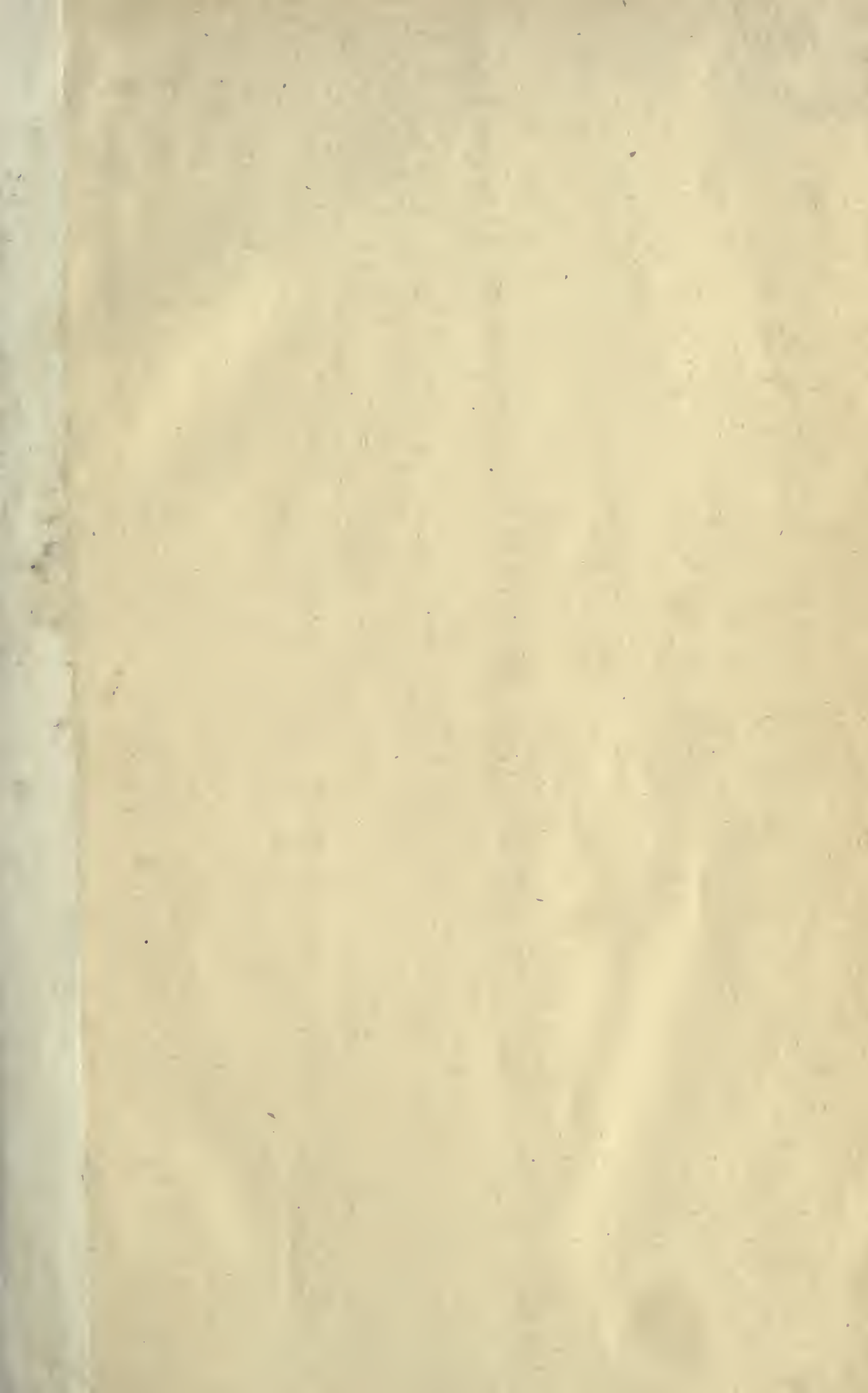


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 07097646 9

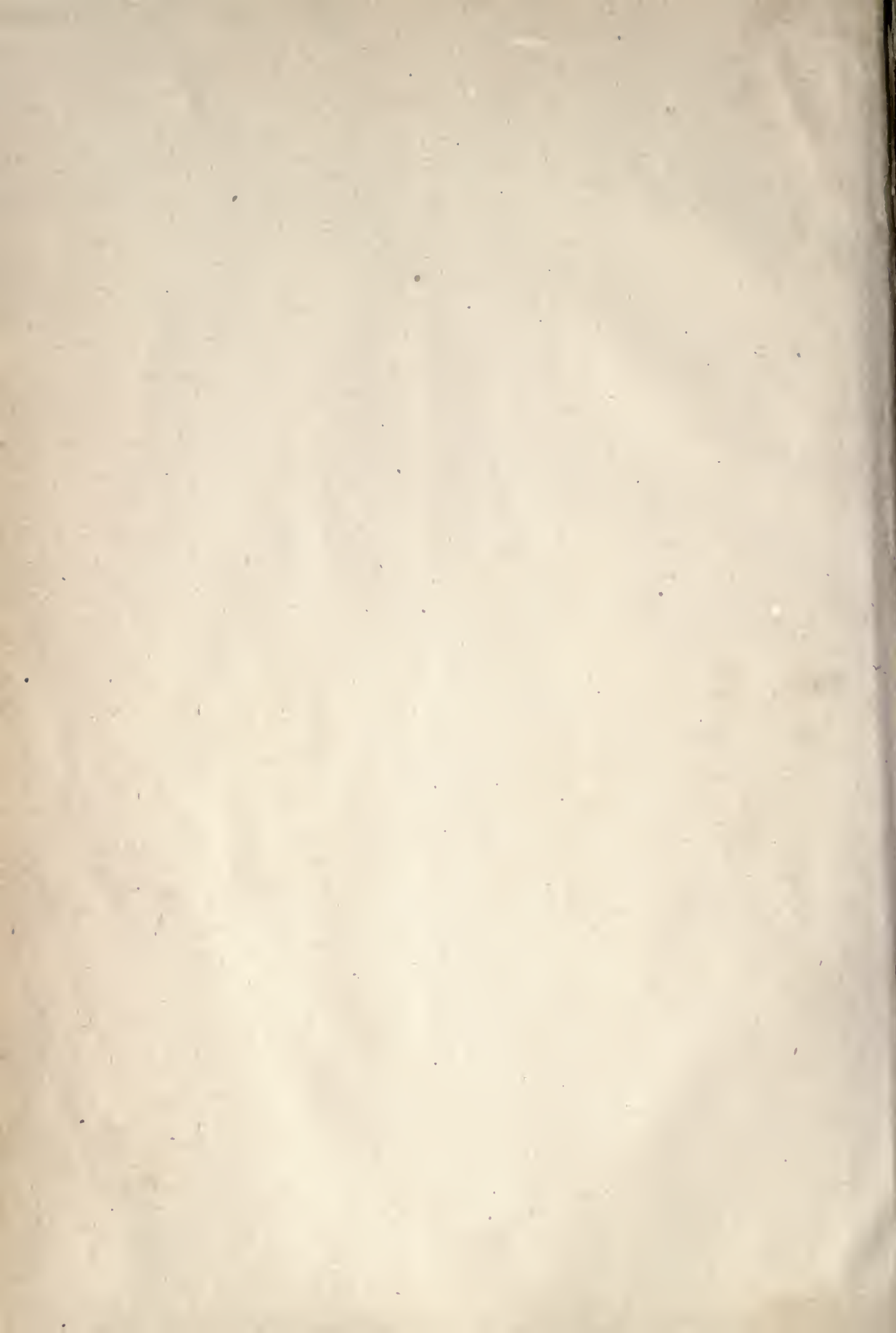






Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/avemaria64notruoft>





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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 5, 1907.

NO. 1

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

The Madonna Flower.

BY L. F. M.

HERE is a favored flower of Palestine—
The pale Madonna lily of the plain.
So fair is it, so free from spot or stain,
That they have named it for thee, Mother mine,—
Its peerless beauty typical of thine.
It blooms where Moab's verdant mountains
chain
In Bethlehem's valleys, where the humble swain
Still watch the lights of far Judea shine.
Oh, white, white flower of olden Palestine,
What tender thoughts your fragile presence
brings!
You breathe the story of the King of kings,
The plain, the Shepherds, and the glorious sign,
The heavenly songs, the sweep of angels' wings,
The sweet Madonna, and the Babe Divine!

Cardinal Newman

Dangers of the Day.

I.—OUR ENVIRONMENT.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN VAUGHAN.

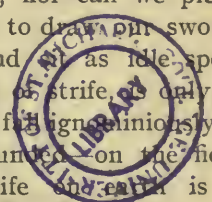
HOW swiftly ebbs the tide of life's dark sea! Like racing waves, its months and weeks flow by, till soon our course is run. Yet few will pause to weigh and measure life's responsibilities, or to ask themselves why God doles out to them His precious gifts of years and months and days, though these are talents with which we have to trade until He

comes. We are not here to rest inactive and inert, still less to dissipate our time in mirth and idle rioting. No: we live that we may learn the lessons that life teaches, and school ourselves to conquer fallen nature's fitful moods, to check unruly passions, and to control our rebellious appetites.

The world is a school; and we are pupils, either apt or slow to profit by its teaching. Some gather fast the fruits of Wisdom's tree; while many scarcely recognize their sterling worth, but pluck the poisoned berries from some upas tree instead. We, at least, will not be so foolish, but, ere earth's short day has sped, we will arouse ourselves, and open our ears to duty's call, and learn to tread the narrow path of self-denial that leads o'er stony ways, upward and onward, to Eternity's golden gates and Heaven's sapphire floor.

One thing is certain. If we are placed in this world, as God has said, expressly to be tested and tried, even as gold in the furnace's fiery flame, we can not expect a tame and smooth career, but rather one of struggle, strife and war, in which our virtues are put upon their trial, and all that is best in us is drawn forth and made to assert its power.

It is impossible to screen ourselves from every onslaught, nor can we plead neutrality and decline to draw our sword. To fold our arms and sit as idle spectators amidst a world of strife, is only to invite disaster, and to fight unskillfully—perhaps mortally wounded—on the field of battle. "Man's life on earth is a



warfare," says the Holy Spirit of God,—a warfare between right and wrong, good and evil, duty and inclination. Whosoever conquers not must himself be conquered; who wins not, loses; who fights not, perishes. Then let us make ready and gird on our armor, and keep our weapons bright.

Though it is quite impossible to point out the numberless dangers that beset us on every side, and the endless pitfalls that threaten our safety day by day, we may at least, call attention to some of the most general and seductive. To do so will be no uncertain gain; for an enemy that is recognized as such, and whose tactics are laid bare, is stripped of half his power to harm.

Let us, then, look around us and endeavor to discover some of the chief sources of spiritual danger. Most probably the first danger that reveals itself to the vigilant eye of the cautious observer arises from our very environment. Our lot is cast in a non-Catholic country; we are constantly moving among Protestants, Jews, agnostics, unbelievers. We frequent their assemblies; we share in their amusements; we visit their houses; we correspond and transact business with them; we interchange courtesies,—in fact, we live on terms of familiarity with all sorts and conditions of men, and are glad to number them among our friends, associates, and companions.

I am not saying that we are to blame for this, or that we are doing anything wrong in itself. Far from it; I am merely stating a simple fact, and describing the nature of the social atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being. Then, in addition to the people of England and America, the press of those countries is also Protestant and heretical, where it is not actually infidel. The countless books and reviews, and the papers and magazines, and the ephemeral literature of all kinds that load our tables and fill our libraries and sitting-rooms, are, for the most part,

decidedly non-Catholic in their tone and sentiment. Indeed, it were to be wished that they were never anything worse. But, alas! much of our literature is not merely non-Catholic, but often violently and aggressively *anti*-Catholic,—the output of authors whose one ambition seems to be to vilify, calumniate, and misrepresent the spirit and doctrines of the Church.

And as we mix with the world and lead our daily life, we hear opinions expressed and theories advanced, often with much skill, eloquence, and plausibility, which are the opinions and the theories not of God but of men, and often of evil-minded and wholly misguided men. They may sound clever and wise, but it is far too often that seductive cleverness and "wisdom of the world," which, as the Apostle is careful to warn us, is downright "folly in the eyes of God."

Thus we find that the whole moral and intellectual atmosphere in which we habitually dwell, and which we—though, I dare say, quite unconsciously—draw in with every breath, is a vitiated atmosphere,—an atmosphere heavily charged with the poisonous exhalations and noxious vapors of every variety of heresy and infidelity, and erroneous opinion both old and new. What is the result? Well! The result, unless we are careful, is sure to be detrimental to the purity and vivacity of our faith.

It is the teaching of scientific men that there is an inherent tendency on the part of every organism, and on the part of every living being, to adapt itself to its environment. A general law runs through nature, in virtue of which every creature capable of modification will, little by little, be influenced and affected by the medium in which it lives and by the conditions of its surroundings. Thus, for example, fish and other aquatic creatures living in deep pools, at the bottom of dark caves, where the light of the sun never, or scarcely ever, penetrates, become influenced by the all-pervading gloom around them. They

slowly adapt themselves to their unhappy condition, become gradually blind, and in a few generations are without any serviceable organs of sight. The darkness amid which their lives are passed robs them, at last, of even the power of seeing.

Now, the danger we have especially to guard against is just that of adapting ourselves too readily to our present vitiated and irreligious environment. This evil tendency will exist in spite of us. As a tendency, we can not exclude it. But, since we possess free will, and are not acted on as irresponsible and irresponsible agents, we possess the power to resist and overcome this tendency, provided always that we recognize and are fully sensible both of its existence and of its danger.

We Catholics form but a small minority in the country: in England, scarcely one in twenty; and in the United States, not more than one in a half dozen. As a consequence, we are running a risk, which will be greater or less according to our individual character and training, of sinking to the religious level of our surroundings. This process of deterioration may be noticed in many individuals. We note that little by little they grow lax in their religious life and practice, and less sensitive to the sinfulness of heresy. They become indulgent, even to the extent of compromising the Church herself; and seek, by very questionable means and very lax views, to win for themselves an easy reputation, among their Protestant friends, for broad-mindedness and liberality; and soon cease altogether to entertain that healthy and hearty detestation of all heresy which has ever characterized the saints, who, while they loved the heretic, loathed and abominated his errors. As a tendency, this disposition to minimize can hardly be eliminated; but the fact serves only to impress us more deeply with the conviction that our duty is to open our eyes to the danger, to struggle against it, and by care and watchfulness to counteract the effects of our surroundings upon the general trend of our thoughts and conduct.

Until we candidly admit to ourselves that it is a real danger, we shall never successfully fight against it. I will illustrate my contention by means of an example. We have all had experience of the silent yet ceaseless action that the moisture-laden atmosphere has upon certain metals. Take a bright sharp blade of glittering steel, brilliantly polished and highly tempered. Expose it for a period to the air. In an incredibly short time it becomes wholly changed. First it loses its peculiar gloss and lustre, then its polished surface grows dull and dim, and its keen edge blunted and jagged. Upon this there follows a further process of decay, and a chemical change takes place. Slowly but surely the rust settles upon it, and corrodes and eats away its very substance; so that at last one can scarcely recognize in the dark, rusty object, the once bright and beautiful blade. It is worth nothing but to be thrown away.

Well, in the spiritual order, something very similar to this happens to our souls when exposed year after year to the corrosive and contaminating atmosphere of the world. We start out on our earthly pilgrimage with a spirit of great and unquestioning loyalty to the Church. We love and cherish and revere her as our spiritual mother; we listen with attention to her teaching; we respect her decisions and we seek her counsel. Our obedience is thorough, prompt, and hearty. In fact, we seem to hear Christ Himself speaking through her lips; and it never occurs to us to carp and criticise, or to call in question her prudence or her wisdom. When we meet with others acting differently, we are not only surprised: we are shocked and distressed. Perhaps even we burn with a holy indignation.

But time wears on. We grow accustomed to such conduct; we think less of it; and, little by little, our righteous indignation cools or dies out altogether; for the world has been too much with us. We may not realize this all at once. But by and by, when some law or ecclesiastical regulation

comes and touches us personally—interfering with our liberty, or checking or restraining our desires in some way,—we, too, begin to encourage and entertain doubts as to the authority of the Church to impose her laws upon us, and to claim our obedience.

We have set our heart, let us suppose, on marrying a Protestant. Now, the Church forbids such unions, though she may grant a dispensation. Nevertheless, she imposes her conditions. She demands a promise that all the children that may be born of such a union shall be baptized in the Catholic Church and brought up Catholics; and that the marriage ceremony shall be solemnized in a Catholic church, and before a Catholic priest, and so forth. But our Protestant fiancé does not approve of this arrangement. He is strongly averse to it, and appeals to our generosity to release him from such conditions. We listen to him rather than to the Church. Principle goes down before expediency. We yield. The atmosphere of the world has been acting upon us. We forget our past protestations of loyalty and our loving obedience; for the rust of self-will has eaten into our very soul. With a toss of the head and a gesture of defiance, we drive off to the nearest Protestant church, or perhaps to the registrar's office, and get married there. The bells ring out a merry peal from the Protestant church tower. But—the angels weep!

To everyone who is sufficiently vain and worldly-minded to listen, the devil is ever artfully and cunningly repeating the self-same query which he once put to Eve, with such disastrous effect—viz.: “Why hath God commanded you that you should not eat of every tree of Paradise?” And woe to us if we hearken to his words! When God deigns to speak, whether it be with His own divine lips, as in the Holy Scriptures, or through the voice of His infallible spouse, the Church, it is our clear duty to obey. What God's motives are, or what His precise purpose may be, it is not for us to inquire. It is quite enough to know on

unimpeachable evidence, that it is God who is speaking and commanding.

But the Evil One is well aware of our pride and inborn conceit. His experience tells him that he has only to suggest an appeal from the decree itself to our own private judgment, in order that we should fall into the trap and be caught in his toils. Hence he is ever whispering into the ears of worldly men and women; and trying to shake their simple faith by asking: “Why has God commanded this observance? Why has He restricted your liberty? Why should you be asked to do this or that? Why does the Church pass such a law or formulate such a regulation?” We hearken to these inquiries the more readily because they flatter our pride, and because they arouse within us a sense of our own importance; and too often we answer the devil by expressing our readiness to determine the whole matter for ourselves. That we have never studied a theological treatise in our lives, and that we know nothing of the real merits of the particular point at issue, matters not a straw. We are quite ready to set our individual opinion—formed, perhaps, in a fit of irritation and pique—against the solemn and calm judgment of the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals.

There is, in fact, a certain class of persons who seem to imagine that they have been especially appointed to instruct the Church, and to determine what is right and what is wrong. They pose as masters, not as disciples. They wish to govern and not to obey, to judge and not to be judged. Nothing that the Supreme Pontiff or his council does or decrees is right until it has received their sanction and approval. They have neither the wisdom to submit nor even the modesty to keep silence, but must needs vent their superior knowledge in a loud, consequential and dictatorial manner, in the most hostile and anti-Catholic journals of the land; and will even invite the heretical press to assist them to improve the policy of the Holy See to amend the decrees of Roman congregations, or to upset the

ruling of their Ordinary. Though professing to be practical Catholics, they side with the enemies of the Church, judge her action on no higher principles than those that govern the world, and repeat as new and true, calumnies as old as, and oftener older than, Christianity itself. That we do not exaggerate is evident from the words of Leo XIII. himself, who laments in burning utterances that "the license which is commonly confounded with liberty, the passion for criticising and finding fault with everything, the habit of throwing into print whatever men think or feel, have so confused and darkened men's minds that the Church's office as teacher has now become more than ever necessary to save Christians from being drawn away from conscience or duty."*

This disposition to point out and to comment upon the supposed mistakes of her whom God has appointed to teach the nations—"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations,"—and to whom He has conferred an authority equal to His own—"Who heareth you, heareth Me,"—is exceedingly common among those whom the world has inoculated with its own evil virus. In society one is constantly meeting with persons—and we speak, of course, of Catholics—who are full of the spirit of fault-finding, and who do not hesitate to express, and in no measured words, their disapproval of, or their objection to, first one doctrine or practice or custom, and then another. Some persons, for instance, will object to religious Orders and to the whole idea of the monastic life. They will speak of it as mediæval and archaic. Or they think that such institutions should be, at all events, limited to men. Or they will condescendingly allow that there "may possibly be some use in the active Orders" which render certain services to the world, and help the poor, the sick, and the ignorant; but they condemn the contemplatives as useless drones. They calmly assure us that they can see no use in those "long nightly vigils and those interminable psalms

and canticles"; and, of course, if *they* can see no use, then, obviously, there can be none. That is clear. To the more simple-minded, the Church would seem to be a more reliable and trustworthy judge.

Or, again, when some young girl of good family, and beautiful in soul as in body, listens to the promptings of grace, and turns her back upon the world and all its attractions, to dedicate herself to the service of God, how often one hears the Church blamed and the whole institution of religious communities condemned! "She might have done so much more good in the world!" or "She has no right to shirk her duties to society"; or "She should have remained to grace the high position in which Providence had placed her,"—such are the observations that one hears. Some will even say: "If some one *must* be sacrificed, why don't they send her ugly sister into the convent, and leave the pretty and attractive daughter in the world?" Thus even Catholics absorb the opinions and adopt the views of the world around them.

Or perhaps the criticism is passed, not upon the customs and discipline of the Church, but upon some clearly enunciated dogmatic truth. So greatly has the habit of criticising developed in recent years, and so inveterate is now the custom of throwing everything into the crucible of one's own mind, that few doctrines altogether escape the ordeal.

The eternity of hell is an instance in point. People affect to be very shocked at the dogma: in fact, they expend so much indignation upon this penalty of sin, that they have hardly any left for sin itself. It is not enough for them that God has declared that 'the wicked shall go into *everlasting* punishment.' It appears to them cruel. But God is not cruel. To their notions it is "too too horrible,"—as though their notions had anything to do with it. They pose the question, as though it settled the case: "What proportion is there between a mortal sin, however atrocious and however wilful, and eternal punishment?" They take the glimmering light of human reason

* Letter to Cardinal Gibbons.

as the supreme arbiter of Divine truth, and would make man's fallible mind the final measure and supreme court of appeal concerning the doctrines of revelation. They do this because they have been listening to the world instead of to the Apostle, who cries out in warning words: "Be not wiser than it behooveth you to be wise." As though he would say: 'Do not try conclusions with God, nor imagine you know more than the infallible teacher whom He has appointed.' If all were so clear to the meanest intelligence, He would have dispensed with a teaching Church, and would not have commanded us to obey her under such fearful and appalling sanctions. "And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

There are two facts clearly laid down by revelation. One fact is, God is love; the other fact is, hell is eternal. We may not be able to reconcile these two facts in a manner altogether satisfactory to our limited intelligences; but that is precisely because they are limited. That we can not possibly see *how* eternity of punishment is compatible with infinite goodness and mercy may be perfectly true. But it by no means follows that these two facts are in reality irreconcilable. They seem to be opposed, while all the time they are, most certainly, in the most complete accord. Nor is this to be wondered at, since such apparent contradictions are met with even in the order of nature, which lies far more within our grasp. Take an instance.

If two men stand on the equator of the earth, and one walks due east and the other due west, they seem to increase the distance between them every step they take. Any ordinary onlooker would declare most emphatically that the longer they continued to walk, the greater would become the space dividing them. It is only in more recent times—in fact, only since the rotundity of the earth has been proved—that we are able to correct so erroneous an impression, and are able to realize that, in reality, both men are making for the self-same point, that every step is taking them a degree

nearer to it, and that eventually they will actually meet each other, and shake hands somewhere in the antipodes.

If incomplete and insufficient knowledge can result in such confusion of mind and in such erroneous conclusions in ordinary earthly and material things, surely we should expect that our ignorance of the supernatural and the divine would often lead to far more erroneous judgments and to far more untenable opinions; and that our only security from error, in the spiritual order, is in giving up our own views, when contrary to the teaching of the Church, and in placing ourselves under the direction of her whose knowledge, within her own sphere, is neither superficial nor inexact.

Those who possess true humility—which is really but a practical knowledge of one's own limitations—know that there are, and must necessarily be, countless truths known to God which are unknown to man; and many which are not simply unknown to man, but wholly beyond his power of comprehension, in his present earthly state. The intellect bestowed upon us is infinitely less, as compared with the omniscience of God, than the light of the glow-worm's spark as compared with the light of the noonday sun. We know very little, but we know quite enough, if we know how to submit to our divinely appointed teacher.

Men seem to overlook the fact that difficulties which are real difficulties to us are no difficulties to God; and that what, in our present state, seems to be hard or even wholly impossible, will appear manifest, clear, and self-evident, so soon as faith gives place to actual vision, and our minds are flooded with the light of glory. "In Thy light we shall see light." But, owing to our environment, we easily come to judge things as the world judges them. We see with its eyes, we hear with its ears, and, like those around us, we grow weak and wanting in lively faith, by reason of our continual contact and intercourse with the world, which is ever hostile

to the interests of God,—as, indeed, St. John implies when he tells us that “the world is the enemy of God.”

The examples I have given are mere specimens; for there is scarcely a point of practical importance on which worldly men are not ready to pass judgment, or which they hesitate to subject to human criticism. But it would be tedious to multiply examples.

How far removed is all this from the true and thoroughly loyal Catholic spirit, which is ever a spirit of trust and confidence and love! Christ has established His Church for the express purpose of teaching and directing and admonishing us: “Go and teach.” He has invested it with His own authority: “He that despiseth you despiseth Me.” It is for us, then, as dutiful children, to obey her in the spirit of meekness; to sit thoughtfully at her feet, as Mary sat of old at the feet of our Blessed Lord; to hearken to her voice as to the voice of God; and to be willing to be taught and corrected and chided. The atmosphere of the world has, perhaps, gone far to rob us of that beautiful and childlike spirit; and we have grown too “wise in our own conceits” to conduct ourselves as children. Yet our Divine Master warns us that this is necessary: “Unless you become as children”—yea, as “little” children—“you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

The world scorns and jeers at us for our obedience, and speaks loudly and angrily of “personal freedom,” and “intellectual independence,” and “the tyranny of Rome,” and what not. It flatters itself that wisdom is made manifest by arrogance and pride and self-assertion. But Infinite Truth lays down quite another principle, and declares that “where wisdom is, there is humility.” And this principle applies to the learned and the great quite as much as to the simple and the poor,—or rather it applies to the former even more directly and more especially. For this statement we may allege the authority, not of man, but of God, who says by the mouth of Solomon: “The greater thou art, the more humble

thyself in all things, and then thou shalt find grace before God.”

The fine lady reclining in her drawing-room, or the gay man about town, or the popular writer in his library, who calmly sets aside some decree of the Pope, or explains away some doctrine of revelation, or who questions the Church’s right to put a book on the Index, or to make impediments in matrimony, or to forbid Catholics taking part in Protestant services, and so forth, may be a charming companion, but is not far from being a rebel at heart. Such a one manifests a disloyal and a dangerous spirit. It may seem as yet only a tiny spark; but “from a spark cometh a great fire.”

It is precisely such a spark, fanned into a flame and grown strong, that produces at length the heresiarchs and leaders of revolt, and that has lost so many souls to the Church. It is this spirit of distrust and discontent which, beginning in pride and self-sufficiency, ends in open apostasy and spiritual ruin. The earth is strewn with such human wreckage. “Be not high-minded, but fear.” Trust not the wisdom of the world. And remember that “knowledge puffeth up,” and “God resists the proud, and gives His grace to the humble.”

The necessity of this prompt, hearty, and cheerful obedience and submission applies, of course, in the strictest and most absolute manner to all matters of faith,—that is to say, to all decrees and definitions emanating from ecumenical councils, and from Popes speaking in their capacity of universal teachers—*ex cathedra—urbi et orbi*. But it is the only fitting and desirable attitude even in regard to other doctrines, which are proposed to us with less stress and insistence.

“To think as the Church thinks, to be of one mind with her, to obey her voice, is not a matter of duty in those cases only when the subject matter is one of divine revelation, or is connected therewith. It is an obligation also, whenever the subject matter of the Church’s teaching falls within her authority. And that range comprises

all that is necessary for feeding, teaching, and governing the flock. Under this ordinary authority, or *magisterium*, come the pastoral letters of bishops, diocesan and provincial decrees; and (though standing respectively on higher ground, as being of superior order and covering the whole Church) many acts of the Supreme Pontiff and all the decisions of the Roman Congregations. It is by virtue of ordinary ecclesiastical authority, not of infallibility that the larger number of the hortative, directive and preceptive acts of the Church are issued."*

The attitude assumed by not a few Catholics in the world is neither edifying nor safe. Consider what the Church really is, and the sacred rôle confided to her. She is the creation of Christ Himself, the infinite God; and she is destined to represent Him, to be His *alter ego*. She exists to stem the tide of evil, to point out error, and to strike a warning note when the sacred deposit of divine truth is in danger of being tampered with. She possesses a divine life, and is informed and vivified by the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit. Even where she does not pronounce a final and infallible sentence, her teaching is of the highest authority and not to be easily set aside. With her many saintly Pontiffs, archbishops and bishops, with her supernatural life, her wide and varied experience, and the tradition of well-nigh two thousand years, the Church is recognized even by a great many non-Catholics as the most enlightened governing body in the world. We may, then, well rest content to accept her as our mistress, and to be directed by her laws and enlightened by her wisdom. In spite of what the world may say, we shall feel safe in her keeping; and shall realize that he who puts her aside, and makes his own faltering reason his sole guide chooses a veritable fool for his counsellor. From which misfortune may God in His mercy deliver us! Amen.

* A Pastoral Letter by the Cardinal Archbishop and all the bishops of the Province of Westminster. A. D. 1900. p. 13.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

I.

JUNE sunshine was streaming through the wide-open bay-window of Mrs. Sterndale's breakfast room, burnishing with gold everything it rested on; the air was almost heavy with the fragrance of the magnificent June roses, which Mildred Sterndale, a handsome girl, with dark gray eyes, Greek features, and a very stately carriage of her five feet five inches of stature, had just placed on the table. The whole room, herself included, made an ideal picture of pleasant home life. India matting and fleecy lace curtains gave a summer-looking coolness to the apartment; the table, with covers for three, gleamed with snowy damask and glittered with silver, china and glass,—while the flowers and two dishes of bright-tinted fruits added a touch of rich color to the whole.

Mildred, in her white morning dress, which fitted perfectly her slender, well-shaped figure, was standing at the side-board, arranging another vase of flowers, when her mother entered the room.

"Good-morning, mamma!" she said, leaving her occupation to walk across the floor and touch the bell. "How early you are!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Sterndale, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece as she sat down. "I thought I heard the breakfast bell."

"No, it has not rung yet," said Mildred, returning to her flowers. "Just look at these roses, mamma!"—she held out a cluster. "Did you ever see anything more lovely?"

"They are beautiful," her mother responded, giving them a careless glance, and then turning to watch absently a servant who was placing breakfast on the table. "Has Tom gone to the post-office yet, Robert?" she asked.

"Yes'm, but he hasn't come back yet," the man replied.

Mrs. Sterndale looked discontented as she heard this. The morning mail was the event of the day to her. She was always anxious and nervous until she knew what it had brought; and often equally or more so afterward if it did not bring the letters she looked for, or if those letters did not satisfy her expectations.

Though fifty years old, Mrs. Sterndale was still a very beautiful woman, and her careful toilette proved that she was not unaware of, or indifferent to, this fact. Mildred resembled her but it was as a plaster cast resembles the Greek marble of which it is supposed to be a copy. Contrasted with those of her mother, her features were a little heavy, and her complexion, which seen alone might have been remarked as unusually fine, looked almost opaque beside the alabaster-like transparency of skin, which made the exquisite chiselling of Mrs. Sterndale's face even more noticeable than it would otherwise have been. There were a few lines on this face—not many; not enough to mar in the least its beauty. Perhaps they rather enhanced its charm, by giving it a character of expression it had probably lacked before the emotion and suffering which engraved them there had softened a nature rather cold and self-absorbed.

As Mildred sat down to breakfast, her ear caught a significant sound from a distant part of the house.

"Poor Uncle Romuald!" she exclaimed. "Do you hear him, mamma?"

"Hear him!" repeated her mother. "I should be deaf if I didn't. I grow perfectly nervous when he begins to sneeze in that way. Each time I expect him to break a blood-vessel."

The loud and repeated sneezing to which she alluded was that of a man evidently approaching the breakfast room. He paused for a moment just outside the door, and, having paid due attention to his afflicted nose before appearing, finally

entered the room. His tall, well-set figure, clad now in a gray silk dressing-gown, was soldierly erect, notwithstanding that life had long passed its meridian with him; and except upon occasions he was still an unusually handsome man.

