhat difficult to understand, but Holy Writ will be a light to our steps. Isaias (xi, 1, 10) tells us that "there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall arise up out of his root.... And in that day the Root of Jesse, who standeth for an ensign of the people, Him shall the Gentiles beseech." The power of God is sometimes spoken of as a "rod." Thus: "Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron."—"Thy rod and Thy staff, they have comforted me."§ The "Root

* Gen., i, 28.

† Exod., iii, 14.

‡ Lev., xxiv, 11.

§ Exod., vi, 2, 3.

* I Paralip., xvii, 7.

† Exod., vi, 6.

‡ IV Kings, xvii, 36.

§ Ps., ii, 9; xxii, 4.

of Jesse" is used, by a figure of speech, for Our Lord, who by mortal birth traced His descent from the father of David. Then again the "Root" is that from which Jesse himself springs; and what can that "Root" be but the Eternal Maker of all things? For, trace we back human genealogies as we will, at last we come to one who "was of God," as St. Luke (iii, 38) says of Father Adam. So here we get the Root meaning the God-Man and the Divine as well as the human nature.

Christ is also "the Ensign of the People,"—that is, the trophy of victory; for He manifests Himself in such power that all can recognize that He is the power of the strong hand of God, according to the prophet: "And He shall set up a standard with the nations, and shall assemble the fugitives of Israel, and shall gather together the dispersed of Juda from the four quarters of the earth."* Kings before Him shall hold their peace; for they who have "opened their mouths wide" against Him, shall now be forced to recognize Him as the King of kings, by whom they themselves reign, as all power is from on high. And the nations, too, shall know His power; for "the nation and the kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish, and the Gentiles shall be wasted with desolation." And even the persecutors shall be turned; for, lo, "the children of them that afflict thee shall come bowing down to thee, and all that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet."† The cry, "Come, and tarry not, is based on His own gracious words, "Then said I, Behold I come";‡ and, "Surely, I come quickly: Amen. Come, Lord Jesus."§

This antiphon is attributed to the Gift of Counsel; for the ensign of the people is the Cross; and the folly of the Cross is God's counsel against

the world with its kings and people. Abraham is set as the type of obeying God's counsel, even at the cost of leaving his native land and sacrificing his son at the word of God.

(4) "O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel, who openest and no man shutteth, shuttest and no man openeth: come and lead out the bondsman from the house of prison, and him who sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death!"

The princely prophet says: "I will lay the key of the house of David upon his shoulder; and he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open."* And the Spirit bade St. John write to the Angel of the Church of Philadelphia: "These things saith the Holy One and the True One, who hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth, shutteth and no man openeth: I know thy works. Behold, I have given before thee a door opened, which no man can shut, because thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name."†

The key is the symbol of power. The Lord gave "the Keys" to St. Peter. Here we speak of one key only, but there is no contradiction. To St. Peter was committed the power of Christ for the ruling of the flock; and in human hands this needs the exercise of justice and mercy. In God, justice is mercy, and mercy justice; so one key tells us of the owner of the power Himself. He also opens the door, as He is the one Mediator between God and men. The forgiveness He decrees no man can gainsay; and no one can break through the conditions He sets for the opening of that door. Our Lady, the Gate of Heaven, and St. Peter, the bearer of the Keys, are only the workers of His will. Once more, why the key of *David*? This brings us back

* Isa., xi, 12.

† Ib., ix, 12-14.

‡ Ps., xxxix, 8.

§ Apoc., xxii, 20.

* Is., xxii, 22.

† Apoc., iii, 7, 8.

again to the Incarnation, and reminds us of the cry, "Son of David, have mercy on us!" The supreme power of opening and shutting is divine; but it is used by One likened to ourselves,—a High Priest who can have compassion on our infirmities.

The cry at the end of the antiphon is based on the words of the prophet: "I have given thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; that thou mightest open the eyes of the blind, and bring forth the prisoner out of prison and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house,"*—words that Zachary had in mind when he poured forth the Canticle of the *Benedictus*: "To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."†

The commentators refer this antiphon to the Gift of Fortitude, and take Isaac as the type. Perhaps this is because of his fortitude when his father told him that he was the destined victim, and he abode in the shadow of death as a prisoner upon the altar. We, too, must use this Gift of Fortitude while we wait for God's good time to open the door for us and to lead us into the light of the land of the living.

(5) "O Dayspring, Brightness of Light Everlasting and Sun of Righteousness: come and give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!"

The prophet Zacharias (vi, 12) was told to say to the high priest in the name of the Lord: "Behold a man, the Dayspring is his name." And another Zacharias sang of that same man 'as the Dayspring from on high which hath visited us.'‡ The eternal wisdom of God is called "the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness."§ For mortals could not know God as the author of grace until He

had revealed Himself in Christ; even as we are in darkness till the sun rises in the east and, gradually mounting in the heavens, fills the earth with the splendors of his lifegiving beams.

Malachias (iv, 2), who foretold the everlasting sacrifice of the Eucharist, writes: "But unto you that fear my name, the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, and health in his wings: and you shall go forth and shall leap like calves of the herd." It is in the leadings of the kindly Light of Christ that we see what righteousness is,—that justice which sets us in the right relation to God and our neighbor; for He is the true Light which enlighteneth every man coming into the world. In His light we see Light, and know ourselves even as we are known.

But why does this antiphon end up so much like the last one? There are two things that keep us prisoners and in the shadow of death: a weakened will and a clouded understanding. Both are the effects of sin. The key of David opens the door of liberty for our will; the Dayspring sheds light upon our understanding, so that we may see our danger and the means of escape. Thus the commentators apply this antiphon to that Gift of Knowledge which removes the cloudiness of our understanding; and they set forth Jacob as the model. The patriarch knew how to win an increase from the flock; he knew how to serve in order to gain his bride; he knew how to obey and thus obtain the father's blessing. He learned how to disarm his brother. He had, too, the knowledge how angels ascended and descended,—that is, how created things lead us to God; and he foresaw in vision the lot of his twelve sons when they were to come forth out of the house of bondage and the shadow of death.

(6) "O King of the Gentiles and Desired thereof, and Corner-stone that makest of two one: come and save

* Isa., xlii, 6, 7.

† St. Luke, i, 79.

‡ St. Luke, i, 78.

§ Wisdom, vii, 26.

man, whom Thou hast made from the slime of the earth!"

Here we have the Messiah's kingship over all the earth set forth. He is King not only of the Chosen People but of the Gentiles; and as a corner-stone unites two sides of a building, so does He unite Gentiles and Jews into one Church. Jeremias (x, 7) exclaims: "Who shall not fear Thee, O King of the Gentiles?" And Aggeus (ii, 8) calls Him "the Desired of all nations." Again, Isaias (xxviii, 16) foretold the work of union which Christ the King was to bring about: "Behold, I will lay a stone in the foundations of Sion,—a tried stone, a corner-stone, a precious stone founded in the foundation." And yet He was the Corner-stone rejected by the Jews. His way of making two one is described by St. Paul, who says: "Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone."* And what He loves so well and takes so much care to join to Himself is made of the slime of the earth. "What is man," says the Psalmist, "that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou shouldst visit him?"

This tender love of God for the work of His hands enables the commentators to see in this antiphon a reference to the Gift of Piety, and they choose Moses as the example. His piety—that is, kindness toward God and man—fitted him to be the corner-stone of his people, and to weld them into a nation. He set up God as the King of the Gentiles and the one Master of all. The Unity of the Deity was, if I may say it, his absorbing passion, and it was this that he made the corner-stone of the Chosen People's policy. And who can recall the thought of the old leader and lawgiver seeing the Desired Land from the mountain top—that land he himself was not to enjoy—without the spirit of worship,

that the King of the Gentiles and the Desired thereof had dealt so tenderly and kindly with His servant?

(7) "O Emmanuel, King and Lawgiver, the longing of the Gentiles and Saviour thereof: come and save us, O Lord our God!"

As the days of Mary are again mystically being accomplished, and the Birth is at hand, the yearning of the Church becomes greater and more insistent. Already she seems to be in possession of the longed-for One; for she addresses Him by the sweet title of "God with us." Already He, by grace, is the King and Lawgiver to His children, as He was of old when He stirred up the Gentiles to long for His coming to be their Saviour. They, sitting in darkness, looked for deliverance by His grace, which had not deserted them even in the shadow of death. The joining of the name Emmanuel with the titles of king and lawgiver tells us that Christ shows His love by a rule, even as we prove ours by obeying that rule. The name Emmanuel was first declared by Isaias (vii, 14) in prophecy to Achaz: "The Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son; and His name shall be called Emmanuel."

Our Lady, at this hour of hours, can not be out of the mind of the Church; and the thought of the Virgin is bound up with that of "God with us." The same prophet (xxxiii, 22) speaks of the kingly office in these words: "For the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King. He will save us." And St. Luke the beloved (i, 33) says: "Of His kingdom there shall be no end." Did not old Israel prophesy to his son Juda that he should not lose the sceptre—"till He come that is to be sent; and He shall be the expectation of nations"?* And we have entered into the inheritance which they foretold and saw but in vision. Well,

* Eph., ii, 20.

* Gen., xlix, 10.

then, may we exclaim: "O Lord our God!"

This the last antiphon is connected with the Seventh Gift, that of Holy Fear. And it is well; for unless we have this gift, we shall be over-familiar with the Babe of Bethlehem and forget our reverence of the mighty God who lies in the manger. David is set as the example, and I think because of his abiding sense of sinfulness. "My sin is ever before me."* Although the chosen of God, yet holy fear, the thought of God's unutterable holiness and his own sinfulness, kept him from that temptation to familiarity which might have ensued upon building a temple. Besides, was it in his own strength or in the name of the Lord that he went forth to do battle with Goliath and slew him with the pebble from the brook? It was the fear of God that gave him courage, the fear of the Lord that taught him the wisdom of trusting in the divine might, and not in his own weakness.

I have tried with feeble and hesitating pen to set forth some of the meanings of those glorious antiphons. There is honey in the rock,† even if we have to break open the stone of human words and thoughts to reach it. The toil is well spent; for "what is sweeter than honey?"‡ The prophet says: "Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good."§

With honey out of the rock I have sought to satisfy the devotion of the children of the Church who look to her for the nourishment of their souls. In her prayers there is safety and depth. And she calls us to the rich banquet she prepares for us in the Liturgy of this season; for she bids us come, saying in the words of Solomon: "Eat the honey, my son, because it is good."||

A Rejected Manuscript.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"WHAT news this morning, Phil?" asked the girl on the sofa.

"Oh, the usual news!" Phillippa Gray said, with a little laugh. "Verses returned from the *Citizen* with polite regrets; a story back from the *World Over*; and—why, this is an article back from *Women*, and without a word!"

"Oh!" Lily Gray said, sympathetically.

"I didn't expect the others to be accepted," Phillippa went on; "but I did expect that 'Uncrowned Queens' would have won a place; and Miss Ashbourne usually writes when she, by any chance, returns a manuscript."

There was a short silence. Phillippa and Lily Gray were sisters, separated in age by nearly a score of years. They were daughters of a country doctor, whose death left them to face the world with an annuity of eighty pounds. Lily had been an invalid from her birth, and Phillippa had received an education which was of very little practical use.

The two girls had no friends to advise them; and they had come to London, where Phillippa had tried to augment their income in various ways. She had proved herself a very inefficient music teacher and a wretched arithmetician in several instances before she turned to literature. She had written a short story one day when Lily lay ill and the coins in her purse were few. The story had taken a five pounds prize in the Christmas number of a weekly paper, and Phillippa had turned from music and arithmetic and devoted herself to letters.

"I am disappointed," Phillippa went on, when a few moments had passed. "However, it can't be helped."

She arranged the breakfast table and pushed it toward Lily's couch. The

* Ps., i, 5. † Deut., viii, 8. ‡ Judg., xiv, 18.

§ Isa., vii, 15.

|| Prov., xxiv, 13.

sisters did not exchange many words during the meal, and Lily sighed as she glanced toward Phillipa's clouded face. It was a face that had long lost the contour of youth, and there were many lines on the low forehead from which the soft brown hair was drawn back.

Before breakfast was ended there came a knock at the door. Phillipa opened it and received a parcel from the landlady's daughter.

"What is it?" Lily questioned when the door closed.

"A few magazines from Mrs. Masters," Phillipa replied. Mrs. Masters was a well-to-do widow who occupied the rooms beneath.

"What are they?"

The question had to be repeated, for Phillipa was already engaged in going through the pages of the topmost periodical.

"Oh, *Longmans, Temple Bar, Cornhill*, and the new magazine *Old and Young*!" Phillipa at length answered. "How kind of Mrs. Masters!" She had quite recovered her usual brightness.

"Yes, indeed," Lily assented; and Phillipa turned to the editorial page of *Old and Young*.

"The editor says he is anxious to discover talent," she said. "I'll send him 'Uncrowned Queens.' I'll only lose a couple of stamps by doing so, and there is just a chance of its being accepted. I'll send it at once."

"Uncrowned Queens," accompanied by a stamped envelope for its return in case of its rejection, journeyed by the next post to the office of the new magazine, where it lay in a heap of congenial company till its turn came to be perused by Herbert Leven. He had cut the piece of colored twine with which Miss Gray usually secured her manuscripts, when the door of the editorial sanctum was thrown open. The editor turned in some annoyance from his desk; but the expression of his countenance changed at once:

"Charlie Temple!" he exclaimed, rising and holding out his hand. "Where in the world have you come from?"

"From the Hotel Metropole lastly," the intruder laughed. "I landed yesterday at Southampton from India."

"Uncrowned Queens" had fallen to the floor, and lay there while the two friends sat and discussed the events and changes of a decade of years.

"And you never married, Temple?" the editor replied after a time.

"Not I. *You* did," Temple said.

But Leven shook his head.

"You were engaged, though, when I sailed for India, to—wait a second. I have a first-rate memory for names. Yes, it was to Marion Ashbourne."

"We were not engaged exactly," Leven corrected; "but I cared for Miss Ashbourne, and I thought she did for me."

"And did she not?"

"I was a fool."

"Most of us are fools," Temple remarked. "In what way did your particular foolishness display itself?"

Leven hesitated.

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you. The Ashbournes lived in Surrey, and one evening I bicycled to Woodford unexpectedly. My way took me past the little railway station, and I saw Marion parting in a manner most affectionate from a young man."

"Well?"

"I returned to London without calling, and discontinued my visits."

"Without asking an explanation?"

Leven nodded.

"He might have been a relative."

"He was, as I found out later. He was her brother, who had fallen under parental displeasure in his youth. He was the black sheep of the family, and was consequently never spoken of. When I learned this, however, old Mr. Ashbourne was dead and Marion had disappeared. I never could find her."

"Did you try?"

"Yes," Leven answered. "She disap-

peared entirely. There were rumors that her father had lost a great deal of his money in speculations."

"And you have never thought of matrimony since?"

Leven smiled.

"What a catechist you are, Temple! Years have not altered you in that respect. Do you remember how you quizzed poor Guy Berry when he first entered our school?"

The talk now drifted to school life and school comrades, and after an hour or so Temple took his leave. Leven sat idle for some minutes after his departure; then, with a rather impious wish concerning authors and manuscripts, he began his work anew by lifting Miss Gray's paper.

"Uncrowned Queens," he muttered, "and a woman's writing!" He read through the first few pages, and made a grimace. "Won't do!" and he threw the manuscript aside.

As he did so, a sheet of thin paper fluttered from among its pages to the floor. Leven lifted it, and glanced at it carelessly.

"Marion Ashbourne!" he ejaculated, as he read the few kindly lines in which the editor of *Women* rejected Phillippa Gray's paper. "Marion Ashbourne! And she is unmarried still! Where does she write from, I wonder?"

He examined the sheet of plain note paper. There was on it neither an address nor the name of the journal that Miss Ashbourne edited.

"I'll have to interview Miss Gray, then, whoever she may be," Leven said, with a laugh that sounded gay in his own ears. "No more work to-day!"

He donned an overcoat, stuck "Uncrowned Queens" in his pocket, and set out for the unfashionable locality where Phillippa and Lily Gray resided. The latter was in bed, and Phillippa was busy remaking a skirt when the servant handed in Herbert Leven's card.

Wild visions of future literary great-

ness, combined with a regret concerning the untidy appearance which her amateur dressmaking had given the room, passed through Phillippa's mind as she hastily rose to greet her very unexpected visitor. Leven took the chair toward which Phillippa motioned him, and extracted her manuscript from his pocket. He had time to notice that the woman's face before him was, for all her years and cares, bright and sympathetic. It was owing to the latter fact, no doubt, that Herbert Leven found himself telling more of Marion Ashbourne's story and his own than he originally intended. Phillippa forgot her disappointment in her interest in a genuine love story.

"Miss Ashbourne edits *Women*," she said, when Leven paused. "I wondered a little that she had not written when the paper was returned. She always does. She has been very kind to me. Do you know the periodical?"

Leven shook his head.

Phillippa scribbled an address on a piece of paper and handed it to her visitor.

"That is Miss Ashbourne's private address."

"Many thanks!"

Leven made his adieux, and Phillippa hastened to tell Lily of his visit.

Three or four days later the sisters were surprised and gratified by a visit from Miss Ashbourne, looking, as Phillippa declared later, years younger than when she had seen her last.

"I have come to ask you to be my bridesmaid," Miss Ashbourne said to Phillippa. "Mr. Leven and I are to be married in a fortnight. I am rather a friendless sort of person, and you have been the means of—" the speaker paused; but Phillippa understood, and gladly consented.

Through the guidance and influence of the Levens, Phillippa is now earning by her pen an income that is not inconsiderable. This is due, she often says, to a rejected manuscript.

Lonely Songs.*

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IN SOLITUDE.

DARK the night is,—dark, with not a single star;
Dark my thoughts are,—dark, straying and
scattered far.

No sound but that of the birds, above my head
in the fog;

The lapwing striking the air, over the lonely bog;
And the plover, like whistle of bullets, cleaving the
gloomy night;

And the screech of the wild geese, fading as higher
they take their flight.

These are the only sounds I hear, and this is why
I am sad.

With only the cry and the call of the birds,—oh,
how can I be glad?

BESIDE A GRAVE.

Why are you so hard, colleen?

Why are you so still?

I wonder do you pity me,

Who have cried my fill?

Lift your pretty head, Noreen,—

Let me see you smile!

Look at me with those dear eyes,

Talk to me a while!

You went down the little road,

Narrow 'tis and dark;

Where you are, there is no light,

Not a single spark,—

Little road that up and down

Thousands fare to sleep;

Those who stop there, silent are;

Those who follow, weep.

Not a word from you, colleen!

There is naught to do

But fall beside you where you lie,

And, weary, rest there too.

BLIGHTED HOPE.

She came to me, like a star from the west,

Through the golden clouds of a summer sky;

And I opened my arms, and my heart was blest,—

But she never paused as she floated by!

She went from me, like a star through the mist;

And my arms fell numb, and my head drooped low.

Oh, vision of Love, unclasped, unvisited!

Why did you come, and why did you go?

* From the Old Irish.

The Struggle for Bread.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE pathetic picture of the sweated seamstress which Hood draws in his "Song of the Shirt"—that echo, pitched in a melancholy minor key, of "the still sad music of humanity"—has its replica in the life of the toiling masses in every large city; that swarm of overworked and underpaid white slaves who by their daily or nightly drudgery earn a scanty wage, a precarious subsistence, which maintains them just barely above the lower level of the submerged tenth.

A writer in a French publication gives us some graphic glimpses of the workers' inner life, hidden from the knowledge of the gay, pleasure-hunting throng of sightseers and *flâneurs* who promenade the Champs Elysées or the Boulevards by day, or crowd the theatres or *cafés chantants* at night.

Leaving out of count the male bread-winners, the number is legion of those female workers who, in the dilapidated dwellings in which they rent a room or two, rise with the dawn and retire to rest when Paris is still amusing itself. Their whole life is one of hard, silent, unremitting toil. At ten years of age they are already workers, these poor creatures; and will continue working until their trembling fingers, weary and worn, shall stiffen with age, paralyzed and powerless, or in death.

The huge army of toilers who are fighting the battle of life in our large cities, engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for bread, can count their heroes and heroines, who battle bravely until they die at their posts, just as well as the armies pitted against each other at the seat of war. The courage, the constancy, the endurance, the self-sacrifice, displayed in many an attic in Paris, London or New York, are on

a par with the like qualities exhibited on the battlefield, though they are not paraded in a newspaper or glorified in a gazette.

Among the French workwomen whom the writer visited in their lodgings—those women for whom existence is so hard and trying,—he did not hear a single despairing imprecation against a too cruel destiny; never, in the course of conversation, caught a discordant note of the sullen revolt of those who are overworked, against the lucky ones who have no need to work.

Though Misery sometimes prowls around these women, it never sits down at their hearths. They even seem to laugh at it—perhaps for fear they might weep,—and to its multiplied menaces respond with songs. For singing is half life to those who have never known any happiness than that of others. It is the song which makes the little room *au sixième* less dreary; it is that which makes the monotonous labor which bends the back and breaks the spirit less painful, which dispels for a moment or two serious preoccupations,—solicitude about the rent to be paid, the bills that are falling due.

The first toiler whom the writer visited was a seamstress who worked for an *entrepreneuse*—a contractor,—or what they call in London a sweater. She lives in one of the most populous districts of Paris—the eleventh *arrondissement*. He found Madame C., with her daughter-in-law, a young woman of about thirty, in a clean, bright, cheerful little room in the Rue des Trois-Bornes.

"You see," said she, "I'm working at rather delicate pieces of linen. I'm now seventy, and I have been sixty years at this work. I've not grown rich by it, it is true; but I've always managed to live. It's the chief thing, isn't it? My poor eyes, however, are now very fatigued; and if I hadn't my daughter-in-law to help me, I think it should go bad with us."

"But no, mamma," put in the young woman. "Your eyes are still very good, and you get through as much work as I do."

The old seamstress smiled, readjusted her spectacles, and put in some little stitches with surprising rapidity.

"And is this work well paid for?"

"Not too bad," replied Madame C. "But what I'm doing now is good, as we say. They are fine chemises, which are sold for thirty francs to customers. They pay us two francs a piece for them. This seems a pretty kind of chemise; but look at these gatherings, these little plaits, these piecings! We two, working from fifteen to sixteen hours, can hardly finish a couple in a day. One must work rapidly like us to get through with it; but it is still more necessary to sew carefully. Our employer is very hard to please. For a mere nothing she'll send back the work; and that is a loss to us, you understand."

"But why don't you try to do without the contractor and work on your own account?"

"Oh, as for that, we mustn't think of it! We have in our time worked for the big houses, but we soon gave it up. They're so exacting and there are so many preferences. If one doesn't please those gentlemen who take in the work, if one is not a little coquettish, one is exposed to the worst pestering,—it is this which won't suit; it is a hem to be done again; plaits to be changed; in short, a heap of little troubles which end in discouragement. We have less trouble with the contractor. She's a very monied woman, and knows as no one else does how to get work passed. She's certainly a little exacting, it is true; but that's nothing in comparison with the superintendents who receive the deliveries. As we are now working, we can keep things moving. We live poorly, but we live. In place of having two rooms, we've only one;

and, *ma foi*, the days go by without too many cares. When my poor son was alive, we were easier. But the brave lad died two years ago; and my daughter-in-law, whom you see, wouldn't leave me. We might be happier, I know, if we could pay for a chicken from time to time, or drink a little good wine; but, *que voulez-vous?* There are people worse off than we are,—those who are left alone with children. Ah, I ask myself how they can avoid dying of hunger!"

"But, mamma," remarked the young woman, smiling, "people don't die of hunger so long as they have health and courage."

"Yes, yes," replied the old dame; "but health and courage diminish little by little with age."

"Come, mamma, no gloomy ideas, or otherwise you'll not get what I promised you for your feast!"

Madame C. looked at her daughter-in-law, and said to her visitor:

"Ah, Monsieur, it is an angel whom the good God has sent me! Without her, I should perhaps be already far away."

And she resumed her stitching on the cambric with renewed earnestness.

The next visit was paid to a large tenement house at the top of Montmartre. Children were playing before the door. Perceiving the visitor, they fled like a flock of sparrows. Seeing a gamin bolder than the rest, who remained in the middle of the street and was regarding him with curiosity, the visitor said:

"Do you know Madame Golian?"

"Yes, m'sieu: she's in that house."

"On what floor?"

"On the fifth. But—stop—there is Gaston! He's going to show you the way; he's Madame Golian's boy."

A few minutes afterward, preceded by Gaston, the visitor ascended the dark winding staircase. On reaching the fifth story, a child opened a door and called out:

"Mamma, it's a gentleman!"

He entered. The mother, who was machine sewing, interrupted her work and came forward.

"Monsieur is no doubt the rent-collector," she said. "I regret very much that you should have put yourself to the trouble; but on the 8th, I promise you, I shall pay the quarter in arrear."

He did his best to put at her ease the good woman, who then took him for an inquirer from the Public Relief Office. She gave him to understand that she had not asked for charity. When, however, she was quite convinced that he was neither a rent-collector nor a relieving officer, she laughed at her double mistake.

"You know," she said, "I'm poor, but I don't need any one's assistance. I have two children—the elder who brought you here, and the one you see at this table about to take his soup,—but I have always succeeded in providing them with all they want. Unfortunately, there's always something in life which goes awry. One works, one falls ill, and suddenly sickness takes hold of one. That's my case, sir. Three months ago I was seized with pains and had to take to bed. Ah, I've suffered much! The sickness was nothing, but what troubled me was the little ones. Happily, a good neighbor cared for them as if they were her own children. There are still some good people, you see. Now I'm fixed up. I've only one quarter in arrear, but I shall pay it on the 30th. I don't want for work, but I'm somewhat fatigued again. It's chiefly the limbs which are not very well, and in my trade the limbs are everything. Think how one must knit to get through a day's work! I machine sew for the dressmakers, the finishers, and housekeepers. I quilt petticoats, mantles, jackets, nightdresses,—everything in fact; and I get a sou (half-penny) per metre."

"A halfpenny per metre? And you manage to live?"

"It must be done. First of all, I've a very cheap lodging: one hundred and twenty francs a year,—that's just thirty francs a quarter. And, then, I spend nothing on myself, since I never go out. It is I who manage for the little ones. There are only boots and stockings, oil, food, and rent. And, taking everything into account—time lost on this and that, work refused, dull season, indispositions not too serious but which oblige one to give up,—I succeed in making on an average from sixty to sixty-five francs a month."

"It's poor, with this burthen of two children."

"Ah, my darlings! if I hadn't them I should perhaps be discouraged. But those boys—that gives me courage and hope. It is they who force me to live. When I lost their father, I really thought it was all up; I didn't think I should be able to struggle all alone. But we must never despond. I took this little lodging, I installed myself here with my machine, and now things are going ahead; and if I wasn't afraid of some serious illness, I should be almost happy. But we mustn't think of that. I shall toil as long as I can, until the day comes when my strength leaves me. But the boys will then be big; and, as they're very fond of me, I think when they'll become workers in their turn, they'll perhaps wish I should rest."

And the good mother caresses her two little ones, who lovingly embrace her.

There, you see, is resignation; but a resignation which has nothing sorrowful about it, and inspires hope, still distant, of better days. When the children shall be big! There is the consoling thought, the real happiness, the sole ideal of that woman, whose strength is daily wasting, but whose heart never grows weak.

The third visit was paid to three

women in the Rue des Bauches, in the midst of Passy. Their poverty touched misery, but it was a cheerful poverty. Mother and daughter were boot-stitchers. The grandmother was bed-ridden. These women had been in almost easy means. They were formerly teachers, but pupils became scarce and trouble ensued. They first sold some articles of furniture, then some more; finally, the landlord came and took what remained, leaving them only three beds.

Then these women became workers; for they were not ashamed of what some people would consider a downfall. They installed themselves, along with the old grandmother, in a more than modest lodging, and began the arduous labor of boot-stitching. Soon the white hands became hardened, but their gaiety never deserted them.

At the moment when their visitor knocked at the door, he heard a sweet, fresh voice singing very prettily the cavatina from "Mignon." On his entrance, the mother, a woman of fifty, with a fine, intelligent face, ceased stitching the leg of a boot, and, at his request, began to give him details of her trade.

"It's hard enough, as you may see. Kid and calf are easily sewed; but with patent leather, particularly cowhide, it's quite another thing. One breaks more than one needle. You can not imagine how the polish fatigues the sight, particularly at night, in the glare of the light. At first I couldn't get my hand into it. My eyes were dazzled. And one must be very careful about what one is doing. You see all those stitches? They must be very regular and very carefully done; for we work for a big house whose customers, like all who pay well, are very hard to please."

"And it is to this house you go to seek work?"

"No, sir. We formerly worked directly

for boot factors, but we had to give it up. We had to go look for boots, wait a long time, then bring them back and stand for hours before receiving our work. Everything taken into account, two days every week on an average were lost. Then we found a bootmaker who lives in the neighborhood, and who gives us as much work as we can well do. We are paid less, it is true; but we haven't to stand so long waiting on coarse, surly bootmakers, sometimes very humiliating."

"And you make—?"

"That depends. I've told you that the polished leather is very hard to sew. When we have that—as now, for instance,—we are distressed. Above all it is the buttoned boots that are difficult. The buttonholes must first be pierced, and the hand is soon fatigued at this work. Then we must work the edges of these buttonholes with the needle, and sew in the buttons. My daughter and I, however, contrive to earn, each of us, nearly ten pence a day; but we mustn't read the paper or remain half an hour at table."

"Why don't you do linen work or finishing? That, perhaps, would be less laborious?"

"We have tried, but we prefer making boots. Linen work is less hard, it is true; but now people have become so exacting that that work does not bring as much. If one works for a big house, one is liable every instant to see the work returned; if one works for a contractor, it's the same thing. As to ladies' boots, it's very rarely they're refused."

"So you don't complain too much?"

"What would be the use of that? At first my daughter and I often cried over this wretched work; but we took heart of grace. My daughter is very cheerful: she sings continually; and, *ma foi*, we work, and laugh and forget our misfortune."

"Besides," interposed the young girl,

"if we were sad, what would grand-mamma say?"

And on the snow-white bed, to which she has been confined for eight years, the grandmother, who can no longer speak, gently shook her head and smiled at the two women with a grateful air.

Some hard things have been said and written from time to time against the sweaters, as the middle-men or middle-women of the labor market are called. But it is apparent from the glimpses we have here of the relations between employer and employed in one of the busiest European capitals, that there is something to be said in their favor; that, perhaps, without them, the position of the poorest of the poor toilers in rooms and attics might be even harder than it is.

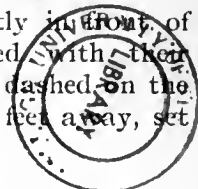
"The House of the Fairy Tale."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IT was a square cottage, low-roofed and low-ceiled, set solidly upon a low granite foundation. The windows and doors were low and broad, and a wide porch ran along the front.

On this porch, on an iron settee, badly in need of a coat of paint, sat a young man and young woman. He was tall, handsome, and square-shouldered, with honest, smiling blue eyes, that looked out upon the world as though he had found it, so far, a very pleasant one to live in. He could not have been more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. She, his junior by several years, had a *petite* figure and a charming face, with a wealth of light chestnut hair that almost covered her small head, around which it was wound in two thick braids like a crown.

Above the door, directly in front of them, where they rested with their backs to the sea, which dashed on the cliffs not three hundred feet away, set



into the wood of the dwelling, was a picture of St. Elizabeth and the roses, painted on a dark brown panel. The artist had no reason to be ashamed of his work. The autumn perspective, the two figures in the foreground—Elizabeth and Louis, her husband,—were finely executed. The look of astonishment on his face was equalled by that of shy surprise on hers, as the roses, red, pink, yellow and white, came tumbling out of her apron to the ground.

"But what a marvel!" exclaimed the young man for the fifth time at least. And when one heard his voice, one knew that English was not his native tongue, though his enunciation was both excellent and cultured. "To think that in this place we should have found the exact counterpart of our picture in the hall at home! We must stay here, heart's dearest! This shall be our dwelling while we remain in this ideal seaside spot,—the prettiest we have seen in America."

"But there is no furniture, Louis," answered the girl, with a smile that turned all her cheeks into bewitching dimples. "And we have no servant. You have heard how it is in this country. If they *know*, they do not stay; and if they *stay*, they do not *know*. And—I do not know myself, to teach anybody."

"Furniture! That is easy to buy, Lieschen. And there must be some place to get meals in this village, I should think."

Before the girl could reply, two ladies turned the corner of the house and began to ascend the steps.

The gentleman rose, cap in hand.

"Excuse us," he began. "You are perhaps the owners of this pretty place. My wife and I admire it so much that we would like to rent it."

"It is not for rent," answered the taller of the newcomers, politely. "We are going to occupy it ourselves—for

the first time. We have never seen it before to-day."

"Ah, that is too bad that we can not rent it!" rejoined the young man, in a disappointed tone. "But it is good for you to see it, is it not? A lovely old house, I think."

"It is *that* which especially recommends itself to us," observed his wife, pointing to the picture. "I, too, am Elizabeth."

"You know it, then?" said the younger and smaller of the girls. "Yet it is that, they tell us, which has kept it vacant when other houses less desirable have been occupied. People in this neighborhood are rather prejudiced against Catholics, and do not care for St. Elizabeth's Cottage."

"That is strange," replied the young man. "We are not Catholics, yet we love the dear St. Elizabeth. My wife is even—very far back—of her family; and she has been said to resemble her."

"Not so much, Louis, as this young lady," said his wife, who had been intently regarding the younger girl.

The latter laughed and turned to her sister.

"A strange coincidence, is it not, Grace?" she said. Then addressing herself to the young couple, she added: "And we are said to be of the same family, also very far back,—at least that is the legend which has been handed down to us."