The present was one of the occasions when he was not handsome. His face was flushed, his eyes were bloodshot and suffused with water, his nose was swollen and fiery red. Unfolding a white silk handkerchief as he advanced to the table, he pressed his eyes and nose tenderly with it before making his morning salutations to Mrs. Sterndale and her daughter.

"You see my air-fiend has got hold of me," he said, placidly.

"O Uncle Romuald, I am so sorry for you!" cried Mildred.

"Thank you, my dear!" Mr. Chetwode answered, with a smile of resignation to his discomfort.

"I observe," said Mrs. Sterndale, "that these paroxysms of sneezing come on more frequently and violently than they did last year. You really ought to take a course of treatment, Romuald, or you will soon find yourself with a confirmed case of hay fever."

"I think this is only a passing paroxysm," he replied. "I hope so; for I must go to Ravenswold to-morrow. You are going with me, Mildred, I suppose?"

"Yes, certainly," she answered. "I ought to be practising for our last *musical* of the season; but I can't give up Ravenswold for that. How long do you expect to stay this time?"

"Not more than a week probably. It depends upon—"

He did not finish his sentence; for just then Robert, who had been summoned from the room by the ring of the doorbell, returned with a telegram for him.

"No bad news, I hope?" said Mrs. Sterndale, turning pale when she saw the expression of Mr. Chetwode's face as he read the message.

For reply he gave the dispatch to her across the table.

Her countenance lost its look of painful apprehension as her eye took in the few words of the telegram; but she said gravely with evident sympathy: "Oh, I am very sorry!" And gave it in turn to Mildred, whose hand was extended for it, and who, taking it hastily, read aloud:

"Major Carrington dangerously ill. Begs you to come to him.

"LETT HEREFORD."

"How unfortunate!" she exclaimed. "You are going, Uncle Romuald?"

"Of course," he replied.

"But it will be dreadful, your travelling with this cold that is coming on!"

"Only uncomfortable. And it can't be helped."

"Is Lett Hereford the ward of Major Carrington that I remember hearing you speak of?"

"Yes. I never saw her, but I believe she has been living in his house lately—since the death of his mother-in-law," was the answer, as the speaker signed his name in the small book that accompanies a telegram."

"I thought he had a daughter?"

"So he has," responded Mr. Chetwode, writing his reply. "But she is almost a child, I think. Miss Hereford is older."

He gave the book and his dispatch to Robert to be returned to the waiting messenger. Mrs. Sterndale expressed much regret that, just as he was so unfit to travel, the necessity for him to leave home should have occurred, and hoped that Major Carrington's illness might be less serious than he thought it. Mildred inveighed half in jest and half in earnest against the practice of people worrying other people with telegrams; and then they all resumed the business of breakfast, and read their letters, which were just then brought in.

"I see that you are seriously apprehensive about our friend, Romuald," Mrs. Sterndale said when they rose from table.

"Yes. You know his health has been declining for some time past. I believe I told you after I saw him last that I was

afraid he was a doomed man. I thought then that he had Bright's disease."

"I remember your saying so."

"He himself didn't consider his condition serious, but intended to go to Europe this summer for the sake of the voyage. It seems he changed his mind and came to the seaside. And no doubt the fatigue of the journey has been too much for him. I shall not be surprised if he does not recover."

"Is he at the seaside? I didn't notice where the telegram came from," said Mildred. "Then you can't start, Uncle Romuald, until this evening."

"No. I wish I had received the message in time to take the morning train," he answered; "and that this call had not come until my return from Ravenswold."

"The worst of it is your having to travel with this incipient hay fever worrying you. The dust will be so bad for it," lamented Mrs. Sterndale.

"I'll write as soon as I have anything definite to tell you," Mr. Chetwode said, when he took leave before starting on his journey.

"Yes, don't forget to write!" said Mrs. Sterndale, in a tone which showed that she thought there was danger of his doing so. He was a very absent-minded man.

"And, Uncle Romuald," cried Mildred, "don't fail to mention how your hay fever is! I am so sorry you have to go! Put this salts in your pocket. If you can only remember to use it, I am sure it will give you some relief."

"I'll try to remember," he answered, with a parting smile, as he received the little smelling-bottle.

It was several days before the promised letter appeared. Mrs. Sterndale opened it with anxious haste, and read as follows:

MY DEAR HELEN:—Poor Carrington died an hour ago. I found him on my arrival perfectly conscious of his condition, composed in mind, and able to explain fully his wishes and sign a will by which he has made me his executor and the guardian of his daughter and ward. As you are aware,

he has no near relatives,—none at all, in fact, to whose care he liked to entrust them. I shall have to take them home with me, and give you the trouble of them as guests until we can decide between us what to do about their future. You may look for us on Tuesday or Wednesday. I find that it will be best to bury poor Carrington here for the present, and remove the body next winter. And, as the priest who was sent for by Miss Hereford has been here some days, and is anxious to return home as soon as possible, the funeral will take place early to-morrow morning. If the little girl, Miss Carrington, is able to travel by that time, we will leave here to-morrow night. I will telegraph from some point on the way, so that you may know by what train to expect us.

Tell Mildred that my air-fiend is still troubling me, though I think the smelling-bottle keeps him a little at bay.

I had almost forgotten to say that one room will be sufficient for the two girls, Miss Hereford tells me. They have a colored servant. I am sorry, as I am sure you know, to inflict this inconvenience upon you, Helen. But, as you see, I can not help it.

Yours,

R. C.

“O mamma!” Mildred exclaimed, with something like dismay when she had read the letter. “What a prospect! I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it, I suppose, but I do think the idea of having two girls, perfect strangers, domiciled upon us is dreadful. Poor Uncle Romuald! I know he hates it awfully. But I suppose there was nothing for it but to bring them here.”

“Certainly he could do nothing else under the circumstances. Both of George Carrington’s brothers were killed, and a half dozen or more of his cousins. So of course there was none of his family that he could look to; his nephews are much too young to be of use. It was very natural that he should call upon Romuald. He and your father were his nearest friends.”

“Don’t you dislike it very much, mamma?”

“I can’t say that the prospect is agreeable. But what of that! It is not agreeable things that happen in this world generally, as you will learn before you have lived much longer,” Mrs. Sterndale replied, with a tinge of bitterness in her tone—which changed however, as she continued: “It is not at all agreeable to Romuald, you may be sure, to have the settling of another estate and the guardianship of two girls imposed upon him. But you see he has undertaken it; and it would be singular indeed if I failed to do anything in my power to assist him in the difficulty, considering all that he has done for me in a similar case. So we must make the best of it, however it may turn out to be. These girls are both heiresses, and no doubt they will marry soon.”

“Do you think they will have to live here until they marry?” inquired Mildred, looking decidedly aghast at the idea.

“Very likely,” Mrs. Sterndale replied, smiling at her dismay.

(To be continued.)

Emmanuel.

BY M. L. ESTRANGE.

Domine adjutor meus et Redemptor meus.

I FIND Him hidden in the breast of Mary,
I find Him weeping in the mountain cave,—
The Word made Flesh, the Prince of Peace
Eternal,

Who cometh, not to judge us, but to save.

A Babe of eight days old, His love, impatient,
Sends forth the first drops of that crimson
tide

Whose last shall flow in “plentiful redemption,”
A gushing torrent from His wounded side.

A tiny fugitive from Herod’s envy,
His form is borne across the desert sand
And Egypt’s idols fall before His passing
Within the confines of the stranger’s land.

In silent awe the scribes and ancients listen
While words of thrilling force and light divine
Fall from the Child who stands, a guest unbidden,
In the dread precincts of Jehovah’s shrine.

In solitude the youth to manhood ripens,
The Field Flower perfumes Nazareth's dim
shade,

While angels pause in awe to see the Godhead
Submissive still to creatures He has made.

Whose voice cries "Come!" and men flock to
His standard

Who quells the storm, and robs of death its
prey?

What Shepherd keeps night vigils on the
mountain,

And waits upon His chosen flock by day?

Who blesses little ones and calls them near Him?

About whose feet may weeping sinners cling?

Ah, here, as in the Crib and in the workshop,
I still may recognize my Lord and King!

On Calvary's bleak height, betrayed, forsaken,
The Father's Victim pays the debt of sin:

He dies, but lo, His Sacred Heart is opened
That we may find a resting-place therein.

The "Conqueror of death and sin," arisen,
Awhile His presence cheers the little band,
Till, from Mount Olivet in light ascending,
He goes to take His place at God's right hand.

But Love found means to stay with the beloved,
And here on earth each tabernacle dim

Still furnishes a grotto or a workshop

Where we may humbly kneel and worship
Him.

And when the snow-white Host afar is carried
By God's anointed on some lonely call,

Faith still beholds the Saviour on His mission,
Healing the sick and doing good to all.

Or when in shining ranks the fair procession
Winds through the aisle and up the village
street,

Do we not hear the soft, low voice of Jesus
Calling the children to His sacred feet?

Still at each morning Mass the sinless Victim
Is raised aloft before the Father's Face;

Still on our souls the lance-pierced Heart is
pouring

The flood tides of Its mercy and Its grace.

When for a space the golden gates are parted,
Have we not here the Risen Lord once more,
Who (when of old His own were vainly toiling)

Stood still and blessed their labors from the
shore?

Yes, it is Jesus, even now ascending;

For hark! the voices of earth's angels rise
Ere the white clouds, with fragrant incense
laden,

Close out the vision from our yearning eyes.

In the Valley of the Shadow.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IT happened in Prescott Hall, one of the delightful Harvard dormitories that add a peculiar charm to the classic city of Cambridge, Massachusetts. All university towns have individuality, but Cambridge has distinction plus individuality.

It was eight o'clock in the morning, the hour when Francisco, the gentlest of janitors, always placed my breakfast tray upon the table in my study. He found me seated at my desk, a book open before me and my eyes fixed upon its pages. With a delicacy uncommon among janitors he noiselessly withdrew. An hour later his wife,—the "Goody" of the house, whose duty it is to act the housewife to all the forlorn bachelor tenants of the place,—entered to set the apartment in order. I was still seated at my desk, with my eyes fixed upon the open volume, and my breakfast untouched.

It seems that it had been my custom to greet the "Goody"—and how the collegians harp upon that word!—and the maid who was her assistant, cheerily each morning, as if life were well worth living. This morning they entered and departed quite unnoticed. They reported the fact to Francisco, and it was unanimously resolved that something must be wrong. Francisco at once returned to me. I had not changed my position since he first saw me. He addressed me. I made no answer. He approached me and laid his hand upon me. I paid no heed. With some alarm, he shook me and called loudly upon me

to answer him. I was silent,—a breathing mummy, in brief, unconscious and dead to the world.

How long I had been sitting at my desk I know not,—possibly ever since the evening before. I was in my overcoat, for it was winter, and the snow was deep without. Perhaps I had come in from my dinner of the night before, and, not feeling sleepy, had opened a book at my desk, and then passed quietly away from all knowledge of earthly things. I had even forgotten to remove my coat, though the apartment was always at a most agreeable temperature. All this must forever remain a mystery, and very much that followed during the next two months.

With the greatest difficulty Francisco wrung from me the name of my most intimate friend in Cambridge, and flew to his address in despair. Francisco was an ardent Catholic, and he felt that there must be a crying need of the Last Sacraments in a case like this. My friend and a physician, also an intimate friend, were soon with me. I was put to bed in my own chamber, and a trained nurse placed in charge of me. During forty-eight hours there was no visible change in my condition. A brain specialist was summoned in consultation; it seemed that the trouble must be seated in the brain.

There are certain tests that specialists employ to ascertain how seriously the brain may be affected. The specialist said to me: "Repeat the alphabet." I faintly responded: "Alphabet." I must have been a difficult subject about that time. Whether or not I said my A B C after that I know not, for I have not been told. Had I gone through it without stumbling, I suppose my case would not have been thought very serious. As it was, for convenience' sake, I was removed to the Cambridge Hospital, which is under the special charge of my friend, Dr. William Swan. He it was who watched over me, and, to the amazement of all, restored me to perfect health.

My transportation must have been a

delicate and difficult matter. My rooms at Prescott Hall were on the fourth floor. The stairway was narrow, and made a sharp turn every six or eight steps in the corner of the square shaft it ascended. I was rolled in blankets and strapped to a board, like a papoose, and borne down that intricate passage by stalwart men. I was thrust into a specially constructed vehicle—a combination of hearse and hackney coach—and driven a mile to the hospital on the banks of the River Charles. On my arrival, the chief nurse who received me at the door pronounced me dead.

All of this is an utter blank to me. I remember much that followed after. It has come to me at intervals like revelations. I can now account for many of my hallucinations, and it seems to me a pity and a shame that these things are not taken into consideration where the patient is of a highly nervous organization and suffering from a disorder of the brain. What I recall is this. Probably I sank to the lowest depths of exhaustion after I was placed in my bed at the hospital. The blackness of darkness followed. I seemed to be groping through space, blind,—hopelessly blind; alone, friendless, bewildered, not knowing which way to turn, yet feeling that I must go on and on, aimlessly, forever. There was the sense of loneliness, such as a stranger in a strange land feels, yet I was continually meeting and passing others who were as lonely as I.

There were endless stairways, as black as ebony, leading into outer darkness. We were ascending and descending without ceasing, trying to get somewhere, but no one knew just where. All were swathed in robes of black that covered their heads and veiled their faces. So dark was this eternal night that I seemed rather to feel the presence of these others, than be conscious of any visible outline of them. A few were crouching low, their heads bowed upon their knees, their hands clasped about their ankles; and so we went on and on and on, all speechless and

having no wish to address one another, all forlornly, without one star of hope to guide us. I have since asked myself in profound solemnity, was this the verge of Purgatory?

A faint light began to dawn upon me. All those shadowy forms vanished with the shadows of that gloom. Two priests were near me. I endeavored to speak to them, but they seemed to pay no heed. Probably I had uttered no word. It was merely a vain and fruitless mental effort on my part. I was conscious of their moving about. Conscious of lying very still upon what seemed a kind of bier. I had given myself body and soul into the hands of these Reverend Fathers. I took no thought of the morrow, or of anything pertaining to the life that now is. Indeed the world and the flesh seemed to me things of the past, and matters of no moment whatever. Then there descended upon me, and covered me as with a garment, a sense of change, the sweet influence of which entered into the marrow of my bones; it was that peace that passeth all understanding.

O the ineffable hour that followed!—not one hour, but many hours. How many I know not, since time was no more for me. I said to myself, as if in congratulation: "I am dead! I am dead!" I wanted to live there a thousand years and rejoice. It was the supreme act of my life—the passing out of it, as it were, and being filled with unutterable calm. Such, perhaps, is the state of grace; such the ecstasy of the blessed. Everything earthly had faded from my memory. I was only striving to realize a spiritual condition that I shall never know again until my soul has passed to its reward. I was told afterward by one of these Reverend Fathers that I had made my final confession clearly and intelligently, and received the Last Sacraments as one conscious of breathing his last breath and rejoicing that it was indeed his last.

The friends who brought me to the hospital were Protestants. They did not

know that I had any choice in the matter; indeed I could not have had any under the circumstances. In all my hospital experiences—and they have been not a few—I have always been in the care of Sisters, usually the Sisters of Charity. So familiar have I become with the flutter of their white-winged cornettes that the very sight of them fills me with a sense of security. The crucifix and the holy pictures upon the walls of my room are a constant comfort, and even in them I seem to feel a sense of protection. They are the bulwarks of the faith without which I believe my soul would perish.

In the Cambridge hospital all those are lacking. In my own private chamber I am never without them. In Catholic hospitals, seeing them, I am satisfied. In Cambridge, not finding them I was possessed of the conviction that I was where I did not belong. Undoubtedly I was not in my right mind—for I was suffering from congestion of the brain,—and my one thought was to excuse myself as best I could and leave the place at once. This, of course, was out of the question; and I was told to remain where I was. I fancied I was in the house of an acquaintance, which was filled with guests, and that I alone was an intruder. I felt that in one way or another I must make my escape, and this I was constantly trying to do; therefore I had to be watched night and day. And only to think that had there been a crucifix on the wall, and a picture or a statuette of the Sacred Heart and the Madonna where my eyes might rest upon them, I should have been as quiet as a sleeping babe.

Since this almost fatal experience, hallucinations seem to me almost appalling. I could have sworn on the Holy Bible that I again and again saw certain friends and held long conversations with them; yet nothing of the kind occurred. I saw them troop past my door, and was pained because they took no notice of me. I overheard conversations that never

took place. Several times I found myself in the most embarrassing predicament, because one may not share the throne with her late Majesty the Queen of England clad only in one's nightdress,—and that is what I seemed to be doing. I have hobnobbed with royalty in the South Seas, where it would not have mattered so much; but the bewigged and powdered lackeys at Windsor Castle eyed me scornfully, and I was never more ashamed in all my life. It is said, "There's such divinity doth hedge a king,"—my place was behind the hedge.

Through some singular optical delusion, the faces in the pictures on the wall seemed alive and watchful of me. These worried me. The nurses, who were young novices in this training school, were not always judicious; nor were the medical students, who apparently looked upon me as one of the appurtenances of their laboratory. Before I began to regain my reason I constantly imagined myself in the water. How I ever kept afloat so long I know not; but of one thing I am satisfied—a large faucet in an adjoining room, from which the water was drawn a hundred times a day, through suggestion, kept me in hot water, as it were, most of the time. I was making voyages more or less tempestuous; sometimes I was overboard hanging upon the rim of a raft.

Once one whom I had loved most dearly came from a far city to visit me; for he feared he should see me for the last time. When he was brought to me I knew him not; for it was soon after my attack, and my mind was almost a blank. They said to me: "Who is he? You know him,—of course you know him!" But I did not know him until he had taken me in his arms, and then something that love alone imparts breathed into my very soul his form and features. I seemed to see him, yet saw him not; but he entered into my visions, and became a precious part of them from that hour. When I had sufficiently recovered to begin to inquire concerning family and friends, my heart

yearned to see this lad, and I prayed that he might be summoned. Then I was told that he was the first to fly to me from a distance, and that day after day, until the crisis was past, he had watched by my bedside, prayerfully, tearfully. Yet nothing of this could I recall until long afterward. Then slowly, little by little, I began to recover the details—as a negative is sometimes imperfectly developed. But what I remembered best was his embrace, which was like the homing of my heart and the ineffable aroma of the love that never dies.

A feature of one phase of my recovery was the extraordinary confusion of people and places that had been lying dormant in my memory for an indefinite period. The fantastical element was never long absent. I was sure that Prescott Hall was in ruins, and that my precious books—about six thousand of them—were the prey of every chance passer-by. What grieved me most was that intimate friends should discuss within my hearing the priceless authors' copies they had chosen for their own. I believe I now perfectly understand the mental condition of an insane person. I witnessed amazing spectacles, such as an aerial arena wherein the races were between troops of winged horses. Pegasus must have been the sire of these beautiful and wonderful thoroughbreds. I travelled fearlessly in trolley cars that ran upon invisible tracks in the sky.

I revisited many lands where my feet had grown weary in the past, when I was a "travelling correspondent." I made voyages and discoveries. I discovered islands never before seen of men, and found them gardens of Eden guiltless of sin and shame. Always they were suffused with a purple light as of a radiant afterglow. Could this line of Tennyson have lingered in my memory and suggested the dream-pictures so vivid and so real to me at the time?

Summer Isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

The knowledge that these paradise islands were mine by right of discovery, and that in one of them, inhabited by a race singularly beautiful in form and feature, they at once proclaimed me king over them all, filled me with childish delight; and I lay in my comfortable bed, the happiest convalescent alive.

After I had come out of the valley of the shadow and had resigned myself to my fate, saying, "Well, if my books must go, others will come to me by and by; I can wait," I knew no moment of gloom, and my patience and resignation astonished even myself.

In my mind I did not rest much. My imagination was abnormally quickened. To me nothing seemed impossible, nothing improbable. I could not then, I can not now, understand why the walls of my chamber seemed to noiselessly dissolve away, and why I found myself without effort in the midst of entirely different surroundings. There was a new stage setting that had been noiselessly accomplished, like a transformation scene, and the stage was filled by another cast of characters. This did not surprise me in the least. All that really astonished me was to overhear conversations among my intimate friends—myths everyone of them,—who were calmly and unblushingly dividing my books, my pictures, my bric-a-brac, amongst themselves, while I lay helpless and even too embarrassed to offer the feeblest protest.

How careful and considerate should we be of the sick, and especially of those whose brain is disordered. I have been assured that an insane person does not suffer because he does not know what he is saying or doing. I was probably insane during the period of these hallucinations. I believe I can now recall every fantastic fancy that possessed me at the time. I know how I suffered, and lost hope, and was upon the verge of despair when in the valley of the shadow; I know the heavenly peace that entered into my heart after the administration of the

Last Sacraments. I knew my desperate embarrassment when I found myself in the Throne Room of Windsor Castle, unsuitably clad. Each and everyone of these imaginary experiences was to me at the time as real as anything that ever happened to me when I was clothed and in my right mind. God pity those whose reason is unbalanced; for they may be the helpless victims of a thousand nameless terrors.

One day my sister, who had hastened from California to watch by my bedside, the moment she had learned of my fate, heard me say, scarcely above a whisper but with profound emotion: "*Beautiful!*" She said to me: "What is it that is beautiful?" I replied, my eyes still fixed with rapture upon vacancy: "A cathedral!" Such visions were ever within my call; and the illuminations of the canals of Venice in honor of some *fiesta*; and golden vistas in the desert with caravans creeping slowly past; and the stormy sea wrestling with the rocks of ages; and mountain brooks in the fastnesses of the forest,—but most of all the purple islands in a sapphire sea.

Probably everything that has ever happened to me lent some touch of color to my dreams; and I know that when I was recovering my reason, and could talk coherently to everyone, and had no difficulty in recognizing each and all, I thanked God that it had been my privilege to have seen so much that is beautiful, and to have associated so intimately with so many who are above suspicion, and to have experienced a world of widely different things,—so interesting, so delightful, so far beyond reproach, that the memory of the past is to me "sweeter than honey or the honeycomb."

As soon as it was thought safe to allow me to read a little, I was shown a package of press clippings. Imagine my surprise to find that the news of my sudden and dangerous illness had been wired to various parts of the country, and that from the first my case had been pronounced hope-





ALTAR OF THE CRIB.
(S. Maria del Popolo.)

less, and that when finally it was rumored that I had given up the ghost, obituaries followed. Many there are who have lived to read their own obituary. I hope that in every case it was as comforting as mine. I know not how these resurrected readers felt when they read the final verdict, while they were supposed to have passed on to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." I know that I felt that I really had no right to make my reappearance without an invitation, and that I certainly owed everybody an apology.

Then there came over me a spirit that may have bordered on the morbid. I had to learn to walk again, and to reason again, and to do everything with caution and discretion. But as soon as I was able to trust myself out for a few hours, my favorite haunt was Mount Auburn Cemetery,—that wonderfully beautiful garden of graves, where lies the dust of more distinguished poets, historians, philosophers, and novelists than can be found in any other cemetery in the country. On my return to the house of my friend—for I went no more to Prescott Hall, though it was still intact, and all my treasures safe under lock and key,—I was told how every necessary arrangement had been made for a Requiem Mass to be said in that very house; and my musical friends had even rehearsed the scores that were to be sung.

This knowledge may have touched me to the quick; it was a new sensation for me, and perhaps gave me that slightly morbid bent that made me choose to wander among the populous avenues of Mount Auburn. There are the tombs of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and a hundred others whose names are household words. I learned my way to every one of these shrines, and made my frequent round with a heart so chastened—and, may I say, sanctified?—that I had the tenderest love for the whole world, and wondered how any one who had learned the lesson I had learned could ever do evil or even think it. 'My brothers the Dead! My brothers

the Dead!' I used to whisper softly to myself as I walked solitary among the tombs. I could have pointed you to the very one where my body would have been placed had I not been almost miraculously recalled to life.

Life has been fairer to me ever since that amazing experience. I seem somehow to look upon it from quite another point of view; nor would I willingly forget that experience, or any portion of it, in view of the newer and profounder appreciation it has given me of all that makes life so well worth living well.

The Late Primate of Poland.

BY BEN HURST.

IN the midst of a poignant struggle, a Catholic cause and a national right have lost their most eminent defender, their exponent and their apostle. The crusade of Polish children—among whom we see girls of a tender age going to prison rather than resign their privilege of praying to God in their own tongue—was blessed and kept within the proper bounds by the aged Archbishop Stablevski. It was he, known for his spirit of patience and moderation, that spread the peaceful but determined resistance now arousing the admiration of the world.

The fearful odds against which he strove wore out at last the brilliant debater, the constant worker, the skilled politician, who had so long upheld the Polish name. The end came suddenly; for the valiant heart ceased to beat while the venerable prelate sat writing at his desk. So he died in harness, this pillar of the Church and father of his people, leaving these in sore straits, deprived of their guide and teacher. His last Pastoral, stating the Church's doctrines on the question of religious instruction—"to be imparted to the youth of all lands in their own language, according to the decision

of the Council of Trent, and as accepted by the Polish bishops in assembly at Vilna"—will now be treasured as his testament and farewell.

Against the Pan-Germanic persecution, the Archbishop had recently recommended private instruction in the home, to supplement that imparted in the Prussian schools; and, above all, he asked for prayers, continuous and fervent, in the cruel crisis through which the land was passing. Personally, he had given the noblest example of forbearance in the bitter warfare now dividing Slav and Teuton within the German Empire. Not one word in self-defence or in retaliation did he allow to be published on his behalf by the followers who smarted at the base accusations of his political foes. The furious outcry of the Pan-Germanists that the prelate excited to rebellion and fanaticism found its own refutation in the splendid, orderly demonstrations presided over by this champion of religious liberty.

Florian de Stablevski was born at Traustadt, of an ancient and noble Polish family. His father had been an officer of the French army, and he was himself an accomplished French scholar. He studied at Munich University, and after his ordination was made religious instructor in the Jesuit Seminary of Schrimm. Later he was elected member of the Prussian Parliament, where his choice diction and sterling principles soon made him distinguished among the speakers. He was optimistic by nature, and declared his intention of earning the right to live as a true Pole within the limits of the German monarchy. He even incurred the hostility of his compatriots by inviting all Catholics to rally round the young Emperor, and count on his sense of justice and nobility of purpose to obtain their rightful claims. As Private Chamberlain to the Pope, his prestige, however, increased; and he now led the moderate Polish party, into which he tried to draw the over-zealous Nationalists of his own race and the friendly elements of the Prussian parties. Loyal to the Crown,

and devoted to the cause of Polish constitutional freedom, he managed, with rare discrimination, to tide over the reproaches from one side of compromising with Teutonic pressure, and from the other of seditious leanings.

That the prelate was throughout actuated by sincere sympathy with his people has been proven in the course of decades devoted to the diplomatic furtherance of their aims; and when the repressive policy of the present government forced him to open censure, those who had formerly criticised his temporizing attitude recognized their error and turned to him with a love and trust all the greater for his primary forbearance. Reason, justice, humanity, and parental instinct the world over are on the side of the Polish fathers and mothers, who encourage their children to resist the measures planned to estrange them from their Faith,—to put the barrier of an alien tongue between them and their God.

The news of Archbishop Stablevski's demise was received with regret and consternation throughout the Catholic world. The Holy Father at once telegraphed his deep sorrow at the loss sustained by the Church, and twelve thousand letters and telegrams received within two days testify to the esteem and affection in which he was held. German Catholics are unanimous in according his proper meed to this valiant soldier and exemplary priest. Their organs express the hope that his work of reconciliation may not have expired with himself; and that the authorities may awake to the knowledge that millions of children can not be coerced against their conscience. The right of being taught the Catechism in their own language has been accorded by Germany to the half-savage tribes of her African colonies, while it is withheld from the compatriots of Sienkiewicz! With the death of the indefatigable veteran of the Church Militant who led the movement of passive resistance, an outbreak of violence may be feared on the part of the first and most

cultivated Slav nation, intellectual pioneer of the race. Great, however, as is Poland's loss in the deprivation of her most enlightened patriot, we may count that his spirit will survive, and ultimately lead her to peaceful victory.

The Archbishop has been interred in the tomb prepared by himself, and completed, only some days before his death, in the Sacred Heart Chapel of the cathedral of Posen. The prelate who delivered the funeral oration had government orders to avoid any political allusion; but the vast concourse of silent mourners, and the tribute of black dresses for universal wear during a period of three months decreed by the ladies of Poland, are sufficient indications of a national grief. Meantime the debate on the vexed question continues in that same Reichstag, where, replying to a taunt of Bismarck's, the gentle but undaunted prelate uttered the memorable words: "*Deus mirabilis, fortuna variabilis.*"

A Famous Father and Son.

PERCY is a name famous in English history, and particularly in the annals of the North country; yet of all those who bore it, there is none more worthy of honor than are Sir Thomas Percy and his more famous son, Blessed Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland. The former was brother and heir-presumptive to the sixth Earl of Northumberland; and it would seem he and his wife resided chiefly at Prudhoe Castle, near the banks of the Tyne. His life was probably a stirring one. There was seldom a long-continued peace on the Scottish borderland, and, as one of the English Warders, the din of arms was a familiar sound in his ears. When the passing of Cromwell's Bill for the suppression of the monasteries roused the North to rebellion, Sir Thomas figured conspicuously in that great gathering of thirty thousand men, "tall and well-horsed," that met on the banks of the Don to demand the restoration of the old faith,

union with Rome, and re-establishment of the religious houses.

It was in the October of 1536 that this muster, known afterward as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," took place. Robert Aske was the leader; and Sir Thomas came through the woodlands, splendid with the red and gold of autumn, at the head of six thousand men marching under the banner of St. Cuthbert. A Parliament of the North gathered at Pomfret, and decided to adopt the demands of the pilgrim army. The King and Cromwell opened negotiations, and solemnly promised compliance with the terms put forth, and the simple Northmen dispersed to their homes. No sooner was the army disbanded, however, than Cromwell showed his hand. The country was covered with gibbets. Sir Thomas, when summoned by the Crown to London, surrendered of his own accord. There was the mockery of a trial at Westminster; and on the second day of June, 1537, the representative of the noble line of Percy was hanged at Tyburn. The Abbots of Jervaulx and of Fountains died by his side. In the official reports, all three were condemned for seeking to deprive the King of his newly-acquired dignity, the supreme headship of the English Church.

At this time young Thomas Percy was about nine years of age. After the father's execution, his children were removed from their mother's care; and we next hear of the future martyr being restored to his family estates in the early years of the reign of Edward VI. Under Queen Mary, he became Earl of Northumberland, and was appointed a Warder of the Borders. He married in 1558 the Lady Anne, daughter of the Earl of Worcester. Later in that same year Mary died, and Elizabeth succeeded to the throne. For a time the Earl, either through the Queen's favor or his own prudence, continued to take part in affairs of State. It is a well-attested fact, however, that he never joined in the new worship; and as early as 1565 he was reported to the Queen's

Council as being "obstinate in religion."

Time went on, and it became more and more difficult for Catholics to attend to their religious duties. The churches and cathedrals of the land resounded to the teaching of new doctrines, though in the North of England the people continued devoted to the Old Faith. "There were not ten men in all Yorkshire that did allow of the Queen's proceedings in matters of religion," Elizabeth's general in the North wrote; and at length, like their fathers before them, the brave men of the North rose in arms for the restoration of the ancient Faith, and for that purpose alone. Their leaders were the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland; and on the 14th of November, 1569, they entered the city of Durham, where the new prayer-book was burned, amid the rejoicings of the people.

The Rising of the North, as this movement was termed, had, however, been hastily arranged; and the force which assembled to meet the Queen's army was but badly fitted for warfare. It fled before the superior armament. The Earl of Westmoreland escaped to Flanders, and the Earl of Northumberland to Scotland. The latter fell into the hands of the Scottish Regent, who, after keeping him prisoner for a length of time, sold him to Elizabeth for a sum representing something like twenty-four thousand pounds of the present English money.

The captive was handed over to the English agent, who conducted him to Alnwick. From Alnwick he was taken to York, where he was offered life and liberty if he would abandon the Catholic Faith. The Earl refused, and on the twenty-second day of August, 1572, he was executed at York. Previous to his death, he had informed the crowd assembled that he died a true Catholic; and then, folding his hands in form of a cross, he received the executioner's blow. His head was set high on a pole on Michlegate Bar—a gate of Roman times,—and remained there for two full years.

At the time of the martyr's death, his brother, Sir Henry Percy, was a Protestant; but he returned to the true Faith,—such grace being given him, perhaps, in answer to his brother's prayers. He was confined in the Tower, and is commonly supposed to have been murdered there in 1585.

About New Year Resolutions.

COMMON as is the tendency to make merry over the futility of New Year resolutions, of setting up on Jan. 1 a standard of conduct that is safe to be disregarded before Jan. 31, a good many people still choose the opening year as an appropriate epoch at which to turn over a new leaf. Even the professional humorist himself, who ridicules the short-lived virtue of the average New Year resolver, very likely does some little resolving of his own,—makes a private compact with himself that on this or that point, at least, his record for 1907 will be materially different from what has been his practice in 1906 and previous years. And in acting thus he is doing a distinctly good thing, all banter, raillery, and satire to the contrary notwithstanding.

If the possibility, or even the probability, of one's occasionally stumbling or falling were accounted a sufficient reason for not setting out at all to walk along the path of righteousness, then there would be an end of Christian endeavor and a cowardly subjection to the domination of the world, the flesh, and the devil. While it is, of course, desirable that the man who "swears off" on Jan. 1 should keep his good resolutions, not merely for a week or a fortnight, but throughout the full cycle of 1907, still it is an excellent thing to take a good resolution, even if it be kept for only a brief period. It is immeasurably better to resolve and fail than never to resolve at all; and the man who turns aside from the broad road of drunkenness, licentiousness, profanity, dishonesty,

religious indifference, or similar vicious highways, if only for a week or two at New Year's, has very surely gained something, even in the estimation of those who greet his relapse with a self-satisfied "I told you so."

The instability of purpose that occasions such a man's all too speedy return to his old routine is no doubt lamentable; but it must be recognized that he has at least made an effort which will certainly facilitate his future permanent reformation; that there is within him the still living consciousness that his life needs reforming,—a truth less generally recognized by inconsistent Christians than is commonly believed to be the case. In the final analysis, a course of action that diminishes the number of any one's mortal or venial sins is to be commended; and no genuine Christian moralist will decry the practice of turning over a new leaf at New Year's, even though that leaf may all too soon become as soiled as those that preceded it.

If the leaf is to remain unsullied, however, the fewer our resolves and the more mature the deliberation with which they have been taken, the better. Seriously to determine ourselves to give up an evil practice, or to acquire a virtuous one, is of itself a good thing; but permanent victory will be achieved only inasmuch as we are both "wise to resolve and patient to reform." The experience of innumerable others, and very likely our personal experience as well, has made it clear that it is a good deal easier to destroy one bad habit or cultivate one good one at a time than to effect forthwith a complete transformation from comprehensive vice to supereminent virtue, from depravity to godliness, from utter laxity to utter fervor.

Given that we have been wise in resolving, that the purposes we have formed, beside being restricted in number, have been the outcome, not of a transitory impulse, but of serious reflection, how shall we prove patient in performing? "Make vows to the Lord," says Holy Writ,

"but accomplish them." How are we to keep our good resolutions? Assuredly not by frequenting occasions in which to break them: To renounce an evil practice, and yet continue to visit the places and associate with the persons that experience has taught us are direct and proximate occasions of our indulgence in that practice, is constructively to break our resolution at the outset, is to tempt Providence and ensure downfall.

It is superfluous to add that, just as the avoidance of occasions is a necessary negative preliminary to perseverance in good resolves, so daily prayer is the surest positive means of guarantying our steadfastness. We need God's grace even to take a good resolution, and only a daily access of His divine assistance can enable us to keep one. Of the resolutions now being taken, those most likely to be kept throughout 1907 are neither the ones most easy to keep nor those formulated by the naturally strongest-willed men and women, but rather those taken by the humble of heart, who, doubtful of their own strength, daily beseech their Heavenly Father to grant them His all-sufficing help in doing the good or avoiding the evil that has been made the subject of their New Year resolving.

A Monument to Monsignor Nugent.

A BRONZE statue nine and a half feet high, on a stone pedestal twelve feet in height, was unveiled in Liverpool last month to commemorate the philanthropic work of the late Right Rev. Monsignor Nugent. The various inscriptions on the monument constitute a summarized and eulogistic biography of an admittedly great worker. The frontal view shows the late Monsignor in his ecclesiastical robes, the right hand lifted in the attitude of imparting his blessing, while with his left he is sheltering to his breast one of those neglected and outcast boys for whom he had so strenuously labored. On the front

of the pedestal is the inscription, "The late Right Rev. Monsignor Nugent. Born 1822. Died 1905. Save the Boy." On the reverse are enumerated the following characteristics: "An Eye to the Blind. A Foot to the Lame. The Father of the Poor." On one side is the following recital of his philanthropic deeds: "The Apostle of Temperance. The Protector of the Orphan Child. The Consoler of the Prisoner. The Reformer of the Criminal. The Savior of Fallen Womanhood. The Friend of all in Poverty and Affliction." On the remaining facet is inscribed: "His Words:—'Speak a kind word; take them gently by the hand.' 'Work is the best reforming and elevating power.' 'Loyalty to country and to God.'"

Bishop Whiteside, in his speech at the unveiling, emphasized the fact that Monsignor Nugent's broad sympathies went out to people of every class and creed; but he added that his clerical brethren were proud to remember that he was a Catholic priest. "The honor thus paid to a Catholic priest by the erection of a monument to him in a most prominent part of the city of Liverpool, and its acceptance by the Lord Mayor on behalf of the citizens is, in truth," says the *Catholic Times and Opinion*, "an event of far more than ordinary significance. Monsignor Nugent is, we believe, the first Catholic priest who has been so honored in this country since the 'Reformation.' It is a sign of the success of his efforts to break down barriers raised between citizen and citizen by religious prejudices. Let us hope that the example Liverpool has given will be copied elsewhere, and that its influence will tend to increase the good feeling which has for years past been growing between Protestants and Catholics throughout Great Britain."

It is noteworthy that Protestants of all denominations, infidels and Jews, as well as Catholics, subscribed liberally to the monument fund,—a fact which accounts for the statue's erection so soon after Monsignor Nugent's death.

Notes and Remarks.

There is no reason for qualifying our statement, made in general terms, that the press of the United States has been notably indifferent to the monstrous injustice of the French government, and shamefully apathetic in regard to the ever-increasing hardships imposed upon the victims thereof. We do not, of course, see all the best newspapers of the country, and doubtless some among them have expressed condemnation and sympathy. But unquestionably this course is exceptional. A correspondent in Charlestown, S. C., has directed our attention to an editorial in the *News and Courier* of that city, in which the infamy of the French government is sternly rebuked, and it is made plain that the present conflict in France is really between Christianity on the one hand and infidelity on the other. "The issue touches the very life of the Christian religion. . . . There is no mistaking the true tendency of the revolutionary conditions in France." After pointing out that Protestants have as much at issue in this struggle, in principle, as Catholics themselves—that the State is setting a precedent which will in time affect all religious societies in the freedom of their worship and the security of their property,—the writer adds:

It is urged by the Government that the present aggressive measures have been resorted to only to bring about separation between the Church and State. That is a plea which would almost deceive the very elect, but it is absolutely without foundation. The fight in France is for no other purpose than the subjection of the Church to the absolute control of the State in all matters relating to the freedom of worship, for the present,—with the purpose, doubtless, of finally directing the Church in matters of doctrine; so that when Christ is run out of France (impious saying attributed to the Minister of Public Worship), the Sacrifice of the Mass will be succeeded by orgies of the flesh.

We are gratified but not surprised to find such an editorial in the *News and Courier*, which, along with being one of

the oldest, is one of the ablest and most influential newspapers in the United States. It is edited by a gentleman who has the courage of his convictions; and this is not the first time that they have led him, though a Presbyterian, to speak in praise or defence of the Catholic religion.

It is to be sincerely hoped that a becoming sense of the proprieties will lead our Government to disregard the request recently made to it by some ultra-officious pseudo-philanthropists to protest against supposititious atrocities in the Congo. The discreet reticence observed by both our Government and our press as to the patent infamies of France may well be observed in the case of Belgium. The United States is too big a country either to play the bully itself or to abet the designs of any other bully among the powers. In the meantime, as contrasted with the exaggerated "alarmist" accounts persistently published in a considerable portion of our American press, the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Whitely, Consul-General of the Free State, a gentleman who enjoys the distinction (somewhat unusual in this Congo matter) of knowing what he is talking about, is illuminative:

This summer a horrible story of cruelty was spread broadcast over this country. It was over the signature of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau, who seemed to relate it as something within his personal knowledge. The papers, furthermore, stated that Dr. Nassau had spent forty-five years in the Congo Free State. I investigated the matter, and have obtained from Dr. Nassau a written acknowledgment that he never was in the Congo Free State; that he had no personal knowledge of the incident he had related so vividly; that it was simply a story he had read in a book; and that the book was Guy Burrow's "Curse of Central Africa," which was condemned as a libel two years ago by the Court of King's Bench, in London.

"The Hohenlohe Memoirs" have proved a perfect mine of personal gossip and revelation; and the remarkable public

interest in them is probably due in great measure to this element. A scholarly review in the *Athenæum* notes that "this Roman Catholic German was in a way Queen Victoria's nephew, and was her guest in London in 1859. He was for some years our Queen's secret correspondent on German affairs. The book states, in words which are, we think, those of Dr. Curtius, that, 'owing to the suspicion with which all German influence in England was watched, these communications were to be sent to the Queen through the medium of Princess Feodora.' The suspicion here of German influence would not extend to the receipt of private communications by our rulers from Roman Catholic South Germans, distinguished at that time by their Particularist sentiments,—a fact of which Dr. Curtius is perfectly aware. What he probably means, but does not like to say, is the opposite,—namely, that Bismarck suspected letters from Germany to the Queen of England, and opened them in the post. We know from that extraordinarily interesting book, the letters of Hatzfeldt to his wife, as we already knew from Busch, the extent to which Bismarck's precautions were pushed in matters of the kind."

We share the opinion that when the novelty of the late Chancellor's frank and intimate gossip has worn off, these Memoirs will take their place as the great store-house of first-hand information concerning some of the most important events in modern world politics.

The following apt illustration appears in a recent issue of the *Missionary*:

It is strange in our modern life how quickly movements formulate themselves. Never an election goes by in this country but some new phase of political activity presents itself, consuming the attention of all the people. State-ments are made, public sentiment is awakened; certain opinions are on everyone's tongue, until finally they are crystallized into great movements. All this is but the outgrowth of a time of quiet, silent preparation. The plants rush into verdure and into bloom in a few weeks,

but they have been storing up the energy during the entire winter.

So it will be at the psychological religious moment in this country. The Church is quietly and silently growing in public favor. She is impressing the public at large that on the great public questions she has the best and most practical solution. Her immense numbers, her country-wide organization, and her influence on the masses of the people, are commending her to the throngs who in former times cared to know nothing but evil of her. Soon the time will come when the crowds will knock for entrance at her doors.

Not all the laborers in the Lord's vineyard, perhaps, are so optimistic as the enthusiastic missionary who edits our excellent little contemporary; but, then, as Emerson well says, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"; and when, as in the case of Father Doyle, that quality is backed up by inexhaustible energy and business-like practicality, optimism is justifiable and wholly congruous.

The committee who recently waited upon President Roosevelt and presented the case in favor of legislating against Child Labor, might well have utilized this paragraph from the *North American Review's* editorial comment on a chapter in Mr. H. G. Wells' latest book:

In Massachusetts—"there she is; behold her!"—are "little naked boys packing cloth into bleaching-vats in a bath of chemicals that bleach their little bodies like the bodies of lepers"; in the South, there are "six times as many children at work as there were twenty years ago, and each year more little ones are brought in from the fields and hills to live in the degrading atmosphere of the mill towns"; in Pennsylvania, "children of ten and eleven stoop over the chute and pick out slate and other impurities from the coal as it passes them, for ten or eleven hours a day"; in Illinois they stand "ankle-deep in blood, cleaning intestines and trimming meat." Altogether, the children between the ages of five and fourteen forced to toil in factories, mines, and slaughter-houses comprise nearly one-sixth of our entire population. Surely no cause of wonder or criticism can be found in the fact that our conservative critic finds himself impelled by duty "to note this as affecting the future; these working children can not be learning to

read—though they will presently be having votes; they can not grow up fit to bear arms, to be, in any sense but a vile, computing sweater's sense, men; so miserably they will avenge themselves by supplying the stuff for vice, for crime, for yet more criminal and political manipulations."

General laws will necessarily bear hard upon certain individual cases, and there are doubtless cases in which the labor of boys or girls in their early teens is both comparatively uninjurious to the workers and quasi-necessary to their parents; but public opinion in this country will undoubtedly uphold legislation that prohibits such abuses as Mr. Wells points out.

At a recent Congress of English physicians a long discussion took place on the question of the amount of sleep necessary for the young. Dr. T. Dyke Acland spoke in favor of allowing children to sleep as long as possible, because, said he, 'tis chiefly in bed that their growth is effected. As bearing out his contention, Dr. Acland instanced a school whose principal delayed the time of rising a full hour, with the result that the boys were in far better health and did more and better work. One of the Doctor's "exhibits" in making out his case consisted of two series of copy-books written by pupils accustomed to having respectively seven and ten hours of sleep. The writing in the first series was slovenly and irregular, that in the second was firm and clear. Hygienic reasons altogether apart, boys and girls in their early teens are far better in bed at nine o'clock, or even earlier, than out on the streets, seeing and hearing much of which they should have no personal knowledge whatever.

One is prepared nowadays to expect startling utterances from Protestant pulpits—the greatest variety of religious opinions on all subjects. Certain of the preachers seem to be lost in the mazes of infidelity, while others would appear to have their footsteps directed toward the

City on the Hill. But we confess to a genuine surprise on reading the following statements of the Rev. O. J. Nelson, of the first Unitarian Church, at Bellingham, Washington. Frank and fearless statements they are; they were made in the introduction of the sermon from which we quote them:

Strictly speaking none but the Catholic has an infallible Bible and none but the Catholic can be rightly called an orthodox Christian. Theoretically, all other Christians assume the right to exercise private judgment, but in fact what they really have done ever since the Reformation has been to select a council, which is but a poor imitation of the Catholic council, to decide what is orthodox.

There is only one Christian Church of real and consistent authority and that is the Catholic Church, so I appreciated the chuckle of amusement from a friend of mine, a Catholic priest, when he commented on the Dr. Crapsey trial. Said the priest, "Several heretics trying another heretic!" And so it was. . . . The Catholic Church commands my intellectual respect for they are what they assume to be, a Church of authority, orthodox in fact as well as in name; and their priests occupy a logical and consistent position in that they teach in unmistakable terms what they are authorized to teach and preach,—the doctrines of the Church.

The Rev. Mr. Nelson was not incorrectly reported, as we have taken pains to assure ourselves. He says in reply to our inquiry: "I have heard all my life so much cheap and ignorant criticism of the Catholic Church that it is not unusual for me to defend it."

It is matter for rejoicing that, of late years, in many other Protestant pulpits besides that occupied by Dr. Nelson, calumnies against the Church have given place to faithful sayings in her defence.

Said Archbishop O'Connell recently at a meeting of Children of Mary in Boston:

Catholic standards are the most refined and beautiful; in every sense the best. Bear this in mind. Not only is our religion the best—you have never a doubt of that—but our social ideals are the best. On Catholic women of means and position the responsibility rests of accepting this truth and living up to it. Every one of you exercises a strong influence over at least a dozen other women of your faith. Then

take the influence on your immediate family. You are faithful Catholics because of the long tradition handed down for the most part through Irish ancestors, faithful unto persecution and death. Your good mothers' faith is still a force in your lives. Are you as prayerful as those mothers, who, with less leisure, gave so much time to God? Are you in other ways equal to them in their sterling Catholicity? If not, what is the spiritual outlook for your daughters?

Impressive questions that may well be asked of Catholic women generally,—and asked with most insistence of those whose social position is higher than that of the average Child of Mary.

"Them Filipina fellers is all right," was the verdict of a student from the backwoods, after becoming acquainted with some young men from the Philippines attending one of our State institutions. As all who have come in contact with them will bear witness, the Filipino students in this country are nothing if not polite. But we feel sure they have enjoyed many a laugh among themselves at the ignorance regarding the Philippines and their inhabitants so constantly displayed by people in the United States. This ignorance is thus brightly commented upon by Mr. José Ma. Cuenco, writing in a recent number of the *Filipino*, one of two journals conducted by Government students from the Islands:

Manila is the only Filipino city known to many, if not the majority, of the Americans. If a Filipino is introduced to an American, the latter's question is generally: "Do you come from Manila?" If you should answer that you came from elsewhere, say from Cebu,—he shows some amazement, and asks: "Where is *Skebu*?" To them the word Manila stands for the whole Philippines; they think it is the only civilized city in the Islands, and that beyond its horizon there are but swamps, jungles, woods, and hamlets. Americans are, however, scarcely blamable for their ignorance, when we take into consideration that their attention is absorbed in things far more important than learning the geography of the Archipelago.

After these pleasant remarks, Mr. Cuenco proceeds to give some interesting information about his native city, which,

with pardonable pride, he declares is no less important than the capital of the Islands:

It was the first city built by the Spaniards in the Philippines; the first in embracing the Catholic Religion, and the first in receiving the blessings of European civilization, brought to those far-away shores by Magellan, Father Urdaneta, Legaspi, and his followers. . . . Here Magellan, the Portuguese discoverer, fixed his first seat of government, April 7, 1521; and in the island of Mactan adjacent to, and within the limits of, Cebu, this bold navigator lost his life in a fight with the natives. A modest monument marks the spot where his blood was shed.

As to matters educational, she has two colleges, one of which is for boys and the other for girls; a seminary, and many public schools. The college for boys (older than many American universities) and the seminary, are under the charge of the Father of the Mission. In the college is taught the course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which comprises the classics, Spanish and English languages, French, mathematics, history, rhetoric, philosophy, physics and chemistry, ethics, etc. They have also a business course and a school of music. . . . Let it be said to their credit that the college and the seminary have greatly contributed to the enlightenment of the inhabitants, not only of Cebu, but also of those of the neighboring islands. The college for girls is directed by the Sisters of Charity, whose pupils' work, specially in embroidery, has many a time attracted the attention of the American visitor. There are also established in Cebu several beneficent institutions, social and recreative centres. Three newspapers are published in the city.

Reports from our foreign missions emphasize the correctness of our prediction of some months ago, that the rupture of the Concordat in France, with the resulting necessity for French Catholics to support their pastors by voluntary contributions, would be severely felt in the missionary field through the consequent cessation of the generous contributions to the Propagation of the Faith for which France has long been noted. A letter from the Catechist Sisters of Mary Immaculate, resident in Kumbhakonam, Southern India, informs us that the dearth of French alms necessitates an appeal to Catholics gener-

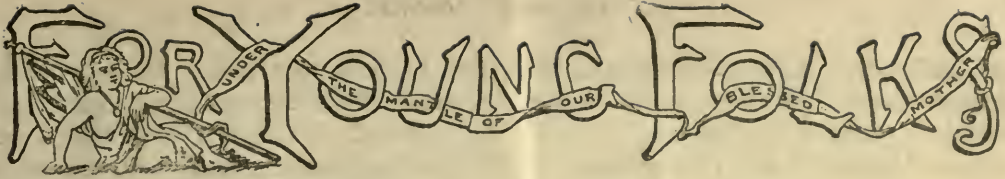
ally, in order that recent disasters to the mission (the effects of a monsoon) may be repaired. Bishop Bottero, of Kumbhakonam, pens a strong endorsement to the Sisters' letter; so we venture once more to remind the readers of THE AVE MARIA that affairs in France should arouse the Catholics of other countries to the urgency of contributing far more generously than ever before to the support of religious work in foreign lands. It is a case where English pounds and American dollars should supply the lack of the hitherto plentiful French franc. So far as the Kumbhakonam mission in particular is concerned, we shall be pleased to forward to the Sisters such contributions as are sent to us for their relief.

The Knights of Columbus have received a well-merited tribute from Mr. William J. Bryan in the *Commoner*. In connection with the statement that almost three-fourths of the entire sum sent to San Francisco by the Order for the relief of its suffering members has been returned to the givers, the *Commoner* says:

This is an unusual report and worthy of notice. That the money was subscribed is proof of the fraternity and generosity of the Knights of Columbus; that it was wisely and carefully distributed is conclusive proof of the conscientiousness of those who had the fund in charge. Often the local distributors of such a fund are so generous as to distribute all the money received, even though many of the claimants be lacking in merit; for there are always some in every community who are selfish enough to appeal for relief, when relief is not really deserved. If all distributors of relief funds discharged their duty with the fidelity shown by the Knights of Columbus of San Francisco, it would be easier to raise money for such emergencies as that through which our Western seaport has passed.

Any one who has ever served on a relief committee, and has had occasion to investigate the genuineness of the appeals made thereto, can testify to the truth of the latter portion of the foregoing paragraph, and will cordially endorse Mr. Bryan's eulogy of the Knights.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Resolutions.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE winter sky is bright and clear,
The first of January's here;
And every day of this whole year
I *know* I shall be good.

When father calls me from the boys,
And baby scatters all my toys,
And when I'm reading makes a noise,
I *think* I shall be good.

And when I'm kept in after school
For breaking some old silly rule,
And teacher treats me kind of cool,
I *hope* I shall be good.

And when mamma has gone away,
And Bridget scolds me all the day,
And—guess it is the safest way
To *pray* that I'll be good.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.—A DISCOVERY AND A DANGEROUS ATTEMPT.

THE second son, Hugh, was always a very important factor in the Redmond household. He was regarded as quite a stirring fellow, even at that distant date to which his first shadowy recollections of life extended. He always declared that he could remember the appearance of the nursery, a long and somewhat narrow room, as he lay in the cradle and heard the nurse singing softly, with one foot upon the rocker, a hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

The boy was, in fact, one of those forceful personalities to be found amongst children as well as amongst their elders. He was in

the foreground of every scene, a chief actor in each detail of the daily domestic drama; and therefore it need be no matter of surprise that he played a leading part in those few and simple events which go to make up this story. They circle to a considerable extent about a quaint old house in that quarter of Montreal now emphatically known as the East End, or French portion of the city. Its position was, however, more central in the time of which we write, nearly half a century ago.

The dwelling was a fine and spacious one, built after an irregular and somewhat rambling fashion, which has become obsolete. Its interior had better be briefly described, since it plays so important a part in our narrative. Upon the ground-floor was a long drawing-room, occupying one whole side of the house. Next to it was a parlor, or living room, whence a step or two led downward into a bright and cheerful dining room. This, in turn, gave out upon a gallery and a small square of ground, hereafter to be described as the little garden.

On the other side of the hall, a short flight of steps led down to the immense kitchen, which was separated from the rest of the house by an iron door. This in itself was a thing of wonder and mystery to Hugh and the other children. Upstairs, the sleeping rooms were similarly disposed, with a small library, or sitting room, adjoining the nursery, where the mother spent much of her time; and over all was an immense attic, which on rainy days was the playground by excellence of this band of children.

Besides the little garden, which was full of thick clustering trees that seriously interfered with the growth of plants, there was, at a short distance from the house, a larger garden, wherein grew flowers and vegetables. Then there was a considerable

piece of ground at the rear, occupied by various outhouses—stable, coach-house, woodshed, summer kitchen, and a couple of unused barns. It will, therefore, be seen that it was an ideal home for an adventurous and stirring boy like Hugh, and his brother Arthur, who, though much more quiet and serious, was of a practical and inventive turn, and so an excellent auxiliary in the various games and sports that were planned,—sports wherein the little girls, Mary and Amelia, were permitted to have part.

There is one detail of the house which must not be forgotten, and this was the roof, sharply pointed to facilitate the descent of wintry snows, and, like many Canadian houses of that period, covered with tin and adorned with dormer-windows. One of the latter first attracted the particular attention of Hugh on one bright and sunshiny morning in October, when he had arrived at the respectable age of fourteen. He and his brother and the two little girls were out at the rear of the house, consulting as to what form the various amusements for their half-holiday should take. Hugh's quick, restless eyes were wandering over the walls and upward to the shining roof, whereon pigeons were disporting themselves in the morning sunshine, to the great delight of Mary and Amelia, who began to busy themselves counting their number.

All at once Hugh said:

"Arthur, did you ever notice that window sticking out more than any of the rest? It's one too many."

Arthur brought his slower and more serious gaze to bear upon the window in question, which seemed to have been also singled out by the sun, and was shining like molten gold.

"It belongs to the attic, of course," decided Arthur, in his practical fashion, giving his decision with something of the contempt which an elder brother occasionally displays for the vagaries of a younger.

Hugh shook his head.

"See here!" he said; "I've been counting and counting, and it doesn't belong anywhere."

This astounding statement caused all the children to turn their eyes toward that one point, and to blink at the object which was fairly dazzling in its radiance.

"I'll tell you what!" cried Hugh. "I'm going to climb up and look in."

The little girls uttered an exclamation of horror, and Arthur declared:

"You can't climb out there. There's no place for your feet, and you'd break your neck."

"No, I won't!" declared Hugh. "I'll get there all right, somehow or another, and look in through the panes."

Most certainly this project would have been nipped in the bud had his father been anywhere on the premises. But that gentleman had sailed for England on legal business only the week before. Nor was the mother at home. She had gone, as was her custom, to the market, accompanied by her trusty helper, Margaret, the children's nurse, who, after the homely fashion of the times, carried with her a basket, wherein could be brought home the smaller purchases. Therefore the ground was clear for Hugh to begin his perilous plan of operation. Even Arthur, knowing the futility of farther remonstrance, left him to his own devices, and awaited with curiosity what his adventurous brother might discover.

Up flew Master Hugh to the upper story, and, divesting himself of his coat, swung himself out of one of the windows onto the roof. He presently reappeared at a dizzy eminence, waving his hand, and crying, "Hurrah!" Then, supporting himself by the chimneys and the projecting windows, he began his reckless descent.

"It's splendid up here!" he called down again, standing still a moment, like a young demi-god, with fair hair gleaming in the sunlight, and cheeks glowing in the crisp October air. "I wish I could live up here always in a tent or something."

"You'd soon be snowed under," objected Arthur; "and you'd better look out where you're going. If I were you, I'd go back."

Hugh paid no heed to his words. He began to venture a little farther downward toward the desired object. It was like the El Dorado of old to the mariner, the blessed isles to the weary wanderers: it lured him still on and onward. Those below held their breath. True, they had not that vital sense of danger that would have possessed their elders, and they were accustomed to see Hugh climbing to the most fearful heights and undertaking impossible feats of every sort. But even to the little girls' inexperience, as to Arthur's natural prudence, that shining slippery surface, like many another fair and glittering thing in life, was both treacherous and appallingly dangerous.

Hugh pursued his way with unusual caution, however. His feet slipped ominously from time to time, and he made catlike clutches at any object which came within reach. At last he stood close to the window, and leaned against its sloping side to rest, waving his hand again and crying: "Eureka!"

He had still, however, another and more foolhardy attempt to make. This was to climb out upon the narrow ledge of the roof and creep slowly forward until he could peer in through the panes of glass. Arthur, the long-headed, began to get decidedly uneasy. He felt that even Hugh had scarcely ever attempted anything so perilous as this. In his anxiety, he looked around and saw a ladder standing at no great distance; and, rushing over, he managed, though with considerable difficulty, to move it to a position directly under the window. It did not reach up the whole way; but Arthur felt that it was better than nothing, and the only possible precaution that occurred to him.

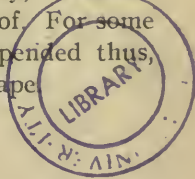
"What are you bringing that ladder here for?" inquired Hugh, who was just about embarking on his last venture.

"To bring you down if you get stuck."

"I won't get stuck!" cried Hugh, contemptuously. And, with a wild, victorious whoop, he let himself down upon the ledge and began to creep cautiously, slowly, along. That was in every way a thrilling moment for the onlookers. Apart from the question of danger altogether, they knew not what their brother might see through those panes, if it were really true that the window belonged nowhere. Grim faces might confront him, shadowy figures be revealed.

In those few moments imagination was busily at work amongst the children; even little Amelia, in so far as she understood the matter, had weird fancies of her own. And it was, in part, just such fancies that caused Hugh to lose his nerve at a critical moment. An uncanny feeling, as he afterward explained, took possession of him, as if there had been, indeed, some threatening presence lurking near. Trembling and excited, he crept on; the distance was short, and he had all but reached the desired goal, and was prepared to thrust his face close to the glass of the nearest pane, when an interruption occurred. The doves, sunning themselves on the far side of the window, and forgotten by the climber, suddenly broke their ranks and, with soft cries and fluttering of wings, arose in hurried flight. These sounds, together with his own sinister imaginings, were too much even for the brave-hearted boy. He let go unwarily of the frame of the window, and at the same instant his foot slipped, throwing him off his balance. To recover his hold, he made a futile attempt which only increased his danger. In another instant he had gone over.

The little girls, with a cry of terror, covered their face with their hands. They expected to see their brother lying senseless, perhaps dead, at their feet. Hugh had, however, in his fall, made a frantic clutch at nothing in particular, and his hands had closed convulsively, mechanically, over the ledge of the roof. For some terrible seconds he hung suspended thus, without apparent hope of escape.



It seemed to Mary and Amelia as if years must have passed. They caught a glimpse of their brother's face full of agonized terror, and the sun, for that brief interval of time, seemed to have darkened. Children as they were, however, they had been taught one supreme resource in the hour of peril by a mother who made their faith a living reality of their lives. Therefore from their innocent hearts went up, instantaneously and quite naturally, a strong prayer to Heaven for aid in that extremity.

(To be continued.)

"Mountain and Valley."

Rhyme, as an aid to memory, is valuable but not at all infallible. Even the old-time jingle by which boys and girls were to be made incapable of forgetting the number of days in the different months—"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," and so on,—even that versified lesson has been recited: "Thirty days hath September, August, March, and December,"—in which rendition the verse is all right, but the statement three-fourths wrong. A surer way of telling which are the short and which the long months is the method called by the young folks in far-away Australia, "Mountain and Valley." The method is thus explained:

If you double up your fist and hold it with the back of the hand upward, you will see the four knuckles of the hand standing up in little prominences (mountains) with little depressions between the bases of the fingers (valleys). Now, if you will start calling off the months on these prominences and depressions, one for each prominence and one for each depression, in regular order, you will find the long months all come on the high places, and the short months all in the low ones.

First knuckle, high place, January; first depression, low place, February; next knuckle, March; next depression, April; next knuckle, May; next low place,

June; and then the fourth and last knuckle, July. Then you come back to the first knuckle and start over again: high place, August and first depression, September; next knuckle, October; next depression, November; next knuckle, December.

In case any of our young folks have a preference for the rhyme system of memorizing, they may like to learn a versified rendering of this method. Here is one:

If you call your knuckles mountains
And the dips between them valleys,
Checking off the months upon them
Gives you very useful tallies.
Every mountain is a long month,
Every valley is a short one;
Knowing this, 'tis hard to figure
How one's memory can thwart one.

The Legend of the Christ-Flower.

There once dwelt in the famous Black Forest of Germany a poor man who had a large family of children. The winter had been very cold; frequently there was not enough bread to feed all the hungry little mouths.

One evening as the man was returning from his work, he found a beautiful child shivering in the cold. He thought of his hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door; but the little one seemed to be lost, and he could not leave it to perish in the forest. So he wrapped it in his rough coat and carried it to his home. The good wife was dismayed at the thought of another one to feed and clothe, but said they would do their best for the Christ-Child's sake. So they fed and warmed the little stranger and gave him their humble cheer. Then, lo! a wonderful thing happened. The child raised his tiny hands in blessing and disappeared. And they knew that the Christ-Child had been among them.

Next morning, as the forester returned to his work, he saw a beautiful white flower blooming in the snow where he had found the Child; and he called it Christ-flower, or chrysanthemum.

WITH AUTHERS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A selection of thoughts from Father Faber, collected by J. Milne-Rae, under the title of "The Life Beautiful," is among the new books of a non-Catholic publisher in London.

—Two popular books of travel by Sir William Butler—"The Wild North Land" and "The Great Lone Land"—also "Red Cloud: The Solitary Sioux," a capital story of adventure for boys, are now published by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—The third and last volume of Hans Christian Andersen's autobiography has just appeared at Copenhagen. Now that the publication of this interesting work has been completed, we may hope to see an English translation of it. Doubtless it would meet with general welcome.

—The third and last volume of Mgr. de T'Serclars' (French) Life of Leo XIII. has been issued by the Societe Saint-Augustin. It is a handsome octavo of 750 pages, illustrated with more than a score of portraits. The text deals with the last decade of the great Pontiff's career, (1894-1903), and accordingly is even more interesting than either of the preceding volumes.

—We have received the initial number of the *Federation Bulletin*, a twenty-four-page quarterly published under the supervision of the executive board of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. As an indication of the substantial progress being made by this excellent organization, the *Bulletin* is welcome; and in the contents of its first issue we have found much to interest us.