Husband and wife exchanged glances.

"You are Germans?" inquired the gentleman.

"Three hundred years away," answered the elder girl.

"Your names, if I may be so bold?"

"Our name is Anat."

"And ours Anhalt," said the gentleman, after a slight hesitation. "They were perhaps originally the same."

"No doubt," rejoined the elder sister; while the younger fingered a seal that hung from her watch-chain.

"Perhaps you may know this coat-of-

arms," she said, detaching and handing it to the stranger.

"It is our own," he replied gravely, passing it to his wife.

"Yes, the very same!" she said.

"We must be cousins, then," continued the younger girl, smilingly. "Poor relations together!"

Her sister looked at her reprovingly.

"Elizabeth is thoughtless sometimes," she remarked. "But she means no discourtesy."

"Elizabeth? That is my name also," repeated the young wife.

"And you are alike!" exclaimed her husband.

It was true: as they sat side by side on the iron settee, looking up at the picture, they certainly resembled it and each other.

"Ah, what a pity it is that we can not live together in St. Elizabeth's Cottage!" exclaimed the girl. "It would be like a fairy story."

"And why not?" asked the young man. "Would there not be room?"

"But there is no furniture," rejoined the elder sister. "I will tell you just how we are situated. This cottage was left to us by our great-aunt, who was Elizabeth's godmother. She—another Elizabeth, by the way,—treasured the picture which has been in the family for generations. There is a story of a younger son who married a peasant girl, was disowned by his father, and came to this country. But that is all past and gone; it does not matter now; and we are first of all Americans. My sister and I have been teaching school for several years. We are worn out with work. But we have managed to save enough to enable us to live in idleness for at least a year. We intend to spend it in our cottage. We came down this morning, bringing with us only the most necessary articles of furniture, simply because we can not afford to buy any more. We shall have to be very, very economical. There! I

have been frank with you—for the sake of our relationship," she added, with a merry laugh, in which everyone joined.

The young man and his wife spoke in German for a few moments, then he said:

"I, too, will be frank. We are here for a year's stay, I hope; like yourselves, glad to get away from arduous duties. We are in love with this place. If you will allow me, I agree to furnish the house, simply but suitably, at my own expense, on condition that you receive us as boarders. When we leave, I promise that we will make an arrangement as to the furniture which shall be satisfactory. Our tastes are very simple. Whatever suits you will please us equally well. And we feel sure that we shall get on together—for," he concluded, with an air of good-fellowship, "blood is thicker than water."

The proposed arrangement appealed to all. In a few moments the party were inside selecting rooms, and everybody smiling and delighted. It was decided that the long, wide hall should be common property,—a kind of reception and drawing-room. On one side were a bedroom and dining-room, which could be used as a sitting-room for the sisters. On the other, two small bedrooms, and a little apartment which the young wife at once laughingly called her "boudoir," were reserved for the use of the guests. The tiny kitchen served for all necessary uses.

When all was settled, the women-folk went to the hotel for a few days, while the man of the household repaired to the city to purchase the furnishings. He must have given *carte blanche* to the tradesmen; for in a very short time the cottage presented a homelike and in some respects a luxurious appearance.

As soon as they were installed, the sisters showed their genius for house-keeping. Never was there a happier family than that now domiciled under "St. Elizabeth's" roof: the husband

and wife in perfect union of thought and sentiment; the two girls affectionate beyond the fashion of ordinary sisters; the entire quartette congenial and amiable. Young Mr. Anhalt worked daily in the garden, soon transforming it into a bower of beauty. All their leisure time was spent out of doors, walking, sitting on the rocks, swimming, and sailing.

Somehow, it had come to be a fixed opinion in the minds of the sisters that the Anhalts were people of moderate means; like themselves, on a necessary but limited vacation. The board they insisted on paying seemed exorbitant to their hostesses, who had qualms of conscience about accepting it.

Thus passed six happy months, when one morning Mr. Anhalt suddenly uttered an exclamation, dropped the daily paper he had been reading, and went indoors. In a few moments he reappeared with his wife, both looking serious and disturbed.

"We must go," said the young man, abruptly. "We must leave you, and at once. This is totally unforeseen, but what, after all, might have been expected. We have passed here, in this delightful spot and your delightful company, hours which we shall never forget. Remember us, dear friends; and we, too, shall always remember. As to the furniture, the small sum we paid you for our board was never sufficient. We beg that you will accept these poor household goods as extra compensation. For them we can not take money. Say not a single word against it, if you love us—as we think you do."

Then came tears and regrets, but no questions. The Anhalts went as they had come—quietly, almost mysteriously,—and the sisters were left alone.

Letters came from London, Paris, and Berlin; but as the travellers had, strangely enough, given no address, the letters had to remain unanswered.

At the expiration of a year, when the sisters were beginning to wonder whether they should not be obliged to rent "St. Elizabeth's Cottage" and fare forth again to labor for their daily bread, a communication arrived from New York saying that the sum of ten thousand dollars was awaiting their disposal in a certain bank, in payment of an old legacy which had been in the German courts for years. They had not known of any such legacy; but, being able to rent their cottage, went at once to New York, were identified, drew a tenth of their legacy, and betook themselves to Europe for a holiday.

For several months they wandered frugally about, reserving to the last their visit to the whilom domains of the dear St. Elizabeth. They drank, at Erfurt, from the cup the saint's lips had so often touched, plucked a handful of grasses from her ancient garden, and stood thoughtfully and prayerfully beside the ruins of "St. Elizabeth's Fountain."

And then one morning, having tarried overnight at an ancient and curious mountain inn, they rose very early in order to make ready to pursue their homeward journey. The sun was just peeping from behind the farthest hilltop when Elizabeth stepped forth into the little balcony in front of their many-paned window. Suddenly an open carriage, drawn by two magnificent black horses, appeared at a bend of the road, coming from the direction of the castle. The driver and outrider were in rich, plain livery; inside sat a lady and gentleman. Both glanced upward at the same moment, their eyes meeting those of the girl on the balcony. Pleasure, surprise, regret were mingled in the look of recognition with which they greeted her. She leaned forward, as though to speak; they bowed, still smiling, and the carriage speeded quickly onward.

The innkeeper was standing in front of the hostelry.

"Tell me," said Elizabeth from the balcony,—“tell me, good sir, who were that lady and gentleman?”

"That lady and gentleman!" exclaimed the host. "Why, the Duke and Duchess, of course! Who else, *gnädiges Fräulein*? You know them not? They are on their way to catch the train. They go to England, to the Golden Jubilee of their cousin, Queen Victoria."

"The Duke and Duchess of what?" asked the girl, as soon as she could find words to speak.

"Of Hesse-Anhalt and Dessau,—our most kind and gracious sovereign."

"Do they travel much?" inquired Elizabeth, after a moment's pause.

"Not now, though formerly they were always travelling. But since the death of the old Duke, who was the uncle of our Louis and his Elizabeth also—for they are cousins,—they have remained at home till now."

"Ah!" murmured Elizabeth, almost speechless, as she turned to find her sister, who had seen and heard all, standing behind her at the window.

The sisters are living happily once more in their cottage by the sea, which they now call "the house of the fairy tale." Yet, such simple souls are they that they have never for a single moment connected with the Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Anhalt and Dessau the "legacy" which enables them to live in content and ease.

The Hour Comes.

AS when the tide has slowly ebbed away,
 Leaving all bare the shining strand,
 Then turns, and flinging wide its spray
 Rushes impetuous up the sand,
 Thus Israel's hope had reached the farthest deeps,
 When suddenly the tide of waiting turned,
 And expectation rose with eager sweeps,
 Bearing the hour for which men yearned.

...

A Catholic Composer's Masterpiece.— Vienna's Verdict.

THE élite of the musical world, the cultured music-lovers of Vienna, have set the seal of their approbation on Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius." The musical setting of Cardinal Newman's sublime poem was already known and appreciated in England; but, since it is of a nature that appeals rather to the classes than the masses, it had not gone much farther afield. The enthusiasm with which the first performance was received in the city of Mozart—not prone to confer its favors lightly—is the leading theme of Austrian and German journals at the present moment. The great Musikverein Saal, the most spacious hall in Vienna, was, on Thursday, November 16, filled to overflowing by critics and musicians eager to hear the most famous work of one whose previous compositions had aroused intense interest.

Sir Edward's string quartette had won a favorable reception last year; but the serious public of Vienna has prejudices against English music, which generally presents itself to their notice in the form of trivial and superficial light operettas; so that the artists who undertook the rendering of the "Dream" had to face a keenly critical audience. It was a Russian tenor, Mr. Senius, who sang the part of Gerontius, and his magnificent organ did full justice to the beauty of Elgar's melodies. Herr Rychard Mayr, of the Vienna Court Opera, took the bass; and Madame Rose Swertka, as Angel, thrilled the enchanted listeners by the sweetness of her notes.

An orchestra of eighty instruments, a chorus of two hundred and fifty superbly-trained voices, and the inspired leadership of Herr Franz Schalk, combined to give a fitting presentment

of the English composer's beautiful conception. Among the audience, the unusually large attendance of priests (alas, to them, as to all worshippers of the Sublime and Pure, how often are the doors of theatre and opera closed!) excited considerable notice, and in many instances they led the applause.

Among the scores which aroused most enthusiasm is the harmonious change from the scale of D major to that of B major, in which the attendant priest intones his brief prayer at the dying man's bedside. Indeed, Vienna's musicians remain struck beyond all else at the perfectly original transfer chords and unwonted modulations which reveal such undreamed-of possibilities in the ancient art of music. Gerontius' soft appeal, "Into Thy hands, O Lord!" was a masterpiece of delicious intonation, and left a profound impression on heart, ear, and brain at the close of Part I.

In the second part, the solo of Gerontius, who learns that his soul has yet to be cleansed, and the duet, "I see not the Wicked," were perhaps most effective; but the climax of judicious and puissant orchestration reached in the chorus, "Praise to the Holiest in the Highest," envelops all else in its inimitable grandeur. The hymn, at first softly murmured by the harps, and gradually swelling till it makes the very roof "overflow with harmony," remains one of the noblest tributes ever offered from humanity to its Creator.

The perfect stillness that followed the last note was the most eloquent appreciation as yet received by Elgar in any land. But the earthly feelings, for a while awed by heavenly symphonies, only broke forth with more violence after having been suppressed. The storm of applause was deep and prolonged. Not this, however, but the significant pause at the close, marks the beginning of a new musical era.

To cull the chief of the critics' eulogies is not possible at the present moment, when discussions and technical explanations of the oratorio's merits are in full swing. Here are, however, some of the characteristics noted by the Viennese masters: an entire absence of effort or wish to create a startling impression, as evidenced in the natural and easy handling of the most complicated and brilliant passages; an unaccentuated softness and beauty in rich, pregnant fugues; and a masterly graduation of sound which leads to the tremendous force of the choirs.

After due allowance is made for the fascination exercised by the illusion of a momentary glimpse of Paradise, it remains admitted that Sir Edward Elgar, who can not be traced to any known school of modern music, has produced a work which—while it would suffice for his fame that he had not fallen below the elevation of his theme—ranks as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, composition of modern times.

B. H.

Lessons by St. Francis.

THERE is nothing more noticeable in the character of the Saint of Assisi than his exquisite tenderness toward the temporal needs of his brethren, the wise temperateness with which he ordered and arranged everything pertaining to their physical well-being, or the simplicity of his directions in the matter of each individual requirement. He even went so far as to say that mortification, when carried to that excess which incapacitated a man from performing his duties with exactness, was really self-indulgence. His general teaching is to the effect that, as the body is to be used only as an instrument of the spirit, it should be guided in such manner that it will be as useful and perfect an instrument as possible;

inasmuch as if a servant does not nourish himself, or is not given, by his master, sufficient nourishment and care to render him capable of doing his duty, he can be neither a good nor a faithful servant.

We have in the beautiful "Fioretti" a vivid picture of the manner in which the Seraph of Assisi made a practical application of this wise and prudent doctrine.

"Once on a time," writes Brother Leo, that quaint and delightful chronicler, "when blessed Francis began to have Brothers, and was staying with them at Rivo Torto, near Assisi, it happened one night, when all the Brothers were asleep, about midnight, one of them called out and said: 'I am dying,—I am dying!' And all the Brothers woke up in horror and fear. And blessed Francis got up and said: 'Arise, Brothers, and kindle a light.' And when the light was kindled, he said: 'Who is he that said, "I am dying"?' The Brother replied: 'It is I.' And he said to him: 'What is wrong with you, Brother?' And he said: 'I am dying of hunger.' Then blessed Francis had a meal prepared at once; and, as a man full of love and discernment, ate with him, *lest he might be ashamed to eat alone; and at his desire, all the other Brothers ate also.*"

Could anything have been more exquisitely kind, courteously discreet, and at the same time more winningly simple than this action on the part of St. Francis, through love and care for the Brother, who might have been "ashamed to eat alone"? And when all was finished, he made them a little discourse, which he concluded as follows: "My will is, and I enjoin it upon you, that each of the Brothers, as our poverty allows, satisfy his body according to his need."

An incident still more touching, and bearing upon the same subject, occurred also at Rivo Torto.

"Another time, when blessed Francis was at the same place, a Brother, who was very spiritual, was ill there, and very feeble. And blessed Francis, taking note of him, was moved with pity for him; but because at that time Brothers in health and sickness treated poverty as abundance, with great joyousness, and used no medicines in their infirmities, and even felt no need of them, but rather preferred to take things harmful to the body, blessed Francis said within himself: 'If the Brother were to eat some ripe grapes in the very early morning, I believe it would do him good.' So he reflected and acted accordingly.

"For he got up one day in the very early morning, and called that Brother secretly, and took him to a vineyard which was near the colony. And he chose a vine on which there were good grapes for eating; and, sitting with the Brother near the vine, he began to eat some grapes, for fear that the Brother should be ashamed to eat alone. And while they were eating, the Brother was set free [meaning that his ailment departed]; and together they praised the Lord."

Incidents such as these, recorded by an eye-witness, never lose their flavor, but come down to us through the centuries that have elapsed since the son of Peter Bernadon cast aside his raiment in the streets of his native city, and, in the sight of his former frivolous companions, went forth to enter upon the mission of love and labor he was never to lay down till he cast aside the body which had hampered him, and went forth to Paradise, singing psalms and praising God.

It was the great St. Augustine that said: "They are the most uncharitable toward error who have never experienced how hard a matter it is to come at the truth."

Notes and Remarks.

The final abolition of the Concordat relieves to a great extent the situation in France. The thing is done, and at last all parties can breathe freely. It was the inevitable, which a Frenchman always knows how to accept. But the vote of the Senate, 181 to 102, shows that the opinion of the members on this much-vexed question was more evenly divided than had been supposed. The radical press was confident that only a few members would be found to oppose the measure after the last debate. To all French Catholics, the prudence of the Pope in avoiding any word or act calculated to precipitate matters must now be plain. He becomes master of the situation, and at last has a free hand. That he will act with promptness, energy and wisdom, there is no reason for doubting. The French government stands convicted before the world of monstrous hypocrisy and injustice. But the Church can withstand this as she has often done in the past; and her enemies in France will see before many years that what was intended to work injury has made for amelioration. The time had come for separation of Church and State in France; and although retardment may be the immediate outcome of the rupture, greater progress of the Church will be the ultimate result.

An appeal that is sure to go straight to the heart of the hierarchy and clergy of the United States is contained in a letter of the Apostolic Delegate in the Philippines, addressed to the superior of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, London. Mgr. Agius writes:

There is a very large field for labor out here. Hundreds of parishes are vacant, the whole population is Catholic, and entire provinces are at the mercy of schismatics and of Protestants, who work with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

I need not say that the coming of your missionaries in sufficient numbers would be of great advantage to the Church here, and to our holy religion. It breaks my heart to see so many thousands of souls imploring for priests and dying without the sacraments. Your Fathers would have to come out at their own expense; at the present moment the bishops can not afford to give any money, as they have to struggle themselves to keep things going. Now, Very Rev. Father, please give this matter your most earnest consideration; and for the love of God, and the many thousands of souls here deprived of spiritual help, do your best and give this appeal a favorable answer. I have had many disappointments: do not give me another if you can help it.

Father Henry states that he could send seven or eight priests to the Philippines before the end of the year, if he had the money to pay their passage. The mere statement ought to be enough to raise the needed cash in short order. If Mgr. Agius has been appealing to bishops and the heads of religious Orders in the United States, we have not heard of it. We hope that the disappointments to which he refers were not occasioned in this country, where—at least in many places—there are priests to spare and money to burn.

Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, more especially the section known as Anglo-Catholics, are not pleased with the Russian Archbishop of New York; and it is probable that for a long time to come we shall hear little about the "friendship and loving brotherhood" said to exist between Anglicanism and the Russian Greek Church. The story of the unpleasantness may be told in a few words. For some reason or other, an Episcopalian clergyman in Pennsylvania fell out with his bishop, and applied for admission into the Orthodox fold and ministry. He would have nothing further to do with Bishop Talbot. Instead of recognizing the applicant's orders, the Russian prelate treated him as an ordinary layman, giving him Con-

firmation, and advancing him to the priesthood by the usual steps. The only deviation from the custom of the Russian Church was that the candidate was not required to pass a year as deacon before being ordained priest. Hence the present coolness between the Protestant Episcopal bishops and clergy and the Russian worthy, and the chagrin of the Anglican laity, who have been taught to believe that the orders of the Church of England were recognized by the Church of Russia.

Our Anglican brethren have been deceiving themselves, and we must be allowed to remark that it is not quite nice of them to say the things they are now saying about the wily Greeks. Many years ago, as everyone knows and as our Protestant Episcopal friends should remember, the Russian reply to overtures from the Anglican side toward intercommunion was: "First be reconciled to your own Patriarch in the West, and then come and talk to us." Apropos of the recent action of the Russian Archbishop, the editor of the *Lamp* does not hesitate to say: "It was sage advice. The way of Reunion for Anglicans is first of all with the Holy See *direct*, and not via St. Petersburg."

It is estimated that no fewer than forty million persons, one-half the population of the United States, are affected by the management of life-insurance companies. In view of this fact and of recent revelations of flagrant dishonesty on the part of prominent financiers, it is probable that no portion of the President's message to Congress will be read with more general interest than his recommendation of federal supervision for insurance corporations. On this subject he says, in part:

Recent events have emphasized the importance of an early and exhaustive consideration of this question, to see whether it is not possible to furnish better safeguards than the several States have been able to furnish against corruption

of the flagrant kind which has been exposed. It has been only too clearly shown that certain of the men at the head of these large corporations take but small note of the ethical distinction between honesty and dishonesty; they draw the line only this side of what may be called law honesty,—the kind of honesty necessary in order to avoid falling into the clutches of the law. Of course the only complete remedy for this condition must be found in an aroused public conscience, a higher sense of ethical conduct in the community at large, and especially among business men, and in the great profession of the law, and in the growth of a spirit which condemns all dishonesty, whether in rich man or in poor man, whether it takes the shape of bribery or of blackmail. But much can be done by legislation which is not only drastic but practical. There is need of a far stricter and more uniform regulation of the vast insurance interests of this country.

We fancy most persons will be of President Roosevelt's opinion that if the Federal Government has no power with respect to domestic transactions in insurance of an interstate character, legislation to confer such power is an urgent need.

Under the caption, "Chasing a Religious Rainbow," the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* deals with the effort to introduce into the schools of Jamaica what is called "undenominational religion," in the form of a short catechism which purports to set forth "the Christian doctrine and moral teaching commonly held by most, if not all, Christians." We are less interested in the Jamaica plan than in some of the *Inter-Ocean's* comments thereon. One admission we are glad to see it make is this: "Of course all real statesmen recognize that morals must have a religious sanction in order to be efficient for public or private righteousness."

Its next sentences are not so clear. "But for the State to attempt to enforce the acceptance of this sanction by its citizens would be to make God no longer universal but national. Hence it is difficult to understand why it should be regarded as a duty of the

schoolmaster, an employee of the State, to teach religion." Yet it should not be difficult to understand that, if a parent furnishes his child with both the secular instruction which the State exacts of its citizens and the morals that have a religious sanction, then the State is in honesty bound to relieve the parent from the onus of paying for the education of other people's children. The Chicago paper's viewpoint is thus set forth in its concluding paragraph:

To supply the religious sanction for morals is a duty which has been shifted, through the changed conception of the State, from the State to the home and the Church. Religion is no longer a benefit which they receive from the State: it is a benefit the State receives from them, and which it is their duty to the State to confer. Attempts to shift this duty back upon the State, and to relieve the Church and the home of their responsibility, are efforts to turn the stream of history backward, and are, in effect, merely the chasing of a religious rainbow.

Even on the supposition that this viewpoint is correct, the State in this country still owes the Catholic Church for the instruction, other than religious, which is being given to the children in our parochial schools.

It is regrettable that better facilities do not exist for the education of Catholic Negroes in this country. While about ninety of the fifteen hundred students at Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute are Catholic, as are also several women among the one hundred and twenty colored instructors at that normal and industrial college, there ought to be at least one such institution under purely Catholic auspices. Instead of that's being the case, however, the following is the actual condition. We quote from a letter of the Rev. Joseph Butsch:

While young Negroes have many opportunities in secular and Protestant colleges, which are thronged by them, there are scarcely any Catholic colleges for them. St. Joseph's College, of Montgomery, Ala., admits Negro students, giving

them a training to fit them for catechists and teachers. This college, however, has not sufficient financial support. It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact that St. Joseph's College, about the only Catholic college in the country for young colored men, is hampered and sometimes distressed by a lack of funds. Unlike the secular and Protestant colleges, it has no wealthy patrons. At present it receives no support from any society or association. It is solely dependent on small contributions sent in by charitably disposed Catholics of moderate means. The college has now about twenty-five students. At present only a small board and tuition fee can be required of them, and some are too poor to pay anything.

Here, we submit, is an opportunity for excellent work on the part of wealthy American Catholics whose charities do not apparently, save in exceptional cases, grow as rapidly as their millions.

Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, has received from the Holy Father a congratulatory letter, warmly applauding the Canadian prelate's action in giving a religious character to the annual civil holiday known as Labor Day. "That" says Pius X., "is assuredly a useful work. Thanks thereto, the laborers, we have grounds for hoping, will more vividly remember the benefits which in every age the Church has lavished upon them. They will learn, too, that to secure prosperity even in this world, they have only to take for the rule of their conduct the Gospel, and for their model Jesus Christ, who, having made Himself poor, passed a great part of His life in a carpenter's shop."

The Sovereign Pontiff's letter, and the action which prompted its writing, suggest the thought that the cause of anarchy, or of that socialism which is merely anarchy in disguise, is not likely to make much headway among the laboring classes of Montreal.

The case of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert is a lesson in caution to readers and a striking rebuke to reckless

writers. Since 1785 this unfortunate woman has been under a cloud, reviled by politicians and the press, insulted by both the élite and the mob. At long last, however, truth has prevailed. Indisputable proof of her marriage is presented in Mr. W. H. Wilkins' new book, "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV." The author does full justice to the injured lady, showing how her real devotion to her husband personally, as well as a sense of his interests as sovereign, influenced her in refusing to take any step in vindication of her honor so long as George IV. lived. It was necessary that a parson should officiate at the marriage ceremony; but, as Mrs. Fitzherbert was a practical Catholic, it is more than probable that the union was blessed by a priest, although no documentary proof of this has as yet been discovered. If the researches of Mr. Wilkins do not change the established view of George IV. as the least estimable of his family, they reflect credit on the present King of England, by whose permission they were published.

In support of our reiterated contention that the fundamentals of education are being neglected in the public schools, we quote the following from the letter of a New York gentleman, whom the *Freeman's Journal* humorously styles "a benighted parent," to an ireful school principal:

The best proof that our public schools fail to equip boys for a sphere of usefulness in mercantile houses is the fact that from one end of the city to the other business colleges have sprung up where young men go, and are obliged to go, and at their own expense, in order to acquire that knowledge of bookkeeping, penmanship, spelling and grammar, letter-writing, arithmetic, and business methods, which should have been imparted to them in our schools, and which could be taught to them if there was not so much time devoted to fads that have become the laughing-stock of the community. It is a lamentable fact that thousands of dollars are spent in teaching boys to sew buttons on pieces

of cloth and to make ornamental kindling wood; in the study of "the structure of a soup bone," "the gall bladder of an ox," "the intestines of a sheep," "the stomach of a pig," "corpuscles of frog's blood," and "the circulation of the blood in the tail of a tadpole."

Lest the reader should take the concluding portion of the foregoing paragraph for a piece of rhetorical exaggeration, it may be well to state that the specific deficiency for which the gentleman's son was censured by the principal was the boy's failure to explain how the blood circulates in a tadpole's tail. Biology in the first grade; and, we suppose, psychopathic physiology in the Kindergarten.

In connection with a recent note on the continuance of latent life, for hours even, after the moment of apparent death, our readers may be interested in the following paragraph which we quote from the *Burial Reformer*, a journal published in London:

One of the stock arguments of those medical men who cast ridicule upon the subject of "Premature Burial," and who pooh-pooh all idea of the possibility of people being buried alive, is that the recorded instances are all more or less based upon the stories of irresponsible persons, and are void of reliability or means of verification. Now, if this were true, medical men would themselves be numbered prominently amongst the culprits in this respect; in fact, they would stand out amongst the most irresponsible and unreliable of the persons involved. For what do we find? On carefully analyzing the recorded instances of actual premature burial, and of narrow escapes from premature burial, we discover the significant fact that hundreds of the cases are derived from none other than medical sources, a point which our medical friends would do well to bear in mind in the future. Apart from all the other literature on the subject, one book—namely, "Premature Burial and How it may be Prevented," second edition,—contains the following cases, all of them from medical sources:

Buried alive.....	149
Narrow escapes from burial alive.....	219
Dissected alive.....	10
Narrow escapes from dissection alive.....	3
Burned alive.....	1
Embalmed alive.....	2
Total cases from medical sources.....	384

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Wunder-Kreuz.

A LEGEND OF THE TYROL.



IN that olden time there were still chamois on the mountains, and railroads had not been invented. The princes of Lichtenstein had a great castle on the Schwattrra, which defended the church and the village. But the castle—I forget now in what war it was—was burned down.

Well, one day Guntz the hunter came to the cabin of an old woman who lived at the foot of the Silberberg with a daughter named Efflam. Guntz was very poor. He couldn't chase the chamois any longer because of the autumn fever which gave him the chills. As he was hungry, he asked for a piece of bread, and the old woman replied:

"Lad, I have only the share of Efflam my girl, who will soon be back from the fields where she is minding other people's sheep."

Anon the maiden Efflam entered, clad very poorly, 'tis true, but crowned with a wealth of golden hair brighter than the diadems of queens.

She crossed the room to take her bread; and, breaking it, held out half to the hunter with the remark:

"It is with good will."

Before accepting the bread, Guntz brushed with his lips the little hand that offered it. And, ill as he was, he climbed the mountain, praying to God:

"Lord, let me gain something with which to repay that bread given with good will."

For the first time in a long while he was fortunate in the chase. He brought back a chamois on his shoulders, sold

it, and spent the price in a bouquet of balmy herbs, which he offered to the old woman, saying:

"Mother, I dare not speak to the maiden Efflam, who has the aureole of the saints about her brows; but God inspires me with the thought of asking you to let her be my wife, and so you will have a son."

They were married, Efflam and Guntz, in the church of Kaunitz, by the old pastor who had baptized both of them; and they were very happy. They loved each other, you see, with all the strength and purity of their souls.

Guntz had regained his health, and with the produce of his hunting he alone supported the old mother, his young wife, and the pastor of Kaunitz, too; for the priest had had nothing to live on ever since the war had burned down the castle and ruined the houses of the laborers. May God in His mercy preserve us from war!

Well, the people kept on leaving the country one after another. You could no longer see flocks out on the plains, where the soldiers built great fires of the trees which they daily felled. Soon the soldiers, too, went away, because they had ravaged the land like a swarm of locusts.

And Efflam's old mother died of grief. Then Guntz said:

"Let's go look for fields that have not been devoured by war."

Efflam was willing enough; but the pastor refused to go, saying:

"When my children return, they must find their father here."

So Efflam said to Guntz:

"We must not leave him. What would he do all alone?"

On Sundays, after they had buried the old woman, there were only three

persons in the little church, which began to look large,—the priest to say the Mass, and Efflam and Guntz to hear it. At Holy Communion, the two went up to the altar rail, received and returned to their pew. Then the pastor would preach a sermon full of tears, to which they tearfully listened.

One Sunday Guntz came to Mass alone, and knelt alone at the Communion rail. Slow fever had attacked Efflam and she was not strong enough to go. And the next Sunday nobody came. The pastor said Mass as usual, though the two rows of empty pews seemed to watch him in eloquent silence. With the wine and water mixed in the chalice he drank some of his own tears; but he said: "Lord my God, Thy holy will be blessed!"

After Mass, he took the ciborium from the Tabernacle and carried it to Guntz's cabin, where Efflam, sweet and beautiful, was dying, her pale little hands pressing the crucifix to her bosom.

The pastor knew well enough why no one had attended Mass, but he expected to find Guntz kneeling at Efflam's bedside. She, however, was alone. Where could Guntz be? Efflam told him with an attempt at a smile:

"Father, on the summit of Silberberg, Guntz has found the doe of a chamois with her kid. I thought I'd like some of her milk, and Guntz set off before daylight to get it for me."

And, as it happened, just as Our Lord was come to Efflam in her cabin, Guntz was pursuing the doe on the very summit of the mountain.

"Don't fear!" he cried to the animal, without knowing perhaps that he was speaking. "I don't want to kill either you or your little one. I will never kill anything again,—I whom Death threatens in the dearest half of my heart. Give me only some drops of your milk for her who has been all my joy here below."

And then, raising his eyes, he added: "O Lord Jesus! O Virgin Mother, don't leave me alone, I pray you, in the home where she will be no longer! Grant that we may go to you together, the Sacred Host upon our lips, to be united again in the bliss that knows no ending!"

One can not look up to heaven and down to earth at the same time. Guntz was running on the level rock platform, where there is now planted a black granite cross. Some melted snow upon it had become hardened by the morning frost. Just as Guntz was about to grasp the doe, it made a bound and the hunter's foot slipped. He fell off the platform, which he grasped with both hands, hanging there suspended over the abyss.

From his position, by simply lowering his eyes, he could see the little church's steeple and the open window of his own cabin.

"O Lord!" he thought, "Thou hast heard my prayer: I am going first. Thanks! But the sacred Host, my God,—who will bring it to me here?"

Down below, the pastor had prepared everything for the last Communion of Efflam, despite the absence of Guntz; for the Blessed Sacrament must not be kept without necessity outside the Tabernacle.

When the prayers were concluded, Efflam, with an angelic smile, opened her pallid lips and received the Holy Viaticum. A moment later, as she raised her eyes they fell on the summit of Silberberg, and she uttered a sharp cry. The mountain of silver was radiant with the splendor of the rising sun, and on the spotless white of the background there was a dark shadow; for if Guntz could see the cabin, the cabin could also see him.

Efflam sat up in her bed with a supreme effort, and raised toward God her hands, already chilled.

"Saviour! O Saviour!" she cried, "he

is going to die without me! He is going to die without *Thee*! I have Thee in my heart and he has not. O Divine Saviour, go to him, as Thou hast come to me!"

The old pastor started at these words, for he had at last looked up and seen Guntz. There was, of course, not the least use in his trying to climb the mountain; but instinctively he took several hasty steps toward the door. As he did so one of the Hosts escaped from the ciborium. Efflam saw it, and exclaimed in fervent joy:

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!"

The priest, on the contrary, was in consternation. He was looking for the Host on the floor and could not find it. For the Host had not fallen: it had ascended. God was going whither Efflam had begged Him to go, whither the heart of Guntz was calling Him.

The Host floated up, borne by a mysterious breeze; it sailed through the air, a divine snowflake of love soaring toward heaven.

"We praise Thee, O God!" said the pastor, following with his eye the course of the white star.

"Lord, we confess Thee!" murmured little Efflam, falling back on her couch, dead from joy.

And up, away up on the mountain, Guntz, opening his mouth to receive the Bread of Angels, exclaimed:

"The whole universe adores Thee, Eternal Father!"

His hands were extended; and the pastor, later, found the body resting quietly below the platform like one who had tranquilly fallen asleep upon the grass.

The old priest carried the remains down to the valley and dug only one grave for his two well-beloved children. It was he, too, who with his own hands set up the black granite cross, which is still called in the Tyrolese mountain district the Wunder-Kreuz.

"One of His Jewels."

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

VII.

Next day, when an early meal of polenta had been eaten, and the boys had clattered off to their respective employments—for they worked in shops and yards, and at various occupations,—“the Mother” set her little guest to work at cleaning pots and dishes; and he scrubbed and wiped with much zeal, and with a dainty, gentle grace which quite delighted her.

Presently Don Bosco came in from his round of visits and charities, and called the boy to him:

“Well, *Luigino mio*, I have been to the police, and I find that your master will most likely be kept in prison, so you can have no further dealings with him at present. What will you do?”

Luigi laid his little hand shyly on the good priest’s knee.

“Won’t you please take care of me, Father?”

“I will try, my son,” answered Don Bosco, smiling,—“that is, if Mamma Margherita does not mind adding another bambino to her family!”—and he looked across to his mother.

“Eh, John, you know well enough what I must say; though, indeed, where to find room—but God will provide. He always does. Luigi is almost too small to go out to service. I will keep him to help me in the house and to run errands. You will do that, will you not, little one?”

“*Oh, sì, sì!*” replied Luigi, joyously. “Thank you, Mamma Margherita!”

“And when I have time, I will teach you some lessons,” said Don Bosco. “But you must try your best to learn, for I can not spare time to teach an unwilling pupil.”