—Few modern scholars have been more universally esteemed than the late Ferdinand Brunetière. His death is everywhere regarded as an irreparable loss to French literature—indeed, to literary criticism. "There can be no doubt," remarks a writer in the foremost English literary journal, "that his strongly marked individuality, his vigorous and independent criticism have left a profound impression on the intellectual life of the France of to-day."

—"The Science of Life," by Mrs. Craigie (Burns & Oates), is a characteristic bit of writing and shows John Oliver Hobbes in a role unfamiliar to those who know her only as a novelist. Schemes for wholesale social reform and efforts toward making people think in battalions are not according to the writer's notion. She holds that reforms must be accomplished through the

education of the individual. St. Ignatius and Tolstoi are unlike enough to serve as terms of comparison as regards man's attitude toward his fellow-men, and Mrs. Craigie urges the views of the Saint, who teaches that justice is the best basis for our charity toward our brother.

—Messrs. Browne & Nolan are now issuing, in monthly parts, an important work, "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." The work comprises (a) A course of catechetical instruction, being an English adaptation of the celebrated Italian work, "Corso di Istruzioni Catechistiche," by the Very Rev. Angelo Raineri, sometime chancellor of the Archdiocese of Milan; (b) A new translation of the "Catechismus Romanus" (the Catechism of the Council of Trent); (c) A translation of the Catechism recently ordered by the Pope for adoption in the province of Rome, and recommended by his Holiness for use in all Italy.

—A second edition of the "Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God," by Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, is among the late Macmillan books, and in attractiveness of make-up, it is worthy of the publishers. The author tells us that "the great work of America in modern history is spiritual"; but, the Nobel Peace Prize notwithstanding, we are not quite ready to believe that the sword has always been unsheathed in this country with spiritual motives as an incentive. The end sought in Miss Lindsay's call for united service in the uplifting and betterment of the world must appeal to all Christians, whether or not they agree as to the means suggested.

—In the course of an extended notice of the new "English Hymnal" the *Athenæum* remarks: "We do not conceive that most authors of hymns wrote them without knowing what they did, or without pondering the full meaning of their words; and we can see no justification for altering the text of a hymn without the permission of the man who wrote it, still less for adding to it casually the work of another hand." The last line of Milman's famous hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe," is "Gracious Son of Mary, hear!" "If that offends any one," says the critic, "we think that he should go elsewhere for consolation in preference to altering the text."

—"St. Thomas' Seminary," by the Rev. W. J. Howlett, is a model historical tribute to an ecclesiastical school that flourished at Poplar

Neck, near Bardstown, Kentucky, from 1811 to 1869. While written chiefly for the surviving students of the Seminary, and accordingly invested with engrossing attractiveness for them, the book will be found of genuine interest to all American Catholics. The author writes *con amore* of his old Alma Mater, and his literary style has a distinction that invests the seemingly commonplace with no little charm. An appreciative letter to the author from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Matz, of Denver, forms a suitable introduction to the volume. Published by B. Herder.

—It is a satisfaction to see in book form (Plon Nourrit et Cie) the series of articles contributed to one of the French reviews last year by the Abbe Klein under the title "La Decouverte du Vieux Monde par un Etudiant de Chicago." This work will not, of course, have the same interest for English readers as "The Land of the Strenuous Life"; but it commends itself to all Frenchmen, and to any others that may be curious to know how the present situation in France is regarded by a priest, who, while truly loyal to the Church, is strongly attached to Republican ideas. The Abbe is wise as well as witty, and never for long loses sight of the serious purpose of his writing; there is no violence in his denunciations, or resentment in his rejoinders. Like all Frenchmen he can be vehement at times, but he is always self-possessed, ever urbane. The charm of his style will be acknowledged even by those who are least disposed to accept his views.

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' price generally include postage.

- "The Early Scottish Church." Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. \$1.60.
 "Canzoni." T. A. Daly. \$1.
 "The Voyage of the Pax." Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. 75 cts. net.
 "In Treaty with Honor." Mary Catherine Crowley. \$1.50.
 "Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori." Rev. Austin Berthe, C. SS. R. \$5.

- "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.
 "The Other Miss Lisle." M. C. Martin. \$1.25.
 "The Glories of the Sacred Heart." Rev. M. Hausherr, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Humanizing of the Brute." Rev. H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Compendium of the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Pars Prima. Bernardus Bonjoannes. Translated into English. \$1 75, net.
 "Christian Education." Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. 60 cts., net.
 "Short Sermons." Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net
 "The Church and Kindness to Animals." \$1, net.
 "A Manual of Bible History." Charles Hart, B. A. \$1.25, net.
 "The Phantom of the Poles." William Reed. \$1.50.
 "After the Ninth Hour." R. Monlaur. 45 cts.
 "The Faith of Our Forefathers." Rev. Vincent Hornyhold, S. J. 50 cts., net.
 "Saint Benedict Joseph Labre." C. L. White. 70 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Henry Cosgrove, Bishop of Davenport; Rev. George Johnson, diocese of Clifton; Rev. T. K. Crowley, diocese of Dallas; Rev. Bernard Hater, diocese of Belleville; and Rev. Michael Daly, diocese of Hartford.

Mr. John Washington and Mrs. Charles Huster, of Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. Eugene Conway, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Ellen Cummings, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. John Krupp, Sandusky, Ohio; Mr. Herbert Wurst, Wabasha, Minn.; Dr. T. S. Crowley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Comerford, Mr. Francis Loughnott, Mrs. William O'Brien, and Miss Catherine O'Brien, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. J. F. Carley, Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. E. Bourgeois, Aylmer, Que., Canada; Miss Mary Dougherty, Galena, Ill.; Mr. Donald Murchison, Ashfield, Canada; Mr. James Coleman, New York; Mr. Patrick Gallagher and Mr. Terence Casey, Springfield, Ill.; Mr. H. Henthorn, Risby, Ariz.; Mr. James Forsyth and Mr. John Moran, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. E. J. Rooney, Osakis, Minn.; Mr. M. Weaver, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Joanna Sheehan, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. William Green, Cleveland, Ohio; Winifred Egan, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mr. John Johnson, Delphos, Ohio; Mr. Christian Seery and Mrs. Phoebe Vignos, Canton, Ohio; Bridget Ward, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Anna Hanlon and Mr. Joseph Ferry, Altoona, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 12, 1907.

NO. 2.

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

Come Unto Me!

BY EMILY HIGKEY.

"Come unto Me!"
Who biddeth? A little Child
On a Mother's knee.
Little Child, we come to Thee.

"Come unto Me!"
Who biddeth? One who die.
On a blood-stained tree.
Dying One, we come to Thee

"Come unto Me!"
Who biddeth? Our risen Lord
Of eternity.
Risen Lord, we come to Thee.

"Come unto Me!"
Thou biddest, love-born, love-slain
Love-raised; and we
At Thine altar come to Thee

Padley Chapel and Its Martyrs.

BY DOM BEDE CAMM, O. S. B

IN the fairest part of the High Peak of Derbyshire, which is surely one of the fairest districts of England, lies the quaint old village of Hathersage. It nestles on the slope of a range of hills, an offshoot of the noted Stanage Edge, which secludes it from the world and from the bleak east winds. Not content with more than its share of beautiful surroundings, Hathersage has special attractions for the antiquary and the ecclesiologist. Two British camps, now known as Carlswark and Cam Green, dominate the village, and are remarkable

specimens of the primeval fortress; a noble Gothic church rises from a commanding height, its crocketed spire pointing to heaven, its God's acre shaded with yews of great antiquity, guarding the giant grave of Little John, the famous henchman of Robin Hood.

But Hathersage has an interest yet more deep for the English Catholic; for this secluded parish, hidden in the heart of the Peak, has ever been a stronghold of Catholicism. Never has the ancient faith died out here, and never has there been a time when Holy Mass has not been said in some secret corner of its large and scattered parish. The home of two great Catholic families who have preserved the faith to this day—the Eyres and the Fitzherberts,—it has remained true to the old religion through all the centuries of persecution. Hathersage, moreover, boasts of martyrs and confessors,—glorious witnesses to the ancient faith at a time when Elizabeth and her myrmidons were doing their best, or worst, to stamp it out of the land. And it is of these martyrs that I desire to give some account here.

About three miles from the village, but still in the parish of Hathersage, on the banks of the Derwent, framed in woods of giant chestnuts and oaks, there still stands the ancient chapel of Padley Hall. Utterly neglected, desecrated as it is, almost a ruin, it nevertheless is the goal of many a pilgrimage, a shrine unspeakably dear to every Catholic heart.

Originally this chapel was the domestic oratory of a noble manor-house. Upper Padley Hall—the seat first of the Padleys

then of the Eyres, and lastly of the Fitzherberts—consisted of an enclosed quadrangle, the south side of which was formed by the chapel. Access to this court was gained by an arched passage through the lower story of the building, of which the chapel occupies the upper floor.

On the north side of the chapel there appear two narrow doorways, curiously placed side by side. The meaning of this arrangement appears on an inspection of the interior. It is then seen that formerly a substantial screen divided the building between these two doorways; and the well-known Derbyshire antiquary, the Rev. Dr. Cox (who has made a careful study of the place, and from whom we have derived most of our information),* suggests that the eastern entrance served for the family, while the other was that allotted to the household retainers or neighbors. There was a third entrance—now blocked up—for the priest, at the extreme east of this north side, which, no doubt, communicated with his chamber. There was also an external entrance to this angle of the chapel on its east side, which would enable the priest to quit the hall or chapel without going through any other part of the building.

On the south side are to be seen two large buttresses, which were ingeniously contrived by the architect to serve as chimneys. They are pointed out as the hiding-places of the martyr priests who were captured here. In fact, until quite lately, one could see high up in one of the chimneys the ledge on which the concealed priests stood. Unhappily, the state of the building has necessitated building up this chimney, so that the intensely interesting relic can no longer be seen.

The chapel is, unfortunately, now used as a barn, and is very much dilapidated. The floor is most unsafe, though the main timbers of the roof are in fair preservation. There are four finely carved hammer-beams, with wall pieces rising from stone corbels. The two at the west end have

simple shields, but those toward the east have well-designed angels bearing shields in their hands.

Such is the shrine to which each year devout souls make pilgrimage to venerate the glorious martyrs of Christ, who here offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the risk of their lives; and their not less heroic friends and hosts, who were content to sacrifice property, lands, and even life itself rather than deny the faith of their fathers, or lose the benefit of the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there lived at Norbury, in the southwest part of this county, Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, a famous Judge. His ancestors had lived at Norbury ever since 1125; and their grand old manor-house—a large part of which still exists—dated mainly from the fourteenth century. Sir Anthony was a man of the type of the Blessed Thomas More,—one of those who dared to oppose the will of an earthly king because they were faithful to the King of Heaven.

When Henry VIII. began his disastrous policy of destroying the monasteries and alienating the property of the Church, Sir Anthony is said to have been the only man who dared rebuke the tyrant to his face. We can still learn for ourselves where he drew the faith and courage which gave him strength to oppose one before whom all the world trembled. In an old room at Norbury, still called "Sir Anthony's Parlour," we can yet trace the black-letter texts painted on the oak panels by the good Judge's own hand. They are in Latin, taken from the Vulgate. One of them, Englished, runs: "We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; every one of us shall render account to God for himself." Another bears the representation of a death's-head, with the text, *Memento Mori* (Remember death). And a third has: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Such were the lessons which the old Judge sought to impress deeply on his own heart and on the hearts of his children.

* "Churches of Derbyshire." II. pp. 249-253.

Nor did he labor in vain. When he lay dying, he earnestly and most solemnly enjoined his sons, under no pretext whatever to accept grants or become possessors of monastic property. He knew that such possessions brought with them not a blessing but a curse. And the sons not only obeyed their father's dying command but cheerfully suffered the loss of all things, even of life itself, rather than betray the faith of their fathers. It was, no doubt, by having constantly before their eyes those precepts of the divine law, which their father had traced upon the walls, that they gained strength to resist even unto death.

The eldest son, Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, was a noble confessor for the Faith. He married Anne Eyre of Hathersage, the heiress of Padley, and it was thus that Padley came into the possession of the Fitzherberts. No sooner had Elizabeth come to the throne than his troubles began. The new Queen sent commissioners through the country to exact the Oath of Supremacy, and those who refused to acknowledge her spiritual supremacy became the objects of bitter persecution. Already in 1561 Sir Thomas was sent up to London by these commissioners and imprisoned in the Fleet, where he had as fellow-captives the last Catholic Bishop of Chester and the last Dean of St. Paul's. The Protestant Bishop of London, Grindal, wrote: "Sir Thomas Fitzherbert is a very stiff" (i. e., obstinate) "man. We had a solemn assembly of commissioners only for his case, and offered to let him out on bail if only he would go to church without being bound to receive Communion. But this he refused." He suffered not only from imprisonment, but from the crushing fines levied on the faithful Catholics. Before he died a martyr's death in the dungeons of the Tower of London, he had been imprisoned for no less than thirty years, and had lost not less than two-thirds of his vast estates in fines. Besides all this, his cattle were robbed in the most barefaced way by the com-

missioners, and his faithful tenantry were also thrown into prison. He was dragged about from gaol to gaol,—now in the Fleet, now in the county gaol at Derby, now in the Tower; in which last prison he died, as we have said, at the age of seventy-four. No means, not even torture, was neglected to try to secure his conviction for offences that were termed treason; but, though accused of complicity in several alleged plots, nothing could ever be proved against him, except his non-attendance at church. So loyal was he to Elizabeth in matters temporal that notwithstanding the heavy and repeated fines to which he had been subjected, he volunteered to supply double the contribution demanded of his estate on the approach of the Spanish Armada.

Such was Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, Lord of Padley, a brave and noble gentleman, who valued faith and honor more than life, and submitted cheerfully to a lingering martyrdom of thirty years rather than stain his soul with heresy.

Sir Thomas, however, did not live at Padley, even when at liberty. As the ancient seat of his family was at Norbury, and he himself was childless, Padley was inhabited by his brother and heir, John Fitzherbert, a noble and faithful heart, worthy of his father and his brother. This good man was also able to gain the martyr's crown. It was well known that Padley, like Norbury, was ever a place of refuge for the hunted priests; and the law laid down that any one who harbored a priest in his house, or even gave him the least assistance, forfeited his life as a traitor. And so more than one search was made at Padley in the hope of finding a hidden priest. At first, though, it was all in vain. It was not till the enemy had gained over by the foulest arts one member of that fervent family, and had induced him to betray his father, that they succeeded in their design.

But before I recount the event which has made Padley Hall forever glorious, let me tell you something of the family

who lived there. John Fitzherbert had married Catharine, daughter of Edward Restwold. They had seven sons, of whom two died young. Of the rest, Thomas, the eldest, was, alas! the traitor, but the others persevered till death. Nicholas became secretary to Cardinal Allen at Rome, and later on was a great friend of the English Benedictines; Francis and George became priests and religious; and Anthony suffered, like his father, a martyr's death in chains. The daughters all married fervent Catholics, and both they and their husbands had to endure fines and imprisonment for the faith.

On the 29th of January, 1588, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, who is well known as the jailer of Queen Mary, wrote, commanding that a search should be made for all seminarists and other Papists residing or lurking in the High Peak, and to apprehend and imprison them. Also they were immediately to apprehend John Fitzherbert of Padley, and Richard Fenton of North Lees, and commit them as the Queen's prisoners. The magistrates charged with this warrant came to Padley early in the morning of Candlemas Day, February 2. But they could not find Mr. Fitzherbert, though they found his son Anthony and other members of the family there. The search was therefore fruitless.

But meanwhile, horrible to relate, the arch-villain Topcliffe, the most notorious priest-hunter of the day, had woven his arts round foolish young Thomas Fitzherbert, the eldest son of the Padley family. The tempter breathed in his ear that if he would only betray his father and his uncle, Sir Thomas, he would secure for him the still large family estates, which otherwise would be forfeited for recusancy. The young man unhappily listened to these horrible suggestions, and not only gave information about his aged uncle, Sir Thomas—which gave his enemies a pretext for subjecting him to still more cruel treatment in the Tower,—but actually sent to Lord Shrewsbury to tell him at

what day and hour he would be sure to find his father at Padley.

And so it was that on the 12th of July, 1588, the Lord-Lieutenant paid a personal surprise visit to Padley Hall, and there succeeded in arresting John Fitzherbert. And not only did he arrest the master of the house, but he also found a still greater prize, which it seems he did not expect, in the person of the two holy priests and glorious martyrs, Venerable Nicholas Garlick and Venerable Thomas Ludlam. The priests were discovered concealed in hiding-places, it is said, in the chimney of the old chapel. It does not appear that Lord Shrewsbury had any notice of their being present when he came to Padley; but no doubt it was the miserable apostate, Thomas Fitzherbert, who betrayed the hiding-places.

Nicholas Garlick was a Derbyshire man, born at Dinting, in Glossopdale, and educated at Worcester College, Oxford. For about seven years he acted as schoolmaster of the Free Grammar School at Tideswell, in the Peak. This school had been founded by Robert Purglove, suffragan Bishop of Hull, who lived in retirement at Tideswell after his deprivation under Queen Elizabeth. Garlick trained his scholars in Catholic doctrine and piety as well as in secular learning; and among his pupils were future priests and confessors, and even one martyr.

He was not content, however, even with this great and good work, but longed to give himself more completely to God and to the work of saving souls. He therefore went over to Dr. Allen's seminary, then at Rheims, and was ordained priest in 1583. In England he endured the usual fate of the devoted priest of those days. He was captured, imprisoned, banished, but again quietly returned to his work in the vineyard. He labored chiefly in Derbyshire, and found, as we have seen, a refuge and a welcome among the Fitzherberts at Padley. Thomas Ludlam, his companion, was also

a Derbyshire man, born near Sheffield. Very little is known as to his history before his arrest at Padley.

John Fitzherbert and his priestly guests were at once hurried off to the county jail at Derby, fifty miles away. With them were taken several members of the Fitzherbert family and of their household and friends; so that the jail, always crowded with Catholic prisoners, could hardly contain them. This loathsome prison, newly built to hold the Catholics of Derbyshire, was notorious even in those evil days for its foulness, and the frequent visitations of plague and jail fever, which carried off its inmates.

Here the confessors of Christ met with a companion, the venerable Richard Sympson, a priest who had already been condemned to death at the Lent Assizes of 1588; but had been reprieved till the summer, as it was hoped he would yield. His weakness, however, was strengthened by the example and exhortations of his fellow-priests, and he prepared for his terrible death with tranquillity and confidence in God. To do penance for his weakness, he afflicted his body with fastings and vigils, and wore next to his skin a hair-shirt.

On July 23, at the Summer Assizes, the priests of Padley, with their noble host, were put on trial. Father Garlick defended himself and his friends with vigor and address. When arraigned for coming into the realm to seduce her Majesty's subjects, he replied: "I have not come to seduce, but to induce men to the Catholic faith; for this end have I come to the country, and for this will I work so long as I live." The sentence was, of course, a foregone conclusion. All three were condemned to death,—the priests for being ordained by the authority of the Holy See and coming into England, and Fitzherbert for harboring them. The very next day, July 24, the three priests were stretched upon hurdles and drawn to the place of execution. We shall see why John Fitzherbert did not accompany them.

The place chosen was at the east side of St. Mary's Bridge, within a stone's-throw of the place where now stands Pugin's beautiful Catholic church, within whose walls the martyr's blessed memory is now duly commemorated by an inscription. Looking across the river, the martyrs must have seen before them the grand old tower of All Saints' Church, that still stands a silent witness to the faith of its builders. The three suffered as they had lived, with simplicity, calmness and joy. It would seem that, Sympson was meant to have mounted the ladder first; but, fearing lest his courage should fail him, Garlick hastened to it, as if he were to be the first in the combat. Kissing it devoutly, he mounted it with remarkable joy and alacrity; and so, amid all the horrible butcheries prescribed by law, fought a good fight and finished his course. Meanwhile Father Ludlam looked on at the terrible scene with a smiling countenance, full of interior joy that he was so soon to gain the martyr's palm. And when, standing on the ladder, he was about to be turned off, he looked up to heaven with a glad smile, as though he saw some heavenly vision of angels, and, crying out aloud, *Venite, benedicti, Dei!* ("Come, ye blessed of God!"), he was in his turn flung off the ladder, and went to enjoy their company. The penitent followed in his turn, and so the three servants of God obtained their crown at Derby.

I can not refrain from quoting the old ballad in which Derbyshire Catholics handed down to their children the details of the martyrs' triumph:

When Garlick did the ladder kiss
And Sympson after hie,
Methought that there St. Andrew was
Desirous for to die.

When Ludlam looked on smilingly
And joyful did remain,
It seemed St. Stephen was standing by
For to be stoned again.

And what if Sympson seemed to yield
For doubt and dread to die?
He rose again, and won the field,
And died most constantly.

His watching, fasting, shirt of hair,
 His speech, his death, and all,
 Do record give, do witness bear,
 He wailed his former fall.

John Fitzherbert, their host, was to meet with a more lingering martyrdom. The government's avarice was as great as its ferocity; and it was secretly represented to the family that if they could raise the sum of 10,000 pounds (an enormous sum in those days, equal to 100,000 pounds now), his life should be spared and he should be set at liberty. Every nerve was strained by his devoted children to raise the money; and his son-in-law, Mr. Eyre, of Holme Hall, sold his manor of Whittington, and, with the help of others, the required sum was thus raised. But no sooner had it been paid than, with incredible villainy the authorities refused to set their prisoner free, though they did respite him from immediate execution. He was reserved to die in prison. For nearly two years he was confined in the horrible jail at Derby, which was the constant abode of pestilence and disease.

"It would almost seem," says a Protestant writer, "as if the county authorities deemed it more economical to confine their prisoners in a place where fatal fevers were nearly a certainty; for the gaol was built in the Cornmarket, over the open brook, which was at that period merely the town sewer." Another writer says: "Our ancestors erected the chief gaol in a river exposed to damp and filth, as if they meant to drown him before they hanged him." Topcliffe himself spoke of "that foul hole, Derby Gaol, that always stank and bred corruption in the prisoners."

It was in this horrible place that the brave old man was confined, together with his son Anthony and ten of his serving men and retainers. The prison was indeed crammed with Catholics, and there were no fewer than thirty-seven confined there in December of that year.

John Fitzherbert did not, however, die in

Derby Gaol, as many other confessors did. After two years there, was sent to London to the Fleet, where he died a martyr's death of jail fever, November 8, 1590. No doubt he had contracted the disease at Derby, as it carried him off so soon after he reached his London prison. I say he died a martyr's death; for, although the Church has not yet pronounced on his Cause, we may have every confidence that he will ere long be reckoned among the glorious band of English martyrs. Death in prison is not indeed sufficient to obtain the honors of martyrdom, except where there is proof that death was occasioned by the imprisonment itself, as there seems to be in this case.

When Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, in his dungeon in the Tower, heard of the treachery of his unnatural nephew, and the martyrdom of the holy priests, and the imprisonment and death of his brother, he resolved that the traitor should not reap the fruits of his crime. He was now old and feeble, broken by torture and long imprisonment, and his end was evidently near. He therefore made a will, leaving his property away from his wretched nephew. But the vile Topcliffe was on the lookout; he obtained access to the cell of the dying prisoner, carried off the will to the Protestant Archbishop Whitgift, and, with that prelate's approval, actually destroyed it.

But it is some satisfaction, at least, to find that Thomas Fitzherbert did not gain undisputed possession of the property he had committed so many crimes to gain. Now that he had brought his father and his uncle to their deaths,—now that he, with the help of his accomplice and evil genius, had destroyed the will, surely he had only to enjoy his gains. But he little knew Topcliffe. This wretch himself had long had an eye on the fair estate of Padley. When Thomas tried to get possession of it, he found that Topcliffe had been before him, and had obtained a grant of it from the Crown as the forfeited estates of a traitor. This

wretch, who loved to torture with his own hands the holy priests (like Venerable Robert Southwell or Venerable Eustace White) who fell into his power, whose hatred of all that was sacred was that of a soul possessed by evil spirits, who has been called by a Protestant writer "the prince of villains, who for cringing cant and fawning hypocrisy had few equals," was, nevertheless, a prime favorite with Queen Elizabeth, and the chosen friend of her chief minister, Lord Burghley. An Anglican clergyman writes of him: "Of all the sickening crimes that have been placed on record against Topcliffe, we doubt if the infamous nature of his transactions against the Fitzherberts is not the crowning point of his iniquity. There was no depth of degradation to which the man could not stoop. Happily, he was allowed to retain his prize for only a very short time. Padley was taken away from him just as he was meditating spending there the last days of his active and ever-evil pilgrimage." The old hall was never tenanted for more than a few months after the martyrdom of the priests in 1588. The property has changed hands with great frequency. A curse seems to cleave to the spot, as though the very spirit of Topcliffe impregnated the place. Please God, it may yet some day come into Catholic hands once more, and Holy Mass again be celebrated in the now desecrated chapel of the martyrs.

Thomas Fitzherbert like Topcliffe himself, ended his days in misery and crime. He succeeded in getting hold of the Norbury estates; but God's curse rested on him, and he died shortly afterward, a prey to remorse, childless and friendless. All that he had risked his soul to gain passed from him to those of his family who had remained faithful, and whose descendants still—thank God!—remain among us to represent the ancient line.

But though Padley was left to fall into ruin, and Holy Mass was no longer celebrated in the ancient chapel of the

martyrs, the lamp of faith burned brightly in Hathersage, where—we thank God—it has never yet been quenched. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and we can not doubt that the martyrs of Padley sowed in their blood the seed of a harvest which was to console the Heart of God for generations to come.

Hathersage, has always been noted for its large number of faithful Catholics. On August 9, 1588, a few days after the martyrdom at Derby, the Earl of Shrewsbury came to Hathersage on purpose to reduce into some good order, as he said, the multitude of ignorant people who had been seduced by the priests. He had a sermon preached at the parish church, to hear which he gathered together more than four hundred people, who, as he told the Queen, had not been to church for twenty years,—not indeed since the change of religion. There were yet two hundred and twenty, he adds, whom he hoped ere long would become more obedient, seeing 'their captain was caught.'

But he was mistaken in this. They might slay the shepherds, but the sheep were not scattered. As late as 1677 we find one hundred and forty Catholics in Hathersage,—a far larger number than in any other parish of Derbyshire. In 1682 ninety-two were presented at the Assizes to show reasonable cause why they did not attend church; and even to this day there is a little flock of faithful souls who gather round God's altar and thank Him for the examples of their martyred forefathers, and for the peace and safety in which they are now allowed to worship Him.

The chief pilgrimage in honor of the martyrs takes place every year on or about the 24th of July, the anniversary of their martyrdom. A large gathering of the Catholics of Derbyshire and Yorkshire meet at Hathersage to celebrate High Mass. In the afternoon, besides, a picturesque procession is formed by the

banks of the Derwent, and, with cross, banners and incense, winds its way toward the ancient chapel of the Fitzherberts, now so pathetic in its isolation. It is, alas! impossible to hold a service in the desecrated chapel; but outside its walls the Rosary is recited, Catholic hymns are sung, and in stirring words some well-known preacher excites his hearers to love that faith for which the martyrs shed their blood.

This pilgrimage, like so many similar ones, English Catholics owe to the zeal and energy of the Rev. Philip Fletcher, master and founder of the Guild of our Lady of Ransom for the Conversion of England. The Guild has for motto, "Lest we forget"; and it deserves the gratitude of all those who value the splendid heritage which has been transmitted to us by the faith, the devotion and the sacrifices of our English Catholic forefathers. May the day be long distant when the names of Fitzherbert, of Garlick and of Ludlam cease to be sweet in our ears, or the memories that cluster round the walls of Padley be forgotten!

In conclusion, it is of much interest to note the tradition that the head of the Venerable Nicholas Garlick was removed from Derby old bridge, and buried by Catholics in Tideswell churchyard; and that there is a prophecy attributed to this martyr, which states that there will ever be at least one Catholic representative of the family. We glean this from a life of the martyr written by a Catholic member of the family (the Rev. Edward King, S. J.), who adds that, according to tradition, the prophecy has been verified; and that "there is at least one remarkable instance in later days of the conversion of one who roundly asserted that she at any rate would not be party to the verification of this prediction."

The Fitzherbert family yet flourishes among us, still faithful as of yore. It is sad, however, that in our own generation the ancient manor-house at Norbury should have passed out of the possession

of the family. Among the faithful Catholics of Hathersage parish, the present writer is proud to be able to record a branch of his own family, whose name occurs for several generations in the Recusant Rolls. The Camms of Hathersage were a sturdy yeoman family, who have given their name to the fine old British entrenchment which stood on their property, adjoining the old parish church.

Nor must we omit all mention of the grand old mansion of North Lees, the ancient seat of the Eyres. It was by marriage with an heiress of this family that Padley passed to the Fitzherberts. The Eyres lived in great state and magnificence at North Lees, and here they ever manfully maintained the faith. One of them was taken at Padley, and carried off to Derby jail with John Fitzherbert. Still in the tower of the ancient manor-house may be traced the secret chapel and the priests' hiding-place; and still in the heart of the vast rabbit warren that now fills the park may be seen the ruins of a public chapel, hastily built by the family in the happier days of James II., only to be destroyed by a Protestant mob when Dutch William had seized the throne.

Pilgrims there are who find their way to North Lees because of the tradition that it is the house described by Charlotte Brontë in "Jane Eyre," where the heroine found refuge after her flight from Rochester. But, interesting as this is, the Catholic pilgrim feels a deeper interest in finding here one of those fortresses of the old religion which remained intact during centuries when triumphant heresy reigned over the land. Here priests and future martyrs were lovingly and generously received; here the Holy Sacrifice was offered without a break; here the lamp of faith was kept alight in the darkest period of English history. Hathersage is full of such memories, and surely it is good that they should be kept green.

OF all injuries mockery is the least pardoned.—*Plato*.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

II.

"EXPECT us on the 11 p. m. train," said the telegram which came the next day. And at the appointed time, the travellers duly arrived,—the two girls receiving a welcome so cordial, and evidently so sincere, that the embarrassment which one of them at least felt at being thrown so abruptly on the hospitality of a stranger was instantly relieved.

As the hour was so late, they were conducted at once to their chamber; Mildred accompanying them, while Mr. Chetwode sat down to give an account of himself and his journey to Mrs. Sterndale:

"Why, Uncle Romuald," said Mildred, when she rejoined them a few minutes later, "I thought you said that Miss Hereford was Major Carrington's ward?"

"So I did," he answered. "She is not quite twenty-one yet,—but uncommonly sensible for her age," he added, turning to Mrs. Sterndale.

"I should never take her for a girl," said Mildred. "From her manner and her dress—as well as I could judge of it from a glance,—I should think she was forty at least."

"You will change your mind when you see her face by daylight. It is quite girlish. She has a very decided manner, but from Carrington's account she must be a marvel of excellence."

"And his daughter—what of her?" asked Mrs. Sterndale.

Mr. Chetwode shrugged his shoulders.

"Very different, I am afraid. A violent, self-willed child, I judge. I thought she would fall into convulsions when she was told that her father was dying. But she has been quiet enough since then."

"Poor child!" murmured Mrs. Sterndale. "But, my dear Romuald, it is selfish of us to keep you here talking when you must be so tired. Do go to bed."

Yes, he was tired, he admitted, and

needed a good night's sleep. "Particularly as I must go to Ravenswold to-morrow," he said.

"I am so sorry I can't go with you," observed Mildred, regretfully. "But you know it would not do for me to leave home now. I'm afraid you'll miss me."

"I certainly shall. But, as it is my fault that you are kept at home, I can't complain."

"Your misfortune, if it is a misfortune," said Mrs. Sterndale, extending her hand in good-night, and retaining his as she went on. "It is hard that such a labor and responsibility should come upon you; but it goes without saying that you will bear it as you have borne all that has gone before, and I am sure you know that I will do my share with all my heart."

"Yes, I know that," he said, with his patient smile; "or I could not have ventured to assume such a responsibility."

Mrs. Sterndale had given orders that her young guests were not to be wakened for breakfast on the morning after their arrival. But apparently Miss Hereford awoke herself; for the first cups of coffee had scarcely been dispensed when she made her appearance in the breakfast room. As she paused before taking her seat at table, to bend her head and cross herself, the difference of expression which flitted over the two faces of Mrs. Sterndale and Mildred brought an equally transient look of amusement to Mr. Chetwode's eyes. He had not recollected to tell them the night before that Miss Hereford was a Catholic, and to see her bless herself was a surprise to them.

A very agreeable surprise to Mildred, it was evident; while, on the contrary, the revelation was a shock to Mrs. Sterndale, who was too thoroughly indifferent to religion not to shrink at the prospect of association with one of her own faith. Every instinct of her nature made her incapable of the cowardice of human respect, so far as non-Catholics were concerned; but she was always ashamed of her worldliness and indifferentism when thrown into contact with Catholic devotion.

She now felt more embarrassment than gratification at sight of Miss Hereford's confession of faith, until she observed how pleased Mildred was.

Mildred was more than pleased: she was elated. But she controlled her impulse to say so at once, and joined the others in their morning greetings and inquiries about Miss Carrington.

"She seems so feverish this morning," Miss Hereford said, "that I am rather uneasy about her. If you will be so kind, Mrs. Sterndale, I should like you to see her after breakfast, and send for a physician if you think it necessary."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Sterndale; "but meanwhile you will send up her breakfast."

"Thank you, no! She said she could not take anything, and she was dozing when I left her."

"I hope you slept well?"

"Much better than I have for some time past," was the reply. "It is so delightfully cool here. When I opened my window and looked out this morning, I felt as if I had been transported from a desert into fairyland, everything was so green and beautiful, and the air so deliciously dewy and fragrant."

"You don't like the seaside, then?" said Mildred.

"Under different circumstances, I think I should have liked it. But my guardian was so ill and Sydney so unwell, and both suffered so terribly from the glare and heat, that the three weeks we were there will always be a nightmare recollection to me."

"But the sea-breeze tempers the heat."

"Yes, to any one in health. And the nights are exceedingly pleasant. It was the shadelessness during the day that poor Mr. Carrington found so distressing; and I could not keep out the light by closing the windows, without excluding the breeze too. We wished so much that we had gone to the mountains. My guardian would have preferred to do so, but he hoped that the salt air might benefit Sydney. It had been ordered for her."

"As soon as she has rested sufficiently

to travel again, we will try what mountain air can do for her," said Mr. Chetwode. "You and I were to go in July, you know, Mildred. It will be pleasant for you to have companions of your own age."

"Very pleasant," she said, with a smile which Miss Hereford thought charming.

"I wish we could persuade you to join our party," Mr. Chetwode said to Mrs. Sterndale.

She smiled.

"You know that is impossible: that I could not put myself out of the way of hearing from my boys every few days," she answered; and, turning to Miss Hereford, she explained that her sons were now travelling in Europe, and that she was a very unwisely anxious mother.

Then Mildred, seizing the opportunity she had been waiting for, exclaimed eagerly:

"I am so glad to see that you are a Catholic, Miss Hereford!"

"I am more than glad to find myself with Catholics, I assure you," was the reply; and they discussed the subject thus begun until breakfast was over.

As they talked, a mutual, though of course imperceptible, scrutiny was going on between Mrs. Sterndale and Mildred on the one part, and their guest on the other. And Mr. Chetwode—who, though, morally speaking, good-humored to the point of weakness, had nevertheless a certain intellectual cynicism of nature—was secretly much amused in reading, as he did very accurately, the respective opinions each formed of the other. He saw that Mrs. Sterndale and Mildred were not only surprised but positively shocked by Miss Hereford's appearance, so singularly plain and unbecoming was her dress. "She must be foolishly and affectedly eccentric," and, "She really can't have much sense or she wouldn't make such a guy of herself," were the thoughts that flashed through their minds; while she, on the contrary, looked at them with pleased and perfectly undisguised admiration,—an admiration in some degree reciprocated when they had had time to distinguish between her person itself and the gown she wore.

She had a good figure; for, though it lacked girlish slenderness and was not above the middle height, the lines of the shoulders, waist and bust were very clear and symmetrical. Her hands were small and beautiful; and her face, with features of no particular type, was undoubtedly handsome. It had a look of fatigue and sadness now, and her complexion was too pale to be in harmony with the heavy, rippled masses of gold-burnished red hair that at once caught attention by its deep tone of color. Her manner was exceedingly attractive, simple and easy, without a shade of self-consciousness. Her movements were very dignified and graceful, as Mrs. Sterndale observed, when she led the way upstairs to pay the promised visit to Miss Carrington.

"Poor child!" thought Mrs. Sterndale, as she stood by the bed on which a slight, frail-looking girl lay apparently asleep.

Miss Hereford bent over her and laid two plump, tapering fingers very lightly on her brow. The touch, soft as it was, caused the heavy black fringes that had been resting on the colorless cheek, to lift, and a pair of large dark eyes looked languidly up.

"Here is Mrs. Sterndale, who has come to see you, Sydney," said Miss Hereford. "Can't you tell her how you are this morning?"

The eyes opened more widely; there was a faint quiver about the lips; and a slender, pale little hand, that lay nerveless beside the limp figure, made a movement to extend itself.

"Thanks!" said a plaintive voice. "I am not well; I feel very weak."

"You have not breakfasted yet," said Mrs. Sterndale, as she took the half-lifted hand and pressed it kindly, holding it as she counted the pulse. "You will feel better when you have taken something."

She turned to the servant, a trim-looking, middle-aged Negro woman, who stood by with an anxious expression of countenance, and said a few words. Then, as the woman left the room, she drew a

chair to the side of the bed, sat down, and, looking up at Miss Hereford, who was standing opposite, remarked in a low tone:

"She is quite feverish and languid; but I hope she is suffering only from fatigue, and perhaps weakness from want of food. I have sent for her breakfast."

Lett nodded slightly in response, but did not speak. The room had already been put in order, but she smoothed the pillows a little, and gently arranged the long waves of dark hair that were spread over them. Mrs. Sterndale meanwhile examined the thin, wan face of the sick girl with critical eye.

A beautiful woman is always quick to discern and appreciate beauty in another, and is interested in any face having sufficient charms to entitle it to a place in the ranks of fair women. Mrs. Sterndale thought Miss Carrington might possibly be of this favored few. Her features, though now sharp to emaciation, were fine, and so were her eyes. "If she has flesh enough, she will be very handsome,—but not so handsome as Mildred," was the comfortable verdict with which her scrutiny ended. Formerly she had measured the beauty of other women by her own; now it was her daughter's she thought of. Her first reflection on seeing Miss Hereford was that Mildred had no rival to fear there; and, almost equally reassured now with respect to Miss Carrington, the reluctance she had secretly felt at the idea of receiving two strangers as familiar inmates of her household, disappeared finally. She at once adopted Mr. Chetwode's wards into her home and life with a warmth and sincerity that never afterward cooled or faltered.

The maid was gone only a few minutes, returning with a breakfast tray, which she carried to the bed; but her young mistress turned from the sight of the food with a motion that was unmistakable.

"Yes, she is ill, I am afraid," Mrs. Sterndale replied to the anxious inquiry with which Lett's glance appealed to her. "I will go and send at once for Dr. Norris, my family physician."

Before a Picture of St. Teresa.

BY C. R.

HEAR Saint, the beauty of thy face
 Grows on me day by day;
 And in its lines I seem to trace
 The holiness, the truth, the grace,
 That marked thy Godward way.
 Thy soul, with heavenly light aglow,
 Looks from those brilliant eyes;
 Thou seem'st to watch me. Be it so!
 Mayhap 'twill help my soul to grow
 In what thou most didst prize.
 One great white thought is writ all o'er
 Thy brow serenely brave,—
 The thought of Him who for us bore
 The cross of shame and suffering sore
 And died our souls to save.
 And thy great heart—can I not hear
 Its beatings strong with love;
 Its song of praise, so sweet, so clear,
 Soaring with Seraphs' chantings sheer
 Unto God's throne above?
 Oh, might I learn from thee that art
 In which thou didst excel:
 To walk this earth from all apart,
 Close only to the one true Heart
 That loveth me so well!
 I do not ask the favors rare
 Which marked thee as Love's own;
 Thy soul so strong to do and dare,—
 Where shall be found its faint compare?
 Thou stand'st in these alone.
 One only science let me crave,
 One study all my care:
 To learn my Master's gifts to save,
 My soul in mercy's bath to lave,
 And climb the Mount of Prayer.
 Lead me, Teresa: I would fain
 Thy willing pupil be;
 How hard soe'er the toil and pain,
 Oh, sweet the guerdon rich the gain
 For all eternity!

Mother Morton's Daughter.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

IT looks as if you were having a second
 Christmas, Sister," I could not help
 observing, as I made my way through
 the boxes and packages that the express-
 man was delivering.

The old nun shook her head; and as
 she led me down the hall to the little office
 she said, very solemnly:

"God works by mysterious ways some-
 times, my child."

Which statement I was not inclined to
 doubt; for Sister Pauline had told me
 some truly wonderful tales during the
 course of our acquaintance. I suppose we
 all could do the same thing, if we were
 observant,—if we held the effect long
 enough in our mind to discover the
 cause. But we are in too much of a
 hurry to take cognizance of this even
 in our own lives, hence we need not be
 expected to look for it in others. As a
 result, when we are told of such a hap-
 pening by a contemplative, we call it
 strange, and we wonder why such events
 never fall under our eyes.

Sister Pauline was always seeing things,
 which was in itself remarkable, as she
 never stirred from the big brick house
 where, with some seventeen or eighteen
 of her Sisters in religion, she ministered
 to the needs of the two hundred old men
 and women—wrecks, most of them, on
 the ocean of life. Some of those human
 ships had been wrecked by the adverse
 winds of Fate, others by the bad manage-
 ment of the captain; and still others by
 mutiny aboard. How often they had
 been rescued and refitted and started
 anew on the voyage, the Master-Builder
 only knows; but in the end here they
 were, piled up on the shore, useless, broken.
 And yet your heart stirs strangely with
 love as you gaze upon them, and your
 eyes grow moist with pity; for there is
 something in the old timbers that tells

A SILENT man's words are not brought
 into court. —*Danish Proverb.*

of the leaping heart of youth; and if there is any silvery head that is or was dear to you, you will make excuses for these old folk more readily than they, perhaps, make them for themselves.

"I did not know, Sister, you bought French confectionery in such quantities," I remarked, as I took the proffered chair.

The smile on the wise old face deepened. Always in watching Sister Pauline's face, I think of the admonition given us to be wary as serpents, simple as doves. I do not believe the shrewdest person that ever practised the fine art of deception could deceive this woman, who since her sixteenth year had looked on life from her narrow convent window; and yet the children ran to her as to a companion.

"Tell me the story, Sister."

"Maybe you won't find it much of a story," she said, the smile still on her lips and playing around the mystical eyes. "It hasn't the regulation pair of lovers whose hopes were crossed; and as for plot—why, there isn't any to speak of."

"Nevertheless, I should like very much to hear it," I said. "The sight of the hall excited my curiosity, which you have certainly not diminished. Tell me your story, Sister, and then I shall pass judgment on it," I concluded.

"It is about Mrs. Morton," Sister Pauline began.

"Old Mother Morton!" I exclaimed. "It isn't possible that at length she has been gathered to her fathers? And you found a will which proved that the mysterious old woman was owner of vast wealth, which she left to you; and you, with customary prodigality, straightway invested a portion of it in goodies for your old men and women? And you said I should not find such a story interesting! You have slight opinion of my bump of appreciation, Sister Pauline."

"You are nearly as clever at 'guessing' as a Yankee!" she cried. "There are a few mistakes, however; for one, Mother Morton is not dead."

"I certainly am glad to hear that,"

I answered. "The Home would not be the same without her."

"But she has left us," she said; and, to my infinite surprise, I caught the suspicion of a tear in Sister Pauline's eyes. It sobered me instantly, the while it let in a new light on the woman before me. I knew that she ministered to these old people with a devotion that had marked her face with the beauty of high and perfect service; but not until now had I seen that filial affection was mingled largely with that devotion. The human and divine were again beautifully united, following the great command, "Learn of Me."

"She left us the day before yesterday," said the Sister, after a little pause. "It doesn't really seem like home without her, she has been with us so many years. I will tell you about it. We had not been here very long and we were terribly poor. I was quite young,—the youngest of the little band that had left our dear France to establish our work in this far-off city, strangers among strangers. I was portress; and this day, when the bell rang and I opened the door, I saw before me a hale, hearty woman of middle age. Never supposing she was an applicant, I asked her if she wished to see any one. 'No,' she said, 'I have come to stay. I am poor and old, so they told me at home. I was willing to do what I could, but I found I was only in the way. I had only one child, a daughter. My husband died when she was a little baby, leaving me poor and alone in the new country. I was comely, too, and young and healthy, and could have married again; but for the sake of my child I would not. It would have been much easier for me to make a living for us, if I had put her in some orphan asylum, but I wouldn't. I did not want it to be thrown in her face afterward that she had been raised on charity. I rented a room and took in washing, in order to be with her, to raise her independently. When she was old enough, I sent her to school, paying the

regular amount for her. When she finished in the parochial school, I sent her to the academy; for I wanted to make a lady out of her. The Sisters did all they could to make her a true woman; but I suppose, in my foolish pride and love, I spoiled all their good work.

“When she finished, she secured a position as teacher in one of the city schools. She was a beautiful girl, though it is her mother who says it. One of the members of the board of education fell in love with her; she returned his affection, and so they were married. I was highly rejoiced, for I saw that my efforts for her had been richly rewarded. I had fitted her for a high place in society, and she had gone straight to it. Her husband was well-to-do, and of good family; and when they took me to their new home, I thought all my cares were over and done with. But I soon learned that I was not in my right place. When I saw that my daughter and her husband were ashamed of me, I thought my heart would break. I asked them to let me go to some other place, and she said I was too poor; when I said I could work for my living, she said I was too old. My son-in-law was better to me than my daughter,—men haven’t such little meannesses as women have. She didn’t mistreat me; I had enough to eat and to wear, but I knew she didn’t want me. I knew she would be glad if I were dead; and I also knew that before I would die she might be an old woman herself, for we come of healthy stock.

“She had a little child, a lovely girl; and I knew she was ambitious her daughter should get into the best society. I reflected that I would constantly be a drawback to the child as well as to the mother; and I knew that they and all her husband’s people thought the same thing. So the other day I told her I would leave the city and go to some convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor. She pretended the suggestion made her angry, but I was shrewd enough to see that she would be glad if I put my threat into execution.

I did. I have come here. I do not intend ever to tell you my name or where I came from. You may, of course, refuse to give me admittance. If you do, my death will be on your head; for I tell you you are looking on a desperate woman. I am not old and I am strong; I can do the work of two persons like you. I can work for you or I can beg for you, but you must not turn me away.’

“I assure you I was thoroughly alarmed by the woman’s words and looks, and I hastened for Reverend Mother. I do not know what argument she used with Reverend Mother, but the upshot of it was that Mrs. Morton, as she called herself, stayed at the Home. She was a most capable woman, and she soon became as happy here as the Sisters, and they were not more interested in the work than she was. We all loved her, and so did the old people.

“A few weeks ago, you know, our Home in Dallas Street was so badly injured by the storm, the Sisters had to send all their old women into us, until the damage could be repaired. We made room for them, giving them the lower floor. Of course Mother Morton felt it incumbent on her to go down occasionally and see if the visitors were receiving proper attention and were comfortable in their new quarters. After one such visit I found her standing in the hall, her face as white as her cap.

“‘For the love of God, Sister,’ she cried, ‘what is the name of that woman with a breastpin at her neck?’ I told her I did not know the names of any of the old women visitors, and asked her what was the matter. ‘Come with me, Sister!’ she said; and we went back to the room where several of the strangers were sitting. She led me forward to where one woman was, with folded arms and bowed head. Hearing us, she lifted her face, and I saw the saddest countenance upon which my eyes have ever rested. Then, to my surprise, I heard Mother Morton crying, ‘In the name of God, Helen, what are you doing here?’ To my dying day I shall not forget that woman as she sprang to her feet, then

fell on her knees, crying, 'Mother! mother! Mother Morton was down beside her, folding her to her breast, crying over her, soothing her as only a mother can. The room was in an uproar, and I hastened to get the two women out and brought them in here. Then the stranger fell again on her knees and pleaded with Mother Morton to forgive her, crying out that remorse had broken her heart, ruined her life.

"Poor Mother Morton was crying and laughing at the same time; and when she could find voice, she began to upbraid the other for being a silly, foolish child. What had she to forgive, she wanted to know. And then she broke forth into lamentations because her daughter had lost her fortune and had to be a dependent on charity. All the time I was trying to get them quieted, so they could make their explanation coherently; and when I finally succeeded, the younger woman told us her pitiful story of remorse and penitence.

"A few years after her mother left, her husband died, and she was left with the child to rear and the property to look after. She had never had a care in her life; for first her mother and then her husband had shouldered it for her. As she stood thus alone, buffeted by the world, she began to remember her mother's struggles against more adverse conditions than confronted her. Those struggles, she knew, had been made chiefly for her, as she was now struggling for her daughter. And how had she repaid that mother's devotion? The past was constantly with her; and of course her remorse magnified her faults, as remorse always does. She called herself an ingrate, and felt she deserved the severest punishment God could send. She confidently expected He would take away her child, and deprive her of her property, and turn her adrift even as she had turned her mother. None of these things befell her, however; and when her daughter was entering womanhood, she married a wealthy lawyer. Then she expected that the treatment she and her husband had accorded her mother would be repeated

upon her. Again her expectations were not realized. On the contrary, her son-in-law, who had lost his own mother in early youth, loved her most tenderly, while her daughter was the most loving and devoted of children.

"Had things been different, had they loved her less, she said she could have borne it; but their conduct was so great a contrast to hers, she was crushed by it. She knew that she must expiate her sin or she would go mad. She wrote a letter to her children, confessing her wrong to her mother, and told them she could not live surrounded by love and plenty while somewhere her mother was the recipient of charity. She left home and came to this city, and engaged herself as a cook in a wealthy family. Her services were well rewarded; and every cent she earned she gave to our other convent in Dallas Street, of which her master was also a benefactor. The Sisters knew of her secret sorrow, and they and the old people prayed constantly that some time she might have the happiness of finding her mother.

"This summer, while the family was away, she fell ill and was taken to the hospital. Our Sisters, of course, went regularly to see her, and when she was convalescent she prayed them to let her come to the Home until she was quite well. So intense was her desire to be with the Little Sisters and the old people, the doctor said it was retarding her recovery; and so permission was granted to her. Thus it happened she was at the Home when the roof was blown off by the storm; and was sent here, where her prayers were answered by finding her mother, and obtaining her forgiveness.

"Then," said Sister Pauline, and the smile grew into a soft laugh, "a strange thing happened. Mother Morton began to upbraid her daughter for leaving her daughter who loved her, and declared that she must instantly return and set at rest the anguish that child must be enduring. 'I know she is suffering,' said the daughter; 'but I shall never leave

you, mother.'—'You'll have to,' rejoined Mother Morton; 'for the Sisters won't keep you here. You are not old and poor, with no one to care for you, and in this city there are many women who are. You would take the place from some one who needs it.'—'Neither are *you* poor and with no one to take care of you!' cried the daughter. 'For if you will only allow me, mother, I will spend the rest of my days in ministering to you. There may be some woman who has no repentant daughter to care for her, whose place you are taking.'

"And then poor Mother Morton broke down and sobbed like a child. She had grown attached to the Sisters and the Home, and the thought of leaving was bitter. But love of her child and her sense of justice triumphed; and, after a little talk with her, I got her consent to allow me to write to her granddaughter. By the next train after receiving my letter, came the granddaughter and her husband; and such a scene this little office never witnessed as on that morning. I do not know which the young wife was more glad to see, her mother or her grandmother. They left that afternoon; but before they did so, wife and husband went down to the city and ordered a big treat for the old people. It is to take place to-morrow, and now you know the meaning of all those boxes and packages!

"But God was very good to Mother Morton's daughter," finished Sister Pauline, nodding her head wisely. "It isn't always we have a chance to make atonement to the loved one this side of the grave."

St. LIGUORI once presented a scolding wife with a bottle, the contents to be taken by the mouthful and held for fifteen minutes each time her lord and master returned home in his cups, as he was wont to do. She used it with surprising results, and went back for more. The saint told her to go to the well and draw inexhaustibly till perfectly cured.

The Rosary in the Cameroons.

MALUNDI was a capital workman. He worked on his master's farm, holding aloof from the disputes of the other native laborers and taking no part in their noisy pastimes, but distinguishing himself among them all by his industry and efficiency. Though he had to work hard all day long, he was most regular in his attendance at the evening instruction at the mission chapel of Marienberg (in the Cameroons), and listened attentively to the missionary's teaching. The seed fell on good ground in Malundi's heart. He had been under instruction for only a few months, yet he was one of the most zealous catechumens. He never failed to be present when the Rosary was said of an evening in the church. There he might be seen in the corner by the font; and, though he was still a heathen, his devout demeanor was quite edifying.

One day Malundi felt ill. He could not go on with his work, and was obliged to return to his home in his native village, Ndogo-Tunda, a few miles distant from the mission station of Marienberg. Though his place in the chapel was now empty, not a day passed during his illness on which he did not recite the Rosary.

The Fathers heard that he was ill; but as they were told that his indisposition was slight, they thought it unnecessary to take any notice of it. The illness however, unexpectedly assumed a serious character; a severe attack of pneumonia brought Malundi to the verge of the grave. Before long he was conscious that his days—nay, his hours—were numbered, and he begged his relatives to send for one of the Fathers, as he desired to be baptized and to die a Christian. This they steadily refused to do. Being all heathens, they declared if they complied with his request it would bring down the anger of the medicine man on him and on all his family. The sick man redoubled his entreaties, but in vain: no one would listen to him. And

when he repeated confidently, "Yet I know the missionary will come," they only turned away with an incredulous smile.

The poor man's only resource was his Rosary. He took it out and held it constantly in his hand; and there is no doubt that he said it all that day, although he was in great pain. The evening came; Malundi's breathing grew more and more labored. The sun set; the Father did not come, but the patient would not give up hope.

Now, one of the missionaries was accustomed to visit, at regular intervals, the schools of the outlying villages for the purpose of encouraging the teacher, and ascertaining what progress the scholars had made. The school at Ndogo-Tunda had been visited very recently, so that, humanly speaking, there was no prospect that one of the Fathers would see the dying native. It happened, however, that on that evening one of the priests was returning to Marienberg by boat from a remote-lying village. He had no intention of stopping for the night on his way, and was proceeding down the river by the light of the moon, when the canoe sprang a leak, which rendered it necessary to land, in order that the canoe might be repaired in the morning before continuing the journey. Ndogo-Tunda was the nearest village, and thither the missionary betook himself with his swarthy crew.

On arriving there, he was surprised to find, at that hour of night, some of the Negroes were astir, and he perceived that they were coming and going in one particular hut. Without making any inquiries, he immediately went to it, thinking there might be some one at the point of death. What followed may easily be imagined. The pious catechumen's confidence was not disappointed; contrary to all human expectations, he was made a member of the Church, an heir of heaven, before his death. The heathen relatives were too much taken by surprise to offer any opposition; besides, they knew that this was the same priest who a short time ago had broken

through the wall of a hut to force his way to the side of a sick man when admittance was denied him.

That same night Malundi expired, with his baptismal robe unsullied. A short time after one of his relatives, touched by his edifying end, followed his example, and attended the Christian instruction daily.

This incident is taken from the journal of one of the Pallottine Fathers laboring in the Cameroons. We are far from wishing to trumpet it abroad as a miracle, but we are equally far from wishing it to be regarded as a mere coincidence. It affords one more proof that the Queen of the Rosary is ready to grant her protection and succor to the humblest soul who pays her homage and invokes her aid. Were all the incidents of a similar nature recorded and published, they would afford splendid testimony to the efficacy of devotion to the Holy Rosary.

Calendar Thoughts.

Whilst we have time, let us work good.
—*St. Paul.*

The sweet idleness praised by poets and lovers is not idleness, but leisure to give one's self to high thoughts and loftier moods.—*Bishop Spalding.*

He conquers who awaits the end,
And dares to suffer and be strong.
—*Lewis Morris.*

In private watch your thoughts; in the family watch your temper; in company, watch your tongue.—*Anon.*

Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.—*Amiel.*

From the study of man's nature it is impossible to conclude to man's destiny or end, or to deduce the rules for the conduct of his life; because man was not made to follow nature, but God.—*Dr. Brownson.*

One can not but admire the flexibility which renders Christianity, even the practice of perfection, accessible to souls the most different; so that the same faith, the

same worship, the same morality leads to Heaven a profound philosopher like St. Thomas Aquinas and the simple country schoolboy.—*Perreyve*.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.—*Carlyle*.

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect on them: the starry heavens above, and the moral law within.—*Emmanuel Kant*.

Where the will of God is accomplished, daily bread is never wanting.

—*St. Francis de Sales*.

The crutch of Time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.—*Gracion*.

In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.

—*Ruskin*.

I have a shelf in my study for tried authors, one in my mind for tried principles, and one in my heart for tried friends.

—*Richard Cecil*.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough for literature.—*Emerson*.

Great thoughts hallow any labor: if the ditcher muses the while how he may live uprightly, the ditching spade and turf knife may be engraved on the coat of arms of his posterity.—*Thoreau*.

There are seasons when to be still demands immensely higher strength than to act.—*Channing*.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—*Ansonius*.

Search thine own heart; what paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou wouldst seek.

—*Whittier*.

Perfection consists in one thing alone, which is, doing the will of God. For, according to Our Lord's words, it suffices for perfection to deny self, to take up the cross, and to follow Him. Now, who

denies himself and takes up his cross and follows Christ better than he who seeks not to do his own will, but always that of God? Behold now how little is needed to become a saint! Nothing more than to acquire the habit of willing, on every occasion, what God wills.

—*St. Vincent de Paul*.

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart.—*Anon*.

Expediency is man's wisdom; doing right is God's.—*George Meredith*.

To any one who has learned to live and to walk by the light of faith, it seems almost incredible that an instructed Catholic who knows what sin is should be able to lie down to rest with the guilt of a grievous offence upon his soul. It is like going to sleep with a poisonous serpent coiled upon the pillow beside us, or with the sword of Damocles suspended by a thread over our heads.—*Herbert Lucas, S. J.*

Virtue is like a rich stone,—best plain set.—*Bacon*.

Life is a wrestle with the devil, and only the frivolous think to throw him without taking off their coats.

—*J. M. Barrie*.

The best way to succeed is to act on the advice you give to others.—*Anon*.

The art of spoiling is within the reach of the dullest faculty; the coarsest clown with a hammer in his hand might chip the nose off every statue and bust in the Vatican, and stand grinning at the effect of his work.—*George Eliot*.

The world soon forgets its masters, but clings with loving remembrance to its servants.—*Anon*.

One can easily lose all belief through giving up the continual care of spiritual things.—*Tennyson*.

The capacity to pray is not always in our power, but in the eye of God the desire to pray is prayer.—*Lessing*.

His eyes are on it from the beginning of the year to the end thereof.—*Deut., xi, 12*.

A Notable New Book.*

THIS new and complete version of the famous "Dicta" of Brother Giles, hitherto inaccessible to English readers, will be welcomed by all who have ever met with quotations from them in the "Fioretti," "Il Libro D'Oro," and other works; and gratitude to the translator and editor will be increased on account of the deeply interesting notice of the author of these "Golden Sayings," with which the study of them is prefaced. He was one of the first companions of St. Francis, who called him the "Knight of Our Round Table." The popularity of his sayings is not hard to understand after one has learned something about his personality. Though uneducated, he was a keen observer of men and things; and his natural faculties were sharpened by his constant meditation of eternal truths. The purity of his life and his utter unworldliness account for the apostolic freedom of his speech. "He was no respecter of persons, and never minced his words."

Two Cardinals, who had come to visit Giles, asked him on leaving to pray for them. "Why should I pray for you," he replied, "since you have more faith and hope than I have?"—"How is that?" they asked.—"Because with so much riches and honor and worldly prosperity you hope to be saved, whilst I, with so much misery and adversity, fear to be damned." Two friars, expelled from Sicily by Frederic II., came to see Giles and spoke of the Emperor as a persecutor. "You are sinning against Frederic," he cried out, clinching his fists, "that 'greatest of sinners'! Since he hath done you much good, you ought rather to pray God to soften his heart than to murmur against him. He hath not expelled you from your country; for, if you be true Friars Minor, you have no country." He was sharper still with a certain friar who came exultingly to tell him that he had had a vision of hell and could not see a single friar there. "I believe it," said Giles, with a strange smile.—"How is it?" asked the

visionary.—"It is, my son," answered Giles, "because thou didst not go down deep enough."

The best recommendation of such a book as this is to quote from it. We append a few other notable sayings of the Blessed Brother:

To one asking why evils grow up in man rather than good things, he replied: "Since the malediction, the earth is more prone to bring forth bad herbs than good ones; however, the constant laborer can labor so continuously that the bad herbs shall hardly be able to increase."

In like manner he said of predestination that the seashore was sufficient for him to wash his hands, feet, and whole body; and that he was foolish who asked about that which was in the depths of the sea; and he to whom the knowledge of doing good is sufficient, ought not seek too high things.

The birds of the air and the beasts of the earth and the fish of the sea are content when they have sufficient food for themselves; since therefore man is not content with earthly things but always sigheth after others, it is clear that he was not made chiefly for those but for the other. For the body was made for the sake of the soul, and this world for the sake of the other world.

Good company is to man like an antidote, and bad company like poison.

His devotion to St. Francis subsequently impelled Giles to visit Assisi; and after the friars there had shown him over the large convent they had built, he said to them ironically: "I tell you, my Brothers, there is now but one thing lacking—ye should have wives." At which remark those present were not a little scandalized. But Giles said: "After having thus discarded poverty, it would be but a short step to discard chastity."

It will be seen that the "Golden Sayings" have more than a mere sentimental interest: they are as applicable to present-day people as to those to whom they were first addressed six centuries ago, because, along with being lightsome with divine light, they emphasize the "one thing necessary," which all men are prone to lose sight of.

Father Robinson's effort to make Blessed Giles' "good words" better known to English readers is admirably seconded by the reverend director of the "Dolphin Press." Our congratulations and best thanks are due to both.

* "The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi." Newly translated and edited. Together with a sketch of his life. By the Rev. Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor.

Notes and Remarks.

In reference to the leading article in a recent number of the *New England Magazine* on "Madonnas in New England Museums" (there are undoubtedly genuine works by the old masters in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts), *Le Couteulx Leader* observes:

Time was, and that not so very long ago, when pictures of the Blessed Virgin Mary were not in much demand in New England. Whatever ones existed might be found as objects of devotion and reminders of their Mother in heaven, among Catholics, and among them only. But we have changed all that. Now our Protestant New Englanders are as keen on the possession of Madonnas as any Catholic,—not, of course, always or even often from any religious sentiment. But the love of art may open the way to something better.

It is an easy prophecy that many famous pictures of the "Mother of fair love and of holy hope," painted with reverent devotion long before the time of Luther, will survive Protestantism itself. Mr. Jacob Riis, in his book, "The Making of an American," tells of a beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin discovered some years ago on the walls of one of the pre-Reformation churches in Denmark, still in the possession of Protestants. It had been covered with lime for the purpose of obliterating it, but the very contrary was the effect. It was preserved, says Mr. Riis with a note of exultation, by the very means that were employed to destroy it. And now Protestants themselves—at least all Protestants like Mr. Riis—would strongly object to its destruction.

As in the United States, so in England: the great majority of the noted secular journals are on the side of the rascally French government against Pius X. and the Church. An honorable exception is the *Saturday Review*, which comments scathingly on the truckling of the press to anti-Christian prejudices. According to this influential English journal, "the most offensive feature in this press campaign is

the attempt made to represent the Pope as the assailant of the laws and liberties of Frenchmen, and to drape this Jacobin anti-Christianity in the honored mantle of Gallicanism. The truth is that throughout the struggle the Republic and not the Pope has been the law-breaker. The very pretext for the Separation Law was the Pope's interference to abate a grave ecclesiastical scandal which no Church in Christendom could tolerate. The dissolution of the Concordat without notice to the Holy See was in the circumstances a discourteous violation of the diplomatic usages of civilized nations. The Separation Law violated the spirit of the Concordat in a most dishonorable manner. The paltry salaries paid to the French clergy under that treaty represented the nation's shabby compensation for the great wealth with which the piety or penitence of the pre-revolutionary ages had endowed the Gallican Church, and of which the Revolution robbed her. If the Concordat was to be dissolved, justice and logic required that, from a pecuniary point of view, the Church should be placed again in the same position in which she stood in 1789. Practically, no doubt, this would have been impossible; still, in view of past guarantees, it was the duty of the State to make compensation on a generous scale not only to the individual clerics, but also to the Church as a corporate body."