“Oh, I will,—I will!” exclaimed the grateful boy.

And so things were settled to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned.

Luigi little knew into what a saintly and world-renowned house the good Providence of God had led him. The Oratory of Don Bosco, at this time in its infancy, was a true, if a very humble, home to some thirty boys, when the little wanderer was adopted as one of her children by good "Mamma Margherita." Their lodgings were cramped and small, their food of the coarsest; but the spirit of love, of piety, of charity, was everywhere. The boys went out to work by day, as if in any other peasant home; returning at evening to the family hearth, the big table from which none ever went away empty, and to the kindly, watchful care of "Father" and "Mother." They were little vagabonds, all of them,—embryo "hooligans," the terror of every civilized community to-day; yet all submissive to the rule of love which had gathered them from the streets and byways of the city.

Those who showed aptitude for study were allowed to devote their time to lessons, taught by their beloved founder and Father, Don Bosco; and our hero soon became one of this little band. All day long he read and studied—arithmetic, history, geography, even a little Latin,—partly with the *Padre* as he sat by the fireside on the long winter evenings, Breviary or school-book in hand, amid the homely clatter of a violin strumming in one corner, a squeaky slate-pencil working over sums in another, or an elder boy teaching the first words of the "Our Father" to the latest arrival—a little wild-eyed vagabond, half starved and stultified with cold and ill-treatment.

Luigi was as happy as the days were long, as the saying is, and had forgotten Giuseppe the bear-leader, and Stefano the shepherd, and even his own father, Antonio the baker, far away in hot, stuffy Mentone.

VIII.

"Mamma Margherita," said Don Bosco one morning, as he took down his stick and prepared to go out as usual on one of his many errands of mercy,—“Mamma Margherita, it is no use disguising the fact: you do really want a new gown.”

"I, John? Nonsense!"

"Yes, yes, *madre*! You need not deny it. Look there, how faded is that piece in front! And there, a great patch!"

"It is good enough for me, John."

"No, no, nothing is too good for you, mother. I must think for you, if you will not think for yourself. Tell me now, what is the price of a new piece of stuff?"

"Oh, a ten lira piece would cover it well! But I tell you I do not need it."

"Look here now!" said Don Bosco, putting two fingers into his pocket. "It is not often that we have the money to spare, but to-day I have it, and I do not wish my good mother to go threadbare. If you please, *madre*, kindly procure a new gown with this."

He laid a ten lira piece upon the table before her, took up his stick and departed.

"Oh, dear, dear man!" exclaimed his mother, casting a look full of affection after him. "Was ever so good, so generous a son? Eh, Luigi?"

"You are good too, Mamma Margherita," responded the child gravely, putting down the spoon with which he had been scraping a polenta bowl.

"Oh, what does it matter about me, an old woman, good but to wash dishes! I can wear anything. I am sure he is more in need of clothes than I am. I'll just go upstairs and take a look at his shirts."

"But if you do not buy a new gown for yourself he will be vexed," suggested Luigi.



"Well, well, it is true! But there! The idea of spending all that gold piece upon a poor old woman! I'll tell you what I will do, Luigi. I will go and look over the bales of cloth in some of those hucksters' booths in the market. They often sell soiled or damaged lengths at a bargain. I won't get cheap, flimsy stuff, for that doesn't pay; but a damaged length, something of that kind. And then I shall have enough left to get the Father, say a half dozen new handkerchiefs or an additional shirt. *Ecco!*" she concluded triumphantly. "And meanwhile, as for this gold piece"—she took it up, and looked round the room,—“here—here is my bank!” And she dropped it into a cracked china coffee-pot which stood upon the shelf. “Now I go to make the beds, and do you feed the fowls with those potato skins.”

And her firm footsteps were soon heard moving hither and thither overhead.

Luigi, in his turn, rose from the table to begin his day's work; but as he piled up the empty basins which had held their polenta, his eye fell upon the china “bank” of Mamma Margherita. “A gold piece!” he thought. “It is long since I even saw such a thing.” And, with the insatiable curiosity of childhood, the next minute he had climbed on a wooden chair, lifted the lid, and held the ten lira piece in his hand. “*E vero!* It is gold,—real gold!”

“Eh, what is that?” said a voice; and, looking down, he saw Sandro, one of the biggest of the boys, standing in the doorway and staring at him.

Luigi hastily dropped the gold piece back into its hiding-place and scrambled down to the floor.

“What's that?—what were you doing?”

“Nothing, nothing!” hurriedly answered the child, gathering up a pile of plates and carrying them away into the back shed where they were

washed,—we can not call it “scullery,” for such places are unknown in Italian or French houses.

Sandro remained standing in the kitchen, and his small eyes took an expression of low cunning as they followed the retreating little figure.

“So he has been helping himself to something, has he?” was his mental comment, as, after assuring himself that Luigi was out of sight, he jumped up to the shelf in his turn, and peeped into the china pot.

“Oho! gold, indeed, Master Luigi!” he exclaimed. “Here are fine doings! He must have stolen this somewhere.” He took the gold piece in his hand, and, like Luigi, fingered it lovingly. “Ten lire! Gold! *Corpo di Baccho!* I would that it were mine!”

As he spoke Mamma Margherita's cheery voice came down the stairs.

“Luigi? Who is there? Here, some one!”

Sandro jumped off the dresser and flew out of the house, perhaps hardly conscious, as he ran, that he held the gold piece in his hand.

“Eh, well, I have got it now!” he said to himself, as, after a swift dash down the street, he turned aside under a dark archway. “The little beggar! He has lost his ill-gotten gains. ‘Lightly come, lightly go,’ says the proverb. But where shall I hide it?” He looked all over his well-patched clothes, and decided that they formed no safe hiding-place. “I have it!” he said to himself. “My boots! The very thing!” He unfastened one of them, lifted up the inner sole, and slipped the gold piece inside. “Even should they find it, I can easily say I knew nothing of it; for I must think it over. What will be the best way to spend it? Something that will give me a start in life? Or—I have it! The lottery! I must look about for a lucky number.”

Our readers will scarcely need to be reminded that the government lotteries

afford the favorite and universal form of gambling among the Italian people; and every chance indication of a "lucky number" is eagerly seized upon by high and low. Sandro, like most of his companions, was ready to beg, borrow or steal the smallest sum that could be staked in that national pastime,—we had almost said pursuit; and now, having hidden his treasure-trove, he strode whistling off to his day's work.

IX.

As the next day, being market-day, was that on which Madame Bosco proposed to make her great purchase, there was no necessity for resorting to the china coffee-pot during the day; so it was only after supper that evening that, Don Bosco having inquired of his mother about the new gown, she remembered her "bank," and took down the pot for the purpose of exhibiting the precious ten lira piece to their eager audience.

"I am going to buy it to-morrow; yes, really!" she announced. "And here is the money, quite safe and ready!"

So saying, she lifted the lid, with something of a dramatic air. But here it was *not*; and the good woman stood as it were transfixed, the coffee-pot in one hand, the lid in the other, gazing perplexedly into its china depths.

"Eh, what? It was certainly in here that I put it. Who saw me do it? You, Luigi!"

All eyes turned with one accord upon the unfortunate child, who sat speechless, gazing straight at Madame Bosco, his cheeks blazing, and a very frightened, if not exactly guilty, look in his eyes, which the eager stare of some dozen or so young eyes did not tend to dissipate.

"Luigi, you remember my putting the gold piece into this pot, do you not?" went on Madame Bosco, unsuspectingly, putting on the lid with a puzzled air.

"Ye—s—yes, Mamma Margherita,"

stammered the child, growing redder and redder.

"Did you see it afterward?—did you touch it?" questioned Madame Bosco, somewhat sharply.

Luigi made no answer for a moment; but presently, dropping his head down upon the table, he burst into a passion of tears.

Meanwhile Sandro, who had been listening, with a look of surprise on his somewhat cunning face, got up softly and went out. He did not quite like the revelation that it was Madame Bosco's money he had taken, and not Luigi's.

And now Don Bosco, looking up from his Breviary, interposed.

"Perhaps it has fallen on the shelf, *madre*; or else—we will see later," he said gently. It was not quite an impossibility, he felt, that some one of their little flock had been tempted by the gold, and he was reluctant to be hard on the sinner. So he signed to the boys to continue their usual evening avocations; and when bedtime came, Luigi was desired to remain behind.

"Can you tell us anything about this lost money, *bambino*?" was the good *Padre*'s first question to the frightened child. "You saw Mamma Margherita put it into the coffee-pot, did you not?"

"Yes, Father," whispered Luigi.

"And did you see it afterward?"

A fresh burst of tears was the only answer.

"Come, tell me. Did you take it?"

"N—n—no, Father," sobbed the child.

"Do you know who did?"

"No," whispered Luigi again.

"Very well, then; go to bed. Good-night!"

And the child crept away, sobbing still; for he felt half guilty in having looked at, and wished for, the money; and there was a confused sense of fear or guilt in his little brain which he could neither disentangle nor express. He had quite forgotten the entrance of

Sandro; and when he crept back, sobbing and tearful, to the common dormitory where the rest of the boys were already in bed, they one and all concluded that he had taken the money, had confessed, and been forgiven. And so they fell asleep.

But Sandro was by no means easy in his mind. He dared not approach Luigi on the subject, yet feared he might have told Don Bosco of his (Sandro's) sight of the coin. So next morning, when the rest of the boys had gone to work, he lingered round the table where Madame Bosco was laying out some work.

"Mamma Margherita?"

"Well, Sandro?"

"Have you found the gold piece yet?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! I—I thought—perhaps I ought to tell you something."

"By all means. What is it?"

Madame Bosco looked up sharply. She was somewhat brusque at times, as what energetic woman would not be, surrounded by a houseful of merry, noisy, mischievous boys?

"That morning, you know, that you put the money into the coffee-pot—well, I went into the kitchen some time after, and—and" (he was watching Madame Bosco's face as he said this)—"I saw Luigi with it in his hand."

A spasm of pain passed over Madame Bosco's face. Luigi was her favorite among all the boys. She loved him and believed in him.

"Did he see *you*?" she asked.

Sandro hesitated. If Luigi had mentioned his entry into the kitchen, it would be as well to corroborate it. If not, ignorance was safer. So he hesitated.

"I—I think not," he said at length.

"Then you think—"

Madame Bosco broke off, and looked appealingly at Sandro, who inwardly congratulated himself on the success of his scheme.

"Oh, please, Mamma Margherita,

don't accuse him on account of anything I have said! He *may* have put it back, you know."

"Yes, but apparently he did not," responded Madame Bosco, bluntly. "Still, what would he have done with it?"

"He would of course hide it till—till the thing is forgotten," suggested Sandro, glibly. "Have you searched anywhere?"

"Not yet. But there, say not a word to any of your companions, Sandro. I would rather lose the money than have any one accused unjustly."

And Sandro, well pleased, slipped off to his day's work, and to read the numbers of the last prizes in the government lottery.

That night, as Luigi lay trying to sleep, amidst the more or less audible slumbers of his companions, a quiet figure, carrying one of the rude tallow dips still in use in that far-off region, bent over to scan his face; and then, from his half-open eyes, he saw Madame Bosco gently take up and examine each article of his clothing one by one—shoes, pockets, linings,—and he knew that he was suspected of being a thief!

(To be continued.)

The Violets.

A border of small, sweet-scented violets environed a bed of tall tulips. Though these little violets did not attract the eye in the day, the Nightingale at evening would often pay them a visit, for the sake of enjoying their sweet perfume. At length the scythe came—and levelled these mellifluous flowers as ill weeds, while the gaudy and scentless tulips were left standing.

"Thus it is with man!" exclaimed the Nightingale, on revisiting the garden and not finding the violets: "he often values outward show more than inward worth."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have just published the long-expected "Life of Sir John T. Gilbert, LL. D., F. S. A.," by his wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. The work contains two portraits and four other illustrations.

—A new volume of essays by the author of "Obiter Dicta" is a welcome announcement by Mr. Elliot Stock. The work is entitled "In the Name of the Bodleian," and contains essays on Bodley's Library, Bookworms, Confirmed Readers, Itineraries, Epitaphs, etc. The delightful qualities of Mr. Birrell are found in all.

—There seems to be a likelihood that the opening year will witness the issue, in Paris, of a new monthly magazine, the *Revue Franco-Américaine*. Its projectors are M. Jean Lionnet, of the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, and the Abbé Felix Klein, the well-known professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris. Of the scope and purposes of the new publication we shall have something to say at a later date.

—The International Catholic Truth Society have brought out a second edition of the pamphlet, "The Business of Vilification Practised by 'Expriests' and Others." It would be consoling to learn that, at this late day, such a showing up of dissoluteness and rascality as is here given is unnecessary, but experience proves that it is not. That being the case, the antidote should be as widespread as the poison.

—"The Dollar Hunt," from the French by E. G. Martin (Benziger Brothers), is an interesting story, with the moral that American young women would do well to choose a husband from among their own countrymen rather than give their happiness into the keeping of a foreigner. Although the title-page states that this story is from the French, it has not a French ring. The *gaucheries* of Americans are emphasized here and there, but the sympathies of the reader are not engaged by any of the characters who claim to be French.

—"Which is the best English translation of Luther's 'Table Talk'?" asks a correspondent of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. The Rev. H. G. Ganss, who, by the way, is an authority on subjects connected with the Reformation in Germany, answers: "Luther's 'Table Talk' is untranslatable. It must be said, to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, that it could not give expression to such coarseness and filth as we find in the original editions,—and if it could do so, Comstock would seize the whole edition. The only English translations are Bell's and Hazlitt's,—both expurgated beyond all recognition." The

best German edition of the work—owing to its splendid editing,—according to Father Ganss, is "Luther's Tischreden in der Mathesiuschen Sammlung." Ernst Kroker, Leipzig, 1903.

—We are gratified to learn that the January number of the *Dublin Review* will contain a paper on the United States by Dom Gasquet. This announcement is an indication, we trust, of what may be looked for in the historic review under its new editorship.

—Several rare and early editions of the Bible, in various languages, were offered at a recent book sale in London. The catalogue included the first editions of the Scriptures in Welsh, Polish, Swedish, Danish, and the Romance languages; Biblia Latina, Basil, 1475; Biblia Latina, Venet., 1475; and Biblia Germanica, Nuremberg, 1483.

—The average reader of English history has doubtless seen many and various pictures of Henry VIII., but it is probable that he is unaware of that monarch's claim to the title of poet. Yet, in a recent number of the *Month*, Rhys Pryce has an interesting paper, "King Henry VIII. as a Poet," in which "bluff King Hal" is credited with the authorship of at least eighteen songs, some of them fairly good.

—Although for many years senior partner in the publishing firm of Little, Brown & Co., and the author of numerous original books, it was as a compiler that the late John Bartlett was best known to old and young among American readers, writers, and speakers. "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations" has long been regarded as a volume almost indispensable to the desk or table of a person of average literary culture; and there is little doubt that as an educative factor it has accomplished considerably more than many pretentious books of original research. The veteran publisher and author had reached the age of eighty-five.

—A find which has aroused much interest throughout Great Britain is related by the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. A farmer, at work in a bog near Roscommon, unearthed a wooden box which, within two coverings, the outer one of leather, contained a copy of Henry VIII.'s "Defence of the Seven Sacraments." The book is in an excellent state of preservation, although the box in which it was buried fell to pieces in the handling, and the outer covering of the find is greatly injured by age. The title-page of the volume, which is bound in leather, reads: "A Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther, by Henry VIII., King of England, France and Ireland; to which are adjoined his epistle to

the Pope; the oration of Mr. John Clark (orator to his Majesty) on the delivery of this book to his Holiness; and the Pope's answer to the oration, as also the Bull by which his Holiness was pleased to bestow upon that King (for compiling this book) that most illustrious, splendid, and most Christian-like title of Defender of the Faith." As a matter of fact, the famous defence was the work of Bishop Fisher, not of Henry VIII.

—The Gannett-Garrison-Huston "Commercial Geography," published by the American Book Co., is intended to "give the student a good foundation for whatever business the future years may hold in store for him." It begins with a study of the influence on industrial progress of climate and topography, of social conditions, of manufacturing and transportation facilities, and of financial conditions, giving each its proper place as a factor in economic development. With these elementary principles the student is introduced to the chief commercial products of the world. The relations of the various industries to one another, and their respective locations in different parts of the world, are shown by abundant maps and percentage tables. We can recommend the book to all commercial students.

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 Dollar Hunt." 45 cts.
- "Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord." 50 cts.
- "Prayer." Father Faber. 30 cts., net.
- "Lives of the English Martyrs." (Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth.) \$2.75.
- "Joan of Arc." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 75 cts.
- "The Life of St. Patrick, and His Place in History." J. B. Bury, M. A. \$3.25, net.
- "The Suffering Man-God." Père Seraphin. 75 cts., net.
- "The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul" Ven. Riosius, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.
- "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." \$1.60., net.

- "The Immortality of the Soul." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.
- "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." Charles Major. \$1.50.
- "Addresses. Historical, Political, Sociological." Frederic R. Coudert. \$2.50.
- "Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt." William Roper. 55 cts., net.
- "Manual of Church Music." 75 cts., net.
- "At the Sign of the Fox. A Romance." Barbara. \$1.50.
- "Glenanaar." Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan. \$1.50.
- "Modern Freethought." Rev. J. Gerard, S. J. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts., net.
- "Theosophy and Christianity." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 45 cts., net.
- "The Crisis in the Church in France." 25 cts., net.
- "Forget-Me-Nots from Many Gardens." 45 cts., net.
- "The Freedom of the Will." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. 30 cts., net.
- "Valiant and True." Joseph Spillman. \$1.60, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii.

Rev. James Oliva, of the Vicariate of Brownsville; Rev. Peter Bremerich, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. John Heffernan, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Matthew Darcey, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. Thomas Lonergan, diocese of Erie; and Rev. Nicholas Pohl, O. S. B.

Mr. Z. Jacques, of Dollar Bay, Mich.; Mrs. George Wolf, Canton, Ohio; Miss Nellie Ryan, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. E. J. Habig, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Paul Peltier, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet, Mrs. Francis Lawlor, and Mrs. W. J. Klauberg, New York; Mrs. R. A. Savage, Adams, Mass.; Mr. John Kane and Mr. J. P. Nugent, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Anne Girling, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. J. McCully, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Marie Haverdill and Mr. Anthony Rupert, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. H. P. Downey, Marquette, Mich.; Mrs. Anna Higgins, Palms, Mich.; Mr. Conrad Lipps and Mr. J. Kleinhenz, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Luby, Mrs. Mary O'Rourke and Mr. D. M. Connor, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Karl, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. John English, Muskegon, Mich.; Mr. P. H. McManus, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Joseph Morin and Mrs. Catherine Kehoe, Sault Ste.-Marie, Ont., Canada; Mr. C. Manning, Mrs. B. Manning, Mr. James Phillips, and Mrs. Margaret Dudley, Richmond, Va.

Requiescant in pace!





P.
ng,
isco,
thony
ney,

MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE.
(Bouguereau.)



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

NO. 26.

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

When Christ was Born.

ACROSS the night's last level bar
The east wind faintly stirred,
When out of the purple shone a Star,
And an Angel's song was heard;
And Time unborn in ages far
Was thrilled at the Spoken Word.

A Christmas Homily of St. Leo the Great.*

I.

OUR Saviour, dearly beloved, was born to-day. Let us rejoice; for on the Birthday of Life, sorrow can have no place. That day hath swallowed up the fear of death, and by the promise of eternity elevates our joy. No one is excluded from a participation in this gladness; and we have a common ground of rejoicing, in that Our Lord, the destroyer of sin and death, finding no man free from guilt, hath come to work a universal redemption. Let the saint rejoice, for he approaches his reward; let the sinner be glad, for he is invited to forgiveness; let the Gentile take courage, for he is called to life.

When the fulness of time appointed in the unsearchable depth of the divine counsels had arrived, the Son of God took upon Him man's nature, that so

it might be reconciled to its Creator; and the devil, the author of death, vanquished by that which he had before conquered. And in the conflict thus undertaken on our behalf, a wonderful law of equality is observed; for Our Lord encounters this most cruel foe, not in His own majesty, but in our humility. He opposes to him that very form and that very nature which, although free from all sin, participates in our mortality. No reference, then, to this birth hath that which is written of all mankind: "No man is free from stain, not even the child whose life is one day old upon the earth."* Thus no taint of fleshly lust, or of the law of sin, passed over, or infected, this singular Nativity.

A royal Virgin of the lineage of David is selected to bear the sacred burden, and to conceive in her mind, before His conception in her womb, that Child who is both God and Man. To remove the fear with which, in her ignorance of the divine counsels, she might be filled at effects so strange, she learns, by the visit of an Angel, what the Holy Spirit was to work within her; and she believes that, without detriment to virginity, she shall become the Mother of God. For why should any strangeness in the mode of her conception cause her to doubt, when she had the promise of being aided by the power of the Most High? Moreover, her faith is confirmed to her by the attestation of a preceding miracle; and to Eliza-

* Synopsis: (1) None is unencerned in the joy of the Lord's Nativity. (2) Wondrous is the dispensation of this mystery. (3) Who will put on the New Man must throw off the old. Translation by P. O. St. Leo filled the Chair of Peter from 440 to 461.

* Job, xiv, 4, according to the Septuagint.

beth is vouchsafed the unlooked-for gift of offspring, to the intent that He who had enabled a barren woman to conceive might be believed able to grant the same to a virgin also.

II.

Wherefore God—the Word of God, the Son of God, who in the beginning was with God, by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made,—in order to deliver man from eternal death, was Himself made man; without diminution of His own majesty, He in such wise stooped to clothe Himself in our humility, that He both remained what He was before and took upon Him that which He was not, thus uniting the very form of a servant to that form wherein He is equal to God the Father. Nay, by so close a bond hath He linked together the two natures, that the inferior might be glorified but not absorbed; while the superior might receive it into itself, yet suffer no diminution. Both substances thus preserving their properties, and coalescing in one Person, humility is assumed by majesty, infirmity by power, mortality by immortality. To discharge the debt of mankind, an impassible nature is joined to one capable of suffering; and very God and very man are united in one Lord, that by this means, as was required for our cure, one and the same Mediator between God and man might die as man, and rise again as God.

No taint of corruption, then, be sure, fell upon Mary's virgin chastity by giving birth to Health. Nay, rather by bringing to light the Truth was her virginity preserved. And well did this birth, dearly beloved, beseem Christ, who is the Power of God and the Wisdom of God,—a birth wherein as man He is our equal, as God our superior. Had He not been very God, He could not have brought Redemption; had He not been very man, He could not have set us an example.

Wherefore at the Lord's birth the rejoicing angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest," and announce "peace on earth to men of good-will." For they behold the heavenly Jerusalem built up and formed from all nations of the earth. O how greatly ought human frailty to rejoice in this unspeakable work of Divine Love, when it causes such rejoicing to the high estate of angels!

III.

Let us, therefore, dearly beloved, give thanks to God the Father by His Son, in the Holy Spirit; who, for His great love wherewith He loved us, hath had compassion on us, and, "even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together in Christ"; that in Him we might be a new creature and a new formation. Let us lay aside, therefore, the old man with his works; and, having obtained a share in the birth of Christ, let us renounce the deeds of the flesh. Be mindful, O Christian, of thine own dignity; and, having been made partaker of the divine nature, return not; by living unworthily, to thy former low estate. Remember of what Head, of whose body thou art member. Remember that thou art rescued from the power of darkness and translated into the light and kingdom of God. By the Sacrament of Baptism thou hast been made the temple of the Holy Ghost; beware of expelling from thee, by wicked acts, so great an Indweller, and thus subjecting thyself again to the bondage of Satan. Thy ransom is the Blood of Christ; and He who redeemed thee in mercy, will judge thee in truth; He who with the Father and the Holy Ghost reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

To me, the stable and the manger that sheltered the Infant Saviour are not dead, isolated records of what has been, but the symbols of a truth that is vital and impressive to-day.—*Horace Greeley.*

How the Captain Found Christmas.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

EARLY in June, the summer visitors noticed that one of the old sea captains who were so fond of warming their rheumatic bones in the sunshine of the burying-ground on the hill, had a new companion—a little girl in an invalid's chair that was not much larger than the baby carriages that the white-capped nurses were wheeling down on the beach. After that he gradually withdrew from the society of his former cronies, and spent his time more and more at home with the child. When the long northeast storms came, neither was to be seen; although before that the old man had donned his great glazed sea-coat at the approach of rain, and been as oblivious of it as if upon his own quarter-deck.

One sunny day, when the couple appeared as usual, some curious tourists, intent upon deciphering the inscription cut a century before on a slate head-stone, overheard a strange conversation between the ill-matched pair:

"Uncle Billy," the little girl said, "is old Vesuvius lively to-day?"

And her comrade answered cheerfully:

"Lively as a grasshopper."

"And the lava?"

"The lava is pouring out like all possessed."

"I'm glad we're out in the bay, where it can't reach us. And, Uncle Billy, would you mind turning my chair round a little? The sails cut off the sunshine."

"All right, my hearty!" responded Uncle Billy.

And the tourist saw that it was a high, fat monument, erected to a Puritan elder, that came between the little one and the sunbeams.

"She thinks she's on a ship," said

one of the travellers. "She's either foolish or pretending."

He was partly right. The child was not foolish: she was "making believe"; and it was easy—for she was blind.

After that the pair came less and less often, even on the pleasant days; and by the time September arrived, and the last visitor had flitted, and the fogs began to roll in very early, the old sea-dog, when he came out at all, was alone; answering in an absent way the solicitous questions of the other veterans, and hurrying back to the plain, ancient dwelling which sheltered his charge.

They were not unhappy lives that were lived by the dwellers under the low overhanging roof which had not known change for a hundred years; although of luxuries they never dreamed, and what we would call comfort was an infrequent guest. The captain, his maiden sister, and the blind child, living as many generations of their forebears had before them, knowing nothing of the fictitious wants engendered by a false civilization, knew nothing of its discontent. Sound sleep followed the daily toil of the elder ones, and little Mary dwelt in a world all her own where her fancy went straying.

"Let us pretend, Uncle Billy!" she would say; and the invalid couch would become a steamer chair, and the tiny sitting-room the deck of a vessel, as she and the old captain floated over the calm waters of the Mediterranean, or skirted along the low shores of Florida, or faced the tempests of the Northern latitudes.

Sometimes he just told stories, while she, in fancy, sat quiet on some calm shore and listened. He had been everywhere—or so it seemed to her,—and the charm of his oft-spun yarns increased with their repetition. There were different ones for different days. When the wind shook the rafters of the old

house, he would be asked to recall again the time when his good ship, the *Betsey Jane*, came so near foundering off the Grand Banks. When the breezes died down, and the clouds rolled from the face of the sun, there would be the tale of how the *Betsey Jane* was becalmed on an ocean of glass when headed for the South Sea Islands. When the thunder roared, there was always in reserve that famous fight with pirates. And when the soft rain was over, and the scented breezes stirred the worn curtains of the old-fashioned windows, Mary would be sure to say, in her soft, sweet voice:

"And tell me again, Uncle Billy, how you found *me*!"

Then he would tell how, bound for home with a big cargo from the Spanish coast, he had sighted a small boat adrift with a woman and a little child in it.

"Me?" Mary would ask, though knowing very well what the captain would answer.

"Yes, you, my hearty, my eyes' delight!" he would respond; and go on to tell that the mother lived long enough to explain how her husband's fishing boat had struck a reef, and how he had gone down with it, after he had put his wife and child in the small boat and gone back to help his crew.

"Then," Mary would invariably interrupt again,—“then my poor little mother died, and you took me; and my back is lame, and my eyes won't see any more, and I'm an awful trouble. But you love me just the same?”

"Just the same and more," the captain would say, and that was the end of the story; and the captain's grim sister, missing the voices, would find the invalid chair empty and the little girl asleep in the old man's arms.

One morning in December the answer that came to the captain's cheery "Ship ahoy!" was so faint, and Mary so pale,

that a doctor was sent for. He said, much to the relief of the old people, that nothing serious was the matter; that it might be long before the effects of the exposure in the boat would wear off; that she was naturally a sturdy and healthy child, and her strength and even her sight were likely to come back when the results of the shock were conquered by time.

"I shall hope to see you almost well by Christmas," he concluded, buttoning his great-coat and pulling on his warm fur gloves before departing.

"Uncle Billy," said Mary, after a long, thoughtful silence, "please what is Christmas?"

"Oh, Christmas?" answered the captain. "It's a time that comes the 25th of December, when the days are shortest."

"But what else is it? My mother told me something else,—something so beautiful."

"Well," he said, "some folks give each other presents at that time."

"That isn't all. O Uncle Billy, can't you help me remember? That isn't all, I know."

The captain, being opposed to celebrating Christmas on what he called principle, attempted to divert her mind from so dangerous a subject.

"Let's pretend we're in the Gulf of Mexico and a pirate has hove in sight," he ventured.

And the other, being but a child, allowed him to guide her thoughts, and was all the morning, in imagination, a sick lady in a safe place on deck; while the captain stormed and gave orders, and, in his endeavor to amuse her, fired off a whole bunch of torpedoes left over from the Fourth of July. Yet once in a while she would suddenly say:

"Have you thought about Christmas yet, Uncle Billy? Oh, can't you tell me what it is I can't remember? I so wish you could!"

Uncle Billy was at his wit's end. In the reaction from Puritanism, some persons, happily, grow to know and love religion in its true and beautiful garments, others take refuge in an aggressive agnosticism, a New-England unbeliever being of all the most fierce and unrelenting; while many, and among them our kind captain, attend "meeting" on great occasions, hate things "Roman," hope to go to their forefathers' narrow little heaven, and abjure all that savors of the doctrines which those same bigoted forefathers abhorred. And yet, for this adopted daughter, the comfort and glory of his lonely old age, he would have sacrificed the "principle" that was so weak but which he thought so strong, in order to have made a single moment of hers more happy. Uncle Billy's heart was troubled.

But the fact was that there was nothing he could tell her, for he knew nothing. He had been a boy whose life knew no Christmas; or if it contained one, it was a day to be dreaded, as the governor of the Commonwealth formerly had the fiendish habit of appointing the "day commonly called Christmas" as the annual fast-day. The captain had never had a Christmas gift or eaten a Christmas dinner or seen a Christmas Tree or heard a Christmas greeting. It is no wonder that the defrauded old fellow failed little Mary when she hungered for the "story ever old, ever new."

It may be said that such ignorance could not exist in these enlightened days; and my answer is that it did exist, and does still exist in many remote communities, where kindly, well-meaning people have been cheated of their birthright.

In hopes that his books would furnish him the information he sought, he wiped the dust from his few leather-covered volumes, and peered through his clumsy spectacles at the tables of

contents, but without avail. His sister could not help him. She, too, had rebelled at the forbidding Puritan doctrines, and found nothing to take their place, and had no knowledge of the season when even the cattle at midnight are said to kneel and adore their Lord.

Meanwhile little Mary lay back in her chair, looking like a tired lily.

"Don't you know yet?" she inquired, as Uncle Billy, his eyes very red from unaccustomed poring over books, came down from the cold attic where they were stored.

The captain gave her the result of his researches in a few words.

"Some folks say Christ was born at Christmas, but nobody can prove it; and there's nothing about Christmas in the Bible—"

"Isn't there, you old heathen?" said the cheery voice of the young doctor, who had entered unannounced. "Isn't there? It seems to me, captain, that you have read your Bible to little purpose."

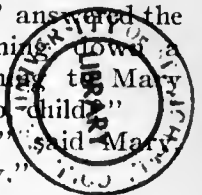
Here the captain sheepishly confessed that he had never read it at all.

"So I supposed," said the doctor, who was a privileged character in the house. "Now, if you will lend Mary to me for a week or so, about Christmas time, I promise you that she shall find out what she wants to know."

Then he explained that he was not making a professional call, but had dropped in to say that some very great oculists were interested in Mary's story as well as her eyes; and if she would make a visit to the good Sisters at the Children's Hospital at N—, well, he would not promise anything, but he hoped she would go.

"We'll leave it to her," answered the captain, heroically crushing down a jealous pang. Then turned to Mary he said: "Is it yes or no, child?"

"It's yes, Uncle Billy," said Mary, "because I want to know."



It was a strange trio that arrived at the Children's Hospital with the winter solstice. There was the captain's sister, tall, gaunt, and outwardly forbidding, but anxious and distressed, her best bonnet awry and her hands trembling; the captain himself, in his "Sabbath" clothes; and the little maid, whom he put, with more of those troublesome, jealous pangs, into the doctor's waiting arms.

There was that afternoon an interview with the great surgeons, to which the nervous old people were not invited; and when it was over, the young doctor told them:

"You may hope for the best, but nobody will know certainly until Christmas morning."

Could I have taken you thus far with my record of this poor child to disappoint you at last? One thing—it reads almost like a miracle—remains to tell. When little Mary was carried to the chapel, and when the good young doctor released her eyes from the bandages, the Christmas story was told to her; for there, in the Crib, she saw the Child, and bending over Him in adoring love the Virgin Mother!

Mary and the old captain—oh, a very old captain now!—no longer "pretend"; for she is a tall girl, and life is very real, and its duties urgent; yet sometimes, as they sit together in the sunshine on the hill, he will suddenly call out:

"Where are we now, Mary,—where are we now?"

"In the Bay of Naples, Uncle Billy," she will answer, with a charming smile; "and old Vesuvius is spouting lava like all possessed."

He is the child now, and it is she who tells the stories; and always, as the days grow short, he asks many times for the sweetest and dearest one of all—the Christmas story of the Star, and the Wise Men, and the Mother and the Child.

The Old Christmas.

BY M. E. M.