Still another noted convert to the Catholic idea in education. The Rev. Mr. Reed, preaching in a Universalist Church at Troy, N. Y., a few Sundays ago, spoke in this wise:

I believe there is no country in the world where so much is expended from the public treasury for the maintenance of public schools, and that there is no country in the world where there is so little practical result obtained from such a vast outlay in the way of training up incorruptible, virtuous, trustworthy men and women. We may not question the motive or the good intention; but the results are not in proportion to the vast outlay of money and time. In searching the cause of the apparent

lack of positive results, we can find no better key to the situation than that given by the Duke of Wellington, when he said: "Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils." Right here is where popular sentiment and our lawmakers are at fault. They suppose that when they have trained a man's intellect they have made him a good man and a useful citizen. But the fact is they have done nothing of the kind. They are very likely, on the contrary, to have turned loose from the school a skilful intriguer or a clever devil to prey upon the very life-blood of society and of the home.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago such a statement as this could have proceeded from no other clergyman than a Catholic priest, and *he* would have been denounced as guilty of misrepresentation, and of treason against the sacred public school system.

Mortality tables and vital statistics continue to sadden far-seeing Frenchmen. Says one publicist of that now decadent nation: "All around us nations are growing; we alone remain stationary, pending our retrogression. And this last will soon arrive. In 1904, the departments in which the deaths exceeded the births numbered thirty-six; in 1905, they numbered forty-four. In Gers, Lot, Lot-et-Garonne, Tarn-et-Garonne, etc., the ratio of deaths to births is as three to two."

Religious statistics, at least for some districts of the Republic, are still more saddening. The Abbé Klein, in his new book, mentions a curé who has not had a single baptism for years. There is something in the Abbé's contention that France should now be treated as a quasi-missionary country.

The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, a Baptist minister of New York city, best known among the irreverent as "Mad Peters," has always been a puzzle to us. For years past he has been notorious as an opponent of all things Catholic, and raved and raged on the slightest provocation. His sayings and doings have seldom been noticed in THE AVE MARIA, because we

could never bring ourselves to take this preacher seriously; and it was easy to believe that his pulpit would never again be occupied by one like himself. The day of the anti-Popery orator is waning, and forbearance toward this worthy is no longer difficult to practise. But the unexpected has happened: Brother Peters has succeeded himself, yet he seems like an entirely different person. In a recent sermon ("What Protestants Should Learn from Catholics") he extolled the beneficent influence of the Church, declared that all Christian people should imitate their Roman Catholic brethren, etc. Referring to Protestants in general, and to his own sect in particular we suppose, Dr. Peters has this to say:

Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings, and not enough Sisters of Charity. Christianity is not only a recipe for getting to heaven: it is rather a powerful incentive to make this world better for our being in it.

We sincerely hope that Dr. Peters has at long last "experienced religion," and that he now fully realizes how futile were all his efforts to oppose the progress of the Church in this country. He has learned many things during the last quarter of a century; and he should feel obliged, in all future sermons, to correct, as far as possible, his former misrepresentation of Catholic doctrines and practices. It will be time enough for all Protestant ministers like Dr. Peters to speak in praise of the Mother Church after they have done what they can to repair their injustice toward her and her followers.

Referring to the topics which Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, will discuss with the Holy Father during his stay in Rome, the *New World* says:

Passing to the subject of higher education, his Grace will naturally speak of the great services rendered by religious Orders and Congregations of both sexes in Chicago, of which there are over sixty-five organically distinct communities. What stupendous fecundity! These different communities have their various branch houses, their hospitals, academies, colleges and schools. So great is their fame in

teaching and in moulding character, that even non-Catholic parents deem it a privilege to be allowed to place their children in institutions conducted by Catholic priests and Sisters.

The general reader, whose idea of Catholic activities in Chicago is rather vague than definite, will, we fancy, be agreeably surprised to learn that no fewer than threescore and five separate religious Congregations are there engaged in promoting the welfare of humanity and advancing the interests of the Church.

A small measure of tardy justice is meted out in a late issue of the *Literary Digest* by its reproduction of some French Catholic views contributed to the *Correspondant* by Georges Maze-Sencier.

How all-powerful the French press is, and in what direction, is critically set forth by the *Correspondant* writer. Indeed, the present perturbed and fermented condition of French social and political life is due, says Mr. Maze-Sencier, to the corruptions of the French newspaper press. The newspaper of Paris, we read, is too often either ill-informed or biased. The aim of editors is to pander to the blind passions of their readers by suppressing or misstating the news of the day. Hatred and envy are roused in the masses against the classes; anti-militarism, internationalism, socialism are set forth in captivating language as the remedies for poverty or inequality of fortune, and anti-clericalism defended as the sole method of escaping the so-called oppressions and exactions of the Church. "The country is inundated by newspapers edited on one-sided principles. This vast and able enterprise of lies, adapting itself to every shade and variety of the social life it is intended to indoctrinate and corrupt; sometimes works openly, with cold-blooded violence, sometimes insinuates its doctrine with reserve and apparent timidity, but in both cases the teaching is essentially the same."

"By these means," says the *Digest*, summarizing several of Mr. Maze-Sencier's paragraphs, "the Republic is, so to speak, put

up at auction, and is confiscated in a scandalous manner by certain political sectaries at the expense of the majority. As Cardinal Gibbons has recently stated that Americans do not understand the present condition of the Church question in France, so this writer informs us that not only is the press of Paris insufficiently equipped with news agencies, but even international news is garbled and falsified. Thus the news-reading public loses all idea of truth perspective and proportion in studying the historical progress of their own country and of the world."

We are glad to see the *Literary Digest* manifesting a disposition to give both sides of the French contest.

The learned writer of the *London Tablet's* "Literary Notes" declares that he is by no means disposed to share the alarm raised in some quarters in regard to the present difficulties of the Biblical Question,—a question, by the way, which he has given abundant proof of being thoroughly conversant with. Reviewing a new work already noticed in these pages, this competent writer remarks:

The note of alarm has been sounded in very different parts of the field, and the pessimists are by no means confined to one party. On the one hand, there are the zealous champions of orthodoxy apparently in a panic at the attacks of the critics and the dangerous concessions of Liberal theologians or apologists. At the opposite pole, there are some who are not less alarmed by the dangers of reaction and obscurantism. It is, of course, impossible to be certain of the real inward feelings of others. And when we venture to speak of panic or alarm, we are necessarily judging by language which, for all we know, may say more than it means. But if some of the combatants are really inspired with a serene confidence in their own cause, and are thus in a position to treat the question calmly and dispassionately, it must be confessed that they are hardly doing themselves justice. Yet, after all, it is difficult to believe that things can really be so bad as the language of some of the disputants would seem to imply. For how can men who have a deep-rooted faith in Divine Revelation feel any alarm at the attacks of unbelievers or the difficulties raised by the critics? And how can

any one who accepts the principles of scientific research be agitated by any alarms about obscurantism or reaction?

The following paragraph is from an article contributed to the *Sacred Heart Review* by the Rev. Charles Starbuck, Congregationalist:

The poison which Luther has infused into the veins of Protestantism concerning marriage is working more and more deeply; and, unless there can be an effective antidote, will yet be the death of it. What Christian would rather see Protestantism survive and Christian marriage perish, than see Christian marriage survive even though Protestantism perish? If he makes the reverse choice, he may be a very staunch Protestant, but he is not a Christian at all.

Dr. Starbuck's readers must often be at loss which to admire more, his learning or his outspokenness. The extent and exactness of his information is surprising, though he would be the first to admit that he has yet much to learn on many subjects of which he treats. It frequently happens that he has occasion to correct the errors of other writers, but he seldom makes a mistake himself; and when he does so, it is sure to be acknowledged with the frankness and modesty of a true scholar. Dr. Starbuck is a man with the courage of his convictions; and he is as incapable of the least wilful misrepresentation as most men are of ever telling the truth straightforwardly.

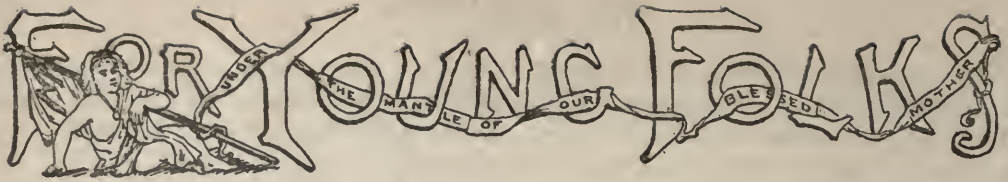
One day, some fifty years ago, a young priest but recently ordained was about to start for a mission to which he had been assigned, when a letter from his Bishop ordered him to go, instead, to Davenport, Iowa, and serve as assistant priest in St. Marguerite's parish of that city. The appointment, intended originally as merely a temporary arrangement, proved in the event to be an unusually permanent one. In fact, it was a life assignment; for the young Father Cosgrove, who went to St. Marguerite's in 1857, never left that parish till his death, as Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport, a few weeks ago. One of the pioneer churchmen of the great Northwest, the late

prelate exemplified in himself the dominant qualities necessary to bring about the marvellous development which within the past half century has characterized Catholicism throughout that great region,—untiring zeal, steadfast and unremitting attention to duty, ceaseless energy, and, withal, personal attractiveness, courtesy and charm. For the past three years Bishop Cosgrove had practically been incapacitated from the performance of his episcopal duties; and in 1904 Bishop Davis was consecrated his coadjutor, with right of succession to the Davenport See. The race of our pioneer bishops and priests is rapidly disappearing. May their successors manifest amid radically changed conditions similar sterling virtues and equal devotedness to the glory of God and the good of souls! •

This Christmas tribute, somewhat notable as coming from the *Lutheran*, we find reproduced in the *Catholic Standard and Times*:

The peace which Christ came to bring upon the earth has been much disturbed lately by those heretics who, from high places . . . in the Church, have been denying the virgin birth of the Saviour. We can not look with indifference upon the attempt to tone down the faith of the Church to suit reason. We take it ill that any one should give the lie to the Archangel Gabriel. We can not think as meanly of the historical accuracy of such historians as Matthew and Luke as do these new heretics. To us it is a vital matter that Our Lord was born of the Virgin Mary, for it assures us of the sinlessness of His humanity, and the integrity of His divinity. The Virgin Mary does not thereby become an object of adoration. She remains the sweet, humble "handmaiden of the Lord." Her wonder at the Incarnation becomes our wonder, and her *Magnificat* the Church's song of praise.

The Reformers were told long ago that in slighting the Mother, they were dishonoring the Son; but they must now see that only where Mary has ever been venerated as the most perfect and most privileged of creatures, is Mary's Son secure of His divinity. Outside the Church, He is fast being reduced to the dimensions of a mere man.



FOR YOUNG FOLK

THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Two Lambs of St. Agnes.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

“THEY are the best lambs in the flock, and will bring a high price in the market,” said Ugo Bianchini.

Little Agnese heard and started. Her lambs that she had fed and tended for Padre Angiolo, so they could be sent by the Lateran Canons to the church of St. Agnese Fuori le Mura, for the great feast of the saint,—her lambs, white as her own robe of innocence, to be sold in the open market, instead of being blessed and incensed by the good Bishop! The mere thought broke down the reserve and habitual obedience of an Italian peasant child, and she sprang forward with a little cry.

“Not my lambs, *Bobbo mio!*” she said. “Alessandro will give his. My lambs are for the feast-day of St. Agnese.”

Ugo Bianchini uttered an oath, before which the child shrank and cowed.

“Your lambs, and no others,” he said. “The price I will get in the market is far above what the Canons will give you. They are the finest and largest lambs in our flock.”

He turned and walked out of the little cottage as he spoke, his brow dark, his step firm and decided. As he passed beyond the door, a tall, dark-eyed Italian boy entered. A hasty glance at his father in passing showed him there was trouble in the air.

“What is it, *Agnese mia?*” he said.

But the disappointment had been too keen, and the child was sobbing. The boy wound his arms around her, and presently she dried her tears, and told her story to her sympathizing listener.

Alessandro's dark eyes grew darker. He knew how Agnese had tended her lambs from their birth, and the use she intended them for. The father also had known, and had offered no objections until now. What, then, did his sudden rough denial mean?

The boy thought, then nodded his head wisely.

“I know, Agnese,” he said. The Padre has been losing money again in the lottery. I heard him say so to Tomaso. He wants more money now, and doesn't know how to get it unless he sells your lambs. But there must be some way to prevent it,” said the boy. “I will go and see Padre Angiolo.”

“And so,” said Padre Angiolo, “your father wants more money for the lambs! How much is it, my boy?”

Alessandro named a price that was exorbitant. With ready tact, the priest saw that the child was ashamed to mention it; so he forbore to give expression to his inward comment.

“I will see Father Superior about it,” he said aloud. “Come to-morrow, Alessandro, and I will give you his answer.”

The boy touched his cap, and was soon speeding down the road. It was a long walk to the cottage on the outskirts of Rome, where he lived, but the desire to tell Agnese that there was some hope lent wings to his feet. The wind was blowing in the direction in which he was running, and so absorbed was the boy in thought that he did not hear a rapidly advancing automobile. There was a turn in the road, swiftly traversed by a little figure in a ragged jacket and torn cap. The next moment he was thrown high in the air, and, falling clear off the machine, lay unconscious and apparently lifeless in a vineyard near by.

"*Où mon père, we have killed him!*" said a sweet voice. "*The pauvre petit!*"

The tall gentleman was already kneeling down by the boy, feeling him carefully to find where he was injured.

"There seem to be no bones broken," he said; "and he is not dead, *Thérèse*, so do not cry. We must take him to a hospital at once," he added. "Dry your tears, *cherie*, so you can hold his head on your lap."

He lifted the unconscious boy as he spoke, and carried him to the automobile. Half an hour later Alessandro was in the examining ward of a hospital, and surgeons and white-capped nurses were doing all they could for him.

"Is there no means of identification?" said one of the surgeons. "Ah!" (with a sigh of relief) "you say you have found something, Sister!"

"This card was in one of his pockets," said the Sister.

And the physician took it and turned it over.

"Padre Angiolo," he said, reading the address. "We must send a messenger for him at once, Sister."

So it was that in an hour's time, just as Alessandro recovered consciousness, the Padre was in the sunny ward of the hospital, bending over the boy.

Alessandro opened his eyes.

"The lambs, Agnese!" he said, and then fainted from weakness and pain.

The nurse looked at the Padre, then at the boy's noble little head, and fine dark face that looked so pathetically small and pale on the white pillow.

"He has been talking about his lambs, and that they must not be sold, for half an hour," she said. "I hope there is nothing on his mind or it will bring on a fever."

Padre Angiolo passed down the long corridor of the hospital, and at the door one of the nuns stopped him.

"Reverend Mother wants to see you a moment in the parlor, Padre," she said.

In the parlor the Mother came forward; behind her a tall gentleman and a young girl, in whose eyes were still traces of tears.

"This gentleman, Father," said the Mother, "is Monsieur de Chardin, whose automobile caused the accident to little Alessandro. He wishes to take all expense of the child's illness, and anything else you can suggest."

Padre Angiolo's mind moved rapidly, and in a few moments he had unfolded to his attentive listeners the whole story of Agnese Bianchini's lambs, and Alessandro's desire to save them for the *festa* at St. Agnese.

"It shall be done," said the gentleman, cordially. "Anything to ease the child's mind, Father, and assure his recovery. It shall be your gift, *Thérèse*."

The young girl was smiling through her tears.

"I will go and see little Agnese myself, *mon père*. I am so glad the boy is not seriously hurt, and will soon be up and about again."

"Do all you want, *petite*," answered the gentleman. "It is a mercy the boy was not killed. It would have spoiled all our visit to Rome if the accident had been any worse than it is."

II.

The beautiful church of St. Agnese Fuori le Mura, on the Via Nomentana, was open for Mass early on the morning of January 21. An automobile came swiftly along the road; and, drawing up at the entrance to the church, a young lady and her maid, followed by a peasant girl, alighted.

The church, built into the side of a hill, in the form of a basilica, is constructed at the level of the martyr's tomb and below the level of the road. It consists of a nave and aisles, with sixteen ancient Corinthian columns, surmounted by a range of similar and smaller columns, enclosing a gallery which extends completely around the three aisles of the church. This gallery, anciently set apart for women, has a separate entrance on the Via Nomentana.

The young girls entered the church, and knelt down near one of the tall columns in the nave. It was early, so the Mass had

not yet begun; and presently Thérèse allowed her gaze to wander around the beautiful building so rich in history and art. Educated at a convent in Paris, she was thoroughly conversant with the history of the ancient basilica and the ceremony of the blessing of the lambs on St. Agnes' feast.

The martyr's body, which is enclosed in a rich tabernacle erected by Pope Paul V. in 1614, is beneath the tribune; and on the beautiful marble high altar is a figure of the saint, the torso in Oriental alabaster, the head and hands in bronze gilt; while above, the apse is decorated in mosaic work of the sixth century, showing St. Agnes dressed as a Byzantine empress, her robe covered with jewels, and a *mitella* on her head.

An acolyte came out of the sacristy and commenced lighting the hundreds of wax candles that stood in the large chandeliers suspended from the roof of the nave. Presently two more boys appeared and began lighting the candles on the high altar. In a few moments the Mass began.

Agnese held her breath, and thought of Alessandro, now safely home, to whom she must give a faithful account of this glorious day. To the spiritual and artistic sense of the young French girl who knelt by her side, the scene was one of wondrous beauty, seen nowhere in such perfection as here in the shadow of Rome, mother and mistress of the world. The beautiful music, the soft light from the candles, the gleam of the Bishop's red vestments, gloves and shoes, with their glimmer of gold, the soft cloud of incense ascending to the roof,—all made a worthy setting for the solemn liturgy of the Mass.

"*Deo gratias!*" said the Bishop; and little Agnese's heart went up in thanksgiving for her brother's recovery and the dedication of her lambs to the Church.

"Tell me all about it," said Alessandro. "If I could only have been with you, *Agnese mia!*"

The young girl clasped her hands, and

her soft brown eyes had a far-away look, seeming to behold her little lambs again as she had seen them that morning.

"At the end of the Mass," she said, "two sacristans came in, each carrying a basket covered with something white. In one basket was my little lamb Guido, tied in with white ribbons, on his head a gold crown with white flowers; in the other basket was Nicolò, tied with red ribbons, a gold crown with red flowers on his head. The baskets were placed on the altar—one on each end,—and then the choir began to sing; and as soon as they heard the music, they struggled a little. Nicolò began to baa, and Guido answered."

"And then?" said Alessandro.

"Oh, then," continued Agnese, "Padre Angiolo and Padre Giovanni patted their backs, and that seemed to quiet them. Oh, if you could only have seen them, Alessandro,—my little lambs that are so dear!"

The boy caught her enthusiasm.

"*Sempre, il mal non vieu per nuocere,*"* he said. "My accident was worth while, Agnese. It brought the kind Signorina and the money."

"And saved my little lambs from being sold in the market," said Agnese. "There were no other lambs in Rome like mine."

"Tell me what came next," said the boy.

"And after that," responded Agnese, "the Bishop sprinkled them with holy water, then incensed them; and finally, when the blessing was over, the long procession left the church, carrying the little lambs with them; and as they passed near me, Guido and Nicolò lifted their heads and gave another little baa that seemed like a good-bye; for now they will go to the good nuns of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, who will take care of them until Low Sunday, when they will have their wool shorn and woven into palliums for archbishops. Oh," she added, "it has been such a happy day!"

"The good saint loves her own," said the boy. "I am glad you were named for her, *Agnese mia!*"

* Misfortune is not always an evil.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.—THE SHADOW ON THE HOUSE.

While Hugh hung thus suspended there, through his mind rushed, as is said to be the case with the drowning, all the events of his life,—the faults, the shortcomings, of whatever kind that had marred his few short years. The anguish of his mother, the sorrow that would come to his father, through his folly and rashness, likewise appeared to him in one instantaneous flash of thought.

He uttered a cry in his heart for pity and forgiveness, a swift act of contrition which he had been taught at his mother's knee, and a fervent supplication for help in his necessity. His situation seemed hopeless; he knew he could not long retain his grasp, and that at any moment he might fall. He felt his head growing giddy and his consciousness deserting him; and just then he was aware of hands taking hold of him and bidding him have courage. He dimly realized that it was his brother, strong and steady and resolute Arthur, who had gone up as far as possible upon the ladder, and, at his own imminent risk and peril, seized him by the legs, at the same time shouting to the little girls to summon Patrick.

The two little girls flew over to the wood shed, which chanced to be near. There Patrick, serenely unconscious of what was happening, was chopping great logs of maple from the wood pile close at hand, which were meant as a preparation for feeding the big St. Lawrence stove indoors, then the chief means of heating the dwelling-house.

As the children gasped out their almost unintelligible narrative, Patrick could only vaguely understand. He answered:

"I suppose Master Hugh has been getting into some more of his mischief."

He laid down his ax deliberately, and prepared, though without much haste, to follow the messengers.

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Mary, "you must come quickly!"

"Hugh's killed!" added Amelia. "I mean he will be if you don't hurry up, Patrick."

Patrick quickened his steps, and before he had gone very far he saw how matters actually were, and began to run with swift strides. He realized that the children were not mistaken,—that it was really a matter of life and death. And as he ran, his quick eyes discovered a clothes-line lying just near the summer kitchen, where clothes were occasionally washed. He swooped down and picked it up, and in a very few seconds had reached the foot of the ladder.

"Hold steady up there!" he cried, in a subdued voice, as he began to mount rung after rung, fearing that each instant might be too late. "I will be with you in an instant."

He arrived none too soon. Arthur, stretching upward and supporting almost all of his brother's weight, was rapidly becoming exhausted. Hugh had scarcely sufficient consciousness left to maintain his mechanical hold upon the ledge, and his weight seemed to increase every moment.

Even for Patrick, who was fortunately a strong as well as an intelligent and resourceful man, it was no light matter to rescue both boys from their terrible position. His first thought was to fasten the latter with the rope he had secured; and this done, he was enabled to seize Hugh in a strong clasp and carry him down to the ground, returning at once to unfasten Arthur and assist him to descend. Hugh, once placed on the earth, lost consciousness altogether; and Arthur was so faint and giddy that for hours afterward he did not know what was going on.

Catherine the cook came running out from the kitchen as soon as she had taken the alarm; and it was fortunate that Patrick had previously arrived on the scene, for the scream she gave would most certainly have precipitated a catastrophe. The little girls stood helplessly by, and,

seeing their brother still and apparently lifeless upon the ground, began to cry.

"Don't cry, little missies," said Patrick, who had his hand upon Hugh's heart. "Master Hugh's not dead. Sure he's got as many lives as a cat."

He called upon the poor cook—who stood panting and groaning, with her hand pressed to her breast—to stop her crying and wailing, and bring water and other restoratives. Catherine trundled off to the kitchen for water; and Mary, also rousing herself, ran upstairs for her mother's smelling salts. These were vigorously applied by Patrick; while Catherine, under his directions, plentifully sprinkled Hugh's face and bathed his hands with cold water. It was not so long before Hugh began to show signs of reviving; and, to the great joy of the little girls, he soon opened his eyes, and in a few moments was up and apparently as well as ever.

"It was just your Guardian Angel that kept you from falling," declared little Amelia, solemnly. "I said a prayer to him."

"Bless her little heart!" ejaculated Patrick, wiping a tear from his eye and the great drops of perspiration from his brow.

"Sure she's an angel herself!" exclaimed the cook, in an audible aside.

"I began to pray, too," said Mary; "but the only thing I could think of was, 'Holy Angel, hold him till Patrick comes!'"

This made the elders laugh, but Hugh was unusually serious, and not even a smile crossed his face. He was thinking how he could thank Patrick and Arthur,—Arthur who had risked his life for him. The words somehow did not seem to come very readily; and as he turned to look for his brother, the latter had disappeared. As was afterward discovered, he had gone to lie down on the parlor sofa.

A council was then held as to the advisability of keeping the matter secret. The children were afraid that their mother would be both grieved and angry, and write an account of what had occurred to

their father, who knew how to be very stern at times. The elders thought that it might give "the mistress a great shock, especially with the master himself away." Therefore it was agreed that for the time being, at least, nothing should be said.

"If ever I catch you climbing again, Master Hugh," said Patrick, shaking a finger threateningly at the offender, "I'll tell your papa that minute. Only for the strength of that ladder, you'd be a dead boy now, and your brother and me badly hurted."

"Aye, the very minute he does such a thing again!" assented the cook.

"I'll not climb any more in *very* dangerous places," declared Hugh, unwilling to make too sweeping a promise, which he felt might be beyond his powers to keep. "That tin was so slippery!"

"What took you up there at all, at all?" inquired Patrick. "Don't you know that it's only a monkey or a bird could walk on places like that?"

Hugh looked around him thoughtfully. He did not know whether or not to make known to Patrick his discovery concerning the window and its possible consequences. Being full of gratitude to the young Irishman who had so promptly come to his assistance, and in whose discretion he had great confidence, he resolved that, if the cook would only go into the kitchen, he would give the all-important and, in his opinion, sufficient reason for having attempted so foolhardy a feat. Just as the cook was warning the others not to let Margaret know what had happened, for she would surely tell the mistress, she was called away by an opportune smell of burning, which came forth from the glass door of the kitchen.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried she, hurrying away as fast as her somewhat heavy proportions would take her. "Is them biscuits burning?"

"Patrick," said Hugh, solemnly, "I'm going to tell you something. There's a window too much on our house."

"Go off with you now, and none of your

tricks!" said Patrick. "You're a great play-boy, so you are."

"It isn't a trick," said Hugh, looking up at the tall young man, with his clear, honest eyes that were always so winning. "I'm ever so much obliged to you for helping Arthur to save my life, and so I thought I'd let you know. There's a window too much on the house, and—and, perhaps, there's a hidden room somewhere." Hugh lowered his voice. "And there might be something good in there, and if there is I'll give you a nice present."

"Well," said Patrick, laughing, "I'm obliged to you, Master Hugh, for your good intentions. But you'll have to look for the room some other way than over the roof; for, by this and by that, if I catch you up there again, I'll take you straight to your papa—supposing him to be home,—if you don't get killed outright next time before anybody can catch you!"

Hugh shuddered as he looked at the bright tin surface. It made him dizzy even to think of being up there again.

"I'll keep my promise," he said gravely, "not to climb upon such dangerous places as that roof."

His eyes, however, with curious persistency sought that fascinating window, which had so nearly lured him to his death. There seemed an aggressiveness in the manner in which it stood out from all the other windows, and a something almost sinister in the undisturbed brilliancy with which it caught and held the sunshine. Patrick, who had been meanwhile eyeing the boy with a growing curiosity, asked him suddenly:

"What's that you were saying about a window."

"You see that window up there?" responded Hugh, indicating the mysterious dormer.

"In coorse I does," answered Patrick. "Sure it's as plain to be seen as the nose on your face."

"Well, that's the one too many," said Hugh. "There's no room to go with it inside the house."

"Is that so," exclaimed Patrick, shading his eyes with his hand and looking steadily up toward the object which had suddenly acquired a new interest. "Well, that's quare enough. But I suppose it's just some notion of the builder."

"I'm going to find out," declared Hugh, with a determination expressed by every line of his manly figure and by the resolute expression of his face.

"Not by the roof anyway," interposed Patrick hastily; "or you'll be kilt as sure as I'm a living man this day."

"I promised that I wouldn't try to climb out there again over the roof," answered Hugh, with dignity; "and I always keep my word."

Patrick knew that this was true. It was one of the fine things about the boy that everybody knew him to be absolutely truthful and reliable, and for that reason many things were forgiven him.

In the meantime his brother, feeling faint and dizzy, had lain down a few moments on the dining-room sofa, and had been there found by Catherine and the little girls, who tried the same experiment with cold water and smelling salts which had proved so efficacious with Hugh. Arthur now appeared, followed by his sisters; and he looked so pale and ill that Hugh rushed toward him conscience-stricken, pouring out his sorrow and remorse in the fragmentary and jerky fashion which seems to come natural to boys.

"Oh, I'm all right!" cried Arthur, cutting him short. "You'd have done the same for me, old fellow. Let us go out to the summer-house and talk things over."

This was a favorite meeting-place of the children in the very centre of the big garden. There they discussed all their plans and arranged their various sports. It was by turns a hermitage, a robbers' den, a council chamber, or a shop, according to circumstances. Thence extended in all directions paths bordered by the most elaborate beds of flowers, upon

which Patrick expended much time and skill. There were prim rows of flowering shrubs, bachelor's buttons, phlox and cinnamon pinks, with rose, syringa and lilac bushes, according to the different seasons of the year. Of course, only few of these garden glories still lingered at the time when the children, troubled and uneasy, had assembled to review the terrifying events of the morning. Even the vegetable portion of the place was wofully depleted, the stiffly marshalled ranks of winter cabbages holding the foreground.

As they sat there, they heard their mother and Margaret returning with their purchases from the market, quite unconscious of all that had occurred. No one went to meet them, for all four in the summer-house were oppressed with the burden of the secrecy that had been declared. Hugh, perched ruefully upon the hard wooden bench, kicking his heels disconsolately, exclaimed that he felt like Adam in the Garden after he had eaten the apple, when he was afraid to meet God. This quaint idea caused Arthur, despite his uneasiness, to go into a paroxysm of laughter.

"I don't know what you're laughing at," Hugh said, aggrieved by the ill-timed merriment. "It's the first time I ever was afraid to tell mamma anything, and I don't like it."

"Neither do I," declared Arthur. "And, then, she's almost sure to find out, anyway. Catherine will let it out, or else the little girls."

"No, we won't!" they exclaimed in chorus; "though," added Mary, thoughtfully, "I think mamma ought to know."

"God knows," put in little Amelia, in her serious way; but no one heeded her at the moment.

The truth was, they all felt oppressed by this first concealment they had ever practised; and when their mother called them to distribute some little gifts—cakes of maple sugar and sugar sticks which she

had brought from the market—they were quite overcome by remorse, and she rather wondered at their unusual silence.

In fact, for the rest of that day and evening, that baleful shadow of secrecy rested like a cloud upon the house. Whenever Mrs. Redmond went to the kitchen to confer with the cook, the children hung about the door, nodding and winking at Catherine, and putting their finger to their lips. What they most feared was, however, Catherine's confidential conversation with Margaret the nurse, when all the work was done and they sat together sewing in the kitchen. During that memorable evening, indeed, the boys in particular appeared so often on the kitchen side of the iron door, and their faces were so anxious and overclouded, that Margaret at last remarked upon the circumstance.

"I wonder what ails those children?" she exclaimed. "I hope they're not sickening for any disease."

She spoke with real anxiety; for she regarded them almost as her own, and had taken her full share in nursing them through infantile ailments.

The cook, by a valiant effort, repressed a strong desire to burst into a graphic description of the events of the afternoon, and contented herself by responding:

"What would ail them more than any other time? They're always wanting to come into the kitchen."

"Not at this time of night," answered Margaret, knowing very well that they were not permitted to intrude upon that hour of privacy, which, unless under particular circumstances, such as dinner parties or other entertainments, was held sacred to the domestics. Margaret therefore resumed her sewing, silenced but unconvinced; while the children, reassured by Catherine's unwonted reticence at last went off to bed. They had no suspicion of that untoward consequence of the morning's adventure which should so unhappily complicate the affair.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Contemplative Prayer," by Father Augustine Baker, edited by Dom Weld-Blundell, O. S. B., is among the new books of Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne.

—Many readers will be pleased to hear that the publisher of Mr. Birrell's entertaining and informing volume, "In the Name of the Bodleian and Other Essays," has issued a cheap edition.

—Father Benson's new novel, "The Sentimentalists," is said to be one of the most subtle studies in the psychology of egotism ever written. Its analysis of vanity and weakness is powerful and brilliant.

—"Original Memoirs of the Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth," edited by the Rev. Father Pollen, S. J., the postulator of their Cause, will be among the early publications of the English Catholic Record Society.

—A memorial to Gerald Griffin, in the form of a new school for boys, is to be erected in his native city of Limerick. It will be under the management of the Christian Brothers, whom, it will be remembered, this favorite Irish author joined after winning literary fame.

—*The Field Afar*, an illustrated bimonthly paper, designed to interest all classes of people in Catholic missions, comes to us from Boston. Its initial number gives promise of distinctive usefulness in a field that is by no means superfluously covered by English periodicals.

—Catholic readers everywhere will welcome an English translation, under the supervision of Abbot Gasquet and the late Dom Mackey, O. S. B., of the "Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales." This translation is from the new and authentic edition of the Saint's works, with some additions and supplementary notes.

—Mr. Elliot Stock announces "The Story of the Popes from 1414 to the Present Day," by Charles S. Isaacson. It is a biographical, personal and anecdotal, rather than a historical, account of the Sovereign Pontiffs. The illustrations consist of reproductions of Papal medals and a contemporary portrait of Innocent XI.

—We are glad to see "The Bishop Spalding Year-Book" included in the "Maple Leaf Series." (A. C. McClurg & Co.) The selections are excellently chosen by Miss Minnie R. Cowan, and will please all classes of readers. The book is charmingly printed and bound, and should be one of the favorites of the season. It is a

desirable possession, even for those already familiar with Bishop Spalding's writings. The "Maple Leaf Series" is a triumph of the book-maker's art. We do not see how it could be improved upon.

—Readers who are interested in ciphers and, incidentally, in the Shakespeare - Baconian controversy, will find much to attract them and to exercise their analytic powers in "Shakespeare's Enigma and Cipher," by Neal Henry Ewing, M. A., a reprint in pamphlet form of an article contributed to the *Catholic World*, November, 1906.

—We regret to chronicle the death of the Rev. Father Ferrari, S. J., founder and editor of *La Revista Catolica*, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, one of the best of our exchanges, and a great power for good wherever it is circulated. It is to be hoped that one equally competent and zealous may be found to continue his beneficial work. Father Ferrari was a native of Italy, and had been a member of the Society of Jesus for almost half a century. *R. I. P.*

—A capital choice for a new volume of the Lakeside Classics was William Penn's "Fruits of Solitude." It is a genuine classic and one which ought to be better known. General readers as well as students and book-lovers will be glad to have this volume; and they will be grateful to Mr. John Vance Cheney, the editor of it. He has a singularly delicate literary taste, and his work is always painstaking. The Lakeside Classics, which have already secured the approval of book-lovers, seem destined for wide popularity. The publishers, the R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company, deserve warm congratulation on the form of these volumes, which is all that could be desired in the way of print, paper, etc.

—It is interesting, in view of the ignorance still prevailing in regard to the attitude of the Church toward the Bible, to note the large number of manuscript copies of pre-Reformation Bibles, New Testaments, Psalters, etc., that have been offered for sale in recent years. In every case these precious MSS. realized handsome prices. The following is from the report of a sale in London last month:

Biblia Latina Vulgata, MS. on vellum, illuminated (portion only), Sæc. XIII., 390*l.*; another, thirteenth century, illuminated, 235*l.*; another, fourteenth century, finely illuminated, 630*l.* Epistolæ Pauli cum Expositione Haymonis, MS. on vellum, Sæc. XIII., 69*l.* Evan-

gelium S. Lucae, MS. on vellum, Sæc. XII., 70l. Psalter, MS. on vellum, richly decorated, Sæc. XIV., 104l.; another, Sæc. XII.-XIII. (from Ruskin's library), 210l.; another (*ad Usum Sarum*), Sæc. XIV., 210l. Testamentum Latinum Vulgatum, MS. on vellum, with miniatures, Sæc. XII., 670l.; another, Editio Antiqua, English MS., decorated, Sæc. XII.-XIII., 325l.

—The acquisition of Esperanto, the new universal language which has already attracted such wide and enthusiastic attention in Europe, and which has also secured the endorsement of scholars and educators on this side of the Atlantic, is now to be within the reach of all; for the *North American Review* is to present the principles, the vocabulary, and the rules of grammar of Esperanto, in a series of lessons the first of which appears in the current number.

Esperanto is a strictly phonetic language. There are no silent letters, and each letter has only one sound. This simple principle is of vital importance in learning the language, especially as it is intended to be a spoken language even more than a written one. Nouns in the singular end in *o*, in the plural *oj*; adjectives in the singular end in *a*, and in the plural *aj*; all plurals, in fact, end in *j*; direct objects end in *n*; and so on. The scientific basis of it all, and its clean-cut simplicity, are the causes of its already pronounced success.

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' price generally include postage.

- "The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi." \$1, net.
- "The Bishop Spalding Year-Book," Maple Leaf Series, \$1.25.
- "The Early Scottish Church." Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. \$1.60.
- "Canzoni." T. A. Daly. \$1.
- "The Voyage of the Pax." Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. 75 cts. net.
- "In Treaty with Honor." Mary Catherine Crowley. \$1.50.
- "The Church and Kindness to Animals." \$1, net.

- "Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori." Rev. Austin Berthe, C. SS. R. \$5.
- "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.
- "The Other Miss Lisle." M. C. Martin. \$1.25.
- "The Glories of the Sacred Heart." Rev. M. Hausherr, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Humanizing of the Brute." Rev. H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Compendium of the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Pars Prima. Bernardus Bonjoannes. Translated into English. \$1 75, net.
- "Christian Education." Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. 60 cts., net.
- "Short Sermons." Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
- "A Manual of Bible History." Charles Hart, B. A. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William Orr, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. John Zentgraf, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. R. Wawrzykowski, diocese of St. Cloud; Rev. M. J. O'Dwyer, diocese of Kansas City; and Rev. William Edmonds.

Brother Jarlath, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. of St. Alice, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Anthony, Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Innocentia, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Mary Veronica, Sisters of St. Dominic

Mr. George Need, of Galt, Cal.; Miss J. C. Rossiter, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Peter Hyland, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Julia Lutz, Springfield, Ill.; Mr. J. F. Fitzpatrick, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. Francis Crilly, Allentown, Pa.; Mrs. Matilda Burns, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. M. J. Jordan, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Susanna Dougherty, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Mary Griffith, Woodland, Cal.; Mr. J. S. Flaherty, New York city; Mrs. Jane Valle and Mr. Thomas De Neille, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. David MacBride, W. Newton, Mass.; Mrs. Rose Gary, Carroll, Iowa; Mr. George Innsert, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. M. A. Byrne, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. Enos Schwartz and Mrs. Mary Rhinehart, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Foran, Mr. Herbert Croughan, and Mr. T. H. Croughan, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. David Howls and Mr. Charles Barr, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Kiley, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. B. Hughes, Galena, Ill.; Mr. Charles Gardner, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. William Kenefick, Dorchester Centre, Mass.; and Mr. William English, Des Moines, Iowa,

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 19, 1907.

NO. 3.

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

Jesus, Mighty Lover.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

JESUS, mighty Lover,
Victor all sublime,
Bright Thine armies cover
All the coasts of Time!
Lords of earthly empery
Rule not, nor are loved like Thee.

Throgs of martyrs, dying
In Thy dearest name,
For the tortures sighing,
Flying to the flame,—
Prove the fire's most fierce excess
Than their eager love is less.

Hosts of virgins, living
Angel lives for Thee,
Rich in utter giving,
In Thy bonds most free,
Join Thy sinless choirs above
In their ecstasies of love.

Jesus, patient Lover,
Bid us love Thee more;
All Thy charms discover,
All Thy grace outpour,
Till our utmost heart's desires
Kindle with Thy love's sweet fires!

SOME books of close and continuous matter need an hour of quiet attention; some of a less precise kind may be read in times caught flying; and some may be taken up at any moment. A hard student advised a friend to have "five minute books." And many a book could be read through in a year by reading five minutes a day.—*Manning*.

How Our Lady's Feasts were Kept.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IT is well known how general, during the Ages of Faith, was the practice of almsgiving in honor of our Blessed Lady; and not almsdeeds alone, but those two other "eminent good works," prayer and fasting, were performed for the love of Christ's Holy Mother. In fact, fasting on the vigils of the feasts of St. Mary was strictly enjoined, as we shall find if we care to trace the history of this pious custom as it reveals itself to us in ancient documents and statutes.

In this connection it is interesting to note that, as far back as the days of King Alfred, that great and good ruler decreed that freemen should be held exempt from servile work, not only for twelve days at Christmas, seven before and seven days after Easter, but also "the whole week before St. Mary Mass in harvest" (the festival of the Assumption), besides some other days.*

To return, however, to the obligation of fasting. According to the Canons of Ælfric, it is ordained "that all the nation should fast before the Mass-days of St. Mary and of the Holy Apostles." This was toward the close of the tenth century. Again, the laws of St. Ethelred, A. D. 1008, run thus: "Let all St. Mary's feast-tides be strictly honored, first with *fasting*, and afterward with *feasting*." And that noted Franciscan prelate, John of Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, writes in 1283:

* "Ancient Laws," edited by B. Thorpe.

"Since the whole life of Mary was a fast, and she made use of food to sustain life, not to minister to the palate, and her continual abstinence had made her like a column of incense ascending upward,—to honor her and to imitate her example, our holy father St. Francis used to keep a perpetual fast from the feast of the Holy Apostles (SS. Peter and Paul) to the feast of her Assumption. We, therefore, applauding the example of our pious father, to the honor of this great Empress, and trusting in her overflowing merits, grant to all Christ's faithful, being truly penitent, who shall fast the whole of the forty days preceding the feast of the Assumption, ten days' indulgence for each day."

To those whose health would not bear the strain of so long and rigorous a fast, he grants the same number of days' indulgence, provided they undertake to fast on occasional days; also a "similar indulgence" to all "who reverently and devoutly publish this indulgence to an assembly of the people." It is scarcely necessary to add that the Archbishop, himself being a true son of the seraphic Patriarch of Assisi, kept this "Lent" of his Order for Our Lady's love.

The foregoing document proves that the practice of voluntary fasting was already a firmly established custom. Indeed, in some places, we are told by learned authorities, even the feast of the Annunciation itself was kept as a fast out of profound reverence for the mystery of the Incarnation.

Voluntary fasts in honor of the Blessed Virgin were also undertaken, not only on Saturdays, but on Tuesdays and Thursdays; and also by some on Wednesdays, out of love for Our Lady of Mount Carmel. A thirteenth-century writer, Thomas of Cantimpré by name, alluding to the Saturday fast, remarks that this laudable custom "obtained for many the grace of a sincere repentance and a good confession, together with the Last Sacraments of Holy Church before they died." It is both curious and interesting to note that this fast was

sometimes quaintly called "drinking with the duck and dining but once."

Another custom, singularly in keeping with the devout spirit of the age, was that of giving extra portions to the sick on Saturdays. Whilst those full of health and strength chastised their bodies by vigorous self-denial in the matter of food, they considered that even this was not enough, but they must needs show their devotion to the Mother of God in yet another form. Thus we find Geoffrey, sixteenth abbot of St. Albans, A. D. 1119-1146, endowing the infirmary with the church of St. Peter in the town, in order that "the refectory of the infirmary might be supplied with a 'charity' of wine or meat *every Saturday*, or on another day of the week instead of Saturday, *when the commemoration of Our Ladye was kept.*" This commemoration, we are further told, "was to be made in albs."*

It may be mentioned in passing, that corporal austerities in honor of Christ's Mother were largely practised during the Ages of Faith; and amongst these a very favorite one in England consisted in wearing a hair-shirt. We read of the noble martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, that he clothed himself with "hard hair, full of knottes, which was his shirte, and his breche was of the same." These shirts were composed of horsehair twine netted, some of them being made with sleeves, and it would be difficult to imagine a more painful means of mortification.

History tells us that the pious mother of St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, "wore hard heyre (hair) for Our Ladye's love." And a hair-shirt was found on the body of Antony Woodville, Earl Rivers, after his execution. This garment, which he had worn for some time before his death, was subsequently hung up before a very celebrated image of Our Lady in the church of the White Friars at Doncaster, sometimes called "Our Lady

* See Gesta Abbatum Mon. S. Albani, Vol. I, p. 76. Rolls Edit.

of Doncaster,"—a shrine to which numerous offerings were made.

Again, it is recorded of the illustrious Sir Thomas More that when "he was about eighteen or twenty years old, he used oftentimes to wear a sharp shirt of hair next his skinne, which he never left off wholly,—no, not when he was Lord Chancellour of England"; and his biographer goes on to say that "he added also to this austeritie a discipline everie Fryday and high fasting dayes."

In Anglo-Saxon times only four feasts of Our Lady were observed in England—viz.: the Purification, the Annunciation (called by an old German writer "Our Lady in Lent"), the Assumption, and her Nativity. But in 1287, the Synod of Exeter extended the obligation to the festival of our Blessed Lady's Conception; so, too, did a Provincial Council of Canterbury in 1328. The vigils of these days were, as we have seen, "strictly honoured" by fasting; whilst in Scotland six feasts of the Blessed Virgin were kept with fasting on the eve, as was also the festival of that great martyr, St. Thomas.

There was, of course, no obligation to receive Holy Communion on any of these days, nor have we any possibility of knowing with positive certitude to what extent the practice of communicating on such feasts prevailed amongst the laity; we may safely assume, however, that not a few amongst the pious faithful approached the Sacraments, seeing that the four festivals of Our Lady were then days of obligation; whilst the great majority of the people undoubtedly assisted at the Divine Offices, listened to the sermon, took part in the solemn procession, said the Hours of the Blessed Virgin, renewed their resolutions to lead a good Christian life; and, in honor of her whose feast they kept, performed some of those works of mercy and charity for which medieval England was justly celebrated.

With regard to the observance of Saturday, it is beyond question that this day

was considered even before the eleventh century to be specially dedicated to the Mother of God; in fact, ancient books and records furnish us with many indubitable proofs; not the least interesting amongst these being a reference made by St. Columbkille, in his charming farewell poem to Aran. After naming the celestial spirits who visit the fair island "every day in the week," he goes on to say:

Marye, Mother of the Son of God, comes,
And her train along with her,
And angels among her host,
To bless it on Saturday.

"A beautiful custom," we are told by St. Peter Damian, "has grown up in some churches, that on every Saturday, in Mary's honor, Mass is celebrated, unless some feast or ferial in Lent prevent it." And we are aware that, as time went on, not on Saturdays only, but *daily*, it was the custom in most of our cathedrals, collegiate churches, and abbeys, to sing this Mass of Our Lady, "which was celebrated at an early hour, and quite independently of the festival of the day"; the priest appointed for this particular duty being known as the "Seynt Mary Priest," a title constantly occurring in old wills.

It must not be forgotten that St. Peter Damian did much to promote devotion to the "Marye Mass," as well as strenuously to encourage the recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the fast of Saturday. In respect of the Little Office, Pope Urban II., at the Council of Claremont, A. D. 1094, decreed, that it must be recited daily, together with the Divine Office, and "celebrated with solemnity on Saturdays"; and it is interesting to find that the same Pope introduced the Preface of the Blessed Virgin in the Missal.

One very practical form of the observance of Saturday prevailed in Scotland, as we learn from Montalembert, in his beautiful "Life of St. Elizabeth." He says: "To prove his devotion to Holy Church and the Blessed Virgin, the pious

King William (I.), in conjunction with Pope Innocent III., issued an order that the poor should rest from servile work every Saturday after midday."

A few words must now be said about the festivals of the Holy Virgin—those days on which Almighty God was worshipped by a special and solemn commemoration of her whom all generations have called Blessed. The number of such days varied somewhat, as we have seen; being four in Anglo-Saxon times, and seven later, when the Conception, Presentation, and Visitation were added.

It will be more convenient to give a brief history of each feast, according to its order in the Liturgical year. We commence, therefore, with the festival of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas, which, in the early days of the Church, was celebrated, as now, on the 2d of February. Its observance was most probably brought about by those zealous Roman missionaries who labored so indefatigably to carry the torch of Faith through a land still in pagan darkness, save where noble-hearted Irish saints had already kindled it. We know that this feast was kept in Rome as far back as the sixth or even the fifth century; the heathen February processions formerly made in that city having given place to Christian rites and ceremonies.

Venerable Bede alludes to this when he says: "The Christian religion has changed these customs; for in the same month, on St. Mary's Day, all the people with priests and ministers, go forth with hymns through the churches and the chosen places of the city" (i. e., Rome); "and all carry in their hands the lighted tapers they have received from the Bishop. And not on this day alone, but the good custom has spread; and on the other feasts also of the blessed and ever virgin Mother, the people have learnt to do the same."*

These solemn processions were first called *Litaniæ*, and later *Supplicationes*. The earliest one organized in Rome was

that called *Litaniæ Septiformis*, so named because those who took part in it assembled in seven divisions; and it was inaugurated in the year 591, to avert a terrible outbreak of the plague which was at that time devastating the city. The station was held at St. Mary Major. On the third day, old records tell us, the procession went to St. Peter's, bearing the miraculous picture of Our Lady painted by the Evangelist St. Luke. When they arrived at the Tomb of Hadrian (now the castle of St. Angelo), "an angel was seen on the summit in the act of sheathing his sword," whilst celestial voices were heard singing: *Regina Cæli letare, Alleluia! Quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia! Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia!* To which St. Gregory added: *Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia!* *

The processions in Catholic England must have been carried out on a truly magnificent scale. At Leicester there was a solemn procession annually from the church of St. Mary to St. Margaret's when the image of Our Lady was carried under a canopy borne by four persons, "with a harp and other music before her, and twelve persons representing the Twelve Apostles, each of them bearing in his bonnet the name of the Apostle he represented." There were also four persons bearing banners, with maidens of the parish attending. When brought into the church, the image was crowned, and then set "in a tabernacle, with a candlestick and light before it."

Another noted English procession was that of the Guild of the Blessed Virgin Marye, at Stamford, in which five torches were carried in her honor, presumably in commemoration of her Five Joys. At Ipswich, a procession took place every year on the 8th of September, in honor of Our Ladye of Grace, to whom, by order of Cardinal Wolsey, an annual pilgrimage was made. Again, at St. Albans, the weekly procession of Our Lady was a very old custom; and at Glastonbury, the

* Bede, "De Temporum Ratione."

* Baronius.

“fair image of the Blessed Mother of God” was carried in procession, with great veneration, on all the more solemn festivals of the year.

Perhaps it may not be generally known that the first great public procession in honor of Our Lady celebrated in England after the repeal of the Penal Laws, occurred at Stonyhurst, on May 26, 1842.

We must, however, return once more to the feast of the Purification,—that day when, according to an old English homily of the twelfth century, “every Christian man ought to have in his hand, in church, a light burning, as Our Lady St. Mary and her holy company had.”

Again, we read in the writings of the Anglo-Saxon Ælfric: “It is appointed in the ecclesiastical observances that we on this day bear our lights to church, and let them there be blessed; and that we should afterward, with the light, go among God’s houses and sing the hymn that is there appointed.” He then goes on to say: “Though some men can not sing, they can nevertheless bear the light in their hands; for on this day was Christ, the true Light, borne to the Temple, who redeemeth us from darkness, and bringeth us to the Eternal Light, who liveth and ruleth forever.”

In missals of an early date, we find a prayer for the blessing of the candles, which, after having been carried in procession, were generally offered, by the pious faithful, to the Church, to be used during the year. As a matter of fact, the laws of the Anglo-Saxon and Danish kings positively ordered this tribute; for King Ethelred thus ordains: “Let light-scot be paid at Candlemas; let him do it oftener who will.”

This is significant, proving, as it undoubtedly would seem to do, that it was no unusual custom to offer lights to God’s house; and Cnut decreed: “Light-scot thrice in the year: first, on Easter Eve, a half-penny worth for every hide (of land); and again on All Hallownmas as much; and again on the Purification of St.

Mary, the like.”* Dr. Rock, in his “Church of Our Fathers,” tells us that the Candlemas procession took place before Mass, and on returning “to their church the people stopped for the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice.”

It is related by Roger of Wendover that while King Stephen was besieged in Lincoln by the Empress Matilda, he went, on the feast of the Purification, to hear Mass in the cathedral. When offering his candle, it broke and was extinguished in his hand, and the pyx fell down upon the altar with the Body of Christ. This was naturally considered an omen of disaster; and the story is interesting, illustrating as it does the usual practice of the times,—a practice which differed little in the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman churches from that followed to-day.

With regard to the Anglo-Norman period, the rule in the great English abbeys was that given by Lanfranc in his Directory for the Abbey of Bec. Writing of the Candlemas ceremonial, he says: “At Tierce, all are clothed in albs; after Tierce a carpet is spread before the altar, and the candles are laid upon the carpet. The priest, in alb and stole, blesses them sprinkling them with holy water and incensing them. Then they are distributed. When they are being lighted, the cantor sings the antiphon *Lumen ad Revelationem*, and the hymn *Nunc Dimittis*. Then, as they go forth in procession, the cantor begins the antiphon, *Ave gratia*. They pass through the great gates of the monastery and make a station before the crucifix; then, singing the antiphon *Cum Inducerent*, they re-enter the choir; the bells are rung, and the Mass is celebrated.”

Truly it must have been an imposing and impressive spectacle. And as we wander through the beautiful—but now, alas! deserted—cloisters of some Benedictine cathedral like Norwich, we love to people the sacred precincts once again with Black Monks and devout faithful; to picture them moving once more in stately

* “Ancient Laws” Thorpe, pp. 343-367.

procession through the glorious old gateways, singing canticles of praise in honor of her whom Saxon Christians called "Queen of the whole world."

A brief quotation from Newcourt must not be omitted, as it alludes not only to the principal festivals of Our Lady observed in England at the time, but also to what was expected in the matter of lights to burn on those days. Writing of the church at Leyton, in Essex, he tells us that "being dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, her five holy days—namely, her Annunciation, Conception, Purification, Assumption, and Nativity—were solemnly kept in it. And for oil and tapers to be set upon those festivals, and for providing frankincense on all the holy days, the Abbot of Stratford was to take care; the providing of which he laid on the tenants of the same church." "Half an ounce of cotton-wick and three pounds of wax to make a candle or taper," a glass lamp and a gallon of oil "to burn in the lamp within the said church, before the crucifix or rood there"; and also "one pound of frankincense yearly to the praise of God and all saints," are the items specially enumerated.

The Annunciation is the next feast of Our Lady taken according to the order of the Church's year; and though, because of its falling in Lent, the Church of Tolédo kept it eight days before Christmas, both the Latin and Greek churches kept it on March 25, whilst in England also it would certainly seem to have been celebrated in March. Learned authorities are, moreover, unanimous in their opinion that it has been observed "at least since the fifth century." Medieval records show that "if this festival fell on a Sunday in Lent, its celebration was deferred in order that the Sunday Office should not be omitted; if on the Thursday, Friday, or Saturday in Holy Week, or on Easter Sunday, it was kept on the Thursday in Easter Week."

The Assumption, which was celebrated both in the Eastern and Western churches as early as the sixth century, was un-

doubtedly Our Lady's greatest feast, kept with days of rejoicing and amusement, such as fairs, miracle plays, and the like, as well as religious observances. It was especially a favorite day amongst the numerous guilds for their general meeting and banquet; indeed, it would be practically impossible to name the different Christian brotherhoods whose annual reunion took place on this feast, when, according to the wording of an ancient guild statute, "the brethren and sisters shall meet together, and shall eat bread and cheese, and drink ale, *rejoicing in the Lord, in praise of the glorious Virgin Mary.*" Dr. Bridgett remarks upon the frequent mention of ale-drinking in the statutes of the guilds; "in fact," he says, "few things were done in England without ale; but good regulations were made about sobriety."

Good regulations, it must also be added, were made concerning the relief of "poor, ailing, or weak" brothers and sisters, or those "who had not enough of their own to live upon." These were assisted from the "guild stock," being given "to each one eightpence, sixpence, or at least fourpence, every week to help his needs."

The 15th of August was, even in early times, the date generally set apart for commemorating Our Lady's Assumption; and "no other day," says a reliable authority, "was ever known in England."

We now come to the fourth feast celebrated by the Anglo-Saxons—that of Our Lady's Nativity. Historians have proved that it was observed in Rome in the sixth century; whilst in respect of England, St. Aldhelm, who wrote in the seventh century, gives us most plainly to understand that the church which the daughter of King Eadwin built was dedicated to the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. In the ninth and tenth centuries, this festival was celebrated in many places with great solemnity, and already counted as one of the principal feasts of the Church. St. Anselm, in the eleventh century, gave leave for its octave to be observed, because

the custom prevailed in other churches. Our Lady's Nativity was observed in England on the 8th of September, the day assigned to it by Rome.

Later on, as we have already stated, her Conception, Presentation, and Visitation were added to the list of Our Blessed Lady's feasts. As to the celebration of these feasts, it is impossible for any fair-minded student of history to dispute the fact that the amusements of our Catholic forefathers were both religious and innocent; nor can we deny, in spite of some abuses arising from the holding of fairs and markets on such holidays, and the consequent frequentation of taverns,—we can not, I say, for one moment deny that the keeping of these festivals had an extraordinarily beneficial moral effect upon the country.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

III.

DR. NORRIS responded promptly to Mrs. Sterndale's summons, and was soon standing at Sydney's bedside. As Lett, after answering a few questions which he asked, waited in painful suspense to hear his opinion, Mrs. Sterndale touched her shoulder, and, beckoning her to a window, put a visiting card in her hand.

At sight of the name on the card she turned pale for an instant, and then flushed deeply; and the golden-brown eyes that had looked so soft a moment before, emitted a flash—whether of pleasure, dismay or anger, it was impossible for Mrs. Sterndale to judge, it came and went so quickly. After a very short pause, during which she stood silent, with her eyes still fixed on the card, and her brows contracted in thought, she looked up, and, with a slight motion to Mrs. Sterndale that she wished to speak to her, led the way into the hall. Closing the door carefully behind them, she said, with a perceptible quiver in her voice:

“This was meant for Sydney; but as in

her present condition there is no question of her receiving this man, I will see him myself, if you do not object, Mrs. Sterndale—as Mr. Chetwode is not here.”

She spoke with quiet decision, and half turned to move away even while waiting for the permission she asked. The bright color had ebbed from her face, only a tinge remaining in her cheeks, and giving an almost stern light to her eyes as, having passed downstairs, she crossed the wide hall and approached the drawing-room door, which stood open this summer weather. The semi-darkness within at first prevented her distinguishing the figure of a man sitting near a window at the opposite end of the long apartment, and consequently her eye had time to adapt itself to the imperfect light before it at last rested on him. With his profile toward her, he was gazing absently through the half-closed Venetian blinds, and did not become aware of her presence until she spoke. He turned then; and as he rose and bowed ceremoniously, he looked to her an ordinary enough figure—rather tall and rather slender.

She held his card in her hand, and said in a tone the conventional courtesy of which did not conceal its coldness:

“Mr. De Wolff, I believe?”

He bowed again.

“I speak to Miss Hereford, I presume?”

“Yes, a ward of the late Major Carrington. It was Miss Carrington, I am aware, that you wished to see,” she went on, in the same tone as before. “I doubt whether under any circumstances she would consent to—receive you. Certainly you can not see her at present, as she is ill.”

There was a minute's silence. The two looked straight into each other's eyes, as if each was measuring the strength of the other. Then Mr. De Wolff resumed:

“You doubt whether under any circumstances ‘Miss Carrington’ would receive me,” he said gravely, with marked emphasis on the name. “Pardon my repeating your words, Miss Hereford; but believe me you are mistaken. If Sydney

is informed of my visit, she will see me."

His manner was perfectly respectful; but there was something in the expression of his face—or Miss Hereford imagined that there was—which roused in her a quick sense of indignation. Her voice took an additional shade of stiffness as she replied:

"I can not inform her of your visit. She is too ill to be excited in any way."

"Ill!" he exclaimed. "Really ill! I thought you meant a slight temporary indisposition—a headache or something of the kind. Not seriously ill?"

He seemed so alarmed, even shocked, that Lett modified the severity of her manner a little.

"I hope not," she said. "But as her health has been very weak for some time past, I confess I am uneasy."

He looked down in silence for a moment, his face growing more and more grave. Then, suddenly glancing up, he said:

"I will not detain you long, Miss Hereford; but I must entreat you to give me your attention for a few minutes"—she had not asked him to sit down,—"as I wish to have a clear understanding with you—"

"That seems to me quite unnecessary," she said, as he paused. "But, since you insist"—she motioned to the chair from which he had risen on her entrance, and sat down herself.

At this moment, before there was time for further speech on either side, one of the window shutters was blown wide open by a gust of air, and a stream of sunshine, pouring in, rested like a wall of light between them, broadly illuminating both faces. Said Mr. De Wolff, with a motion of his hand toward the window: "I am glad of that. I like light." Then he took up the broken thread of what he had been saying.

"Let us understand each other distinctly, Miss Hereford. It is evident that you wish to prevent my seeing or communicating with Sydney. At present, as you tell me that she is ill, I shall take no step in the matter. But I do not intend to leave this place without seeing her. Will

you, when she is well enough, tell her that I am here, or shall I be compelled to find some other means of communicating with her?"

"As I can not see that concealment would do any good, I shall tell her that you are here, as soon as I think it safe to do so,—much as I regret your persistence in disregarding her father's so strongly expressed wishes. But," she added very coldly, "it is impossible to agitate her by telling her now."

There may have been a doubt in his mind as to the sincerity of her promise; for he looked into her eyes before saying:

"Is it too much to ask, then, if I may see you again? I am very anxious about my poor little Sydney. You do not consider her dangerously ill?"

Notwithstanding the prejudice which she certainly felt against him, Lett was touched by his voice and manner.

"I can not judge as to that," she replied. "But the physician who was sent for is now with her"—she paused, listened an instant, then continued: "I hear voices. He is coming downstairs now, I think. If you will excuse me, I will go and speak to him, and can then tell you his opinion. Or," she added, rising, "come and hear yourself what he says."

Mr. De Wolff followed her as she walked out of the room; but he stood inside the door, while she met Mrs. Sterndale and the doctor in the hall.

"So far as it is possible to judge at present," said Dr. Norris in answer to her eager inquiries, "Miss Carrington's illness is not likely to be serious, though I fear it may be lingering. Her system seems to be very much run down; and the mere fatigue of her journey up from the coast in such weather as this is enough to prostrate her, particularly under the circumstances. In a day or two I may be able to give a more favorable report. Quiet is the most important thing now, and a nutritious diet. She must take food, whether she wants it or not. I will call again this evening; but if any symptoms you don't like should

occur meanwhile"—he spoke now to Mrs. Sterndale,—“send for me at once. Good-morning, ladies!”

“I think that on the whole we may be very well satisfied with the doctor's report,” said Mrs. Sterndale, cheerfully, when, after exchanging a few parting words with Mr. De Wolff, Lett joined her in the breakfast room, which, by the removal of the table, had been transformed into a very pretty sitting-room.

“Yes,” was the reply, but in rather a doubtful tone. “I had hoped she might be well in a few days,—well enough to travel. And so it is a great disappointment to me to hear that her illness may be lingering.”

“It is to be regretted certainly, for she looks so frail that one fears to see a further strain put on her strength. But generally a fever of this kind has a very renovating effect on the system, and we must hope it may be so with her. In that case, her illness will be beneficial in the end.”

“Yes,” Miss Hereford again assented. But her face wore so anxious an expression that Mrs. Sterndale said:

“You need not fear that Dr. Norris is taking too favorable a view of the case. Both his judgment as a physician and his word as a man may be fully relied on.”

“Oh, I don't doubt that! But—”

“Pray speak frankly, my dear,” said her hostess, as she hesitated. “Sit down and tell me what it is that seems to be troubling you so much.”

Miss Hereford sat down, and, looking into the eyes that met hers with a glance of cordial interest and inquiry, said:

“Thank you! Yes, I will tell you. It is always best to be frank. Mrs. Sterndale, your welcome to Sydney and myself has been most kind,—as kind as any one could possibly desire. But I am distressed at the idea of giving so much trouble. We—”

“My dear,” Mrs. Sterndale here interposed, “you must put such an idea out of your head at once, or I shall think that my welcome was not all that it might have been,—that I intended it to be.”

“You could not think that,” said Lett, earnestly; “and I am sure you can not wonder that I should be greatly troubled and embarrassed at our position. We are entire strangers to you—”

“Stop a moment,” again interrupted Mrs. Sterndale, this time with a smile. “Aren't you Mr. Chetwode's wards, my dear?”

“Yes. But, indeed, what claim have we on him except his promise to Major Carrington? Though he consented at once to Major Carrington's request, and has done everything to make us comfortable and at ease, I am sure he must dislike such a responsibility and trouble very much. Yet what can I do?”

“Nothing but submit to circumstances, my dear,” responded Mrs. Sterndale, very kindly. “We all have to learn sooner or later to do that, and it is often a sad lesson. But in the present case I hope and believe that you will not find it so. When you become acquainted with Mr. Chetwode and myself, you will find that we are people who never make idle professions. We always mean what we say. He has told you, and I tell you now, that you are heartily welcome to all that we can do for you. And you are mistaken in thinking that you have no claim on us.” She paused an instant, and her voice betrayed deep emotion as she went on: “You are the child of a Confederate soldier who died on the field of battle; and that is a stronger claim with Romuald and myself than the nearest mere blood relationship would be. Your father—but I can't speak on this subject! I have mentioned it now only to set your mind at rest once for all as to the sincerity of the welcome we give you and Sydney; for her father, too, wore the gray from first to last. He was a lifelong friend of my husband as well as of Mr. Chetwode, and I myself knew him intimately years ago. So you see you must not consider us strangers, or feel the least hesitation in taking the same place with us that you occupied toward him. We will try to make you comfortable and happy.”