OH, do ye mind at Christmas, how happy we
would be
In the dear old land of Erin that we never more
shall see,
With frost upon the window-panes and rime upon
the grass,
And the boys and girls together on the way to
Midnight Mass?
And do ye mind the chapel in the shadow of the
hill,
With the candles burnin' brightly, and the throngin'
crowd so still,
All reverent on bended knees; and when the Mass
was done,
Dear Father Dan's (Heaven rest his soul!) "God
bless ye, every one!"
And do ye mind the gatherin's there'd be on
Christmas night,
And goin' home acrost the fields in the frosty,
starry light?
Then, latched the door and raked the fire, before
we went to bed
Beneath each blessed cottage roof the Rosary was
said.
Ah! well ye mind it all—God knows the heart
can not forget!
This is a kindly land, but take no shame that eyes
are wet
When we think of all the pleasant days we never
more shall know,—
Of the dear old-fashioned Christmastide in Ireland
long ago!

THE fountain opened in the heavenly Jerusalem for the sin of man is open day and night, always full of power and grace. Jesus Himself is there, the Lord of all power. It is not the first, or one alone, that is healed; but all comers, and all sufferers from all lands, and at all hours. And no man takes away another's absolution, nor does any one need another's hand to help him to go down into the pool of the Most Precious Blood.

—Cardinal Manning.

Lost on Christmas Eve.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.*

 N this particular morning, which was the day before Christmas, two important events occurred simultaneously: the sun rose, and so did M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroy.

The first was a considerable personage, to be sure; but M. Godefroy, wealthy financier, director of a bank, administrator of numerous corporations, deputy from the department of the Eure, officer of the Legion of Honor, and so on, was in nowise to be disdained. And, we may safely state, the opinion the sun entertained of himself was certainly not less flattering than the one M. Godefroy held of himself. We therefore feel justified in saying that on the morning in question, at about a quarter to seven o'clock, the sun and M. Godefroy rose together.

But, it must be confessed, the risings of these two important personages were quite different. The good old sun began by doing a host of pleasant things. With impartial benevolence, he shed his cheerful rays on all the humble persons whom the necessity of earning their daily bread brought out on the street at this early hour. His beams brought joy to all alike.

On the contrary, M. Godefroy rose in an execrable humor. He had attended a banquet the evening before; and his stomach, rebellious at forty-seven, was in a sorry state. From the way he pulled the bell-cord, Charles the valet said to the kitchen-maid:

"The boss is cross enough this morning. We'll have a nasty time of it."

Then, with eyes modestly cast down, he tiptoed into the bedroom, raised the curtains, kindled the fire, and made

all the preparations for the morning toilet, with the subdued and respectful air of a sacristan dispensing the objects of worship on the altar.

"How's the weather?" asked M. Godefroy, curtly.

"Very cold, sir," replied Charles. "But, as you see, it has cleared up, and I think we'll have a pleasant day."

While stopping his razor, M. Godefroy walked up to the window, looked out on the street glittering in the sunlight, and made a slight grimace in the shape of a smile. This lasted but a moment, however. To smile at a ray of sunlight might do for unoccupied persons—women, children, poets, the multitude,—but M. Godefroy had other business to attend to.

His programme for the day was full. From half-past eight until ten, he had appointments in his home office with a number of busy men like himself, who were to discuss all sorts of schemes, having the same end in view: to make money. After breakfast, he had to jump into his carriage and rush up to the Stock Exchange to meet other financiers, whose purposes were like his own: to make money. Then, without the loss of a moment, he was to go to preside over groups of men seated around tables loaded with ink-wells, who talked over various other plans bearing upon the same subject: making money. After this, committees of various kinds were to fill up the day.

After a careful toilet, M. Godefroy went down to his office and received callers until exactly ten o'clock. He then closed his doors—he had to be at the Exchange at eleven,—and passed into the dining-room.

This was a sumptuous apartment. One could have stocked a cathedral from the massive silver pieces, that loaded cupboards and dressers. Still, in spite of a copious dose of barbarate, M. Godefroy's stomach continued to grumble, and he could eat only the

* Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

breakfast of a dyspeptic—two soft-boiled eggs and the heart of an omelet.

While he sat at the table toying with his food, the door opened, and a graceful but delicate boy entered the room, in company with his German governess. He was beautifully dressed in blue velvet, a large plumed hat shading his pale face. This was Raoul, M. Godefroy's only child, four years old.

Every day at precisely this hour, while the coupé was waiting at the door, the motherless boy came to visit his father, who gave him just fifteen minutes of his time. Not that the great financier did not love his child: on the contrary, he adored him; but business must be attended to.

At the age of forty-two, M. Godefroy had fancied himself in love with the daughter of a club companion, the Marquis de Neufontaine. This bankrupt but fashionable nobleman had been only too happy to become the father-in-law of a man who would be willing to pay his debts. The wife had died soon after the birth of Raoul, and the child was left entirely to the care of servants.

"Good-morning, Raoul!"

"Good-morning, papa!"

Then the director of the bank laid aside his napkin and lifted the boy to his knee. He took the little hand in his and covered it with kisses, forgetting for the moment the rise in stocks, and the green tables covered with ink-wells, at which he was so soon to preside.

"Will Santa Claus put anything in my shoes to-night, papa?" lisped the child.

"Yes, if you have been good," replied M. Godefroy, making a mental note of the fact that he must purchase some toys before returning home that night.

Then, addressing the German, he said:

"Are you always satisfied with Raoul, Bertha?"

The girl responded with a foolish little giggle, which seemed to set M. Godefroy's mind at rest concerning his son's conduct.

"It is cold to-day," continued the financier. "If you take Raoul to the Park Monceau, be sure to wrap him up well."

At this the *fräulein* had another attack of giggling.

The great man kissed his son, rose from the table and went out into the vestibule, where Charles assisted him into his fur-lined overcoat, and closed the door of the coupé upon him. This done, the faithful servant hurried to a neighboring *café*, to enjoy a game of billiards with the groom of the baroness who lived opposite.

After his day's duties had been performed, M. Godefroy remembered what he had said to Raoul on the subject of Santa Claus. He ordered his coachman to drive to a large toyshop, where he purchased, and had taken to his carriage, many costly and beautiful toys. Then, while on his way home, the rich man, softly rocked in his luxurious coupé, gave himself up to thoughts of his son.

The boy would grow up and receive the education of a prince,—would be one, in fact. For, thanks to the Revolution of '89, there was no longer any aristocracy in France save that of wealth; and Raoul would one day have twenty, perhaps thirty, millions of capital. If he, the father, a provincial, who had once lived frugally in the Latin Quarter, had been able to accumulate an enormous fortune, and win the hand of a woman whose ancestors had died at Marignane, to what could not his son aspire,—this son who had inherited a strain of gentle blood from his mother, and who would one day be authorized to be called Godefroy de Neufontaine?

These and other thoughts of a like nature surged through the proud man's mind, as he sat in his splendid carriage, surrounded by the costly toys, which sparkled with a thousand points of light whenever a ray from the street lamps or

shop windows fell upon them. It never once entered his mind that this was the festival night of a poor little Babe, born in a stable where its mother and foster-father had taken refuge.

But now he heard the coachman call for the gates to be opened. They were home. While ascending the steps, M. Godefroy reflected that there was barely time to dress for dinner. As he entered the hall, he was confronted by all the servants crowded in a circle, their faces full of fear; while huddled on a seat in the corner was the German governess, her head clasped in her hands.

M. Godefroy felt a presentiment of coming disaster.

"What does all this mean? What has happened?" he fairly shouted.

Charles looked at his master with eyes full of sympathy, and stammered incoherently:

"*Raoul is lost!*—That stupid German!—He's been lost since four o'clock this afternoon."

The father staggered backward, like a soldier struck by a bullet. The governess threw herself at his feet, begging for forgiveness; and the servants explained in concert, in broken sentences:

"Bertha had not gone to the Park Monceau.—She lost the child down near the barracks.—They had looked for the director everywhere—at the bank, at the Chamber,—but he had always just gone.—The German girl had been in the habit of going every day to meet her lover at the fortifications near the Asnières gate,—a quarter infested with Bohemians and mountebanks.—Who knows but what they had stolen the child?"

His son lost! M. Godefroy heard the storm of apoplexy rumbling in his ears. He bounded upon the German, seized her by the wrist and shook her furiously.

"Where did you lose sight of him,

you wretched girl? Tell the truth or I will crush you! Where,—where is my boy?"

But the unhappy governess could only weep and beg for mercy. M. Godefroy felt that he could get no help from her. He must be calm, so that he could think. His son was lost, stolen perhaps. He must be found, cost what it might. He would scatter gold around by the handful, and set the whole police force in motion. There was not a moment to be lost.

"Tell the man not to put up the horses, Charles. The rest of you take care of that creature. I'm going to the police station."

With his heart bounding in his breast, M. Godefroy leaped into the vehicle and was driven rapidly away. What irony, he thought,—this carriage full of glittering toys!

He soon reached his destination. There was no one there except the janitor.

"I am M. Godefroy, deputy from the Eure. My son, a child of four, is lost. I must see the chief!" cried the unhappy father in broken sentences, slipping a louis into the man's hand.

The visitor was at once shown into the presence of the chief of police, a handsome man, with a reserved, somewhat pretentious air. With limbs trembling under him, M. Godefroy dropped into a chair and told his story. The officer was touched—he was a father himself,—but his position forbade any display of sensibility.

"You say the child was lost about four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Just as night was coming on. And he is backward for his age, and does not know his family name or address?"

"I am sure he does not."

"Near the Asnières gate,—a suspicious locality. But take courage. We have a very capable man there. I will telephone to him."

The distracted father was left alone for a few moments. How his head ached and how wildly his heart beat!

The chief soon returned with a smile on his lips.

"Found!" he exclaimed.

M. Godefroy uttered a cry of joy, as he clasped the officer's hands and pressed them frantically.

"We are certainly lucky," remarked the man. "Was he a light-haired boy, dressed in blue velvet?"

"Yes, that describes him perfectly."

"Well, he's at the house of a poor huckster who lives out in that locality, and who has just reported the finding to the station. Here's the address. You can probably reach the place in an hour. You mustn't expect to find him in very aristocratic surroundings. But that won't matter, so long as he is found."

M. Godefroy thanked the officer effusively, and ran down the staircase four steps at a time. After an interminable drive, the suburbs were at last reached. By the light of the carriage lanterns, the number was found on a low plaster structure, almost a hovel. The door was opened by the master himself,—a large fellow with a fierce, sandy mustache. He had only one arm, and the empty sleeve of his knit jacket was folded up and pinned. He looked at the elegant carriage and at M. Godefroy in his fur-trimmed great-coat, then exclaimed cheerfully:

"So you're the father, are you? Well, the boy is safe. No harm has come to him."

Then, standing back, he allowed the visitor to enter the house.

It was indeed a poor abode. By the dim light of an ill-smelling lamp, M. Godefroy saw some shabby furniture, and on a table the remains of a frugal repast. The huckster took the lamp and tiptoed across to the corner of the room, where, on a clean bed, two

little boys lay sleeping soundly. In the younger of the two, who nestled up close to the other, M. Godefroy recognized his son.

"The two little chaps couldn't keep their eyes open," explained the man. "As I didn't know how soon some one would come to claim the lost one, I gave him my bed. As soon as they were asleep, I went to report to headquarters. Usually Zidore sleeps in the attic, but I thought the two would be better here. I could watch over them; and, then, I'd be up early in the morning to go to market."

M. Godefroy was hardly listening. With an agitation entirely new to him, he gazed at the sleeping children lying on an iron bed, under a grey army blanket. What a pretty picture they made! How delicate Raoul looked beside his ruddy companion!

"Is that your son?" he asked.

"No," replied the huckster. "I'm a bachelor. About two years ago, a poor neighbor woman died in poverty, and I took her boy. He's seven years old now, and such a little man! After school and on holidays he helps me push my cart and does all sorts of little jobs. He's clever, too. He found your little son."

"What!" exclaimed M. Godefroy. "That child?"

"He's a little man, I tell you. He was coming home from school when he saw the boy running along ahead of him, crying as if his heart would break. He went up to him and comforted him, and tried to find out his name. All the child could say was some words of a foreign language. Zidore brought him home. The neighbors gathered around and advised him to take the boy to the police station. He wouldn't do it, because he thought the 'cops' might scare the little chap. When I came home, I gave them some supper, then put them to bed. They look pretty, don't they?"

Strange emotions crowded into M. Godefroy's brain. A few moments before, in his carriage, he had decided to give to the finder of his son some handfuls of that gold which was earned so easily at the tables loaded with ink-wells. But here, before the rich man, was lifted a corner of the curtain that hides the life of the poor, so brave in their misery, so charitable to one another. He thought of the generosity of the huckster in adopting the orphan; of the intelligence shown by the boy in his protection of a younger child, and his delicacy in shielding him from contact with the police.

All these things very much disturbed the great financier. He would not be content with merely opening his purse-strings. He would do more for Zidore and his foster-father: he would look out for their future. He remembered, too, that there were other orphans and cripples; and he asked himself, with profound disquietude, whether money should be used only to gain more wealth, and whether there was not something better to do than to sell at a high price what had been purchased at a low one.

Such were some of the thoughts that surged through his mind as he stood looking at the sleeping children. After a pause, he turned to the huckster and said:

"My friend, you and your adopted son have just done me one of the greatest of services. You will soon have proof that I am not ungrateful. At the present time I will merely leave you a substantial reminder of what you may expect in the future."

Before M. Godefroy had time to say any more, the cripple laid his only hand on the speaker's arm.

"Keep your money! Any one would have done as we have. I shall accept nothing. We are poor, it is true; but—excuse my pride—I have been a soldier and have my Tonkin medal in the

drawer there, and I can not eat the bread I have not earned."

"Very well," replied the financier. "But it seems to me that an old soldier ought to be able to do something better than push a vegetable cart. I shall look out for you, you may rest assured."

"Well, if you wish to remember me—" said the man, smiling distrustfully, as if he had little confidence in the great man's intentions.

But M. Godefroy was sincere. There were good places to be secured as watchman or messenger in the bank. If the huckster could have looked forward, he would have seen himself installed in one of these, garbed in a uniform of greyish blue, with his Tonkin medal pinned on his breast beside the silver badge of the bank; for that was exactly what happened.

"But you will permit me to do something for Zidore, won't you?" inquired the financier, with more earnestness than he would have shown if he had been making a good bid on Turkish bonds.

"Oh, yes!" replied the man, joyfully. "I have often thought what a pity it was that I could not do something for the boy. And he is so clever! His teachers are delighted with him—"

Here the man stopped abruptly, as if he still doubted the sincerity of his visitor's intentions.

"Shall I carry your son to the carriage? You can see for yourself that he will be better off at home than here. He won't wake up: children sleep soundly. I had better put his shoes on first. I didn't undress him, for I felt sure some one would come for him."

Following the man's glance, M. Godefroy saw two pairs of shoes—one coarse and hobnailed, the other fine—standing in front of the fireplace. In each were a puppet and a cornucopia of candy.

"Don't mind that, sir," said the cripple, apologetically. "Zidore put the

shoes there before he went to bed; and when I was coming back from the station, I bought the trifles at the grocer's for the little fellows, when they woke up."

Ah, how surprised the deputies and the great financiers, who considered their chief a model of sternness, devoid of anything like sentiment, would have been if they had seen him now! M. Godefroy actually had tears in his eyes.

After a moment's reflection, he rushed out to the carriage, and soon returned with his arms full of glittering toys. The cripple gazed with astonishment. M. Godefroy put the things down beside the little shoes; then, grasping the poor man's hand, he said, in a voice choked with emotion:

"My dear friend, these are the gifts I bought for my little boy's Christmas. I want him to find them here when he wakes up, and share them with Zidore, who, with your permission, will henceforth be his companion. Now you believe in me, don't you? I will take charge of both you and the boy, and I shall still be indebted to you; for you have not only helped me find my lost son, but you have made me realize that there are poor people in the world; and I had almost forgotten it."

THE Festival of the Nativity of Christ is more than worthy of all the devotion and honor in our power to render to it. The Incarnation and Birth of the Divine Son is the greatest event in human history. Because it was contemplated from the beginning, all the religious institutions of mankind have reference to it. As, therefore, the Fall was the first *datum* in the spiritual history of mankind, so the Incarnation of the Divine Son is the second. It is the New Creation; as the Incarnate Son is the second Adam (I Cor., xv, 47), the source and ancestor of a purified and regenerated human nature.

—Eales, M. A.

A Flash from an Irish Hearth.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

IT was Christmas Eve in a Leinster home. Nora Dillon sat by the cheery fire that crackled and blazed on the open hearth. She felt tired; for she had been busy all the day since early morning, and only now had she found a moment in which to rest.

Everything was finished,—all was in readiness for the great Festival that is honored as truly in the peasant homes of Ireland as in any land beneath the sun. The last bit of holly was fitted into its place among the pictures and little ornamental articles on the white-washed walls; the tables and chairs and stools were scoured until they became white as when they had left the hands of the carpenter; the milk-cans, saucepans, and other kitchen utensils, shone like silver in the light of the fire; the big Christmas candle was placed in the old-fashioned candlestick, in the centre of the table, opposite the window; the kettle was crooning contentedly over the fire, ready for action; and all that two skilful hands could accomplish had been done to make the little home as cheerful and festive-looking as possible.

No wonder that Nora felt weary as she sank into the old chair of woven rods beside the fire, to rest until the arrival of her father and mother from the market town, two miles distant, whither they had gone to do the Christmas shopping, as was their wont.

They were simple-living people, Mike Dillon and his wife Kate,—poor, as poverty is spoken; but rich in the blessings of peace and health and contentment of mind. Nora was their only living child, though God had sent them six others besides her, and had called them Home again,—some in the dawn of babyhood; some in the early,

joyous days of boyhood and girlhood; and one, the eldest—Jim,—who had emigrated, and found a grave in the land of the stranger. It was the sad story so often repeated,—the young, soft, country-reared peasant going into a life-devouring, smoky Western city, and then uncongenial, overburdening toil, hardship, consumption, and—death.

It was a great blow to the poor parents,—not so much on account of his death (for they knew how to welcome the holy will of God) as because he should be so far away from them, in a cold, strange land, with no one, in all likelihood, to kneel by his grave and offer up a prayer for his soul. They would not mind so much if he were sleeping with the others in the churchyard at home, where they could go on a Sunday morning and mingle their tears with the dust above his breast, and where they themselves should join him some day.

It was hard at first; but the silent years and their unbounded faith in the all-wise Father softened their sorrow. And, then, they had Nora. She had been spared to them, and she was their comforter and consoler. Her loving care, her cheering words and hearty laughter brought back into their lives the gladness of former days.

Lately, however, a shadow had begun to creep around them again. Just a few weeks before this Christmas Eve, Nora had received a letter from a girl in America, an old school companion, urging her to leave the dulness of home behind her for a while and to come where she would quickly earn a fortune. She told of her own success in obtaining a fine position, mentioning that Nora would be sure to find the same in a short time; and concluded by offering to pay her passage out to the New World, if she would only consent to come.

The old people were opposed to such a course; they would rather keep her

at home; and the memory of Jim's fate haunted them. But Nora was entirely bent on going over for a time; and, after coaxing from her parents a sort of semi-approval, which it almost broke their hearts to give, she answered her friend's letter, accepting the offer gratefully. She had in her nature that inexplicable hankering after the great world outside the circle of home, which seems to hang like a curse over the children of Ireland, especially her daughters, and in the realization of which so many are sadly disappointed, meeting, instead of the fortune which their fancies had fashioned for them, misery, humiliation, destruction, and oftentimes sinful death.

Eamon Fitzgerald, Nora's playmate in childhood, her schoolmate and friend, and a strenuous worker for Ireland, as secretary of the local branch of the Gaelic League, had pointed out to her the dangers attendant on emigration, had almost begged of her to abandon the idea of going; but, though she was very fond of Eamon, his entreaties were of no avail,—she would go in the spring.

Thoughts of Christmases gone by, and of others yet to come, now mingled together in her mind as she lay back in the chair and gazed dreamily into the warm heart of the fire. Where would she be this time twelve months? What would she be doing? Who would be near her and speaking to her? Visions of a city home, of brilliant lights, of comfort and wealth, and all that a girl could wish for, flashed before her mind's eye,—bright and very near at first, then growing dimmer and dimmer, and fading away, until at last they wooed her into the realms of sleep.

And then there came a dream. She saw the hills of home and the dear friends and the old haunts of childhood fading away, passing from view slowly but surely. She heard her mother's voice raised in a wail of lamentation;

and she saw her father's face, reproachful and sad and worn, entreating her to stay at home. She felt the hot tears scorching her cheeks and blinding her eyes; but the tempter's whisper was ever in her ear: "There is wealth awaiting you beyond the seas. Come, you will find it, and then you can return."

She nerved her heart against pain and grief, and went toward where the wealth was waiting. Then home and all were blotted out, and over the vast ocean she was speeding. To right and left, in front and rear, was a boundless waste of waters, farther than the eye could reach; hundreds of faces were before her eyes, hundreds of forms were around her, but still she felt alone and friendless among them all; and that chilling loneliness was the first shadow on the bright vision that had lured her away from home.

At last the weary sea journey came to an end, and she was borne into a great, noisy city, where people went about their business at a breakneck speed; where it was a race for gold from morning till night, and again from dark till dawn; for no one seemed to rest at all. Everywhere it was bustle and roar, and a confusing, deafening clamor of many voices.

Then, she thought, the hand that had beckoned to her over a thousand leagues of land and sea, and the voice that had tempted her to cast away the simplicity of home and to seek for the pleasure of cities, were stilled forever in death. "Sunstroke or something," they told her—those careless, busy people who had known her friend,—had carried away the one prospect which was hers in emigrating; and she found herself wandering from place to place in search of something to do, something to keep away the wolf of hunger that was even now staring her in the face. Alas for her dreams of luxury and happiness!

Again there was a change in the scene. She was toiling in a factory, with hundreds of others,—in a cloudy, gas-lit room, where the roar of machinery, the sound of wheels revolving and meeting, and dashing around at lightning speed, seemed to still the very beating of her heart, and crashed upon her brain until the sight almost left her eyes in the effort to keep control of her senses. Bold eyes stared at her; she heard the insulting comments of brazen girls on the "Irish greenie," and the harsh, jeering laughter that followed each vulgar jest, until her hands clinched in pain, and she prayed that God would send her relief in death.

Now and then, in fancy, the sound of the Angelus came to her ears, borne on the winds of home; the birds sang out their greetings to her from the hedges; and the scent of the brown bog heather refreshed her like a draught of wine. Weakness, she imagined, at last overcame her; she could work no more, and dismissal from her employment was the result.

Out into the loveless, rushing city she went, weak and sick and hungry, without a friend—save God; and even He seemed to have forsaken her. On she wandered, fearing to stop or to return, until the night came down, filling her with terror and despair. Out from dark places hands were stretched to clutch her; mocking laughter fell upon her ears, and tempting voices whispered to her to sacrifice her virtue, to barter her soul, for food and shelter.

But before her eyes there rose up a vision of the old chapel at home, and the beauty of her First Communion day came back to her. She saw the altar and the white-haired parish priest; she knelt by the rails, and watched him coming down to place the sacred Host on her tongue; and, oh, the great, unspeakable joy that welled up in her heart, and made her feel strong enough to do anything for the sake of Him

who had come to dwell within her soul! No, no, she would not go where the tempting voices called her; she would die sooner than stain her soul; and so, faint and weak and terrified, she stumbled onward, repeating the "Memorare" which her mother had taught her in the far-off years, by the old hearth at home.

But the darkness became more intense and terrible. The black figures came nearer and nearer; she felt their cold fingers gripping her arms like bands of steel; and, in the loudest voice she could command, she screamed, her last thought centred on home:

"Father, mother, Eamon,—oh, come to me! Save me, save me!"

"Nora, Nora, do not scream so! I am here. Good heavens, you are shaking like a leaf, and you are whiter than the snow outside! What is the matter? You nearly frightened the life out of me when I opened the door. What has happened?"

Nora started, and looked around, trembling and dazed. She had wakened with the scream, and for a moment could not believe that she was at home, and that she had been only dreaming. Eamon Fitzgerald was standing beside her, holding her hands in his own, speaking in rapid tones, and gazing at her anxiously; the fire was blazing as cheerily as ever, and everything was unchanged.

She breathed a long sigh of relief, and shuddered at the thought of her recent terror.

"O Eamon," she said, in a low tone, "I have dreamed a terrible dream, and I can scarcely make myself believe that it was unreal! Listen for a moment, and I'll tell you all about it; and you won't blame me for being frightened."

In hurried words she told him what had passed before her mind's eye. Not even the least portion was left unrecounted; for it was all stamped clearly upon her mind.

"Thank God!" said Eamon, fervently, when she had ceased speaking. "Would that a thousand girls all over Ireland to-night could hear what you have told me, or have dreamed your dream! I think it is a picture, Nora, placed before you by an all-wise Providence, as a timely warning. And it is a true picture, whether or no. Many a poor Irish girl has met with even a worse fate than that portrayed in your dream. And what of America now? Will you go in spite of all?"

"Eamon," said Nora, quietly, "I'm not one who believes in dreams or the like, but I wouldn't go to America now if all the wealth of the world were waiting for me there. I have been vain and headstrong, but God has been merciful to me in sending me a warning this holy Christmas Eve. I'll stay at home."

"And I may prepare the little house in the hollow, after all; may I, Nora?"

"You may," was Nora's answer, almost in a whisper.

Whatever was the meaning of the last question and answer, I must leave my readers to conjecture. But they must have been fraught with some pleasant meaning, at all events; for, as Mike Dillon and his wife came up the narrow, snow-covered boreen, half an hour later, the sound of hearty laughter floated down to them on the crisp night wind. And it is safe to say there was at least one happy home in Ireland that Christmas Eve.

The branch of the Gaelic League whose hard-working secretary Eamon was, and is—for he would accept no higher post.—has prospered and extended its labors since then. I see by a local paper received the other day that a Women's Branch has been established recently in the same place, and that its members are by no means few. The name of the president is "Mrs. Nora Fitzgerald."

Christmas Eve, 1870.

IT was during the siege of Paris, December 24, 1870. The night was intensely cold, with millions of glittering stars piercing the dark firmament. The French and Germans were encamped so near together that from one post to the other could be clearly heard the signals and clash of arms as they penetrated the silence of a night of frost and cold almost unprecedented.

Twelve o'clock—and Christmas morning! Suddenly a French soldier, having asked permission of his superior officer, crossed the entrenchment and advanced a few steps toward the enemy's lines. Pausing, he gave the military salute, and in a deep, melodious voice intoned the solemn hymn,

*Minuit Chrétiens, c'est l'heure solennelle
Où l'Homme Dieu descendit jusqu'à nous.*

"This apparition, so mysterious and unexpected, the voice vibrating so beautifully through the stillness of the night, the majestic hymn poured forth so grandly, so harmoniously," recites an officer who was a witness, "had such an effect that, Parisian railers and sceptics as many of us were, all hung suspended on the lips of the singer." On the part of the Germans, the impression must have been similar; for not a sound was heard,—not a word, not a clash of arms.

The last strains of Adam's magnificent canticle echoed through the icy air:

*Peuple, debout! Chante ta délivrance!
Noël! Noël! Voici le Redempteur!*

Then, as one who with clarion notes proclaims to his comrades the pæan of victory, the soldier returned to his post amid loud acclamations.

For a brief space there was again the most intense silence; and then from the German camp advanced a soldier, an artilleryman, armed and helmeted. He saluted as the Frenchman had done, with military precision; and thus, stand-

ing between the two armies, he began a beautiful Christmas hymn, filled with faith and love, redolent of the peace and good-will which, at this time most of all, should make all men brothers.

Not a sound, not a murmur from either side, till he reached the last words of the refrain:

*Weinachtzeit! Weinachtzeit!**

Then the Germans took it up, and it resounded through the camp in a grand chorus. And as the strain died away, and silence followed, the French, from their entrenchments, responded with a single voice:

Noël! Noël! Vive Noël!

For those brief moments, at least, the two armies were joined in a common sentiment of "peace and good-will." The message had done its work, the appeal had gone home. The thought of Christmas, its family reunions and divine lessons, had transformed those men of war, and sprinkled their hearts with the dews of the most fraternal charity.

Christmas Gifts of Crowned Heads.

CHRISTMAS is celebrated with much solemnity at all European courts, and gifts are invariably interchanged among the different sovereigns and their households. Some of these royal Christmas-boxes are curious enough to warrant the belief that an account thereof will prove interesting.

Ever since his marriage, King Edward VII. has never failed to give Queen Alexandra at Christmas a dozen bottles of her favorite perfume. This gift is always complemented by a magnificent jewel or richly chased toilet article, and by a splendid set of furs. The King and Queen combine their purses to purchase gifts for their children, and these in turn tax their pocket-books to supply presents for their parents.

* Christmas time! Christmas time!

During Queen Victoria's lifetime, every 23d of December witnessed the sending from Windsor of a splendid boar's head to Potsdam, the residence of the Emperor of Germany; and with the head went an enormous plum-pudding and venison pasties. In return, Emperor William sent Victoria the spoils of his latest hunt; and to each of the English princesses, his autographed portrait richly framed.

His picture is William II.'s favorite Christmas-box to his friends. To his Empress, however, he gives every year a precious gem—a brooch or aigret of brilliants; and to his children, books or articles for use in study—compasses, physical apparatuses, and the like. When the children were still quite young, they were conducted, the week before Christmas, through the streets of Berlin, and were allowed to choose in the different shops a certain number of toys, which they found in their rooms the following Christmas morning.

The unfortunate Nicholas II. has, this year, other matters than gifts to occupy his attention; but he has in the past achieved the reputation of being, at Christmastide, the most generous of Europe's crowned heads. Among other gifts annually sent to Queen Victoria, his grandmother, was a magnificent sturgeon. No member of the Czar's household, howsoever humble, was ever forgotten; and his distribution of scarfpins and diamond brooches has been most lavish. The Christmas-boxes which he gives to the Czarina are always varied. One year it is a very costly jewel; another, a sumptuously bound set of books; a third, a superb toilet outfit or a set of furs. His little daughters got from Santa Claus bags of bonbons and sets of toys specially manufactured at Paris. In addition, the Czar has been accustomed to distribute among his friends during the Christmas season five thousand boxes of choice cigars.

The Emperor of Austria invites all his grandchildren to spend the Christmas holidays with him. He goes beforehand through the shops, and himself purchases an ample store of bonbons, toys, and books, which he distributes among the little ones on Christmas morning with unfeigned pleasure. To fellow-sovereigns and his most intimate friends, his usual Christmas-box is a case containing a dozen bottles of his famous wine, Tokay.

Quite an expert as a needlewoman, the young Queen of Holland used to give as Christmas-boxes those bits of her yearly work which she judged the most beautiful. Queen Victoria never failed to receive from Amsterdam a pretty little casket knotted with ribbons and containing lace collars and handkerchiefs.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin distributes at Christmas enormous *pâtés de foie gras*. The King of Greece sends cases of wine from his own vineyards; and he receives from London, besides the traditional plum-pudding, a collection of the latest English novels.

Some sovereigns give rare animals as Christmas-boxes. A few years ago the German Emperor presented one of his generals with six magnificent black horses, and the Czar once gave a minister of his court a whole herd of deer. Three or four years ago, young King Alfonso gave his mother at Christmas a handsome Newfoundland dog.

To all his European friends, the Sultan of Turkey invariably sends a marvellously wrought box, ornamented with gems and precious stones, and called the "Delights of Turkey." These boxes are fashioned expressly for the Sultan by an artist who is unique in his specialty; and each contains a gift appropriate to the rank and quality of its recipient.

King Oscar of Sweden selects his gifts with rare tact and irreproachable taste.

As a poet, he always accompanies them with an autograph letter and a bit of appropriate verse. Endeavoring to suit the predilections of his friends, he is a sovereign whose gifts are most anxiously awaited. To the Duke of Cambridge, an amateur of antiquities and pottery, Oscar sent a few years ago a remarkable collection of vases.

Finally, the King of the Belgians always gives useful Christmas-boxes. Usually his gift is a superb Brussels carpet. During Edward VII.'s last year as Prince of Wales, he received one of these costly carpets, and it now adorns a handsome apartment in the Sandringham Palace.

Yuletide Lore and Legend.

(From Caxton's "*Legenda Aurea*.")

WHEN the world had endured five thousand and nine hundred years, after Eusebius the holy saint, Octavian the Emperor commanded that all the world should be described, so that he might know how many cities, how many towns, and how many persons he had in all the universal world. Then was so great peace in the earth that all the world was obedient to him. And therefore our Lord would be born in that time, that it should be known that He brought peace from heaven. And this Emperor commanded that every man should go into the towns, cities or villages from whence they were of, and should bring with him a penny in acknowledgment that he was subject to the Empire of Rome. And by so many pence as should be found received, should be known the number of the persons.

Joseph, which then was of the lineage of David, and dwelled in Nazareth, went into the city of Bethlehem, and led with him the Virgin Mary his wife. And when they were come thither, because the hostelrys were all taken up, they

were constrained to be without in a common place where all people went. And there was a stable for an ass that he brought with him, and for an ox. In that night our Blessed Lady and Mother of God was there delivered of our Blessed Saviour. At which nativity our Lord shewed many marvels.

Also the same night, as recordeth Innocent the Third, which was Pope, there sprang and sourced in Rome a well or a fountain, and ran largely all that night and all that day unto the river of Rome called Tiber. Also after that, recordeth S. John Chrysostom, the Three Kings were in this night in their orisons and prayers upon a mountain, when a star appeared by them which had the form of a right fair child, which had a cross in his forehead, which said to these Three Kings that they should go to Jerusalem, and there they should find the Son of the Virgin, God and Man, which then was born. Also there appeared in the Orient three suns, which little and little assembled together, and were all on one. As it is signified to us that these three things are the Godhead, the soul, and the body which been in three natures assembled in one person.

After this it happed on a night as a great master which is of great authority in Scripture, which is named Bartholemew, recordeth that the Rod of Engadi, which is by Jerusalem, which beareth balm, flowered this night and bare fruit, and gave liquor of balm. After this came the angel and appeared to the shepherds that kept their sheep, and said to them: I announce and show to you a great joy, for the Saviour of the world is in this night born, in the city of Bethlehem; there may ye find him wrapt in clouts. And anon, as the angel had said this, a great multitude of angels appeared with him and began to sing: Honour, glory and health be to God on high, and in the earth peace to men of good-will. Then

said the shepherds, let us go to Bethlehem and see this thing. And when they came they found like as the angel had said.

And it happed this night that all the Sodomites that did sin against nature were dead and extinet; for God hated so much this sin, that he might not suffer that nature human, which he had taken, were delivered to so great shame. Whereof S. Austin saith that it lacked but little that God would not become man for that sin. In this time Octavian made to cut and enlarge the ways, and quitted the Romans of all the debts that they owed to him.

This feast of Nativity of our Lord is one of the greatest feasts of all the year; and for to tell all the miracles that our Lord hath shewed, it should contain a whole book; but at this time I shall leave and pass over save one thing that I have heard once preached of a worshipful doctor, that what person being in clean life desire on this day a boon of God, as far as it is rightful and good for him, our Lord, at the reverence of this blessed high feast of his Nativity, will grant it to him. Then let us always make us in clean life at this feast, that we may so please him, that after this short life we may come unto his bliss. Amen.

Scourges of Modern Life.

"TO the convulsions of nature," says an Eastern journal, "we can only be sadly submissive, however great the slaughter they involve; but in the face of catastrophes which could be prevented by the introduction of modern safety devices, there is no room for any sentiment but indignation." The point is well taken as to a variety of the catastrophes which, at lamentably brief intervals, send a thrill of horror over the country; and it is especially well taken in the particular case of railway

accidents, in connection with which the foregoing statement was specifically made. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, the casualties on the railways of this country amounted to 3778 persons killed and 55,466 injured; and no one who is at all familiar with the conditions of railway travel in Europe will contend that any more than one-tenth of these deaths and injuries were, in the real sense of the word, unavoidable. "In this country one passenger was killed for every 1,622,267 carried in 1904; and in Great Britain, one for every 199,758,000 carried, or more than a hundred to one in favor of Great Britain. The same year the number of fatalities among railroad employees in the United States was 500 times as great as in the United Kingdom, though the number of employees is only seventeen times as great."

It will not do to say that this astounding difference is to be accounted for by the higher rate of speed prevalent on American railways; for, in the first place, that rate is *not* notably higher; and, in the second, it was claimed at the time of the accident following shortly on the reduction by several hours of the distance between New York and Chicago, that a higher rate of speed made against, rather than for, accidents to railway trains. The real trouble is, as the *Boston Traveller* remarks, that a whole series of accidents "is due to a defective railway system which is nothing less than a national disgrace." The financial side of the railroad question—the regulation of rates, and the elimination of rebates,—all this is now occupying the attention of the President, of Congress, and of the press; but of incomparably more importance than any consideration of dollars and cents is the matter of guaranteeing reasonably safe transport to the passengers and employees on American trains.

Another scourge of modern life that is, or ought to be, in a large measure avoidable, is fire. With the reiterated experiences forced on the attention of municipalities and individuals year after year, it is simply unintelligible why so few really effective means of withstanding fire are taken throughout the land.

"Think of it," says *Insurance Engineering*,—"in 1904 as many as 7000 people in the United States and Canada were burned,—an average of nineteen fatalities through fire every day in the year; and a record that nearly equals that of all the railroad accidents of the two countries, generally considered the most fruitful source by far of fatal accidents! And the record of 1904 was not an extraordinary one. The increase in deaths by fire has been growing steadily. Our present ratio is about nine lives lost by fire every year for every 100,000 of population. In 1900 the ratio was eight, and in 1890 it was five. Unless something drastic is done, what will be the ratio in 1950?..."

"New York averages 8700 fires a year; Chicago, 4100. We burn up three theatres, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two colleges, six apartment houses, three department stores, two jails, twenty-six hotels, one hundred and forty flat houses, and nearly sixteen hundred homes every week of the year."

In the absence of fireproof buildings, the least that people can do without criminal negligence is to provide appliances for fighting flames, and for securing the easy escape of people who may be in the buildings at the time of a conflagration.

A Christmas Greeting.

Ian Maclaren once wrote as a Christmas greeting: "Be pitiful, for every man is fighting a hard battle."

Notes and Remarks.

It is a sad circumstance that the Bishop of Limerick should have found it necessary to write a pastoral on the subject of immoral plays. The fact that they are forbidden by the Sixth of the Commandments must be known to all well-instructed Christians. But the times are evil, and "truths are diminished among men." It would be well, perhaps, if the custom were general of reading from every pulpit, on every Sunday and holyday of the year, the Commandments of God and the Precepts of God's Church. We have known this to be done with wondrous effect on the conduct of a congregation.

Commenting upon Bishop O'Dwyer's letter, the editor of the *New World* points out that Catholics who are in the habit of frequenting such dramatic exhibitions, excusing themselves for so doing on the ground that for them no occasion of sin is presented, should realize that their presence, nevertheless, may be a grave scandal to others. "One of the saddest features of the evil," says our contemporary, "is that Catholic women, who go to Mass regularly and frequent the sacraments, join theatre parties and sit out these plays from beginning to end. The complexity of modern life has confused to a considerable extent in the eyes of the people Christian morals and pagan license. In this, as in every other respect, no one can serve two masters—Christ and Eros, the God of holiness and the god of lust.... There can be no doubt that Catholic women and Catholic girls are a very small minority of those who attend immoral dramatic exhibitions. Our sodalities and confraternities, the vigilance of Catholic parents, the supreme influence of the confessional, and all the other agencies of pure and cleanly living in the Church, exercise a restraining influence which

is almost unknown among the Protestant communities. Of course all this involves a sacrifice on the part of Catholics, just as, . . . abstinence from meat on Friday involves a sacrifice. But the very essence of Christian living is a sacrifice, and no one can hope to reach that stature of perfect moral manhood spoken of in the New Testament without sacrificing the evil inclinations of his nature."

It is altogether probable that persons deceive themselves who think that they can witness without contamination plays which the pulpit and the better class of papers condemn. It is a delusion to suppose that one can safely expose oneself to occasions which for most others are positively sinful. The pure-minded are never presumptuous. Certainly the last place in the world in which any practical Catholic would like to meet Death is a theatre with a questionable play in progress.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is not optimistic as to the characteristics likely to be acquired by the children of the wealthy. "The most serious disadvantage under which the very rich labor is," he says, "the bringing up of children. It is well-nigh impossible for a very rich man to keep his children from habits of indifference and laziness. These children have no opportunity for productive labor; do nothing for themselves, parents, brothers or sisters; never acquire the habit of work."

"Well-nigh impossible" is, perhaps, a somewhat exaggerated phrase to use in the foregoing connection. The bringing up of a man's children ought to depend, and in very many cases no doubt does depend, a good deal more upon the father's common-sense, wisdom, and discretion, than upon the condition of his bank account. The mere fact of his having accumulated great wealth implies his possession of some qualities

which in themselves are admirable; and his shrewdness, for instance, must be very much at fault if he looks with complacency upon the acquisition by his children of habits of indifference and laziness, or if he tolerates such acquisition. At the worst, his judicious rearing of his sons and daughters is probably not more difficult than is his entrance into heaven; and we know that even the Scriptural text about the camel and the needle's eye does not necessarily make the very rich man's salvation "well-nigh impossible."

During the past few years people in different parts of the country have been sending at this season of the year a number of Christmas cards to Mr. Booker Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, for distribution among his colored fellow-citizens in the South. Mr. Washington writes to the press that the practice is productive of distinct good among the Southern Negroes, who have little to make the Christmastide a cheerful and helpful season. "Not the least part of the influence of these cards," he writes, "is seen in the fact that those who received such gifts a number of years ago are making efforts, notwithstanding their poverty, to make Christmas happy for some one else."

It is the contagion of kindness, the impulse of a heart that has been gladdened, to diffuse a portion of its joy over other lives in the little world around it. We trust that the consignment of Christmas cards that has already reached Tuskegee is an exceptionally large one.

Australian exchanges mention an instance of Christian tolerance and charity that makes very pleasant reading. At a recent meeting of the Congregational Union in Adelaide, the Rev. A.D. Sykes, a Congregationalist minister, read a paper in which he frankly condemned "the Protestant propaganda

against Rome, as sometimes manifested." Archbishop O'Reilly thereupon sent the minister a courteous and eloquent acknowledgment. "With my thanks," wrote his Grace, "you have, I am safe in assuring you, the thanks of my co-religionists. For non-Catholics I may not speak with authority. But Australians are high-minded and generous, and I can give no offence in stating my conviction. Many thousands of non-Catholic Australians will approve of your honest outspokenness, and be glad of the spirit of kindliness that breathes in your words."

That the Archbishop estimated correctly the spirit of many, at least, of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens, is clear from this editorial comment of the (Protestant) *Register*:

In the eloquent letter addressed to the Rev. A. Depledge Sykes, thanking him for his kind references to the Roman Catholic Church, Archbishop O'Reilly manifests a spirit which ought to be emulated by members of all Christian communions. As he remarks, the interests of this generation lie with the present; and people should be allowed to live in peace and amity—to foster the friendship, to cultivate the good-will of those whom they daily see and meet and hear. The Archbishop has given such varied and ample proof of his unselfish devotion to South Australia's welfare and his generous sympathies toward all classes of citizens that his luminous exhortation will assuredly produce an excellent effect.

We have been hoping to see an English translation of the address delivered last month at a crowded meeting of Catholic workingmen in Essen, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne. The advice of his Eminence, as the *Catholic Times* remarks, deserves the attention of Catholic toilers in every country. There were, he observed, some who would fain persuade them that the condition of the working classes was to be improved without any thought of the Author of life,—nay, in opposition to His holy law. Against these enemies of the Gospel the Catholic

workingman must be on his guard. They set class against class, and speak of a social revolution. Such men were like the people referred to by Our Lord in the Gospel, who built their houses on sand. Whilst uttering this warning, the Cardinal Archbishop was far from discountenancing union with non-Catholics in social organizations. On the contrary, he told his hearers that they ought to work hand in hand with non-Catholics of Evangelical principles who are endeavoring to find a solution for social problems. Denominational bickerings he unreservedly condemned, remarking that all who have national interests at heart should treat one another with mutual good-will and confidence.

A charitable work whose distinctive features will immediately commend themselves to all Christian minds and hearts is described at some length in a recent issue of the *Catholic News*. It is carried on quietly and unostentatiously, in New York city, by the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, aided by a lay society called "The Friends of the Sick Poor." The object of this community of women is, we are told, the care of the sick poor throughout the city in their own homes. Their rule, however, obliges them to give instant help to all other destitute souls they meet with in their general work,—the providing of homes for the aged who are abandoned by their own, the placing of children in asylums and homes, the sending of wayward girls to houses of the Good Shepherd, and the like. These Good Samaritans not only nurse the sick, but they attend to all the domestic needs of the patients' home as well. They clean and scrub the miserable hovels of the tenement slum, and prepare the sick-room for the coming of the priest with the Blessed Sacrament.

Christmastide is a season when the Catholic heart is most susceptible to

charitable impulses; and we should like to think that the compassion for the unfortunate, sure to be awakened by meditation on the dire poverty and sufferings of the Babe of Bethlehem, will find outward expression in many of our large cities in the establishment of just such works as this, that is effecting untold good in New York.

President Raymond, of Union College, N.Y., has discerned an identity of motive underlying the systems at present in vogue in the football and the commercial world. "The spirit of modern athletics," he says, "is the spirit of modern business,—at least of business in its higher reaches, which is not so much fair competition as war, and seeks victory at any cost. There is the evil that has developed the brutal and dangerous features of football, and no reformation will be complete that does not reach the root of the evil—an inordinate desire for spectacular success."

This inordinate desire for spectacular success is not confined to athletic and commercial circles. It is clearly evidenced in many another sphere of activity: literature, art, politics, and—loathe as we are to admit it—the pulpit as well. To comment on only this last-mentioned sphere, one has but to glance at the subjects discussed in the sectarian churches of the country to understand that many of the reverend preachers are also seeking the spectacular.

While our British Catholic exchanges do not appear to be entirely confident that the composition of the new Government betokens undoubted good things for Ireland, most observers on this side of the Atlantic seem to be of the opinion that Mr. Redmond and his party will hold so commanding a position in the next House of Commons that Irish interests will assuredly be promoted. The presence in the new

Cabinet of Morley, Bryce, and Herbert Gladstone, all committed by previous utterances to the righting of Ireland's legislative wrongs, points to renewed efforts to settle permanently the irrepressible "Irish question." We notice that the *New York Sun* is thus sanguine as to coming events:

We have therefore but little doubt that the Premier has promised to bring in a bill creating and maintaining at the cost of the State an Irish Catholic University,—a bill drawn, perhaps, upon the lines of Lord Dunraven's proposal, which would materially increase Ireland's powers of local self-government; and, finally, such amendments of the Wyndham Land Purchase act as shall free that measure from features which are gravely objectionable from a tenant's point of view.

In an interesting sketch contributed to *Les Missions Catholiques* by Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, we find the following graphic account of an edifying death among the Indians of the Canadian Farthest North:

A good old convert, seventy-six years of age, fell seriously ill, and received the Last Sacraments with the most admirable dispositions. His whole family were assembled around his couch. "It is now," he said to them when the Viaticum had been administered,—"it is now that I understand all that the priests have explained to me about religion. You know that I once adored evil spirits and was a medicine-man; I danced the sun-dance; I sacrificed victims, and invoked the thunder and the Great Bear against the missionaries; I spoke evil. But I didn't understand. To-day I do understand, and I tell you I did wrong. The Great Spirit is good; He has pardoned me. I am happy; I am going to see Him in His grand Paradise. I don't fear to die, and am glad to suffer for Our Lord, who suffered so much for me."

After stating that the old man died, a few hours later, in the most edifying dispositions of faith, hope, and love, Mgr. Langevin adds a sentence that throws some light on the hardships of the missionary career: "Such consolations make one forget that one is lost in the bleak and savage Farthest North, and that one's daily bread is not always forthcoming."

Notable New Books.

Il Libro d'Oro of those whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Translations by Mrs. Francis Alexander. Little, Brown & Co.

"Roadside Songs of Tuscany" and "The Hidden Servants," by Francesca Alexander, come to mind when one opens Mrs. Alexander's addition to the saint-lore of the times. Mother and daughter have placed all lovers of the spiritual under lasting obligations by their delightful translations from the treasures of Italian legend and biography. This collection is made up of extracts from the Lives of the Fathers of the Church, and represents the writings of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, including selections from books issued at Venice, Florence, and Bologna. There is real poetry in many of these simple stories; and more and more are the records of the monasteries of olden times coming to be recognized as valuable documents, from both the historical and the literary standpoint. An introduction by Croiset tells of the institution of All Saints' Day and the dedication of the Pantheon to the memory of the Blessed. Verily is the holiness of the Church attested by the eminent sanctity of so many thousands of her children.

Mary the Queen. A Life of the Blessed Mother. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Benziger Brothers.

This simple and charming story of the life of our Blessed Lady is to be commended and recommended. It has an interest all its own, because of both subject and manner of treatment; and every line breathes loving devotion to her whom the King so signally loved and honored. The story tells all there is to be told of Mary's life; and Gospel and tradition and legendary lore have contributed to the filling out of the picture. The book is attractively printed and bound, and the illustrations are above the ordinary; but the pictures of the Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi seem out of place before the chapter on Mary's visit to Elizabeth.

The Four Winds of Eirinn. Poems by Ethna Carbery. Edited by Seumas MacManus. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

In styling this complete edition of the poetry written by the lamented Anna MacManus "a volume of genuine Irish verse," the publishers have given it a characterization as true as it is commendatory. In typical Irish poetry there are certain qualities which endear it to all who profess any degree of fondness for the output of lyric art. There is, in the first place, the metrical swing, the musical lilt that affords a sensible

acoustic pleasure quite independently of the thought embodied in the singing lines. Even the most mediocre of Erin's minor poets have an instinctive proficiency in turning out "harmonious numbers." Then there is the quality which, for want of a more specific word, may be termed *heart*. Sincerity, earnestness, unshaken faith, abiding hope even in darkest gloom, and passionate love of the "Niobe of nations,"—these are unfailing characteristics of all Irish singers with voices loud enough to attract the attention of their countrymen at home and over-seas.

The present volume stands remarkably well this twofold test of merit. With very few exceptions, the poems are truly melodious, and their inspiring earnestness will impress even the most casual reader. Where there is so much to elicit the warmest praise, it is regrettable that the editor should have allowed even minor faults of technique to mar the beauty of occasional lines. "Seas—peace," "door—poor," "dared—stirred," and "upon—sun" are rhymes that invariably jar upon a cultured ear; and, as Mr. MacManus is himself a versifier of no mean merit, we trust that from the next edition of these admirable poems he will eliminate all such imperfections. Not the least poetical pages of the book, he it said, are those containing the pathetic introduction, a youthful widower's loving tribute to the maiden-wife so early called away.

In the Land of the Strenuous Life. By the Abbé Felix Klein. Author's Translation. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Au Pays de la Vie Intense" is already in its seventh edition; and, crowned by the French Academy, it continues to grow in favor among those for whom it was written. The author's translation, dedicated to an ideally typical American, President Roosevelt, should meet with cordial recognition. It is a book that people will talk about and friends will recommend to friends, for its charm, its enthusiasm, its refreshing naïveté.

In his very delightful Introduction, the Abbé Klein tells his readers the purpose of his visit to this country,—a visit which resulted in "The Land of the Strenuous Life"; and he writes thus: "What I proposed to myself in crossing the Atlantic was to seek in your country the profitable example of certain virtues which you possess in a very high degree, and which we in some measure lack." And the good Abbé found what he was looking for, resolutely closing his eyes to much that must have struck him as not altogether virtuous. It is true, as he himself tells us, that he has written with an "excess of benevolence"; and he says further: "I have told so much that is good, that your modesty—*proverbial in all the world*—must endure much

while you read; and I think I see you pushing from you with blushes these too flattering pages."

From the first page of the Abbé Klein's book, when we leave the station of St. Lazare in Paris, to the very last, when, with him on the *Lorraine*, turned away from "The Land of the Strenuous Life," we pass the Statue of Liberty, we follow with unflagging interest his account, enjoy his impressions, smile at his witty thrusts, and glow with enthusiasm at the thought of his ideal America.

The distinguished French visitor was fortunate in those he met: Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Spalding, Archbishop Glendon, Bishop McQuaid, President Roosevelt, Mr. Charles Bonaparte, *et al.*—but one must have qualities of greatness to recognize it in others. "Humanity, progress, religion, mere words to some, are to others large realities"; and surely they are such to the Abbé Felix Klein.

Handbook of Homeric Study. By Henry Browne, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co.

Although the author declares in his preface that no one should consider the present volume "as in any way superseding the ordinary Homeric grammars, text-books, or lexicons," we venture to say that most students and all teachers of Homer will be interested in this new contribution to the study of the "monarch of sublimest song." We might add that others besides those who are professed students of the Homeric text will be interested in the greater part of Father Browne's work, especially the chapters on "Homeric Life," "Who were the Homeric People?" and "Epic Art of Homer." The book contains twenty-two illustrations and a sufficiently exhaustive index. A most pleasing feature of the text is the relief afforded by a skilful manipulation of different varieties of type.

St. Catherine de Ricci. Her Life, Her Letters, Her Community. By F. M. Capes. Burns & Oates.

Alessandra Lucrezia Romola de Ricci was the Christian and surname of the servant of God known in the Church as St. Catherine de Ricci. She was a Tertiary of the Dominican Order; and in this new Life we have an edifying and most interesting account of her pious youth and of her saintly career, first as a simple religious, and then as prioress of San Vincenzo at Prato.

This biography of the holy Dominican is drawn from those by Fra Serafino Razzi, Fra Filippo Guidi, and a later work, Père Bayonne's "Vie de Ste. Catherine de Ricci." The letters of the saint are an important feature of the work. In many cases they give the human touches that bring the actions of St. Catherine into the sphere of daily experience; thus aiding our comprehen-

sion of her soul-life, and, better still, enabling us to appreciate the supernatural which entered so largely into her motives.

Whatever may be said in general for or against "Introductions," there is no gainsaying the fact that any one who wishes to approach with understanding the Life of St. Catherine de Ricci must read the treatise on the mystical life which Father Wilberforce presents as an introduction to this work. In it the teachings of the Church on mystical theology are set forth as clearly as is compatible with the subject, and no little light is thrown on the manifestations of high and special sanctity which marked the saint's career.

A point of interest to many will be the objection raised, but overruled in the process of Catherine's canonization, as to the *cultus* professed by the saint for Savonarola. The objection was made in 1716; the solemn canonization did not take place until 1746.

Heart's Desire. By Emerson Hough. The Macmillan Company.

For the benefit of prospective readers, the author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Law of the Land," etc., explains on the title-page of this his latest novel that it is "the story of a contented town, certain peculiar citizens, and two fortunate lovers." The reader who peruses the volume to the end—as a good many novel-lovers probably will peruse it, at a single sitting—will be likely to accept this characterization as correct. The town is in the remote Southwest, beyond the confines of incorporated municipalities and legal trammels; the peculiar citizens are picturesque types of manhood in its primitive stages; and the fortunate lovers are less commonplace and conventional than are the usual hero and heroine of contemporary fiction. There is a delightful quaintness in the humor that runs through the narrative; and it is scarcely too laudatory a criticism to style the story an idyll of the cowboy and mining zones.

Oxford Conferences on Faith. By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P. B. Herder; Kegan Paul, Trench, Tröhner & Co.

The author of these excellent conferences has evidently made a profound study of St. Thomas, whom he takes for his guide in the more difficult matters of faith. There are in all eight conferences: The Problem of Faith; The Object of Faith; The Light of Faith; Authority; The Will and Faith; The Door of Faith; The Scruple of Doubt; The Life of Faith. Father McNabb has a fascinating style,—the fitting vehicle of his fresh thoughts and happy intuitions. There is an important appendix of supplementary notes, the substance of which is taken mostly from the writings of the Angelic Doctor.



The Young Folks' Feast.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

ABOUT Christmas Eve there is no make-believe:

Full true is the oldtime story
Of the stable-cave where the Virgin gave
To the world the King of Glory;
Of the Shepherds who heard the Angels' word
And sped to the Manger holy,
To prove by this sign the Babe Divine:
They would find Him poor and lowly.

Now, ever since then, in the thoughts of men—
Though often in deeds they stumble—
Is this Holy Night still the poor's delight,
The feast of the meek and humble;
And best-favored of all who the feast may call
Their own with its glad adorning,
Are the young folks mild who salute the Child
As brother on Christmas morning.

"One of His Jewels."

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

X.

FOR some time after the events recorded in the last chapter, life went on as before in the humble household of Don Bosco and his youthful protégés. On the following Sunday—a day always marked by some small festivities or extra privileges,—when the boys knelt before Don Bosco as usual at bedtime, to kiss his hand and wish him "good-night," he seemed, as Luigi approached, to turn his head away as if in displeasure; and the sensitive child, observing this, drew back, with tears in his eyes. But Don Bosco, immediately perceiving it, held out his hand with a gesture of encouragement, and a kindly "Good-night, little one!" which sent him once more happily to bed.

True, Don Bosco and his mother had more than once exchanged 'some anxious words over the situation, and both feared that their little favorite was indeed the culprit. But, with their large-hearted and tender charity, they agreed to cast a veil of silence over the whole matter; only wondering, rather perplexedly, what he had done with the money. And Luigi sometimes caught a yearning, questioning look on the good Father's face, as if to say, "Why, oh, why do you not confess it?"

"It is time, Luigi," said Madame Bosco one day, "to look out for some trade or employment for you. You are growing too big to do housework any longer. What would you like to do?"

Luigi looked up with a startled air. But she continued:

"There are many things you might do: cobbling shoes, or working in a carpenter's shop, or tailoring,—you know what the other older boys do. Here, reach me down the flour-bin. I must make another pasty. The dear Padre has given away all that was left of yesterday's."

And she proceeded to set out the pastry board as she spoke.

"Ah, there you are, John! You are early in to-day. I was just about to make you a pasty."

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Don Bosco, carefully turning up his sleeves as he spoke.

"Well, yes. You can put on the polenta; that will help."

And as he proceeded to take down the one big saucepan, she began a cheerful thump, thump of the rolling-pin, while Luigi ran for water and salt.

"I saw Joseph to-day," said Don Bosco, as he measured out a goodly

pile of meal from the tub and poured it into the saucepan.

"I hope all was well with him?" questioned his mother. (Joseph, her second son, was married, and lived at Becchi, a village at some distance.)

"Quite well. And he was good enough to hand me some money he had brought for buying calves in the market. I paid the baker with it."

"That is a great relief to my mind. I had been worrying over it."

"My dear mother, never worry over such things. Have I not told you again and again that the Lord will provide for His children? Why, I have been thinking of building a church!"

"A church!" she exclaimed, letting fall the rolling-pin in her astonishment. "Where will you get money? You know that we have nothing—but debts."

"The money will come, mother. A priest who spends liberally for God and the poor receives more. He becomes the channel for the alms of the faithful."

Madame Bosco gently nodded her acquiescence, and he remarked:

"Well, and what were you talking of when I came in?"

"I was asking Luigi what he would like to be," said the mother.

"And he answered?" queried Don Bosco, turning to the child with a smile.

"I should like to—go where Giovanni Massaglia has gone," murmured Luigi, hanging his head.

"Why, that is to the seminary! You think of becoming a priest?"

Luigi did not answer, but looked timidly up at Don Bosco.

"That requires reflection," continued the priest, very gravely, looking down into the small, upturned face. "It is a great honor, Luigi,—an inestimable privilege. And—we are so unworthy! But we will speak of this another time. Meanwhile it would do you no harm to be apprenticed to old Giacomo, round the corner, where Sandro goes. I have been speaking to him about you."

Luigi knew, as well as if he had been told in so many words, that the doubt about the piece of money was at the root of Don Bosco's hesitation. His eyes filled with tears, but he said nothing; and at that moment the Angelus rang out from a neighboring church. All knelt reverently and said the prayers, and in a few moments a dozen hungry boys had trooped in and sat down to their midday meal.

XI.

It was the 8th of December, 1854, a memorable date in the history of the Church,—a day on which the air was vibrant with the sound of joyous bells, with ringing *Te Deums*, and solemn thanksgivings. It is unnecessary to say how Don Bosco's Oratory and his loyal little household participated in the general rejoicings of that ever to be remembered day when Pius IX. proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The boys had their celebration and their little feast, like the rest, with a long ramble in the country, and one of those delightful *al fresco* repasts for which Don Bosco was famous.

Perhaps one of the least light-hearted of the little band was Luigi, now for the past three months apprenticed to Giacomo the cobbler, for whom Sandro also worked. And Sandro—no longer a member of the Bosco household, but self-supporting, and, alas! self-sufficient in the least desirable way,—had been doing his best to tempt his younger comrade to follow his example in gambling, petty pilfering, and general bad conduct. And when little Luigi resisted, he would taunt him with "That ten lira piece, you know!" affecting to believe that Luigi was already, what he would fain have made him, a thief.

It was evening; and, after a joyous day in the country, the Valdocco Oratory, or parent institution—for there were now three in all, of which this was the first and principal one, and

Don Bosco's residence,—was crowded with happy boys about to keep the chief festival of the house. Mamma Margherita was overflowing with pious joy, and gave vent to her rejoicings in some of the quaint ejaculations which it was her custom to interlard with ordinary talk.

"*Ave Maria, gratia plena*—now, who among you all will lay the cloth for supper? For, thanks to the Blessed Mother, we have still some cloths left! *Dominus tecum*—do not quarrel, boys; and, Joseph, take care of the knife! *Benedicta tu in mulieribus*—ah, what a blessed day this is! Luigi, you will all have apples and nuts after supper! It is a great *festa*."

One of the boys, Domenico Soave, a saintly child who died young, and whose life was afterward written by Don Bosco, was busy selecting and enrolling some of his comrades whom he wished to join him in an association under the title just commemorated by the newly established feast. Presently he came up to Luigi.

"Will you not join this new confraternity?"

"I?" Luigi looked at him with startled eyes. "You would take *me*?"

"Why not? You are good, quiet, well-behaved. You love the Blessed Virgin."

"Perhaps the other boys would not have me."

"Indeed they would. Why not?"

"You do not know all, Domenico, or you would not say that."

"Tell me, then."

And he seated himself by his comrade's side. His voice was so gentle, his manner so winning, that Luigi's timid reserve was at length overcome, and he told him all,—the story of the ten lira piece, of his own conviction that he was believed to have taken it, and Sandro's secret persecution ever since.

"And you *did* not take it?" said Domenico, reflectively.

"No, I did not," said the child,

firmly; "and I can not think what could have become of it."

"Why did you not speak like that to Don Bosco when he questioned you?" asked Domenico, turning round and looking him in the face.

"Oh, I dared not! And when once I found that they did not believe in me, I would say no more."

"That was pride, my dear little brother," said Domenico, kindly. "Do you mind my speaking to Don Bosco about it?"

"Do not, I beg of you!" cried Luigi.

"Very well; I will not, if you do not wish it. Then, at any rate, join my confraternity, and let them see that I believe in you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear Domenico!" cried the boy, joyfully.

Some other boys now joined the two, and there was an animated discussion over the details of the new confraternity,—a discussion in which Madame Bosco herself joined; so that they hardly noticed how late it was getting, until Madame Bosco, looking at the clock over the mantelpiece, exclaimed with a start:

"How late it is! And Don Bosco not in yet! What can have kept him all this time? Some sick-call, no doubt. And now you had better go to bed, boys!"

"Oh, not without the Padre's blessing, to-night of all nights!" cried several voices. "Do let us wait five minutes longer, Mamma!"

Madame Bosco hesitated, and looked again at the clock, whose hand pointed to ten minutes to ten. But just at that moment the door opened and Don Bosco himself came in.

"At last, Father,—at last!" shouted the boys; while his mother detected a look of unusual gravity on his face, as he walked over to the fireplace, and turned toward them.

"Well, my children, I have kept you a long time waiting, have I not? And now I am going to tell you why."

"You know when I am out late in the evenings, it is generally on account of some sick-call. Well, it was so in this instance,—a sick-call of which you will all be interested to hear. I was walking along on my way home when, as I passed by the corner of the road leading to the hospital, a man came running up. 'Father,' he said, 'are you by any chance Don Bosco? For I have been sent from the hospital to fetch him.' I said, 'Yes.' 'Then will you return there with me? One of your own boys is dying and wants to see you.' I turned and followed him to the hospital, where he led me upstairs to one of the wards, and then left me. 'Father,' said the nun who received me, 'one of your former pupils, injured by the fall of some scaffolding, was brought here this afternoon. He was unconscious when he came, but has now recovered his senses, and is sinking fast.' I did not wait to ask his name, my children, but signed to her to lead me to him. As I approached the bedside, I recognized him." (Here the speaker looked across the room, and fixed his eyes on Luigi, who was listening like the rest.) "It was Sandro Marrochi!"

Luigi flushed crimson under the look, and then grew deadly pale as Don Bosco went on:

"Well, my children, he had a confession to make and a reparation to offer. You all remember the ten lira piece of Mamma Margherita, which disappeared from the china coffee-pot? Well, Sandro took it; and not only so, but he caused suspicion to fall on another of his comrades, to shield himself."

Here Don Bosco paused, and a storm of exclamations burst forth:

"Sandro took it!"—"It was Sandro, after all!"—"Oho, the cunning one! And he looked so innocent!"—"Who, then, was accused?" queried a newcomer. "I never heard of it," and so on.

Young Domenico's arms were round his little comrade, in true Italian

fashion, and he was crying out joyously: "You see, Luigi,—you see! God has vindicated you!"

And Madame Bosco was exclaiming:

"Come, my poor Luigi,—come and embrace me! Ah, I fear you must have suffered much!"

And all the boys clapped and cheered and danced about, in irrepressible excitement, until Don Bosco bade them go up to bed, and not forget to pray for the soul of their erring comrade, "whose last breath was drawn, in my presence, not an hour since, after receiving absolution."

Luigi was bidden to stay behind the others; and in all his life he never forgot that hour, so full of loving, tender counsels, and gentle, fatherly admonitions, kneeling at the good priest's knee; or the fervent "God keep you, my child,—God keep you ever!" with which he was finally dismissed.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Legend of the Christmas Tree.

One cold night in December, many, many years ago, a shrill cry for help rang out from a forest of evergreens. Immediately afterward two men of evil visage, carrying a heavy sack, emerged from the wood. They walked on for a time, then sat down and opened the sack to see what it contained.

Said one: "Let's see what that old graybeard is carrying around the country. Ha! ha! how we scared him when we took his property! I'll wager he's running yet!"

The bag was opened; and at sight of the numberless toys and sweetmeats found within it, the rage of the robbers knew no bounds. They at once began to dispute, and, in their anger, commenced throwing the things at each other. Soon the air was full of beautiful dolls, drums, horns, wooden horses, bugles, and many other things. These

lodged in the branches of the pine trees standing around. When there was nothing more to throw, the robbers grappled each other and rolled down into a deep ravine.

Meanwhile the old graybeard had found some defenders. A party of young peasants, to whom he told his story, were now escorting him back to find his property. As they entered the forest, a thousand dancing lights appeared and settled on the end of the boughs of the pine trees.

The peasants were astonished beyond measure at the sight that met their eyes: trees laden with toys of every description, and glittering with thousands of brilliant lights. They turned to the mysterious old man, who smiled and said:

"You have been kind to Father Christmas: now accept the gifts he offers you. These trees are yours."

That, according to the legend, is the origin of the Christmas Tree which brings joy to so many young hearts, and without which the holidays would lose much of their charm.

Three Golden Balls, and Santa Claus.

It has been thought rather curious that the famous Medici family of Florence should have as their emblem three golden balls, which symbol has for hundreds of years been the pawnbroker's sign. The enemies of the Medicis were wont to laugh in their sleeves, and say that the pawnbroker's sign was very suitable, as the family had raised itself to prominence by usury and money-lending. The two emblems both came from the same legend, a very beautiful one of St. Nicholas of Bari.

A nobleman of the town of Patara had three beautiful daughters, whom, being bereft of all his fortune, he was unable to provide with a marriage portion. It seemed as if there was no

honorable method to support them, and the poor father was in despair. St. Nicholas had heard of the family; and, as he had an enormous fortune, he resolved to dower the maidens, who were as good as they were beautiful.

Seeking their house one night, he found an open window, and threw into this a purse filled with gold. With this the oldest daughter was dowered; and a second purse coming in the same mysterious manner, gave the second daughter her marriage portion. The nobleman now determined to keep watch and see who was his benefactor, and discovered the saint in the act of throwing in the third purse. Falling upon his knees, the father exclaimed:

"O Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself from gratitude?"

The good Bishop bade him tell no one while he lived, but after his demise the nobleman related his munificence. From this legend arose the custom of giving St. Nicholas three bits of gold or golden balls as his emblem. As he was the patron of the Medici, and also of the Lombard merchants who emigrated to England and there set up the first money-lending establishments and pawnbrokers' shops, so high and low use his emblem—the three golden balls.

From this same incident is said to be derived the custom of placing gifts in the stockings, or in some countries the shoes, of children on the eve of Christmas, and attributing the gifts to St. Nicholas under the corrupted form of his name, Santa Claus.

—A Prayer on Christmas Eve.

DEAR Infant, I would like to have
A truly Christmas Tree,
With candles lighted, and with lots
Of pretty things for me.

I want to ask for something else—
My mamma said I should,—
Besides the tree and pretty things,
Dear Infant, make me good!

With Authors and Publishers.

—From the *Herold des Glaubens* we have received "Der Familienfreund, Katholischer Wegweiser für das Jahr 1906." As usual this popular annual is filled with useful information and a great variety of good reading in verse and prose. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. The frontispiece, a colored picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, will please all who see it.

—"Salve Venetia," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, published this week by the Macmillan Co., is a companion to "Ave Roma Immortalis." The picturesque and stirring story of the City of the Sea affords Mr. Crawford full opportunity for the exercise of his great power of dramatic presentation, and for graphic descriptions of bygone scenes which throb with life and reality. The work is richly illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

—"The Revival of the Religious Life for Men" sounds like a Catholic title, and the pamphlet which bears it contains much with which Catholic readers will heartily agree; but it is a non-Catholic pamphlet, nevertheless. Its author is the Rev. Paul B. Bull, of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorkshire, England. Many of the ideas expressed herein on the religious life are so just that we shall be rather disappointed if within the next two or three years, we do not hear of the Rev. Mr. Bull's conversion to the only Church in which the religious life can be a verity.

—Under the title "A Modern Martyr," the Rev. James Walsh, director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of Boston, has just published a new Life of the Venerable Théophane Vénard, of the Society for Foreign Missions, Paris, who was beheaded for the Faith in Tonquin, Feb. 2, 1861. We are glad to notice that this biography is more complete than the one presented to English readers many years ago by Lady Herbert. The interest is enhanced by a portrait of the martyr and other illustrations. A book no less charming than edifying.

—St. Augustine expressed an interesting truth when he said: "We admire the work of the tiny ants and bees more than the bulky forms of whales." These words are quoted by Father Eric Wasmann, S. J., in the introduction to his "Psychology of Ants and of Higher Animals." The work is a translation from the original German. Its interest is by no means confined to persons of a scientific temperament: the general reader will find both pleasure and instruction in Father Wasmann's studies. Chapter I. contains the conclusion that, "from the point of view of comparative psychology, the communities of ants represent the most perfect of animal societies." Apropos of the

immoral principles of Alf. Brehm and L. Buechner, the author is strong in his repudiation of the attempts made to "humanize the animal." Published by B. Herder.

—The "Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana dall'Anno 1847 a tutto il 1899," just completed by Prof. Pagliardini, librarian at the Genoa University, is remarkable for the number of entries under Dante Alighieri. Every edition, or part of an edition, every pamphlet relating to him or to his work, is included. Italian editions issued outside the land of his birth and in other tongues than his own also find a place in Prof. Pagliardini's work, which is in three closely printed volumes.

—"The Method of the Catholic Sunday-School" (Second Series), by the Rev. P. A. Halpin, is an earnest appeal for the betterment of catechetical methods. Especially important is the section entitled "The Unattractive Sunday-School." The author's passing strictures do not end with the bitterness of the moment: he suggests ways of improvement. The closing paragraphs of this commendable brochure are particularly fervid with the zeal of the Psalmist. Father Halpin finds the "God wills it" for his Catechetical Crusade in the recent Encyclical of the Holy Father on the teaching of Catechism. J. F. Wagner, publisher.

—"Garland of Song," by Mary E. Griffin, comes to us from the Blakely Printing Co., Chicago. It is a rather handsomely bound, well printed volume of some two hundred pages, with a frontispiece representing Music, and, somewhat unaccountably, *without* a table of contents or an index. The author is one of America's minor Catholic poets, and a number of her lyrics deal reverently with religious themes, devotional practices, and spiritual longings. While occasional stanzas bear evidence of an art that is still imperfect, it is only fair to say that the author's technique is distinctly superior to that of several Catholic versifiers whose volumes have come to our table within the present year.

—The diocese of Buffalo mourns the loss of a distinguished and excellent priest. The Rev. Patrick Cronin, who died suddenly last week at North Tonawanda, N. Y., was for many years editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*; and in this capacity, not only rendered great services to religion, but did much to promote the welfare of the Irish in America and the cause of Home Rule in Ireland. He was the first vice-president of the Land League in the United States, and a leading light of other similar organizations. Besides editing the diocesan paper, which under his

able management soon took rank among the best Catholic journals in this country, Dr. Cronin engaged in various other literary pursuits, winning distinction as a poet and a lecturer. A few months ago he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Pius X. Genial, kind-hearted, and priestly, Dr. Cronin was beloved wherever he was known, and had many warm friends among all classes of citizens in Buffalo. *R. I. P.*

—"Essentials in Mediæval and Modern History," by Samuel Bannister Harding, Ph. D. (American Book Co.), is so good a text-book in many respects that one can not help wishing it could be recommended for Catholic schools. The author tries to be fair in his treatment of the many controverted questions of religion that fall within the period of his history. But we can not say that he has always succeeded. He quotes not infrequently from such Catholic sources as: Alzog, Montalembert, Hefele, Pastor, Wiseman, etc.; and in the first paragraph of Chapter V. ("The Church in the Middle Ages"), the following words of a Protestant historian are quoted: "The Papacy as a whole showed more of enlightenment, moral purpose, and political wisdom than any succession of kings or emperors that mediæval Europe ever knew." This is true, but there are other passages to offset it. Clearness of presentation is perhaps the book's most dominant feature.

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 Method of the Catholic Sunday-School." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 40 cts.

"Psychology of Ants and of Higher Animals." Rev. Eric Wasman, S. J. \$1, net.

"Il Libro d'Oro of those whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Translations by Mrs. Francis Alexander. \$2, net.

"Oxford Conferences on Faith." Father Vincent McNabb, O. P. 90 cts.

"In the Land of the Strénuous Life." The Abbé Felix Klein. \$2, net.

"Heart's Desire." Emerson Hough. \$1.50.

"St. Catherine de Ricci. Her Life, Her Letters Her Community." F. M. Capes. \$2, net.

"Mary the Queen" A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 50 cts.

"The Four Winds of Eirinn." Ethna Carbery. 75 cts., net.

"Handbook of Homeric Study." Henry Browne, S. J. \$2, net.

"The Dollar Hunt." 45 cts.

"Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord." 50 cts.

"Prayer." Father Faber. 30 cts., net.

"Lives of the English Martyrs." (Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth.) \$2.75.

"Joan of Arc." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 75 cts.

"The Life of St. Patrick; and His Place in History." J. B. Bury, M. A. \$3.25, net.

"The Suffering Man-God." Père Seraphin. 75 cts., net.

"The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul." Ven. Blossius, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.

"The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." \$1.60., net.

"The Immortality of the Soul." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. 30 cts., net; paper, 15 cts. net.

"Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." Charles Major, \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Very Rev. Charles Pope, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. Patrick Cronin, D. D., diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Gerald Fagan, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. F. X. Smith, diocese of Alton; Rev. Richard Richardson, Institute of Charity; and Rev. Ignatius Stuart, O. S. B.

Sister Mary Thomas, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Henry Perkinson and Miss M. Whittle, of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Margaret Fitzwilliams, Akron, Ohio; Mr. G. Felthaus, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Mary McKernan, Clare, Iowa; Mr. George Moshier, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Miss Mary Flanagan and Mr. Michael Flanagan, Utica, N.Y.; Mr. C. J. McKone, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. W. W. Nichols, Quincy, Ill.; Mr. John Maher, Middletown, Ohio; Miss Susan Hill, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. J. J. Conroy, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. James Jameson, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Loretta McHale, Cadillac, Mich.; Mrs. M. C. Koch, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. M. A. Keogh, Staten Island, N. Y.; Mrs. Augusta Lutz, Allegheny Pa.; Margaret McMillen, Washington, D. C.; and Mr. Philip Kramer, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

NO. 27.

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

The Dawning Year.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

ANOTHER chapter opens in our life's continued story,

And Hope perchance assures us it will be the best we've penned,

Replete with noble incidents redounding to our glory,—

Ah, me! who knows how close his tale is drawing to its end!

The New Year's blithesome advent stirs the heart to transient gladness,

Its cheer informs the wishes that we proffer and receive,

Its spirit fain would turn us from all themes and thoughts of sadness,—

Yet many mark its dawning who will never see its eve.

Rehearse the Old Year's record; count the friends who gave it greeting

With hearts as light and hopes as fair as yours or mine to-day,

Yet ere its newness faded learned how swiftly life was fleeting:

Outstripping Time, Death came to them and summoned them away.

Ah, New Years are but milestones incomplete; they tell us merely

The distance we have travelled, not the length of road before:

'Tis wisdom, then, from day to day to serve our God sincerely,

Expectant of the hour supreme that marks our journey o'er.

TRUST the past to the mercy of God, the present to His love, the future to His providence.—*St. Augustine.*

The World at Christ's Coming.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



AN examination of the state of the heathen world at the time when Jesus Christ, its Saviour, was born reveals a scene of terrible darkness, relieved here and there by only a gleam of truth or an occasional bright example of natural virtue. As to the Jewish world, there were, indeed, therein some faithful Israelites, men without guile, who were waiting in hope and faith and patience for the coming of the Lord. But the greater part of the nation of the Jews had been led astray by dreams of worldly power; and, looking for an earthly kingdom, understood not Him who told them, "My Kingdom is not of this world." We will consider now the condition of the great heathen civilization represented by the mighty Roman Empire. To the power of Rome that civilization added the newly-acquired intellectual and artistic culture of conquered races. Says Mr. Allies:*

"The Empire of Augustus inherited the whole civilization of the ancient world. Whatever political and social knowledge, whatever moral or intellectual truth, whatever useful or elegant arts 'the enterprising race of Japhet' had acquired, preserved, and accumulated in the long course of centuries since the beginning of history, had

* "The Formation of Christendom," Vol. I.

descended without a break to Rome, with the dominion of all the countries washed by the Mediterranean. For her the wisdom of Egypt and of all the East had been stored up; for her had thought Pythagoras and Thales, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and all the schools besides of Grecian philosophy suggested by these names. For her Zoroaster, as well as Solon and Lycurgus, legislated; for her Alexander conquered, the races which he subdued forming but a portion of her empire. Every city in the ears of whose youth the poems of Homer were familiar as household words owned her sway. Her magistrates, from the Northern Sea to the confines of Arabia, issued their decrees in the language of empire—the Latin tongue; while, as men of letters, they spoke and wrote in Greek."

And again: "Every science and art, all human thought, experience, and discovery, had poured their treasure in one stream into the bosom of that society which, after forty-four years of undisputed rule, Augustus had consolidated into a new system of government and bequeathed to the charge of Tiberius."*

Wealth, luxury, the majesty of law and order, the unifying influence of the *Pax Romana*, which bound the nations together into one, and formed a providential instrument for the rapid spread of Christianity; high and noble thought, profound philosophy, the cultivation of art and poetry, a love of the Beautiful, the Good, and the True,—all these things might be seen on the surface. But underneath! What of that? Two great falsehoods undermined the immense and seemingly glorious fabric of the great Greek-Roman civilization—a falsehood concerning God; and a falsehood, consequent upon the other, concerning man. These two falsehoods ate like a canker into the very heart of society and made it rotten to the core.

We are astonished to find, in the writings of the philosophers of the time, certain sentiments expressed about God, which, at first sight, appear to be almost Christian in tone. It is, indeed, a fact that, under Augustus, the minds of men turned with a growing aspiration toward forms of worship less formal, more personal, and apparently more satisfying to the needs of the soul than the old official rites of the Roman mythology. This trend of religious thought we may certainly look upon as a providential preparation of men's minds for the coming of One who would satisfy their needs and aspirations to the full. Hitherto religion had been looked upon as an appanage of the State. The State was all in all. For the State the individual man existed. The gods were to be worshiped, and sacrifice was offered to them, because they were the gods of Rome. The Emperor himself was deified as representing the majesty of the Empire, the true object of devotion to every Roman heart; and thus religion had practically become identified with patriotism.

Many circumstances tended, at the period of Our Lord's coming, to produce an alteration in this manner of regarding religion. The barriers which separated race from race had fallen; the distinctions between various classes of citizens were being eliminated; as the absolute power of the Emperor grew greater and greater, individual liberty grew less and less; fortune, prosperity, and life itself were at the mercy of a despot. The great mass of the people were poverty-stricken and often in want of bread; while the rich classes had given themselves up to such unbridled luxury, and to carnal pleasures of so base a nature, that they had become satiated at last, and, disgusted by over-indulgence, were ready to welcome any influence that should tear them away from vices

* Loc. cit.

which they had no power themselves to overcome.*

Under the influence of this feeling, people were ready to listen to the teachings of philosophy, if, perchance, it might be able to supply a remedy; whilst many rushed eagerly after the newly introduced religions of the ancient East, which, with their initiations, ceremonial washings, and mysterious rites, held out the promise, vain though it was, of interior renovation and rescue from the deadly sense of pollution and the utter weariness of life which afflicted those whose worldly position most excited the envy of all who knew them. Such were the aspirations of many at this time; and such were the means by which they sought to satisfy them.

Having tried in vain to extract happiness from sensual pleasures, or from a life of ease, spent in the cultivation or the admiration of the unparalleled art of Greece, they turned to philosophy and to every strange religion which the extension of empire introduced into Rome. A result of this was an attempt to bring into one religious system, to comprehend in one religious faith, the various beliefs of the peoples now included within the Empire. As might be supposed, this attempt on the part of thinkers did not meet with any great measure of success. One result, however, it had, which was not unimportant in view of the coming revelation of God to the heathen world. There arose a tendency to identify the different gods of the conquered races with the gods and goddesses of the Greek and Roman mythologies, and to consider them no longer as distinct beings, but as different manifestations of the great Force which permeated and governed the world, and to which was due the ever-changing series of natural phenomena which, of old, had been ascribed each to a separate deity often

at war with the others. This conception of the gods of the mythologies was not limited to men of culture and learning, but made its way, to a certain extent, even among the masses. At the same time, from a spirit of conservatism, and out of respect for the State, which continued to hold its place as an object of religious devotedness, the old forms of worship were still outwardly observed, though scoffed at secretly, and sometimes openly, by the more enlightened classes.

But what was the heathen idea of the universal, all-penetrating, governing Force manifested in the operations of Nature, of which, to the minds of the more modern, the gods of the heathen mythologies were but manifestations? Had these any such transcendent conception of God as Christianity has given to us? Was God to them a Person, a Father, a Being removed by the infinitude of absolute perfection from the category of all other beings whatsoever? We may reply that, in the field of speculation—regarded, that is, as an object, for philosophizing,—the idea of God did not rise above a pantheistic conception of the deity.

"The divine essence," writes Tixeront, "was regarded as one, but as divisible and communicable. From this divine essence sprang the gods of the mythologies, happy and immortal; but from this same essence sprang also the souls of heroes and of virtuous men: there was in the latter a 'genius' which would survive them, and take, after death, a definite position in the ranks of the gods. This principle admitted, the apotheosis, first of illustrious ancestors, then of the more considerable sort of men, and, finally, by flattery, of all the emperors, has nothing astonishing in it. It came to be believed in every family, even, that its departed members had ascended to the gods from whom they had sprung. Much less was there anything repugnant to sentiment in the

* Cf. "Histoire des Dogmes par S. Tixeront," Paris, 1905. Ch I.

idea that the gods appeared on earth. The opposition encountered at first by this idea grew less and less, and by the time of the Antonines had overcome many of its adversaries."

Together with the attempted unification of religions, there was in progress during the period which we are considering a unification of philosophical systems. The great schools of philosophy still had their followers—the Pythagorean, the Platonic, the Aristotelian, the Epicurean, and the Stoic. But all these philosophies tended to ally themselves with the Stoic. According to the Stoic teaching, there is no such thing as a pure spirit: everything is material, though matter may be of greater or less density or grossness. Spirit is identified with God and is the least gross of all material bodies. It is a subtle fire, a hidden force, immanent in all things; it penetrates the world, and governs the movements of all nature; in a word, it is the vivifying soul of all things, though, be it remembered, it is a corporeal, material soul.

From God proceeded a denser, grosser, element which the Stoics called matter. From God also proceed all the forces of nature, and the soul of man himself, which all schools, except the Epicurean, held to be immortal, and liable to happiness or misery as the reward or punishment for the actions of life. But God thus governs and moves the world, not in virtue of creative power by which He brought it forth from nothing by the *Fiat* of an almighty will; but because the world itself is an emanation from God, a part and portion of His being. The Stoic philosophy was then, in truth, nothing else than a materialistic pantheism. God was material; the material world is but an emanation from God, as smoke is an emanation from hidden fire raging below the surface of a heap of ashes.

The teachings of Plato had been purer than this. In psychology, in his theories

of the origin and constitution of the world, in his moral teaching, Plato had risen above the common errors of his day; had recognized and had taught many natural truths concerning the world and the world's Creator and Lord. And, in spite of the predominance of the Stoic ideas, the noble teachings of Socrates, commented upon by the great masters, Plato and Aristotle, introduced into the minds of many purer notions of God, of man and his destiny, of the need he has of a Saviour, and of his dependence upon a superior Being. Plato himself draws a clear distinction between God and the material world. Nevertheless, there are elements even in the philosophy of Plato which lent themselves afterward to the pantheistic conception later in vogue. He admitted a world-soul, from which emanated the souls of the heavenly bodies. These, in their turn, becoming divided, formed the souls of men and animals. Into the world-soul, thus divided up, was inserted the divine "mind," or "intelligence," inferior to God Himself, conceived by Plato as the supreme Good, but superior to the world-soul in which it took up its habitation. A nephew of Plato afterward identified the "Divine Intelligence" of his uncle's philosophy with the world-soul itself; and thus we have an approximation to the pantheistic belief of the Stoics.

So much, then, for the speculative ideas of God current in the world which Christianity had to conquer. In the field of morals, in the application to practical life of its doctrines, philosophy was guilty of a happy inconsistency. God is no longer regarded as identical with a world which emanates from Him; He is no longer Nature itself, or the blind Necessity which moves the great wheel of Nature's life according to ruthless laws. When the Stoic philosophers come to speak of man's moral duties, they use

language very different from what we find in the speculative part of their philosophy. Lucretius, Cicero, and above all Seneca, who was a contemporary of Our Lord, and Marcus Aurelius, who lived a century later, present us with moral sentiments which might have issued from the mouth of one of the Fathers of the Church in the first ages of the Christian faith. Seneca speaks of God as a Person, as our Judge, our Father; a Providence ever watching over us, and close to us. "God is near thee, with thee, within thee." "Within us is a sacred spirit, our keeper; the observer of our actions, good and bad." He teaches sentiments of resignation and love toward God, and lays down the necessity of obedience to His will.

As regards a man's self, this heathen philosopher recommends a wise and prudent austerity. We are to be moderate in the enjoyment of the things of this world—of riches, of food and drink; we are to repress the passions of the body and the desires of the heart. He teaches, moreover, the doctrine of the brotherhood of men, and the consequent duty of doing good to all without distinction of wealth or rank. It is no wonder that the opinion gained ground that Seneca had met and conversed with the Apostle St. Paul. Nor were these sentiments entirely restricted to the cultured and thinking classes: they were spread amongst the masses of the people by philosophers such as Papirius Fabianus, and others, who preached them to the people at the street corners and in public places.

Thus some glimmerings of truth shone in the dark places. The ancient truths of the Personality and Fatherhood of God, of the brotherhood of men; of man's dependence upon a higher Power, and of his duties as a moral, responsible being, penetrated here and there the hearts and minds of those who sat in darkness, like the first faint rays of the

Sun of Justice soon to rise in its full glory upon the earth. The last phase of Grecian philosophy, the Neo-Platonic, was an attempt to satisfy the new-felt need of a revelation or truth from on high, and the awakening desire of closer union with the divine. But, in spite of this, it still remains true that the two great falsehoods of which we have spoken held their gloomy sway over the minds of most. The terrible state of society alone proves this. To men at large, notwithstanding the teachings of philosophy, God was utterly unknown in His true nature. In His place men set up idols of their own imagining and bowed down and worshiped them. They did not look upon God as Father, Creator, Lord. And they had utterly lost sight of the personal dignity of every man as the creation and child of God.

The Empire of Rome," writes Mr. Allies, "rested upon the slavery of the majority. Outside of the narrow range of citizenship, man was a thing in the eyes of his fellowman,—an instrument, not a person. And even within the circle of citizenship, the State treated the individual as devoid of personal, inalienable rights. For the false principle of disregarding man as man lay at the foundation of the human Commonwealth itself. Slavery was its most offensive and most ruinous result; but it ruled even the highest political relations of man with his fellowman. The dignity and value of man as a reasonable soul, the image of God, were not known; but in their stead were substituted the dignity and value which he might possess as a member of the political body. But, thus viewed, the part is inferior to the whole. And so it came to pass that the State isolated not only the interests of the stranger and the sojourner, but made even the citizen, in himself and in his family, as well as in his property, a sacrifice to its unlimited sovereignty.... For indeed all these miseries had a deep abiding cause.

"The fountain of all truth and right was concealed to men. The Judge of the earth was not seen to sit upon His throne. Men had in their thought broken up the Ruler and Rewarder of the world into numberless idols, whose range was limited and their rule conflicting; and the human conscience amid this moral twilight groped after the scattered fragments of truth and justice. Here and there, indeed, Polytheism itself bore witness to its own fatal error; as where, in the city which was the eye of Greece and the university of heathenism, it inscribed an altar to the Unknown God. And Tertullian could appeal for testimony against the schools and the philosophers to the simple, unlettered soul, to the language of the street and the manufactory, to men's household words in joy or sorrow, as when they said, 'If God will,' 'God grant it,' 'Good God,' 'God bless you.' Yet practically the eclipse of the truth on which man's spirit should live was all but total, and the reign of sensual indulgence unbounded. The whole of man was given to the goods that met the eye. He tried them in all their richness and variety; plunged into them, was speedily satiated, and was then ready 'to die of weariness.' This was the world in which St. Peter and St. Paul raised the standard of the Cross."

The fitful gleams of truth which are discernible in the philosophy of the times we are considering, the nobler aspirations which filled men's souls, the elevated maxims of morality uttered by a philosopher such as Seneca, did not succeed in furnishing a remedy to society, sick to death. One thing, of course, that was wanting was the means of grace afterward offered so abundantly in the Catholic Church. But the inability of such noble precepts as astonish us in the writings of that day, to impress themselves upon the heart with force sufficient to produce

a reformation in conduct, was also due to the uncertain voice with which Philosophy enunciated her lessons. It needed the voice of God Himself, speaking through His Son, to make men certain of what they were fain to believe, but could not establish beyond all fear of paralyzing doubt. "Two words," says a recent writer, "will express the state of men's minds: there was confusion and uncertainty, with, at the same time, aspirations toward certainty and light. The doctrines of metaphysic, which are the basis of all else, were in a state of flux. No one was quite sure whether there were any God, what was the soul, and whence it came; and thus, in great part, the moral aphorisms which the sane reasoning of a Cicero or a Seneca was able to discover were denuded of their force."

Those who wished for some fixed belief had recourse to the mysteries and magic of Eastern superstitions such as the worship of Mithras. But at last the light broke upon the Roman world. To Rome came one who held the secret of man's complete regeneration: Peter the erstwhile fisherman; and after him came Paul. And these two men "reconstructed society with two forces. They disclosed God on the one hand, and His creature, the human soul, on the other; but God clothed in human flesh, and the human soul raised to a participation of this incarnate God. These were their two factors, and in their teaching every human duty became the result of the joint application."

Under the influence of this teaching the world was changed, the old falsehoods dispelled; the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire became the potent instrument for the spread of divine truth; and a revolution was worked such as the world had never seen before, and which will stand to the end of time as a witness to the supernatural power by which alone it could have been produced.

Pretty Miss Redmond.

THERE was no snow upon the ground, though it was Christmas; but a hard, scintillating frost, which sparkled in the sunlight, and crystallized the trees till they shone again. There had been much talk beforehand about a "green Christmas," and everyone had been predicting that the absence of snow would spoil trade and prevent the proper celebration of the festival. Yet the holiday time had come, and the holly berries were just as red and the Christmas wreaths as green and the markets and the shops had been as abundantly supplied as ever, and the purses of the tradespeople to the full as plethoric.

Nevertheless, on Christmas morning pretty Miss Redmond was cross and discontented, simply because no wish of hers had been left ungratified. She had everything she desired, and she wished, like Alexander, that something else was left to crave. She hated to grumble outright and spoil everybody else's pleasure; but she sat discontentedly at the window, and drummed a tattoo with her white fingers, upon one of which gleamed a costly jewel. She was wishing, as she sat, that she could believe again in St. Nicholas as she had done long ago in childhood; and she began retrospectively to pass in review all those Christmases of other days, touched by that magic light "which never was on sea or shore"—the glamour of youth.

She was aroused from her reverie by the arrival of a tall, fair young man, who had played Santa Claus as regards the jewel upon her hand, and upon whom pretty Miss Redmond intended to bestow herself, once the holiday time was past. She had had many admirers; and rumor, stimulated by the disappointed ones, was not slow to say that the beauty had been very capri-

cious in her treatment of most of them. Miss Redmond on this occasion took very little notice of the arrival of her future husband, and sat silently looking out upon the sunlit street.

"I wish I were young again," she said at last,—“young enough, I mean, to believe in Santa Claus.”

“That wish is not very complimentary to me,” laughed the young man.

“I'm in no mood for compliments,” retorted pretty Miss Redmond, somewhat snappishly. “I feel discontented with everything and everybody.”

“The best cure for discontent,” said the young man, gravely, “is to see the miseries of others. Just think how many poor people there are in this town!”

Miss Redmond reflected upon this speech, her head resting thoughtfully upon her hand. Suddenly her face lit up.

“Oh,” she cried, “that gives me an idea! Suppose we go out and try to find some of the people, so that we can play Santa Claus?”

The young man looked a trifle startled, but he knew by past experience that pretty Miss Redmond had to be obeyed; and, all things considered, a walk along the frosty streets with that charming young woman would not be so very disagreeable. Only he proposed an amendment: that they should wait till the afternoon, as the early darkness of the winter day would be much more favorable to their projects than the brilliant sunshine.

Miss Redmond acquiesced in this arrangement, and busied herself in preparing two baskets stored with all manner of things which she thought might be useful in the benevolent rôle she meant to play. She also took with her a well-filled pocketbook; and, when the time came, obscured her beauty somewhat under a large cloak which she borrowed for the occasion.

When the benevolent pair had made their way to the poorer part of the town, they came to a house standing

somewhat apart, in a plot of ground; and, drawing near, they looked in at the windows. They saw a dark and squalid room, with a wretched-looking woman sitting drearily beside a fireless hearth, and a horde of children of all sizes, some of whom had set up a dismal wailing because they had no Christmas and no Santa Claus. There was a broken pane in the window, and through this aperture Miss Redmond began to throw into the apartment a variety of toys, sugar plums, gilded nuts, crowned by a five dollar bill. Then she took her companion's arm and hurried him away. They ran like two happy children till they were out of sight, pursued by joyful shouts from within the house:

"Santa Claus! Santa Claus!"

Next they came to a dreary-looking cellar, which belonged to a warehouse, closed up and deserted for Christmas Day. But through the open door pretty Miss Redmond and her companion heard voices, and learned that a sick man lay within, and his wife deplored in a plaintive voice that she had no wine or delicacies of any sort to stimulate his appetite, and that the man himself had a curious, unreasonable longing for flowers.

"Quick!" whispered Miss Redmond. "In that basket you are carrying, John, is a bottle of port wine, a shape of jelly, and some cake. We'll put them just inside the door, with this bunch of roses I have here under my cloak. Then you can knock, and we'll hide to hear what they say."

This programme was carried out to the letter. And they were much touched and amused by the astonishment of the good woman, on answering the knock, to see no one outside; and still more when she almost stumbled over the very objects for which she had been wishing. They heard, too, the woman wonderingly relating to the invalid what had befallen, and the exclama-

tions of delight with which the latter received the roses.

"It must have been an angel of God who has visited us unawares," said the man. "You remember, wife, how we read in Scripture of such angel visits?"

"Yes," said the wife. "Let us humbly give thanks, and hope for brighter days, my dear, since His Providence has watched over us."

The two without made good their escape, humbled, yet gladdened; and their way led them next to a species of Home, where, at the door, sat and grumbled a few old men pensioners, because their allowance of tobacco was so small and they had got scarce anything extra at all for Christmas.

"If only some of the great folk had come a-visitin'," said one old man, "they might have given us pennies for tobacco."

Scarcely had he spoken when there was a shower of silver money scattered amongst them, and the quavering voices were raised in joyful exclamations, whilst the most active amongst them gathered up the mysterious benefactions and made a fair division. Miss Redmond and her betrothed who had hidden behind a projection of the building, stole away whilst the pensioners divided the money.

"It is time to go home now," said the young man. "You see it is getting late: the first stars are already out."

"The stars of Christmas," said pretty Miss Redmond, looking up, "shining down upon so much misery."

But, having tasted of this new kind of happiness, she was reluctant to relinquish the cup.

"Let us go to one more place," she said; "and then I will certainly go home."

So they passed on farther till they came to a very hovel,—a miserable, dark abode; and, peering in, they saw an old woman, utterly alone, sitting there forlorn and wretched. Presently

she began to talk and mumble to herself, wishing for a cup of tea instead of the cold porridge upon which she had been subsisting; and wishing for a bit of Christmas green, and for a picture of the Christ Child; and, most of all, for cheerful young faces to come in at the door, as they used to do in the long ago, crying out, "Merry Christmas!"

By this time the tears were running down pretty Miss Redmond's cheeks.

"Oh," she said, "to think that I could dare to be discontented, and here is this poor old soul, all alone and wishing for the simplest things! We must go in and brighten her up, and make some of that tea which is in the basket, and give her a real Christmas."

So they passed over the threshold and set about a work of transformation. Miss Redmond lit several colored candles which she had brought in her basket; and, seeing some sticks of wood near the hearth, caused John to light up a splendid, blazing fire, over which they hung an almost disused kettle. Then, while the tea was brewing, Miss Redmond drew over a somewhat rickety table and covered it with a white cloth, and set in the centre a prettily decorated Christmas cake and some jelly and grapes and sweetmeats. She took out a holly wreath or two and a few yards of Christmas greens from the bottom of John's basket, and began to distribute them here and there. The poor old creature watched all these preparations with sparkling eyes, only saying from time to time:

"Glory be to God!"

When all was ready, Miss Redmond threw off her cloak, and showed herself, prettier than ever, with glowing face and eyes bright with happiness. And while she served the old woman she and John, cried over and over again, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" And they laughed and jested, and drank healths in the tea out of cracked cups which stood upon the shelf.

The old woman was immensely cheered and gladdened. She told them something of her history, and how she had lost all her children one by one, till at last she was left alone. A neighbor woman came when she could to help her in and out of bed and attend to her wants. But that woman, too, was miserably poor and had little enough for herself.

While they talked thus, the very good Samaritan arrived in great haste. She had seen the lights from without, and feared that the hovel was on fire. She stood upon the threshold in amazement, and stared about her so, that Miss Redmond burst into a peal of laughter. Presently all was explained; and the woman had a share in the good things; so that she also had a happy Christmas.

Before she left, Miss Redmond produced from the inexhaustible baskets a warm shawl and the coveted picture—a brightly colored one—of the Infant of Bethlehem lying upon a couch of straw, forever the inspiration and the consolation of those who, being poor, are promised the Kingdom for their inheritance. And it almost seemed to the awe-stricken pair who had been playing the part of Santa Claus, as they saw the aged eyes fix themselves upon the countenance of the new-born Saviour and slowly fill with tears, and as they listened to the murmur of devout ejaculations, that they could likewise hear the benediction falling from the sacred lips:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Miss Redmond promised that she and her companion would come very often to relieve the loneliness of the hovel.

"You shall have your wish, and see cheerful faces coming in at the door," she cried out impulsively. "And though they are not the faces you knew long ago, they will keep you from dark thoughts and loneliness."

It was dark when the two bade the old woman "Good-bye," with a last "Merry Christmas." The sky was full of a profusion of stars, deep golden against the blue, the witnesses and the reminder of those stars upon which the Shepherds gazed of old, and which were surpassed in brilliancy by the refulgence of celestial spirits, made manifest to the humble of earth. Snow had begun to fall, touching all things with its fairylike radiance; merry voices sounded through the dusk, and pretty Miss Redmond was conscious of a rare lightness of spirit.

When she got home, she loudly proclaimed that this had been the happiest Christmas she had ever spent, and she warmly thanked her prospective husband for his bright idea. She was, indeed, so genial and so altogether charming that the young man, who had begun to feel a little afraid of the wisdom of his choice, now congratulated himself most heartily that he had disregarded all warnings and had made up his mind to marry "pretty Miss Redmond."

The Days.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

THE days go by—how swiftly do they go!
And I? What am I doing with each one?
'Twas yesterday I spoke a hasty word,
And saw a dear one flinch when it was done.

To rise from sleep, to battle with the world,
To eat, to read a while, then sleep again,—
Do I fulfil my stewardship with this?
Is this full tribute from my heart and brain?

Who shieldeth with his strength the weaker ones,
Who never slights the little, tender things;
Who wears a smile before Misfortune's face,—
For him, the Court above with honor rings.

May I, each day, keep gentleness in view,
And courtesy, and words of hope and cheer;
And strive, with all that in me is, to meet
Each day with courage, as it doth appear!

"James Hargreaves, Junior."

BY MARY CROSS.

"WILLIAM, I wish you'd leave off wearing that prehistoric hat. What will people think?" plaintively remonstrated little Mrs. Withnall, lady-housekeeper in the boarding establishment of the said William, who looked up from his chrysanthemums to reply:

"The opinion of the woman next door is the moral and social law of half the women in the kingdom, I know; but it doesn't govern me. I shall wear what I please, when I please, where I please."

The brown-faced, laughing-eyed young man who had just settled Mrs. Withnall in a basket-chair, under the shade of a Japanese umbrella, essayed a diversion. He took a survey of the scene, from the white walls of the house—one of many rising in stately dignity along the Promenade—to the pier stretching its interminable length along the vast expanse of sand, and the sea glimmering into union with the clouds far away, and cheerfully remarked:

"Southport is all sand and shrimps and sunshine, isn't it?"

"I can't help that. I didn't make it," replied Mr. Hargreaves.

The young man made another attempt to promote friendly conversation.

"Mrs. Withnall says a new guest will arrive to-day,—a lady. Is she young or old?"

"I don't know. Visitors don't state their ages when they are engaging rooms," said Mr. Hargreaves.

To that rebuff Mr. Ellis succumbed. He led himself by the nose across the croquet lawn, and through the hall, to a room where a girl sat arranging flowers,—a girl with the blue eyes of the "Lancashire witches," a fresh complexion, and hair that was a prison for sunbeams.

"Is it all right?" the young man

asked, releasing and indicating his nose. "Is it there yet? Mr. Hargreaves has done his best to snap it off, and I shall never get another like it."

"You must make allowance for the worries attending the management of this establishment," she said. "It is a large family, and the head of it can't help aching sometimes. Are you going to waste this lovely day indoors?"

"I'm waiting for you to fulfil your promise of walking with me to Holywell Haw," said he, seating himself near her with the air of having come to stay. He had been in Southport for months; other boarders came and went, but he remained, his holidays appearing to be elastic.

"I must finish preparing my table decorations first. Judging from her inquiries and comments, Lady Skeffington is rather critical, and I don't want any avoidable deficiencies or imperfections to offend her,—the new paying-guest, I mean."

"Lady Skeffington!" he repeated, stooping to recover a rose, the hue of which his complexion suddenly rivalled. He walked to the window, all his flags half-mast high, consternation and perplexity struggling for supremacy in his expression.

"A succession of Skeffingtons of both sexes have tried Uncle William's temper sadly," said Ethel. "And how easily he might have been released from sordid cares and worries! A little justice, a little generosity, a recognition of the claims of kinship, would have done it. His elder brother James, a bachelor like himself, grew rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and adopted a young man on whom he bestowed his name, and eventually his fortune. The brothers had not met for many years, had drifted far apart; nevertheless, I think that some of that wealth might have been allowed to find its way to the one who had had the 'downs' and not the 'ups' of life. Soon after James Hargreaves'

death, we heard that his heir had gone to South Africa to hunt big game. Uncle William—as I call him, though we are only forty-second cousins—stays at home, pleasing, or trying to please, Skeffingtons for a livelihood. It relieves my feelings to tell you the tale for the fiftieth time, because I do despise that grasping, selfish young man who totally ignores his benefactor's brother."

"What is he like?" asked Mr. Ellis, who seemed at a loss what to say.

"Oh, I never saw him, or the elder James Hargreaves either! How should I? Their paths lay 'mid pleasures and palaces, mine somewhere else. Now I'm ready for that walk if you are."

Presently they were pacing together along Birkdale Road, with its handsome residences, and gardens a mingled splendor of roses and pansies. They halted at Holywell Haw, once a lonely little hermitage, now a farmhouse where refreshments await the traveller. Under green apple boughs a table was set with tea and cakes and strawberries and cream. All around were bushes of thyme and lavender; tall phloxes and lupines swayed softly to and fro; hens had scratched deep into the earth for a cool resting-place, and a cat basked in the sunshine with full-fed, self-satisfied calm. The comely hostess smiled approval of the young pair as they sat amidst the fragrance and the bloom.

Like Mr. Toots of "Dombey and Son," Mr. Ellis had fallen into a deep well of silence, from which he watched Ethel's hands fluttering over the teacups, until, no longer able to feign unconsciousness of his unbroken observation, she offered him a penny with the explanation:

"For your thoughts."

"Oh, I'll present you with them!" he said. "I—I was wishing that you'd pour out tea for me all my life."

"What a dreadfully monotonous existence and diet you must desire! But isn't it time that we were homeward bound?"

"Would we were this moment bound for the home that is waiting for you, if only you will come to it! You know that I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"If you were the only man on earth, I am not sure that I would marry you—"

"Ethel!" he protested.

"But as you are not,—well, it makes a difference," she finished, demurely.

"You wicked little thing, you sent my heart right down into my boots! As I am not 'the only man,' and therefore you are in a position to prove my superiority by comparing me with others,—no, I can't joke about it, Ethel. Your answer means so much to me. I shall go on loving you forever, no matter what you say; but—but say 'Yes.' Give me the right to make you happy."

The desired word was spoken, and Ellis entered the Lovers' Paradise.

"Mother will be pleased: she likes you," said Ethel, as they walked down the narrow garden path.

"That is perfectly satisfactory. There is no one else to be consulted."

"Uncle William. Yes, Norbert, you must ask his consent also. I owe him all respect and gratitude. However crusty he may sometimes be, I can't forget that he brought mother and me to his home from mean lodgings and a hard struggle for existence. In striking contrast to the treatment he received from James Hargreaves, junior, Uncle William has shared with us all along, whether he had much or little. So you must ask his consent. Please look more cheerful about it."

"For your sake, dear, I won't shirk hanging; but don't expect me to skip with the rope first. I can't look cheerful at the prospect of being ordered out of the house,—for that is probably what will happen when I approach Mr. Hargreaves. Thank goodness, I have no crusty relatives to kneel before!"

Ethel did not answer. The laughing thanksgiving suddenly reminded her that she knew but little of this gay

lover of hers, who had come into her life like a white sail on a sunny river. She was rather quiet and thoughtful as they returned to Southport, but any and all of her moods were charming to Norbert Ellis. A red streak in the sky denoted that the fires of sunset were kindling; excursionists from Wigan or St. Helen's were leaving the sands and the lake; and the donkeys were "trekking" to the station, laden with Ormskirk gingerbread and shrimps; from hotels and boarding-houses dressing-bells were clanging.

"O Ethel, Lady Skeffington has arrived!" was Mrs. Withnall's greeting as her daughter entered the little private parlor. "She doesn't like the view; she thinks the breakfast hour too early; she hopes we use only china tea, and don't allow the maids to accept tips."

Ethel laughed, and hastened away to change her attire; then sped to the drawing-room, where the new arrival, the widow of a civic knight, was surveying the other guests with lofty disdain. Her attire indicated that she suffered both from pride of purse and chronic girlishness, which latter in a matron of "sweet and sixty" is apt to be trying. A condemnation of Ethel's dainty grace manifested itself in her chilling response to that young lady's salutation. When Mr. Ellis entered, a crimson flush asserted itself through her powder; she suppressed an exclamation and fanned herself violently. Not having observed these danger signals, Ethel performed the ceremony of introduction, and tripped away.

"So you have taken refuge in an alias?" said Lady Skeffington to the young man. "I'm not surprised. It is the resource of a person who has cause to be ashamed of himself."

"Shall we meet as strangers?" he suggested.

"If you mean to ask have I forgotten and forgiven, the answer is that I never

shall. You inflicted an injury beyond forgiveness."

Norbert bowed and retired; he was not in the mood for an exchange of reproaches, and Mr. Hargreaves came forward to conduct her ladyship to the dining-room. On the way he politely expressed a hope that she would enjoy her visit to Southport.

"I am afraid I shan't," she replied, tartly. "I don't think I have much in common with the people here."

"You are too flattering to us," was his retaliation, so blandly delivered that she accepted it as a compliment.

"It will be impossible for me to remain, under present conditions," she confided to him; "but I will speak with you on the subject at a more fitting time."

Mr. Hargreaves inwardly groaned as he took the head of the table with her ladyship on his right, anticipating a prolonged grumble about things in general from the new visitor. Between the courses she looked at him rather more observantly, and remarked in a confidential tone:

"It is curious that you not only bear the same name, but even resemble a dear friend of mine now dead—the late Squire Hargreaves of Exeter."

"The name is not uncommon," he answered. One of his mottoes was, "Never give unnecessary information," and he saw no reason for stating his relationship to the late Squire.

"Mr. Hargreaves was, as I am myself, of a much too trustful nature," she said, pensively reminiscent; "and his trust was betrayed by one who owed him everything,—one whom he treated as a son, but who did not respect his dying wishes. What a pretty girl your niece is!"

The abrupt change of subject left Hargreaves with a staggering brain.

"At least Mr. Ellis—as he calls himself—seems to think so," she supplemented.

"‘As he calls himself’?" echoed Mr. Hargreaves. In Norbert's eyes and Ethel's blushes he had read the old, old story before this directing of his attention to it; and he was on the alert, for his niece's sake.

"He had another name not so long ago," said her ladyship. "It was a great shock and trial to me to meet him here after the painful circumstances in the past. He jilted, in an exceptionally heartless and dishonorable manner, a lady to whom he was in honor bound. It is only right to tell you of it in time."

"Thank you!" said the man, whose brow had become a meeting-place for wrinkles,—“perhaps, though, we should discuss the matter less publicly."

"That is my intention. After dinner I shall tell you all I know of James Hargreaves, junior. He is very handsome, I grant; but all that glitters is not gold."

Mr. Hargreaves looked bewildered. The conversation becoming general, her ladyship retired behind a wall of haughty silence.

Progressive whist had been arranged for the evening's entertainment, but Norbert did not take part in it. He slipped from the room in search of Ethel, finding her in the porch listening to the distant sob of the sea.

"Why aren't you doing your duty upstairs?" she asked.

"My duty is downstairs, guarding my future wife from catching a bad cold. My future wife! How it sounds! And you don't know whether you are to marry a millionaire or a pauper!"

"I am admirably adapted for either position. I can make a sovereign go as far as a shilling, or *vice versa*."

"The *vice versa* won't be compulsory. What a sweetheart you are! You have never asked me what I have done in the past years of my life."

"Nothing mean or dishonorable, I am sure," she said proudly,—a confession

of faith that met with an appropriate reward.

Later that night she was beckoned into Lady Skeffington's dressing-room; and she prepared for a series of complaints,—for anything, indeed, but what followed.

"You are a good little girl, I think," said her ladyship, patronizingly,—"too good to be trifled with; therefore I intend to warn you that your friend, Mr. Ellis, is not to be trusted. He shamelessly jilted another lady."

"Oh, I can't believe that!" cried Ethel, impulsively.

"Of course not. Perhaps you can't or won't believe either that he is an adventurer who basely betrayed the confidence of his benefactor. He is the adopted son of the late Squire Hargreaves. Why he is masquerading in an assumed name is possibly best known to himself."

Ethel all but fainted. Was it possible that he whom she loved and trusted was identical with the man whom she despised for his selfishness and greed? A glance at the triumphant face of her informant recalled her to her senses. She was sustained by her absolute confidence in her lover's honor and integrity; she would believe in Norbert against the world.

"Please excuse me! I am very tired," she said, and got off the scene with dignity.

Meanwhile Mr. Hargreaves had tracked the scent of a cigar to its origin, and found Norbert smoking and stargazing in the porch. He uttered a suggestive "Good-night!"

"Ten minutes' grace!" the young man pleaded. "This has been a day of days for me. I have asked Ethel to be my wife, and she has referred me to you. I can satisfy you as to my position—"

"I would rather be satisfied as to your character, particularly in point of fidelity."

"Ah! Lady Skeffington has shot her

poisoned arrow, I perceive," observed Norbert, calmly.

"For reasons that seem good to her, she refuses to remain here if you are permitted to do so. Does it occur to your sense of propriety that you ought to be the one to go?"

"I don't intend to run away from her ladyship. I have done nothing dishonorable, whatsoever she may assert."

"You consider it honorable to make love to Ethel under an assumed name?" asked Hargreaves.

The young man looked steadily and straightly at him.

"My name is Norbert Ellis," he said. "For a time I bore the name of James Hargreaves, but I forfeited it a few years ago. You know that I am your late brother's adopted son? I gave up the Hargreaves name and fortune because I could not fulfil the conditions on which I was to retain them. Failing my marrying a woman whom I loathed, the money was to be divided between her and an hospital. She had great influence with Mr. Hargreaves, and I fear she persuaded him that such a will as he made would be in harmony with my wishes. I—I am sorry to say that she—rather—er—liked me, and she caused it to be publicly stated that she was engaged to me. She was next in a position to say that I had heartlessly jilted her. I went to South Africa to seek my fortune, and had an extraordinary run of success, Providence compensating me for other losses. I came back to England, and to your house, feeling that you were nearer to me than a total stranger. I fell in love with Ethel—at first sight. The prevailing prejudice against James Hargreaves' supposed heir was one reason why I did not immediately declare my identity with him. I wanted to win your favor first."

"Didn't you think the facts of the case sufficient to remove a prejudice based on misapprehension?"

"Making them known involved a woman, you see. I hated the idea of giving her away. But I find myself forced to do it."

"Just so. Why is Lady Skeffington so bitter against you?" asked Hargreaves.

"Can't you guess?"

"What? Oh, impossible, atrocious! A man may not marry his grandmother. But I think she has played her cards very well."

"She has won the money, you mean. But I have won Ethel."

A Modern Woman.

NOT long ago, at a dinner table in Paris, an eccentric but pious Abbé was expatiating on the frivolity and extravagance of the modern woman, to the discomfiture of some and the amusement of others among the ladies who had been invited to participate in the entertainment. The hostess, herself a leader in society, beautiful, gracious and charming, knowing the inherent goodness of the priest, as well as the life of self-sacrifice he led, listened to him with an air of tolerance, which she hoped might be shared by the remainder of the company.

"Tell me, madame," he said suddenly, turning toward her, "did you ever in your life perform a really charitable act,—I mean one that cost you anything to perform?"

The hostess reflected, still smiling, as she glanced around at her guests.

"I think I did—once—at least," she answered, slowly raising her large, beautiful eyes to the face of the Abbé. "It was altogether a remarkable occurrence. I hope none of my guests will find it tiresome, or accuse me of egotism, if I relate it; particularly when I explain that it is not for my own glorification but the defence of my sex that I shall tell it to you all.

"One morning I was walking in the

Luxembourg Gardeus with my little girl Valérie. We were both very happy. As we passed along the shaded alleys, catching now and then a glimpse of the bright June sky between the interlacing leaves above us, suddenly, from behind the shadow of an immense tree, a man appeared, holding out his hand. He was shabbily attired, and his countenance—possibly because he was dirty and unshaven—was anything but attractive. I started back. The shock of seeing him thrust himself in front of us alarmed and irritated me. Under ordinary circumstances, I would have given him something; but my feelings mastered me, and, drawing the child aside, I hurriedly passed on.

"But after I had gone a few steps, the form of the mendicant seemed to thrust itself persistently in front of me,—the tall figure in its ill-fitting garments, the haggard countenance, the imploring eyes, and outstretched hand. I began to feel remorseful at not having given him anything. My joyful mood had entirely passed, and I even thought of retracing my steps. The child at my side was silent also. She no longer skipped gaily to and fro. A cloud had passed over the morning of our happy day. Valérie was the first to speak.

"'Mamma,' she said abruptly, 'don't be vexed with me, but I wish you had given some money to that beggar.'

"'Why, my dear?' I inquired, struck by the circumstance that she, too, had been impressed, and wishing to know her thoughts.

"'He seemed so—so—timid,' answered the child. 'He did not look like a beggar, either.'

"'He could not have been very timid, Valérie,' said I, 'or he would not have burst out upon us in that extraordinary manner. And his clothes were certainly very shabby.'

"'Yes, they were. Still, he did not seem like a beggar,' persisted the child.

"'I do not mind telling you, my dear,

that I feel about it just as you do,' I rejoined. 'I have been thinking of that man ever since we passed him, and I am very sorry I did not put something in his hand.'

"Let us go back and look for him,' said the child.

"But how can we find him in that great crowd,—changing every few moments?"

"Let us look, mamma. Perhaps we may be able to find him,' she pleaded.

"Very well,—to please you, then,' said I; and as we turned my heart grew lighter.

"For more than half an hour we looked here and there,—lost as it were, amid a labyrinth of people and trees,—neither of us being able to locate the precise spot where we had seen the man. Valérie was disposed to look behind every tree we passed; but I told her I thought his having been in any particular locality was only an accident, that long ere this he would have wandered elsewhere in the pursuit of his calling. But the child maintained that, being no ordinary beggar, he would continue to stand behind his chosen big tree; only stepping forward now and then, when he found courage to solicit alms, attracted by some face more promising than the others among the passers-by.

"What a pity, child!' I exclaimed. 'And what a shame for me if what you think be true—that my appearance should have so deceived him!'

"Wait, mamma: we shall find him yet,' said my daughter, as she darted hither and thither among the foliage.

All at once she clutched my hand tightly.

"Mamma, there he is!' she said,—'lying down, just behind that clump of bushes near the large oak. It is he. I know him by the grey trousers and the red handkerchief half falling from his pocket.'

"He is probably asleep,' said I.

"Let me see,' she answered.

"I slipped a gold coin into her little hand, and followed her into the bushes. The child was right: it was he,—but not asleep. He lay at full length on the sward, his eyes fixed on an open watch which he held in one hand, while the other was extended behind him. Valérie dropped the coin into it. His fingers closed upon it, he sat up, replaced the watch in his pocket, and made a gesture of thanks. Then the tears began rolling down his cheeks. He wiped them with the red handkerchief, while I said:

"We were sorry not to have given you something, after we had passed, and so came to look for you.'

"You have saved my life!' he exclaimed, getting on his feet. 'Now I believe in God once more. In another five minutes I should have been damned forever.'

"What do you mean?' I inquired, trembling with fear, he looked so disturbed and strange.

"My story is a long and sad one,' he said. 'I shall not trouble you with it. I had never begged before to-day, though I had hungered and shivered often. For more than two hours I endeavored to force myself to ask an alms of some passer-by. But I could not do it, until, seeing you coming toward me with your beautiful, bright little girl, peace and love and joy on both your faces, I resolved to solicit charity, confident that my appeal would not be in vain. But you passed on, careless, indifferent,—even, it seemed to me, reproachful. I had no courage left. I retired to this thicket, resolved to put an end to my life, saying within my soul, 'There is no God, or He would not have deserted the least, perhaps, of His creatures, but one who has never injured his fellowman.' But even then something stayed my hand at the moment I touched the loaded pistol in my pocket. 'I will give myself half an hour by the watch,' I said, knowing

very well that it was next to impossible that any one should discover me here. But I made that the test. By the time the half hour had expired—and it wanted only five minutes when you came,—if some kindly soul had not come to me with an alms, I should have killed myself. Now I shall try to live.’

“I could not utter a single word. The child clung trembling to my hand as, with a courteous gesture of farewell, the mendicant returned to the path and walked rapidly away. We never saw him again, but we have often spoken of him. Since that day my little Valérie has been an angel of charity, even if she does spend much of her time in pleasure and the diversions of society, as to-night at the Grand Opera, with her aunt and uncle. Now tell me, Monsieur l’Abbé,” continued the great lady, addressing herself to the priest, “what was it? Merely a chain of circumstances which might be called a coincidence, or a special Providence?”

Before the Abbé could reply a tall, grey-haired gentleman, famous as a traveller, who had accompanied his friends, M. and Mme. Dufour, to the house of his entertainer for the first time, arose to his feet.

“Madame,” he said in deeply solemn tones, “it was the direct Providence of God. I recognized you at once this evening; and had not the circumstances recalled this story, as they have done, I should have told you later that *I* am the man whom you aided that morning in the Luxembourg Gardens. Ah, Monsieur l’Abbé,” he continued, bowing to the priest, who now sat, deeply affected, leaning his head on his hand, “believe me—for I know it—there are many angels among those women you think so frivolous. Though their afternoons and nights may be given to amusement, their morning hours are enriched with charitable deeds, performed for the love of their neighbor—and of God.”

A Marvellous Christmas Crib.

THE custom of representing, at Christmastide, by means of statuettes or figurines arranged in an appropriate setting, the scene of Our Lord’s Nativity has become practically universal throughout Christendom. Nowhere else, however, has the custom so thorough a vogue as in Italy. One of the notable industries of Naples is the manufacture of these Christmas statuettes, great numbers of which are annually exported to the most distant regions of the world. It is not surprising, therefore, that from Italy came the marvellous crib, a real masterpiece of artistic beauty, that was exhibited a few years ago in Paris. A description of this work of religious art may not prove uninteresting, especially as, from the double viewpoint of size and delicacy of execution, this particular crib is undoubtedly the finest ever constructed.

It was built in 1750 for Charles III., King of Naples and Sicily; and his Queen, Amelia, dressed with her own hands the numerous statuettes that figure in it. The sumptuous toy—if that term be not incongruous as applied to so large a work—measures about thirty feet in length by eleven and a half in height. As may be surmised, there is a whole little world of people gathered around the crib proper. The personages—men, women, and children of all ages and conditions—number three hundred; and there are in addition two hundred animals and birds.

Upon a foundation of imitation rock rise the ruins of Apollo’s Temple, near which is stationed the principal group, consisting of course of the Infant Jesus resting on His Blessed Mother’s knees. Near by stands St. Joseph, lovingly contemplating the Divine Child. Five other groups complete the tableau: the Shepherds, the Eastern Kings, an Asiatic Queen with her suite, and two

throngs of people at the right and left extremities. The Shepherds are herdsmen of the Apennines, dressed in the picturesque costume of the eighteenth century, a short vest and long stockings covering the full length of the leg. They bring to the Divine Infant their modest offerings of lambs, doves, and the fruits of the earth.

Behind the Shepherds appears the magnificent procession of the Magi and their retinue. Royally attired, the Magi are mounted on splendid horses, of wood exquisitely carved and painted. All—courtiers, escorting guards, mounted musicians, drummers, and fan-carriers—are luxuriously clad. Silks and satins, gold embroidery and silver lacework, jewelled buttons, diamonds, pearls, and rubies,—nothing was considered too rich or rare to set off the splendor and magnificence of this brilliant cortège. The instruments of the musicians are of chased silver. Each is a marvel of ingenuity, and the same may be said of the costly vases carried by the wealthy visitors. The officers' armor and the hilts and scabbards of their swords all glitter with the flash of incrustated stones. The cavalcade of the Asiatic Queen, who is mounted on a black horse and surrounded by her ladies of honor, is not less imposing and gorgeous.

And all this is no gross imitation: it is an astonishingly realistic representation. The utmost care and delicacy marks even the least accessories. The head-dresses of the Magi, of the height of a thimble; the harnesses of red leather decked with gold; the diamond ear-rings,—everything contributes to the complete symmetry and splendor of the scene.

Apart, however, from the stage-setting and the costumes, the figurines themselves provoke genuine admiration,—a fact which will be readily believed when one remembers that a number of great artists collaborated in the

production, for King Charles, of this magnificent crib.

As to the value of this unique piece of art, estimates will probably differ. Seeing, however, that the crib contains five hundred statuettes, that it was constructed by eminent artists, and that the majority of the personages are adorned with costly stuffs, jewels, and precious stones, there does not appear to be much exaggeration in saying that it is worth half a million dollars.

Christmastide Voices.

EMILE BOUGAUD.

(*"An Argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ."*)

ACCORDING as criticism becomes more searching, observation more thoughtful and more exact, features are discovered in the character of Christ which the ancient apologists did not suspect. Christ stands forth under the gaze of criticism like the firmament when examined with a powerful instrument of modern science.

Beyond the definite qualities of which we have spoken, and which, carried to their highest perfection, and harmoniously blended together, stamp such a royal human beauty on the physiognomy of Jesus Christ, we begin to discover in Him what is less easy to lay hold of, what is without limit and bounds. You feel that He is man, but always that He is more than man. There is something of the universal and the inexhaustible, which warns you that the ordinary limits of human nature have been passed. Consider, one by one, His moral perfection, His personality, His mind; you may discover the form, you will never fathom the depth.

The depth of His moral perfection! You will find it when you can find anything that can be compared to it. But where will you find this? I will not speak of antiquity; such an ideal

was not even imagined. "Jesus, by His greatness and goodness," says Channing, "throws all other human attainments into obscurity." And the human perfections not only of those who preceded, but also of those who followed Him,—such perfections even which owed their origin to Him; for His appearance was like a flash of lightning, which revealed an idea unknown till then, and which created an all-absorbing desire to imitate Him.

For eighteen centuries has this ideal been before the world; for eighteen centuries millions of men have tried to reproduce it, and proportioned to the closeness of the copy is the beauty to which they attain; but to none has it been given to equal it. In these numberless imitations, there are many that challenge admiration,—some by their purity, some by their strength. But not one can compare, even at a distance, with the beauty of Jesus; for the unique beauty of Jesus surpasses not only all created beauty: it is without limit. No ideal prepared the way for it....

What individuality was ever so manifest, so sharply defined? Who ever spoke of himself in such a tone of authority? Where is there a more complete independence to be found? On whom is He dependent? Not on the multitude who cheer Him, not on His disciples, not on His century, not on the ideas and customs in the midst of which He lives. None can claim to have been His master. It is by the sublimity of His individuality that He attains to that singular universality. Moses is a Jew in his thoughts, his feelings, his manners, and his habits, even more than in his origin. Socrates never raised himself above the Greek type. Mohammed was an Arab. La Fontaine and Molière are French to such a degree that the English have as much trouble in understanding them as the French have in appreciating

Goethe. All these great men have something in them that is local and transient,—which can not be understood beyond the mountain or the ocean, which can not be everywhere imitated; something which dies with the age; which springs up again sometimes in another age, but again to pass away by a strange vicissitude, which shows that they are but men, although the greatest among men.

In Jesus Christ there is nothing of this sort. His physiognomy shares no such limit. Human nature is there, but nothing to circumscribe it. He is the universal model proposed for universal imitation. All copy Him,—the child, the maiden, the mother, the old man; all, whatever their condition, whatever their age, come to Him to find consolation and strength: the poor as well as the rich, the prisoner in his dungeon and the king upon his throne. To no purpose are fresh actors brought upon the scene by the progress of the world and of civilization. Jesus Christ is a stranger to none,—not to the Greek, although he cared little for philosophy; not to the Roman, though he may never have gained a battle; not to the barbarian of the fourth century, or to the polished citizen of the nineteenth century, although their ideas, their habits and manners are so wholly dissimilar. He has been adored by the redskins of America, by the Negroes of Africa, by the Brahmans of India; and this adoration created in them virtues as pure, and the same, as those which sprang up in the degenerate Romans of the Lower Empire.

His character thus embraces all, touches the sympathies of all, appears to be within the reach of all, is imitated by all, in all times, though never equalled. His influence has no limits, either in time or in space. It has no bounds anywhere, in any direction. Above all, no age has escaped from it. The human race progresses, it presses

forward rapidly like a messenger running in hot haste. It blesses and hails in its path the geniuses which are to carry the torch before it. Then very soon it leaves these geniuses behind. The philosophy of Plato was once good, but it no longer serves our purpose. The science of Newton was wonderful, but it has been outstripped. The human race advances, kindles fresh torches. Hippocrates, Archimedes, Galileo, Lavoisier,—all have been left behind; but not Jesus Christ....

It even seems that the more the human race progresses, the more striking becomes the influence of Jesus Christ. On each new horizon it throws a sudden ray of light; to each new want it provides a remedy till then unknown. What marvels are there not which the Christians of the first century never suspected, yet of which we are compelled to say, they were present to His mind! And what marvels that we do not perceive, of which our descendants will say, He foresaw these also! And at the same time that it extends through centuries, and is renewed with every advance of civilization, this influence of Jesus Christ loses nothing of its intensity. After the lapse of eighteen centuries, it masters souls as it did on the first day.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

(*"Bethlehem."*)

"Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day, and the same forever." These words of the Apostle express at once the noblest and most delightful occupation of our lives. To think, to speak, to write perpetually of the grandeurs of Jesus,—what joy on earth is like it, when we think of what we owe to Him, and of the relation in which we stand to Him? Who can weary of it? The subject is continually growing before our eyes. It draws us on. It is a science, the fascination of which increases the more deeply we penetrate into its depths. That which is to be

our occupation in eternity usurps more and more with sweet encroachment the length and breadth of time. Earth grows into heaven, as we come to live and breathe in the atmosphere of the Incarnation.

The Incarnation lies at the bottom of all sciences, and is their ultimate explanation. It is the secret beauty in all arts. It is the completeness of all philosophies. It is the point of arrival and departure to all history. The destinies of nations, as well as of individuals, group themselves around it. It purifies all happiness and glorifies all sorrow. It is the cause of all we see, and the pledge of all we hope for. It is the great central fact both of life and immortality, out of sight of which man's intellect wanders in the darkness, and the light of a divine life falls not on his footsteps.

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON.

(*"Sermons."*)

No man ever conferred such inestimable blessings on mankind as Jesus. He has purchased for us an eternal peace; He has imparted to us happiness, justice, and truth; He has renewed the face of the whole earth. His favors are not confined to one people or to one generation: they are extended to every nation and to every age; and what is more, those inestimable blessings He purchased for us at no less a price than that of His precious blood. If, therefore, gratitude exalted the mere instruments of the mercies of God to the rank of divinities, surely no one was more entitled to that distinction than Jesus.

JEAN BAPTISTE HENRI LACORDAIRE.

(*"Conferences."*)

Among great men, who are loved? Among warriors? Is it Alexander? Cæsar? Charlemagne? Among sages? Aristotle? Plato? Who is loved among great men? Who? Name me even

one; name me a single man who has died and left love upon his tomb. Mohammed is venerated by Mussulmans: he is not loved. No feeling of love has ever touched the heart of a Mussulman repeating his maxim: "God is God, and Mohammed is His prophet." One Man alone has gathered from all ages a love which never fails. Jesus Christ is the Sovereign Lord of hearts as He is of minds; and, by a grace confirmatory of that which belongs only to Him, He has given to His saints also the privilege of producing in men a pious and faithful remembrance.

ALBERT BARNES.

(*"Evidences of Christianity."*)

Christ is a real historical personage,—as real as Cæsar or Alexander. You can make nothing of history, of nations, of opinions, of philosophy, of the world, of anything in the past, if this is denied. All history is connected with that life; all history, for eighteen hundred years at least, turns on that life. The fact that He lived and founded the Christian religion is recognized by Josephus, by Tacitus, by Pliny. It is not denied by Celsus, by Porphyry, or by Julian, as it would have been if it could have been done. It is not denied by Mr. Gibbon, but in his labored argument he everywhere assumes it. It is not denied by Strauss; it is not denied by Renan.

EDWARD EVERETT.

(*"Orations and Speeches."*)

On Christmas Day, beginning at Jerusalem in the Church of the Sepulchre of Our Lord, the Christmas anthem will travel with the Star that stood above the cradle, from region to region, from communion to communion, and from tongue to tongue, till it has compassed the land and the sea, and returned to melt away upon the sides of Mount Zion.

By the feeble remnants of the Syrian and Armenian churches, creeping to their furtive matins amidst the unbelieving hosts of Islam, in the mountains of Kurdistan and Erzeroum; within the venerable cloisters which have braved the storms of war and barbarism for fifteen centuries on the reverend peaks of Mount Sinai; in the gorgeous cathedrals of Moscow and Madrid and Paris, and still imperial Rome; at the simpler altars of the Protestant church in Western Europe and America; in the remote missions of our own continent, of the Pacific islands, and of the farthest East,—on Friday next, for the Catholic and Protestant churches, the song of the angels, which heralded the birth of Our Lord, will be repeated by the myriads of His followers all around the globe.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

(*"The Perfect Life."*)

Who of us, on visiting the manger at Bethlehem, and beholding an Infant amidst accommodations provided for animals, would not have seen in these circumstances the presage of an obscure lot? And yet this lowly birth was the portal to that glorious though brief career through which the greatest mind established an imperishable sway over humanity. In that Infant the passing spectator saw only the heir of poverty, and pitied His hard fate; and yet, before that Infant the brightest names of history have grown dim. The Cæsar whose decree summoned the parents of Jesus to Bethlehem is known to millions only through the record of that Infant's life. The sages and heroes of antiquity are receding from us, and history contracts the record of their deeds into a narrow and narrower page. But time has no power over the name and deeds and words of Jesus Christ. From the darkness of the past they shine forth with sunlike splendor.

Notes and Remarks.

In a new volume, "Essays in Application," Dr. Henry Van Dyke deals with one contention of Socialists which Catholic writers on political economy have successfully exploded ever since Rousseau declared that private ownership is theft. This contention is that private ownership, besides being essentially immoral and irreligious, because it protects and rewards a form of selfishness, is opposed to the teachings of the Bible. "The Spirit of Jesus, who was really a great Socialist," says the twentieth-century communist, "is altogether in favor of common ownership." Dr. Van Dyke maintains, on the contrary, that the Old Testament holds out scanty encouragement to the advocates of communism, and that the Gospel seems to contain even less.

"Christianity," he writes, "never would have found a foothold in the world, never would have survived the storms of early persecution, had it not been sheltered in its infancy by the rights of private property, which are founded in justice, and therefore are respected by all lovers of righteousness, Christian or heathen. It is difficult to see how the religion of Jesus could have sanctioned these rights more emphatically than by using them for its own most holy purpose.... There is a fundamental and absolute difference between the doctrine of the Bible and the doctrine of communism. The Bible tells me that I must deal my bread to the hungry; communism tells the hungry that he may take it for himself. The Bible teaches that it is a sin to covet; communism says that it is the new virtue which is to regenerate society."

It would seem that a new phase has been reached in the development of our parochial schools, at least in some of

the older dioceses of the country. Dr. Henry A. Brann, the eminent rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York, proposes that the schools be endowed. "Why not?" he writes. "Are not most of our non-Catholic colleges and universities, which teach their students very little of anything useful, endowed?... But our schools, in which the little ones, besides receiving a good secular education, are taught how to love and serve God, who made them and who died for them, are left to get on as best they can. In this matter our wealthy people are careless. They do not seem fully to realize the imperative need of religious training, or they would follow the example shown by non-Catholics in their gifts to their schools. God has blessed us with the gift of faith, and those whom He has also blessed with worldly wealth ought to give special testimony of the faith which is in them by works of charity."

There can be no doubt that, pending the brighter and juster day when statesmen worthy of the name will discover a feasible plan by which the State may remunerate our parochial schools for doing the State's work in the matter of secular education, these schools need to be placed on a financial basis that will relieve our people of a portion of the heavy burden now imposed upon them.

The following remarkable statement appears in a letter written to the *Literary Digest* by Miss Anne S. Hall, a lady who somewhat vociferously advocates the killing off of the "fatally injured and hopelessly afflicted":

Many physicians have told me they consider it a duty to make peaceful the end [of life]. "What do you say to the members of the family?" has been my question. Without exception, the reply has been: "Not a word; I use my own judgment. I put myself in the place of the dying patient, and do to that one what I would wish another to do to me." One said that no one knows what may be the feelings of a person in a dying condition,

and that he had administered morphine and chloroform to his precious mother, and to an uncle who, when past speech, motioned that he desired an injection. The latter was in fulfilment of a promise made during health to the uncle, who was himself a physician. I asked the narrator if his conscience smote him. "Not the slightest," he replied; he knew he had done right.

With all due respect to the physician in question, he did *not* do right. He clearly and palpably did wrong. Whatever may be his eminence in his profession, he has not the slightest warrant to override the law of God, "Thou shalt not kill"; and his intruding his personal opinions into the sphere of purely moral questions—or, rather, his waiving in practice the moral question altogether—is not merely impertinent, or outside his legitimate sphere of action; it is distinctly criminal as well. One lesson to be drawn from this revelation is obvious: Catholics should exercise due care in their choice of physicians. The ethics openly taught in some medical colleges are purely and simply unchristian, and Christian people can not in conscience willingly submit to pagan practices.

The dearth of religious vocations, of which we wrote at some length a few weeks ago, is noticeable in England as well as in this country. Discussing St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of Mill Hill, Father Jackson declared that the hope of its founder, Cardinal Vaughan—that crowds of English and Irish youths of the right sort would come to it to offer themselves as candidates for the apostolic priesthood,—has never been realized. "The Catholic youths of this country have kept coldly aloof, and have shown but little desire to become missionaries; and I know of some who had the desire but who were hindered or dissuaded by people who ought to have known better."

We are gratified to learn that at present the prospects are brighter, and

that St. Peter's College, the preparatory school for Mill Hill, is being better patronized. But the distressing fact remains that "if Mill Hill College had depended for its supply of students upon the youth of Great Britain, it would have been a great failure. If young men had not come to it from the Continent, and especially from Holland, it would have been closed long ago for want of students."

This lack of religious and sacerdotal vocations is due in part, no doubt, to the pusillanimity of the young people themselves; but we venture the assertion that, in greater part, it is owing to sheer neglect of duty in parents, teachers, and pastors, who take no pains to discern the seeds of such a vocation, and fail to foster its healthy growth even when the plant sprouts visibly before them.

.

In connection with the foregoing, and as an answer to those who insist on home needs as opposed to the wants of foreign missions, these words of the late Bishop Ullathorne are worth reproducing:

I believe our own future will be blessed with increase in proportion as we, with earnest faith, send help to those who cry to us, as we have cried to others and received their help. I believe it, because it is the disposition of our Heavenly Father greatly to help those who do such works of faith and charity. I believe it, because there is no charity greater or more blessed than that which co-operates with God in sending His servants forth to spread His light and minister His grace to the nations afar off, who sit in darkness and alienation of soul from their supreme good. I believe it, because the mission to the heathen is the school of generous heroes, whose works of faith and sanctity will bless the country that sends them forth. I believe it on the word of our Blessed Lord: "Give, and it shall be given to you again, full measure, and heaped up, and overflowing into your bosom."

The attitude of the Church toward cremation, as embodied in various decrees of the Holy Office, is explained

in the Advent pastoral of the Bishop of Birmingham. After stating that those who, disregarding the Church's prohibition, direct that their bodies shall be cremated, and when admonished do not withdraw the direction, belong to the class of persons who are incapable of receiving the Last Sacraments and Christian burial, his Lordship continues:

The reason of the Church's prohibition is not that she regards cremation as a thing intrinsically wrong (and there are many who defend it on purely sanitary grounds), but the avowed aim and intention of the sectaries who first promoted the revival of that pagan usage was to withdraw people from the salutary influence of the Church. For this reason they advocated civil marriage, and tried to introduce the practice of civil funerals, from which every religious rite was to be eliminated. They hoped that if the practice of cremation were adopted, it would give plausibility to their favorite doctrine that death is the annihilation of man, that for him it is the end of all things, that there is no future life and no judgment to be feared in the other world. To such men the Church could make no concession. She was inflexible in her insistence on her own traditional rite of burial, and would give no countenance whatever to the innovation proposed.

Wendell Phillips used to say that it seemed to him "the American people might be painted in the chronic attitude of taking off its hat to itself"; and he wrote his lecture on "The Lost Arts" for the avowed purpose of lessening our undue appreciation of ourselves. Were Phillips living to-day, he would assuredly insert an additional paragraph in that famous lecture, just to call attention to another bubble of American self-conceit which Professor Brewster punctures in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The world at large has heard of late of Mr. Luther Burbank, of California, whose successful experiments with flowers and fruits have dowered him, in the vocabulary of headline writers, with the epithet "Wizard." There is, however, nothing new under the sun. Professor Brewster conclusively shows that the original discoverer, along the lines of Burbank's

experiments, was Father Gregory Mendel, an Austrian abbot who lived and labored half a century ago. The California genius, according to the Professor, has been able to do, in part, what he has accomplished "because of the work of one clear-headed priest."

The Rev. Gregor Johann Mendel, the priest in question, was an Augustinian abbot at Brunn, Austria, and a botanist of international renown. His experiments in hybridization were first made public in 1865. His theories as to "the ratio of dominants, cross-breeds, and recessives" remained in practical obscurity for thirty-five years; but finally attracted the attention of eminent biologists, with the result that they were translated and reprinted in the *Journal* of the Royal Horticultural Society, in 1901. Mr. Burbank may, of course, be an independent discoverer in his chosen field of activity; but that circumstance does not alter the fact that the eulogies bestowed on the American botanist redound of right to the glory of the Austrian monk.

Archbishop Zaleski, in thanking the Catholics of Jaffna, Ceylon, for their cordial welcome on his arrival amongst them, alluded to an ancient and interesting tradition that one of the Magi was a King of Jaffna, named Caspar Peria-Peramule. He returned to Jaffna from Bethlehem, and later on joined the Apostle St. Thomas on his arrival in India. Baptized by him, ordained priest, and consecrated bishop, he shared his martyrdom and was buried in the same grave with him. "Such," said the Archbishop, "was the first of your kings mentioned in old tradition. Your last King, Don Constantine, left the throne and the world to become a Franciscan."

There has been no dearth of news from Russia since the revolution broke out. Day by day, readers of American news-

papers at least have been treated to long reports of bloody riots, outbreaks on the part of nihilists, wholesale massacres of Jews, mutinies in the army and navy, plots to overthrow the constitutional government, fruitless attempts on the part of the Czar and Mr. Witte to reconcile the monarchists and the revolutionary groups,—everything, in fact, to give the impression that Russia is on her last legs. That much of this news was manufactured is plain from the statement that, owing to the general strike of the postal and telegraph officials, Russia was practically cut off from the rest of the world for a whole week. However, a little thing like this is no embarrassment to a great daily.

The horrors of the African slave-trade of to-day, as described by Henry W. Nevins, ought to be enough to rouse the indignation of all Christendom, and to coerce civilized rulers to take concerted action for the immediate and complete suppression of this infamous traffic. Many persons will doubtless be surprised to learn that in this age of the world such atrocities as Mr. Nevins tells of are possible anywhere. In the January number of *Harper's Magazine* he writes:

The day after leaving Benguela we stopped off Novo Redondo to take on more cargo. The slaves came off in two batches—fifty in the morning and thirty more toward sunset. There was a bit of a sea on that day, and the tossing of the lighter had made most of the slaves very sick. Things became worse when the lighter lay rising and falling with the waves at the foot of the gangway, and the slaves had to be dragged up to the platform one by one like sacks, and set to climb the ladder as best they could.

I remember especially one poor woman who held in her arms a baby only two or three days old. Quickly as native women recover from childbirth, she had hardly recovered, and was very seasick besides. In trying to reach the platform, she kept on missing the rise of the wave, and was flung violently back again into the lighter. At last the men managed to haul her up and set her on the foot of the ladder, striking

her sharply to make her mount. Tightening the cloth that held the baby to her back, and gathering up her dripping blanket over one arm, she began the ascent on all fours. Almost at once her knees caught in the blanket and she fell flat against the sloping stairs. In that position she wriggled up them like a snake, clutching at each stair with her arms above her head. At last she reached the top, bruised and bleeding, soaked with water, her blanket lost, most of her gaudy clothing torn off or hanging in strips. On her back the little baby, still crumpled and almost pink, squeaked feebly like a blind kitten. But, swinging it round to her breast, the woman walked modestly and without complaint to her place in the row with the others.

"I have heard many terrible sounds," says Mr. Nevins, "but never anything so hellish as the outbursts of laughter with which the ladies and gentlemen of the first class watched that slave woman's struggle up to the deck."

Benguela, as some readers may not know, is a seaport on the west coast of Africa, capital of the district of the same name, in the Portuguese colony of Angola. The slave-trade was supposed to be suppressed there a number of years ago.

Cardinal Arcoverde Cavalcanti de Albuquerque, Archbishop of Rio Janeiro and Metropolitan of Brazil, who at the recent consistory was created the first of South American cardinals, belongs to one of the oldest families in Italy, where he was born (at Pernambuco, diocese of Olinda) in 1848. One of the members of this illustrious family, Guido Cavalcanti, was the friend of Dante.

The Oxford correspondent of the *London Tablet* concludes a recent budget of notes with the following paragraph, to which, with fine restraint, only an exclamation point is added:

'Rhodes Scholar (to the dean of his college, when called on to produce the usual fortnightly essay): "I regret to say, Mr. Dean, that I have found myself unable to compose anything on the theme indicated by the college authorities; but I have brought you a few notes of my own on the position of South Dakota in American politics"!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Christmastide.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

CHRISTMAS TREE, Christmas Tree,
Glistening with light,
How radiant your branches are,
Your jewelled tips how bright!
Christmas Crib, Christmas Crib,
In the stable cold;
The only rays that pierce the dark,
From Bethlehem's Star of old!

"One of His Jewels."

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

XII.

MANY years had passed away. A somewhat long and severe winter had been succeeded by the balmy air and budding verdure of spring; and everywhere along the Corniche coast scented orange blossoms and pink almond flowers were wafting their sweet fragrance across the white winding roads, along which carriageful after carriageful of departing invalids were turning their backs upon the Mediterranean-washed shelters in which they had taken refuge from more northern shores. The bright little railway station at Mentone was literally packed with baggage of all kinds, over which shrill American or English voices echoed energetically.

The priest of the parish had come down to the station to meet a brother priest, a member of the new Salesian Institute lately established in Nice, who was to take his place for a brief eight days or so, while he went up to his diocesan seminary for a retreat.

"What a crowd!" he exclaimed, as he passed to the platform, jostled by a tribe of children and nurses with cloaks and parcels.

In another moment the train from the West came gliding in, and a tall, slight, keen-eyed priest was alighting from it.

"*Monsieur le Curé?*"

"*Le Père Giovanni?*"

And each broad-brimmed hat swept through the air.

"Your baggage, *mon Père?*"

"Oh, here it is! Only what you see,"—and the bright face sparkled into an almost boyish smile.

"Very well. This way, then!"

And the two black-robed figures went out side by side.

"This is your first visit to Mentone?" queried the Curé.

"Oh, yes! I have not been in these parts very long. You see, I come from Turin. I have been there all my life,—at least nearly all."

So they chatted as they passed along the well-planted avenues, skirted the seashore for a while, and then turned sharply upward to the town. Here and there a word was exchanged with some passer-by, a smile or gentle pat of the head bestowed on one of the little brown-skinned children who played marbles or stood idly gazing before the open doorways, till at length the time-worn façade of the old parish church was reached.

"Here we are!" exclaimed the Curé, cheerily. "A little visit to the Blessed Sacrament first, and then a good dish of macaroni à la Milanese. You will feel quite at home again."

They passed into the cool, dim church for a few moments' prayer; and then into the presbytery, with its clean red-tiled floor and wooden furniture,

its hospitable table, covered, after the fashion of those parts, with white oilcloth, and bearing great plates of luscious fruit, to which was soon added a dish of smoking macaroni, and another of the appetizing polenta fried with cheese, which is the staple food of that district.

"You are tired, Father, I fear?" spoke the old Curé, as his keen eye, accustomed to read faces at a glance, noted a certain look of perplexity or anxiety on the young face before him.

"Oh, not after that little journey!"

The elder man looked the question he was too courteous to put in words.

"The fact is," Father Giovanni went on, "I have an odd feeling that I have seen all this before. I feel as if I were in a kind of dream—a troubled dream,—and it has all come since I left the station a while ago."

"Oh, if that is all, a good night's rest will soon dispel those shadows! Here, try those mountain strawberries."

"I suppose you do not see much of the visitors who come here?" queried Father Giovanni, shaking off his abstraction with an effort.

"One is called to Catholic sick-beds from time to time, that is all. But for the most part the visitors attend that pretty little Protestant chapel I pointed out to you on the shore."

"What a pity!" ejaculated his hearer, half absently. "Monsieur le Curé, do you mind if I take a short walk after supper? I want to see if this strange feeling continues,—that it is all familiar ground."

"Very well. Shall I accompany you, or do you wish to go alone?"

"I will not disturb you, Monsieur le Curé. And I shall return before long."

So he took up his hat and went out, looking to right and left, and finally choosing a long, narrow street which wound upward, still higher, on the hill.

"It is strange," he thought, "but the feeling grows stronger. I almost

seem to know my way. Let me see! There, to the right, runs another road. The first shop in it is a butcher's, then a hairdresser's, then a little baker's-shop with a board swinging above the door, and a loaf of bread painted upon it. Let me see."

He turned the corner, and there before him stood the three shops!

"I must have dreamed it," he went on with his soliloquy. "It is useless going farther, however. Even the church seems familiar to me. Perhaps I shall understand better to-morrow."

But he did not. Indeed, the town looked strange to him next day, when that one flash—was it of memory?—had passed. And he went down to the station with Monsieur le Curé, to see him off; and came back to say his Office, and his daily Mass, and respond to the few sick-calls. After that he wandered, Breviary in hand, along the lovely Corniche road, drinking in the fresh evening breezes which blew across the sea, and watching the fishing boats as they tossed at anchor. But he almost wished the week were over, that he might go back again to that busy hive of human souls in which his beloved master, Don Bosco, had gathered the waifs and the strays of human civilization, and was moulding them into brave Christians and good citizens for the glory of God.

So it came to the last evening of his stay. He had lingered somewhat later than usual, watching the boats, and the distant headlands just touched with sunset hues,—his last idle evening, he said to himself; for he would soon be away in busy Nice. As he climbed the steep, narrow street, with its rough, ankle-twisting cobble-stones, he perceived his housekeeper (or rather the servant of Monsieur le Curé) awaiting him on the doorstep with unusual anxiety.

"At last, Father,—at last! I have sent endless messengers to seek you!"

"What is it? A sick-call?"

"Yes, Father, and an urgent one. It is the good old widow who has fallen downstairs and hurt herself seriously,—internal injuries, the doctor says. She is sinking fast."

"How far is it?" asked the priest, eagerly. "Shall I be able to go there first, and fetch the Holy Viaticum afterward?"

"It is just there,—up that narrow street. Turn to your left: you will see a baker's-shop. It is there."

But the young priest had already passed on, with swift, steady strides, and a sudden recalling of his strange memories of a week ago. A group of excited, chattering women made way for him in the doorway; and some one, he hardly noticed who, ushered him upstairs to where, in a big four-post bedstead, lay the dying woman. She was not very old, as years go; but women age fast in those southern climes, and toil, if not actual privation, had lined her face with premature wrinkles.

Father Giovanni drew up a chair to the bedside and sat down, taking the thin, bony hand in his, and looking into the pale face. There was a look upon it which struck him with awe; and he remembered that, though he had attended several sick-calls, he had never seen death so near, save in the case of one or two of their children, to whom he had been called upon to minister.

As he looked at her, the dying woman opened her eyes and feebly murmured: "It is you, Monsieur le Curé?"

Evidently her failing sight had not recognized the fact of a stranger. Without noticing the remark, the priest bent over her and asked the usual questions. She responded, and made her confession. As he finished the words of absolution, she made a further effort to speak.

"Father, I am dying,—am I not?"

"Yes." He could say no more, for a great awe seemed to hold him.

"Ah, then I shall see him—soon!"

"Yes, you will soon see the good God," answered the priest gently.

"I shall see *him*!" she went on, unheeding,—*"my Luigi, my little Luigi. Tonio too. Oh, it is so long, so long since he disappeared,—my little Luigi!"*

Father Giovanni bent still lower over the dying bed.

"Who is Luigi? Can you tell me?"

"Luigi,—my little boy who went away up to the mountain. Stefano the shepherd took him, and they came back next year and told me he had died. Oh, my child died far from me, his mother!"

As she gasped out the words, her hearer raised himself from the stooping position in which he had been striving to catch her feeble utterances, and, gazing fixedly at her, murmured in great agitation:

"My God! Is it possible?"

Then, bending down once more, he asked:

"How long ago was it?"

But the dying woman seemed to have sunk into a stupor. Father Giovanni looked round helplessly for a moment, then strode to the door and flung it open. As he expected, a little knot of women stood whispering on the stairs without.

"Can any of you tell me something?" he spoke abruptly. "She is speaking of a child named Luigi that died away from home. Was there such a one?"

"Ah, yes, *Padre!*" answered a woman, in a mixture of French and Mentonese dialect, which sounded quite familiar to the listener. "It was her son, her only child. He was sent up to the mountains one hot summer, and was lost."

"Lost or died—which?"

"Lost only, I think. But they told her he was dead, to quiet her, else she would have tramped the mountains to find him."

"Ah, who told her that—that lie?"

The young priest was trembling, visibly, as he stood before them.

"Eh—who knows? But here, *mon Père*,—here is one who can tell you all. She is the girl that took him away. Toinetta, *you* speak, then."

A plump, pleasant-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, came forward.

"It is true, I did. It was my father who had charge of him. We lost him in the Col di Tenda."

Father Giovanni looked at her for a moment without speaking. Then, with one bound, he was back in the room of the dying woman, and on his knees by her side.

"Mother! mother!! mother!!!"

He had left the door open, and they all trooped in, but he heeded them not. His arms were round the frail, shrunken form, and he was crying out again and again:

"Mother! Look at me, mother! I am your Luigi!"

The cry reached her deadened brain, and she looked up at him.

"You, Monsieur le Curé? You are not my Luigi!"

"I am not Monsieur le Curé: I am your child,—yours, mother! I did not die. God protected me and has brought me back to you! Mother darling, give me your blessing!"

A feeble smile played over the wrinkled face.

"Is it my Luigi? Where have you been so long? *La mamma* is so tired, *bambino!* She must go to sleep now."

"O my mother, say, 'God bless you, Luigi!'" he pleaded softly.

"God bless you, Luigi!" uttered the quivering lips.

One irrepressible sob broke from the young priest, as, laying the frail form once more upon the pillow, he turned to glance at the listening group beyond. The doctor, who had just looked in, now came forward.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"One thing, if you please, Monsieur! I wish to give my mother the Holy Viaticum. Will there be time?"

"I think so,—yes. If you will bring it, I will wait here and give her some restorative."

So, almost before the little group of neighbors had time to realize his absence, Father Giovanni, once more the grave and priestly ministrant, was re-entering the room where his mother lay dying. The old sacristan preceded him, bearing a red light. A few moments more, and there broke upon the solemn silence those majestic sentences, which have been paraphrased for us by one of the greatest masters of the English tongue:

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world! Go, in the name of God,
the Omnipotent Father, who created thee!
Go, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, Son
of the Living God, who bled for thee!
Go, in the name of the Holy Spirit, who hath
been poured out on thee!
Go, in the name of angels and archangels;...
And may thy place to-day be found in peace.
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount of
Sion,—through the name of Christ our Lord.

And, to the music of her son's voice, Maria Biancheri fell asleep in Christ.

(The End.)

Charlemagne's Repentance.

Charlemagne, the celebrated Charlemagne, had sinned. His sin had been great, his heart was oppressed with it, and his conscience tormented him night and day. The Emperor could neither eat nor sleep; for the thought of his terrible sin rendered him too unhappy. He regretted deeply his having committed it, he swore he would never commit it again, and finally he went to his confessor to obtain its pardon and absolution.

The priest told him to kneel down and confess himself humbly. Charlemagne obeyed. He accused himself of a multitude of minor offences; and at last there remained only the great sin to reveal. But the Emperor was so penitent and began to weep so bitterly

that he could not speak. Every time he tried to avow his guilt his tears choked his voice.

The good priest, seeing that his repentance was sincere, and wishing to absolve him, finally told Charlemagne that, since he could not speak of what he had done, he might write it down.

"Oh, I'd willingly do so, Father, but, alas! I can not write."

"What one doesn't know one can learn," replied the priest, and he at once began giving the Emperor lessons in writing; because, like most men of his time, Charlemagne could wield the sword much better than the pen.

The Emperor applied himself so diligently, however, that he soon acquired the art; and, as he had never been able to confess his sin by spoken words, the priest renewed his advice that he should write it. Charlemagne took the waxen tablets, went into a corner, and painfully traced the letters forming the necessary words. While engaged in writing, he wept profusely; and when he had finished, he added a little prayer asking God to pardon and to blot out his grievous sin.

When it was all done, Charlemagne carried the tablets to his confessor, and, kneeling before the latter, gave them to him, asking for a severe penance.

The confessor looked at the tablets and saw with astonishment that there was not a single word to be seen on them. Yet he himself had watched the Emperor drawing the letters upon them, and he could not understand how the tablets could be so clean, though they were wet with tears.

Whilst he was still examining the tablets, he saw some characters appearing on them, and soon read: "God has pardoned Charlemagne."

The confessor showed the message to the Emperor; and Charlemagne, rejoiced to see that his sin was forgiven, returned thanks to God, and sinned no more.

Wind - Rhymes.

An old rhyme says:

If New Year's Eve night wind blow from south,
It betokeneth warmth and drouth;
If west, much milk and fish in sea;
If north, much cold and storm there'll be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If north, flee from it man or brute.

The Scotch people dislike the south wind, perhaps because it is English; and they say:

The rain comes scuth
When the wind's in the south.

The Britisher quotes this rhyme:

Wind in the west, weather at its best;
Wind in the east, neither good for man nor beast.

Another English saying, come down to us from Anglo-Saxon times, is:

The west wind always brings wet weather;
The east wind, cold and wet together;
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again.

A Fable.

A certain boy, as Epictetus tells the fable, put his hand into a pitcher where a quantity of figs and filberts were deposited. He grasped as many as possible; but when he endeavored to pull out his hand, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of the good things, but unable to draw back his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by then gave him this wise advice: "Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed."

CHRISTMAS ISLAND, in the Pacific Ocean, was discovered by Captain Cook on December 24, 1777, and so called in honor of the season.

In Tennessee there is a village called Christmasville, and it lies in Carroll County.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Babyhood Tales" is about the most appropriate rendering for *Recits Enfantins*, an illustrated little volume published by Desclée, De Brouwer & Co. And French babies will like it.

—It is rumored that a new Catholic daily will make its appearance in Rome early in the coming year. The lack of such an auxiliary is generally deplored, as of late the anti-religious press has become more and more violent and unscrupulous.

—As a sign of the growing position of the United States in the world, the London *Tablet* notes that President Roosevelt's message to Congress was given almost *in extenso* in the *Times*. But it is a good many years now since our own daily papers began to publish Papal encyclicals.

—"The Mystic Rose; or, Pilate's Daughter," is a Scriptural drama for female characters, written by the Rev. F. L. Kinzel, C. SS. R., and published by the Redemptorist Fathers, Boston, Mass. This interesting play is full of movement and color, embodies a good story, teaches a striking lesson, and gives scope for strong character-portrayal.

—In eight chapters, comprising one hundred and twenty-five pages, M. Roger de Condé tells the life-story of "Le Bienheureux J. B. M. Vianney." This biography of the Blessed Curé of Ars, published by Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., deals rather summarily with the broad lines of its subject's career; and, apart from a number of interesting illustrations, contains nothing unfamiliar to admirers of the saintly pastor. The volume is in the form of a brochure and is well printed.

—"Witching Winifred" would be an appropriate title for the pretty story, with its charm of Irish setting and Irish character, first published in THE AVE MARIA under the title of "Wayward Winifred" and now issued in book form by Benziger Brothers. The action begins in the Glen of Dargle and closes there, too, but there is a journey to New York in the meantime; and the life of the heroine of the story is woven about with mystery and moonlight and fairies and good friends. Old Neall and Father Owen, Granny Meehan and Roderick, —all are real people, while Winifred is a delight; wayward, it is true, but winsome and wholehearted, and altogether lovable.

—A very large circle of American and English readers will sincerely regret to learn that no more books may be looked for from the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," "The Lady Paramount," and "My Friend Prospero." Henry Harland (the Sydney Luska of twenty years ago) is dead at San Remo, Italy. Mr. Harland was born in St. Petersburg, forty-four years ago. He

was educated in New York and at Harvard, and removed, later, to London. As a novelist he will be longest remembered as the author of the three volumes mentioned above, all written, we believe, after his conversion to Catholicity. *R. I. P.*

—A charming gift-book for Catholic children, which should have been published in time to reach this country for Christmas, is "The Child to whom Nobody was Kind," one of the exquisite stories of the angels written nearly half a century ago by Father Faber. The book is illustrated by Mr. L. D. Symington, and the publishers have added an excellent portrait of the beloved Oratorian.

—The following lines of an old and forgotten English song are proof of such genuine book love as to make one regret that the authorship of them is unknown:

Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyth'er in-a-doore or out;
With the greene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the streete cries all about,—
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde:
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.

—Walker's "Essentials in English History," prepared for High School work, is published by the American Book Co. In the publisher's review of this book there are some statements to which we give assent, as, for instance, when it enumerates the technical good qualities of the work; but we must take issue when it is claimed that the history meets thoroughly the most exacting college entrance requirements. (Perhaps, we should find fault with the college requirements as well as with the book.) The account of the quarrel of Thomas à Becket with the King, the story of the Gunpowder Plot, the light in which Pope Clement is placed with regard to Henry's marriage, and many other points, are not stated as they should be. Then, too, in the list of references, there are omissions hardly excusable nowadays, when fairness and thoroughness are expected of all who prepare text-books.

—Among articles of exceptional value and interest to appear in THE AVE MARIA next year we may mention *Wolsey and the Divorce*, *Edward VI. and the Catholic Liturgy*, *The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion*, and *Anglican Ordinations*, by Dom Gasquet; *Individualism vs. the Church*, *The Bible and Modern Difficulties*, *Present Day Questions*, etc., by the Rev. H. G. Hughes, author of "The Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." Space forbids mention of other important contributions by distinguished authors like the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, the

Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C. P., the Rev. H. G. Ganss, the Very Rev. R. O'Kennedy, Dr. James Walsh, and Ben Hurst, who have declared that, on account of the peculiar and far-reaching influence of *THE AVE MARIA*, they would rather write for it than for any other Catholic periodical.

—*THE AVE MARIA* for 1906 will abound as usual in good fiction. "Véra's Charge" is the title of a delightful serial by Christian Reid, the initial chapter of which will appear with the New Year. It is more on religious lines than anything this popular author has written for some time, and deals with the different standards of modern society and Catholicity, and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of reconciling them. Long experience has taught Catholic readers that Christian Reid is always at her best when writing for *THE AVE MARIA*. Mary T. Waggaman, the author of "The Transplanting of Tessie," "The Ups and Downs of Marjorie," etc., stories that have endeared her to young folk everywhere, has contributed another charming tale, which will head the list of juvenile serials for 1906. "Captain Ted" has equal interest for boys and girls, and will be notable for variety, liveliness and the spirit of youth. Of short stories for young and old readers there will be a bountiful supply by the best Catholic writers.

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 increased.

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.

"Wayward Winifred." Anna T. Sadlier. 85 cts.

"The Method of the Catholic Sunday-School." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 40 cts.

"Psychology of Ants and of Higher Animals." Rev. Eric Wasmann, S. J. \$1, net.

"Il Libro d'Oro of those whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Translations by Mrs. Francis Alexander. \$2, net.

"Oxford Conferences on Faith." Father Vincent McNabb, O. P. 90 cts.

"In the Land of the Strenuous Life." The Abbé Felix Klein. \$2, net.

"St. Catherine de Ricci. Her Life, Her Letters, Her Community." F. M. Capes. \$2, net.

"Heart's Desire." Emerson Hough. \$1 50.

"Mary the Queen." A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 50 cts.

"The Four Winds of Eirinn." Ethna Carbery. 75 cts., net.

"Handbook of Homeric Study." Henry Browne, S. J. \$2, net.

"The Dollar Hunt." 45 cts.

"Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord." 50 cts.

"Prayer." Father Faber. 30 cts., net.

"Lives of the English Martyrs." (Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth.) \$2.75.

"Joan of Arc." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 75 cts.

"The Life of St. Patrick, and His Place in History." J. B. Bury, M. A. \$3.25, net.

"The Suffering Man-God." Père Seraphin. 75 cts., net.

"Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." Charles Major, \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HBB., xiii.

Rev. A. De Campos, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. F. C. Wiechman, diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Peter Berkery, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. John Connelly, diocese of Pittsburg; Rev. Joseph Zimmer, diocese of Brooklyn; Don Francis Turner, O. S. B.; and Rev. A. S. Fonteneau, S. S. Sister M. Peter, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. J. F. Certia and Mr. John Hilliard, of South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Bridget Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; Major W. Fletcher Gordon, Wimbledon, England; Mr. Michael Culeton, Oswego, N. Y.; Mr. Philip Kirsche, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Edward McBride, Conshohocken, Pa.; Mr. John G. Riddell, Oldcott, England; Mr. Patrick Walsh, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. C. Becktold, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Josephine Herpin, Mobile, Ala.; Mr. E. V. Caulfield, Hartford, Conn.; Miss F. Galvin, Santa Clara, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Lillis, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Ann Foster and Mr. Andrew Loughlin, Scranton, Pa.; Master W. A. Naud, Manistee, Mich.; Mrs. M. Lynch, Mrs. K. Terry, and Miss M. E. Kearney, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Brothers, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. J. J. Gannon, Jr., Escanaba, Mich.; Mr. Edward Blewitt, Mr. John Horn, Mr. Thomas O'Rourke, and Mr. Michael McGee, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William Kirchner, and Mrs. Catherine Mueller, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John Nolan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. David Donahoe, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Joseph Umbs, Defiance, Ohio; Mrs. Sophie Lippert, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine O'Brien and Mrs. Alice McAvoy, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Jacques Aubertin, Willimantic, Conn.; and Dr. James Elliott, Newark, N. J.

Requiescant in pace!

BX 801 .A84 SMC

Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

Does Not Circulate