"You are both everything that is kind and generous," said Miss Hereford, with emotion. "I am very grateful to you."

"You must prove it, then, by feeling perfectly at ease and at home," Mrs. Sterndale said, "and by smoothing that look of care from your face."

"Thank you! I will try to do so," Lett replied, with a faint smile. "But I am very anxious and worried on another account too. Mr. Chetwode told me that when I needed advice I must apply to you; and I am afraid I must trouble you now, if you will let me."

"Speak freely, my dear."

"It is about Sydney: a foolish love affair that she rushed into with the man who has just been here—a Mr. De Wolff. She was engaged to her cousin, Warren Blount, and jilted him to accept this man. Her grandmother, Mrs. Elliott, and her father were both very angry at her having acted so dishonorably, and refused to consider her engaged to Mr. De Wolff. The last time he saw Mrs. Elliott, she forbade him to come again to her house. Then he utterly defied her. In her presence he put a ring on Sydney's finger, telling her that she was engaged to him, and that he knew she would keep her faith. It was this which most of all enraged my guardian, who was so indignant at such disrespect to Mrs. Elliott that he would not read the letters Mr. De Wolff wrote from Europe, when he was obliged to go there to join his sister, whose husband died very suddenly while they were travelling in Italy. Then Mrs. Elliott died, also very suddenly; and Sydney was so distressed that her father thought she would surely give up this foolish idea she had taken, and marry her cousin in respect to her grandmother's wishes. But when he spoke to her about it, she was as obstinate as ever. 'I can not marry Warren, papa. I am engaged to Henri,' was all she would say.

"The day before Major Carrington died, after he had arranged all his business with Mr. Chetwode, he asked me to

send Sydney to him. 'Make her understand that I am dying, and wish to speak to her,' he said. When I told her this, she was perfectly frantic for a few minutes; but she controlled herself then and went to his bedside. From the next room I heard the sound of her voice—though, of course, not what she said—talking very excitedly for some time; and then, though I did not hear the least sound, I knew that her father must be speaking to her. When after a long while she came out of the room, I was struck and astonished by the expression of her face. It had a more peaceful look than I had ever seen on it before. But she was so exhausted she could scarcely walk to her own room, very near by; and she has seemed in a sort of stupor ever since. She never speaks or opens her eyes except when spoken to. I did hope," Lett continued, with a heartfelt sigh, "that she had promised her father to have nothing more to do with Mr. De Wolff. But here he is, you see, and—I don't know what she will do." She sighed again deeply. "What I want to ask you is, ought I to see the man again? He means to remain here, he says, until he can see Sydney,—that is, he said so before he knew that her illness was likely to last so long as the doctor seemed to think. Afterward he inquired if he might call this evening to hear how she was. Taken by surprise, I said 'Yes'; but the servant can excuse me when he comes, if you think it best."

"It can do no harm to see him, I think—nor any good probably. But it may be as well not to antagonize him unnecessarily. I suppose, of course, that he is, socially speaking, unobjectionable?"

"Oh, yes! He was extremely intimate with Mrs. Elliott, a great favorite with her, and my guardian until this affair occurred. But that makes his having acted as he has all the worse, it seems to me. Then, as you think it well for me to see him, will you give the servant orders to admit him this evening if he comes?"

"Yes. And I will be in the drawing-

room, so that you can present him to me. Then, after a while, I will leave you to fight your battle with him. Do you know, my dear, that when his card was brought up, I naturally enough supposed that he was your lover, never thinking of Sydney in such a connection?" said Mrs. Sterndale, with a smile. "I saw by your face that he was not a mere friend or acquaintance."

Miss Hereford smiled too as she replied: "A lover is the last thing likely to come into my life,—I have taken such a disgust to the very name, from the manner in which the one we are speaking of has acted."

She rose at the last word and said:

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Sterndale, for all your kindness! I should be even more sorry than I am at being obliged to give so much trouble, if I did not remember that 'your good deeds will go before you,' as the Irish proverb says."

Mrs. Sterndale looked after her, as she left the room, with a sort of wondering surprise.

"A very nice girl," she thought. "Well dressed, she would be very handsome; and as to her disgust for lovers, she will soon change her mind on that point."

(To be continued.)

In the Valley.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

I WOULD not seek the heights;

Let me, instead, stay in the sheltered vale,
Where I may gather strength which will not fail
On fierce and stormy nights.

I love the valley sweet;

I hear the fierce gale sweeping overhead;
But by still waters have my feet been led,
Safe in my low retreat.

No harm can reach me here.

Encompassed by life's best and purest things,
My soul is joyful, and my glad heart sings,
Forever free from fear.

Why is the valley best?

I saw a storm-bolt crush a mighty tree,
And at its foot a tiny flower free
From harm, on Nature's breast.

A Small Mohawk Invasion.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

I.

IMAGINATION may be, as Disraeli has said of it, a quality in governments not less important than reason. But imagination—or intuition—so rarely plays a part in everyday politics that an appeal to either is ordinarily foredoomed to futility. The apprehension of the reasoning intellect is so vaguely but palpably strong in defence of its position in politics, that it crushes out the comprehension of the spirit. There have been exceptions to this, notably one in an old matter of the Canadian Indian schools.

It had been brought in at the close of a special council; and when the First Minister finally drew back from the table with just the ghost of a sigh, and a shadow of patience in his always amiable smile, his colleagues realized that it was time to adjourn. Their discussion of the question had stirred unduly, perhaps, the deeps that conventional Privy Councillors prefer not to reveal.

Moreover, the day was not one suited for argument,—a day with summer sleeping over Parliament Hill, somnolently weaving a veil of heat about the blue Chelsea Hills. The man who had been pressing the matter most forcibly became conscious of some regret. His chief's eye turned on him with a whimsical twinkle that said as plainly as words could:

"O'Neil! O'Neil! we know you're frightfully energetic, but why dash us all in this caldron of vexation on a sweltering day? The Indians on our Eastern Reserves may be clamoring for this school. They will probably get it some day; I should like to give it to them myself. But meanwhile they do not vote; and, what is more, they do not want to. O'Neil, don't you see the campaign just ahead of us? Store up your energy, friend."

O'Neil had been exerting undoubted will-power to engage his colleagues in a serious consideration of this problem, though it was unlikely to affect the party's standing in any way,—from which it is apparent that O'Neil was not as practical as he was impressionable. His reason lay in the comparative age of the question, which in its latest aspect had come up buttressed with influential support of kindly white men in three provinces. Moreover, he had pledged himself to do his best for it.

The First Minister's sigh and eloquent twinkle had warned him. But given a real Celt with a cause to plead, and even a peg of an ideal to hang it on, there are the elements of a supremely convincing tilt in debate. Add to the ideal a sentiment as appealing as parental duty, and the circumstances lack nothing but opposition to make the Celt's tilt a joust for blood.

The stimulant of opposition was offered O'Neil now by a colleague who was dominant on the Treasury Board as well as in the Council. It was an ominous intervention; for when this Minister of Forests and Mines elected to oppose any project, his opposition was usually destructive. He suggested that day that the matter be got out of the Council's conferences, and put back indefinitely by appointing two commissioners to study conditions on the Indian Reserves.

"What further information can commissioners get than what we have already from my agents and the missionaries?" O'Neil asked testily.

And his colleague, ignoring the question, remarked coolly that if the Indians were sufficiently advanced to complain of insufficiency and *laissez-faire* in their small day-schools at home, they should have the ambition to send their children to existing boarding-schools—even if remote from the Reserve. They should, in fact, trust to the system.

The Treasury Guardian's cool eye and

air of finality served only to exasperate the old man. He began:

"Bless my soul, what a streak of steel! What reason have we ever given these people to trust us overmuch? And aren't they human, these fathers and mothers? Why shouldn't they—"

Here he observed his chief languidly but obtrusively concealing a yawn. Interpreting this correctly, he realized it was unwise to continue the argument. But the shrug of his massive shoulders in concluding the matter was eloquent of many things characteristic of O'Neil. He found the ensuing silence embarrassing, though his "difficile" colleagues, as usual in a *contre-temps* of this kind, stood out in placid high relief.

A tactful man bridged the gap with an extract from the Indians' latest, highly picturesque communication.

"Jove!" a councillor exclaimed. "That is delightfully audacious. I believe they would not feel awkward if half a dozen of us went out there as Ministers Plenipotentiary to confer with them."

And with this the Council rose, leaving the Indian question still in a very debatable form.

The Minister of Mines lingered in the council room talking to the tactful man, with whom he enjoyed exchanging unofficial thoughts upon official matters. His colleagues were returning to the seaside, from which they had been summoned to this meeting, but he intended to remain a few days at the Capital. He could afford to be leisurely.

As they talked, it transpired that neither had the remotest interest in Indians or their children. Perhaps, said the Minister of Mines, the Indians had as sensitive feelings as O'Neil represented; personally, he preferred to doubt it. But in any case why should O'Neil's theories be permitted to interfere with the practical decision of the Council?

"And O'Neil's sentiment is childish. There was sheer melodrama in the declaration that he felt doubly put on his honor

to treat the Indians well because they are the country's wards and as helpless as children. Pshaw! Wards of the nation,—children to be dandled! Yet O'Neil can be so sane sometimes."

Then, changing the topic abruptly, he dipped into a clear-eyed survey of the conditions confronting them on the eve of a fresh campaign.

The Minister of Mines was, by many degrees, the most interesting and distinguished man in the Cabinet; but as he stood looking out to the Gatineau lowlands, his companion noted silently the traces of physical weakness that lent him the air of one in whom the will had triumphed over physique. Men who marvelled at the paradoxical combination of an intensity of effort in work and a serene contempt for fame did not know that he was living from year to year in the shadow of anticipated death.

It was an unusual heritage this, but inevitably his, he believed, through three generations of men who had realized their own gloomiest anticipations. By degrees his wife, who alone shared his knowledge, had helped with her own splendid optimism and faith to throttle his fear of heredity, but its influence remained palpably strong. It had deepened the gloom left from a sensitive childhood, seared by worldly parents only nominally Catholic,—a gloom from which, fortunately, his wife's love was slowly winning him back.

It was this love of an earnest woman that had helped him in the decision made in the struggle at the Crossways, when, in his bitterness, the balance had trembled between the days of a *viveur* or the years of a man of power. And it was her absolute devotion to him that had lent triple strength to his resolve to be a man of some achievement. Perhaps, too, it had accentuated his belief in the divine right of his own opinions and prejudices.

This was the man who had made up his mind to oppose his fellow-minister's warm-hearted, persuasive, advocacy of the

Indian children's cause,—a man whom a political enemy once described as "good-looking, if you like to consider it so, in the Italian-waiter style: pale, melancholy, and most uncomfortably courteous." From which one would infer that the Minister had subjected the speaker to the somewhat Chesterfieldian revenge of caressing his enemy with the view of stabbing him in the end.

II.

The following day, Destiny—in the guise of Paul Whitepine, an intelligent Iroquois chief on business with the Indian Department—brought a new factor into the situation. When the long interview with the inspector ended, Whitepine, on his suggestion, turned to the child with him and said, with gentle dictation:

"Kwanoron, you will stay here with this man until I come again."

The very small boy nodded an unwinking compliance,—a concession to parental authority that he immediately regretted as his father's straight back and protecting shoulders disappeared from the doorway, and unfamiliar walls and desks frowned on him. With an imploring glance at the young man behind the typewriter, and a gurgle of childish defiance, he escaped through the half-open door.

'Kwanoron's Guardian Angel, who is presumably interested in Indian advancement, must have smiled pleasantly. Small haps with big results were brewing.

The young man at the typewriter saw the exit, but at the same moment heard a friendly exchange of greetings in the corridor. Man easily convinces himself of what he wants to believe; and the clerk, telling himself that he recognized the voices, forthwith concluded that 'Kwanoron had again attached himself to his father.

Paul Whitepine, meanwhile, on his way to O'Neil's office, had stopped for a few minutes in another office of the department close by; and 'Kwanoron, following a friendly stranger to the big stairway, stood alone. He looked wistfully

for his father to this side and that of the long corridor.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the offices about him were mostly unoccupied, the tranquillity of a village street at dawn hanging over the grey vista that stretched before him. There was nothing to startle the sensibilities of the dusky little stranger. Nor would there have been, to a civil servant passing, anything very remarkable in his presence there. The summer months frequently brought small parties of Indian children from Eastern Reserves to Ottawa on their way to the Western industrial schools; and 'Kwanoron differed from these only in being so much younger.

The child turned slowly to look on every side. His father had gone,—quite gone. He must go back now, he knew, to that young man whose fingers kept up a noise all the time, like old Atokwa shaking the bone-rattle for the boys to dance. The visionary gleam of fresh sights and marvels was renounced sturdily. To this man-child of four years and of warrior descent, some stoicism was instinctive.

All the massive sand-proof doors in sight looked alike to 'Kwanoron, but he started out confidently to reach the young man who was behind one of them. Providence had other ends in view for him, however; and when he came to a green baize door standing half open, he obeyed its invitation unquestioningly, though he knew he would not find the young man there. He entered the room, wide-eyed and awed by its size and cool stillness, yet spared the perturbation of the more worldly-wise entering here on business with the Cæsar-like Chairman of the Treasury Board.

'Kwanoron felt inclined to beat a retreat. In all his love-sheltered, caressed life he had met no such unresponsiveness before. Indefinite dangers threatened; the lofty ceiling called down to him that he was a very small man; the dark green curtains shut out the light and bred the shadows. The sense of great spaces in

the room—still, grey, lifeless spaces—depressed him; but the shining table, desk and massive chair beside it drew him on magnet-wise.

He approached the chair reverentially on tiptoe, sturdily choking down the fear of the space and the stillness, until, as another Galahad attaining "the perilous siege," he grasped the chair with flexible baby hands and turned in triumph on the unwonted fear that had walked beside him. A panama hat lying on the chair would have warned an older intruder that the Minister was somewhere not far away, but it had no message for 'Kwanoron.

Having reached the chair, he was prompted again to retreat; and he probably would have resumed his search for the young man if a most wonderful creature had not intervened,—an animal with gleaming eyes, bent head, and crumpled horns, standing in the dense shadow between the two windows.

In a twinkling the boy dropped on his knees, with the chair between himself and the creature. The hunter's instinct was strong in the child of a race of hunters. He challenged the beast with his eyes; he called to it with a sibilant whistle. But it held itself unmoved, stilled in the enchantment of this tomb-like room.

The Minister's hat offered itself a convenient missile to test the mettle of this strangely unresponsive creature; and in a flash the panama twirled toward it, but fell short of its mark. The eyes gleamed over the hat, the head stayed bent, the crumpled horn did not raise.

'Kwanoron, standing now, hurled with precise aim his own soft red cap at the shadowy creature. The fortunes of war favored him; the cap caught on one crumpled horn. And as it stayed there without moving his unaggressive opponent to reprisals, 'Kwanoron ventured to approach,—with some traces of respectful caution, however. As a final test, he punched the animal manfully between the eyes.

The ancient Chelsea Hills battered by baby hands would have vouchsafed no less response. 'Kwanoron was fully reassured. There was no medium in valuation of attitudes. Since the creature was no foe, he must be a friend. And 'Kwanoron could treat friends royally. With his arms about the goat's neck, he explained to him the mode of attack he had adopted, and his intention merely to try an acquaintance, without ever really wanting to hurt.

'Kwanoron felt more at home now in the room, more comfortable than at any time since he left the train that morning, tightening his clasp about his father's neck in sudden, silent distrust of the maze of new life about him. He began to realize how much the freedom of his small limbs was hampered by his coat,—an angular little garment of rough tweed, ruefully adopted for that day in compliance with his father's wishes.

'Kwanoron made this known to the goat, whose ear was at easy whispering distance; and somehow the goat's glassy eyes held a glow so sympathetic then that the boy was encouraged to escape from the garment. He transferred it to the animal's neck, with a confiding pat of his little brown hands, that spoke eloquently of the deepening friendship between them. Then 'Kwanoron, the undaunted, set out upon a fresh voyage of discovery through the handsome apartment.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Progress of Fair-Meadow.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"THE trolley,—well, yes, the trolley cars have waked us up; but I allow I can't get used to hearing them whiz past. Fair-Meadow seems a different place altogether."

With each hand grasping a picket of her front-yard gate, Sarah Menipenny swayed back and forth as she chatted with Mrs. Richard Folsom—Myra King that was,—who lingered on the walk outside.

Sarah, tall, angular, and on the verge of sixty, was of the type of New England woman who, it is said, never dies. In truth, this sharp-featured daughter of the soil is ever with us; though we are assured that when she grows old she may, like the withered leaves of her antiquated herb garden, blow away unnoticed during some breezy day of the golden Indian Summer,—away beyond the haze of the hilltops at the horizon that shuts out the view of the World Beyond.

Long ago, Sarah and Myra sat side by side in the schoolhouse at the crossroads, and were as devoted friends as only two young girls can be who cherish an enthusiastic affection for each other. Myra now lived in the city during the greater part of the year. She was a sweet-faced, serene little woman, with silvering lockse and her soft lavender gown, simple as it was, presented a marked contrast to Sarah's blue print and sunbonnet.

Myra came occasionally to Fair-Meadow; and once in a while Sarah went down to the metropolis of New England, the home of transplanted palaces, of symphony concerts and many fads, and visited at the house of her old schoolmate, on a fashionable street near the historic Common, heroically wearing her "best black silk" for three or four days running. So it was that, although she was a

I WISH I could persuade spiritual persons that the way of perfection does not consist in many devices nor in much cogitation, but in denying themselves completely, and yielding themselves to suffer everything for the love of Christ. And if there is failure in this exercise, all other methods of walking in the spiritual way are merely a beating about the bush, and profitless trifling, although a person should have a very high contemplation and communication with God.—*St. John of the Cross.*

farmer's wife, and Myra's husband was abreast of the times and had made a fortune in Western mines, after the lapse of nearly half a century the two women still loved each other,—this love having endured despite the fact that Myra, to her friend's intense dismay had, by a Ritualistic path, "gone over to Rome"; and that Stephen her youngest son, was a graduate of a Catholic college.

Now, for a few moments, Sarah's gaze roved over the fields of young tobacco plants that extended down the hill; then her pleasant eyes came back to the twin white houses on the Menipenny home lot, with their pillared doorways and green blinds.

"Brother Hiram's boys and ours talk about cutting up the farms into building plots," she continued; "but we older folk think it is as well to let things rest as they are."

The summer visitor did not pursue the topic of the progress of Fair-Meadow, and the two women stood contemplating the beauty of the panorama before them, each busy with her own thoughts.

The original village had been in the plain below, hence its name. But danger from the Indians in Colonial times, and the menace of river floods, soon led to the removal to its present position on the brow of the hill. From beneath this vantage-ground, the Connecticut River valley extends for miles, far away to the Berkshire Hills, like an open scroll written over with the story of the bounteous providence of the Creator. Through the well-cultivated farms, the noble river, like the Spirit of Fertility, half veiled in azure mists, passes onward to the sea.

On this day the sun shone down in forenoon splendor upon the valley; but there, too, the hills cast their shadows, as in the plain of life. How often Sarah Menipenny had watched those shadows lengthen until darkness covered the valley! How often also had she seen the sunlight of a new day make all bright where there was gloom before!

"I suppose Silas and Hiram set as much store by each other as ever?" said Myra, at last breaking the silence.

Sarah laughed.

"There never were two brothers fonder," she answered, contentedly. "It is going on forty years since Hiram married Satilda Judson and Silas married me. That same summer, you remember, they built these two houses and dug the well yonder. We needed but one, and its spring is the sweetest of any hereabout. The children of both families grew up together. And when Robert Flint came back to the meeting-house a newly-fledged preacher, and saw Silas and Hiram sitting together in the same pew, as they have most every Sabbath since they were boys, he forgot his text and preached instead on the beauty of living in harmony and brotherly love. As for their flower-growing, there is to be a Rose Show over to the Fair Grounds next week. It's a new idea of the young people, but everyone says either Silas or Hiram will take the prize."

As Sarah paused for breath, there appeared down the road a horse and wagon, with a second horse in leading. In the wagon were two old men, greyhaired but strong, with a tinge of red in their withered cheeks, like the blush on a frost-bitten apple.

"Here they are now," she went on. "The bay mare lost a shoe yesterday; and as soon as Silas spoke of it, Hiram found his sorrel must be shod too."

By this time the turnout had reached the driveway of the Menipenny place, and Silas drew rein at the gate in order that he and Hiram might greet Myra Folsom, whom they had not met since her arrival in the town two days earlier. Myra, as a blue-eyed little creature, had been a favorite with the girls and boys of her schooldays, and they still felt a pride in her. She was one of themselves who, by a fortunate marriage, had attained to wealth and social position. They regarded her as an example of what any one

of Fair-Meadow's daughters might become if Fortune did but smile upon her.

"Well, well, Myry! Glad to see you,—glad to see you!" repeated Silas, the larger and older of the brothers, as he extended a toil-hardened palm and closed it over her slender fingers. "It seems a long while since all of us used to go berrying together through the pastures."

"Ha, ha! And the boys barefoot, too, just for the love of running wild," put in Hiram, leaning across, in turn to crush Myra's hand in a tight clasp. "By Jonah, the picture is as fresh in my mind as though I looked on it yesterday! I can see Myry running through a field in her little pink cotton frock, her light hair blown by the wind all about her pretty face. I was thinking of it this morning as I watched the roses in the south corner of my garden. By Jonah, they are the finest in the State!"

"I'll wager there are as fine in my rose patch," protested Silas, abruptly.

Mrs. Folsom had winced a trifle at the homely reminiscences of the two old men. What a sensation the fraternal Damon and Pythias would make in her accustomed social circle were they transported to the city! But she had not lost her affection for the days these friends of her childhood recalled. Perhaps it was because the glamour of departed youth irradiated the scenes whereof they spoke that, even looked back upon through the sunlit mists of prosperous years, they yet seemed among the happiest of life.

"I'm going to exhibit my roses at the Show," Hiram declared. "And, by Jonah, I'll call them the Myra Folsom!"

The compliment evidently touched and pleased Mrs. Folsom; but, with the ready tact that in part accounted for her popularity, she said, at the same time smiling appreciation of his rural chivalry:

"Oh, thank you! But 'the Satilda' has a far prettier sound, and will be quite like a florist's name for them, don't you think so?"

"Humph! Maybe you're right, Myry,"

he ruefully admitted, upon second thought. "For I won't gainsay but that some roses are thorny,—powerful thorny."

"Hiram must be getting old, he's so set," Silas confided to his wife that same evening. "How can he claim to have the finest roses when he has not seen mine since they blossomed out. Mine can't be beat, that is sure; and I am going to call them the Sarah Menipenny."

His practical helpmate suddenly found her spectacles grown dim.

"Though it is, indeed, a faded rose Silas has to home, he has never changed, for all that," she said to herself, with a thrill of pride. "But no more has Hiram, and I will allow he has had more to put up with. Satilda can be trying at times."

The day of the Floricultural Exhibit came at last. Before it was over, all the visitors at the Fair Grounds were agreed that never before had such magnificent roses been grown in the county as those shown by Silas and Hiram. But alas for the latter's recent boast! On this occasion verily the thorns proved his portion. The judges decided in favor of his brother and the Sarah Menipenny roses.

The next summer when Myra Folsom came to the yillage, Fair-Meadow had a different tale to tell of the erstwhile exemplars of fraternal affection.

"It was the new stir in the place that did it," Sarah confided to her friend. "When Silas and Hiram got through arguing about their floral exhibit, the activity of the building companies set them to bickering over the boundaries of their lands. Hiram says the well is on his ground, and Silas declares it forms part of his property. Now they talk of going to law to settle the matter."

Myra was resourceful. As a method of soothing over the difficulty, she suggested that her son Stephen, who was studying engineering at the "Technology," should come up and survey the farms.

One September morning, accordingly, the owners of the two farms tramped over the fields with Stephen and his chum.

Silas carried a time-yellowed deed, from which he read at intervals; Hiram followed with a map of the property, and the young surveyors measured and figured and drove stakes. At last the bounds were clearly defined down to the home lot, where stood the homesteads side by side.

Onward strode Stephen until he came to the well whence for so many years water had been drawn for both households,—sweet spring water that yet, of late, had grown bitter to the taste of each brother because of their dispute as to which of them had the right to drink it.

"Here's the place! The line runs just to the off side of the well," cried one eagerly, and as though he were speaking of a horse; while he followed the map with his index finger, pointing out the spring that lay on his side of the field.

"No, the line certainly runs on the high side," protested the other. "Hear what the deed says: 'three hundred feet from the fence.'"

Folsom silently continued his figuring. After a few moments he drove his last stake squarely in a line with the pump, and, standing erect, said, as he met the look of amazement depicted on the faces of the two old men:

"Well, Uncle Silas and Uncle Hiram, the matter rests this way: the well was dug *directly on the boundary* that divides your farms. The line cuts the pump in two, leaving the handle on one side and the spout on the other. So, Uncle Hiram, you can pump all the water you have a mind to, but how are you going to make use of it unless Uncle Hiram lets you rest your bucket on his ground under the pump? Uncle Silas, you can have all the water that flows from the pump, but how are you going to get any unless Uncle Hiram gives you leave? You will have to settle this question amicably between yourselves, or else one of you will have to sell out to the other."

For some seconds Silas and Hiram eyed each other angrily over the top of

the pump. Then the wrath of both turned upon the would-be pacifier, who, with the rashness of youth, had told them the unwelcome truth.

"Humph! I always thought you were demented, Stephen Folsom!" exclaimed Hiram, gruffly. "Seems as if being a Romanist made you see things different."

The young man checked the hasty reply that rose to his lips. He was sorry for the discomfiture of his old friends; yet he congratulated himself that he had not been forced to announce the triumph of either in this their first real quarrel.

"Being a Romanist, as you call it, Uncle Hiram, has nothing to do with surveying, unless to make me more eager to be just and accurate," he answered, forbearingly. "But I will admit it is my moral theodolite, and an unerring one too—"

"I'm not attacking your convictions, boy," interposed Silas, regretting his brother's illiberality. "All I say is, you don't know your profession."

Thus was Stephen offered up as a sacrifice to his mother's ambition to enact the rôle of peacemaker. In vain, nevertheless, did the Menipennys have the lot again surveyed. The result was the same. Hiram could not legally take the water he pumped without the consent of Silas, and Silas could not pump any water unless with Hiram's permission.

"Durned if I ever give in! I'll draw water from the river first!" Silas announced to Sarah.

"By Jonah, I will never ask a favor of Silas!" Hiram declared to Satilda.

So during the remainder of the autumn, all the water used by the two households was brought in casks from the Connecticut River, a mile away; and the brothers avoided both the pump and each other.

When winter came, and the roads were rough and broken, the problem grew more difficult. One dull morning, when the ground was covered with snow and the air filled with a drizzling sleet, Hiram stole out to the pump.

"It is too early for Silas to be around," he muttered to himself. "And who will be the wiser if I pump a bucketful of water? The river's frozen over again, and the neighbors are getting tired of letting us draw from their wells."

As he approached the old trysting-place, however, the spot where he and his brother had been wont to discuss family matters, the town gossip, and the affairs of the nation, he perceived that some one else had come out surreptitiously like himself.

At the pump stood Silas, working the long wooden handle up and down vigorously, and so engrossed in his nefarious occupation as to be oblivious of everything besides. His coat was powdered with snow, his fur cap was pulled down over his ears, and the ends of his trousers were stuffed into his high-topped rawhide boots.

Hiram was about to cry out to him in angry protest; but as he continued to gaze at the familiar figure, his heart smote him. Silas had aged much during the last few months; there was no shutting one's eyes to the fact. He was less hale, and the fringe of white hair that showed beneath his cap was thinner. He was more round-shouldered too, and as he lifted his filled buckets, it was as though he felt them heavy. Hiram decided quietly to make his way back to the house. But he had delayed too long. His brother turned, and the two old men found themselves confronting each other, and only a few steps apart.

Silas started, thereby spilling some of the precious water from the buckets. For a moment he looked shamefaced enough, like an urchin caught in mischief. Then, suddenly realizing the situation, and that Hiram was likewise an intentional trespasser, he stared blankly before him, wheeled around and started homeward.

It was the climax. Hiram swung his own frost-covered buckets defiantly. But pleasant memories crowded upon him. The evenings had been long and dull since visiting between the two houses had ceased. A man's wife, whatever else she

may do for his comfort, can not be expected to smoke a sociable pipe by the hearth with him. Moreover, Hiram's conscience pricked sharply. If Silas had been obstinate, was not he himself as stubborn as a mule?

"This can not go on forever," he resolved there and then. "And I 'spose the one who began the quarrel ought to speak first.

He stepped forward.

"Silas!"

At the call, Silas turned again, and the brothers were once more face to face.

Hiram's voice was husky with emotion.

"Silas," he said. "'Pears to me that *we've* been the durned idiots, 'stead of them young surveyors from the city."

A similar thought had shaped itself in the mind of Silas. It was only what his wife Sarah had been telling him for weeks, sometimes clinching her argument with:

"And Myra Folsom says, such hard feelings aren't Christian."

Hiram's present generosity cut him as though he had been stung by a lash from a whip. In the beginning, had not he, Silas, been the offender? Had he not been too stiff-necked to bend his pride?

"'Pears you are about right, Hiram," he replied, grasping his brother's outstretched hand. "I reckon it is meant that in this world folks must depend a little on one another. There is no one so independent that he can go it quite alone. I'm sorry I started the quarrel,—yes, I did; but we will not get to arguing over it again, for it is settled now."

"Yes, it is settled now; and we're a heap wiser than we were, since we know that we both were wrong," agreed Hiram, as, clapping Silas on the shoulder, he broke into a happy laugh, which brought a boyish smile to the seamed face of his brother. Yet the eyes of the old men were misty.

Their quarrel and reconciliation formed a landmark in the social history of the neighborhood, whose material prosperity continued. Few in the little New England village

realized, however, the broader progress it attained in the breaking down of many of its Puritanical prejudices and some of its narrowness through the gentle influence of Myra Folsom, the daughter of whose worldly success Fair-Meadow was so proud,—its transplanted rose, whose heart, all white and golden, but gave forth added sweetness with the passing years.

A Disregarded Commandment.

IF there is one Commandment of the Decalogue which, in the estimation and the practice of many Christians, has become altogether too circumscribed in its scope, it is the Fourth: "Honor thy father and thy mother." The third chapter of Ecclesiasticus contains so excellent a series of corollaries to that Commandment, and so emphasizes the comprehensiveness of its legitimate application, that no apology is needed for reproducing it here, in the form of a consecutive paragraph:

"He that honoreth his mother is as one that layeth up a treasure. He that honoreth his father shall have joy in his own children, and in the day of his prayer he shall be heard. He that honoreth his father shall enjoy a long life; and he that obeyeth the father shall be a comfort to his mother. He that feareth the Lord honoreth his parents, and will serve them as his masters that brought him into the world. Honor thy father in work and word and all patience, that a blessing may come upon thee from him, and his blessing may remain in the latter end. The father's blessing establisheth the houses of the children, but the mother's curse rooteth up the foundation. Glory not in the dishonor of thy father; for his shame is no glory to thee. For the glory of a man is from the honor of his father, and a father without honor is the disgrace of the son. Son, support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in thy

strength; for the relieving of the father shall not be forgotten. For good shall be repaid to thee for the sin of thy mother. And in justice thou shalt be built up, and in the day of affliction thou shalt be remembered; and thy sins shall melt away as the ice in the fair warm weather. Of what an evil fame is he that forsaketh his father, and he is cursed of God that angereth his mother."

This citation from Holy Writ may well give rise to serious reflection in the minds of a number of men and women who are accustomed to regard the Fourth Commandment merely as their "bill of rights," the enumeration of their privileges, and not at all as a statement of their duties. Such a view is, of course, erroneous. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is a divine command, addressed, not solely to little boys and girls, or youths and maidens in their teens, but to men and women grown,—to all whose parents still survive. It is the Heaven-granted, Gospel-confirmed charter of those who "have fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf," not less than of those who are yet in life's vigorous prime; and it is not always the latter who have most reason to grieve that the charter has been violated, that the honor due them is not paid.

One of the saddest and most pitiful sights in domestic life is the poor old grandfather whom the disrespect and inattention and neglect and bitter upbraiding and habitual nagging of grown-up sons and daughters have taught to reflect, with Lear,

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child;

or to ask himself, in utter hopelessness of further happiness in life:

When he's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

Nor is such a sight at all so rare as, for the honor of Christian manhood and womanhood, it ought to be. Downright physical cruelty to the old is not, perhaps, very common; but utter disregard of their

advice, contemptuous indifference to their likings, habitual impatience with their foibles, angry retorts to their complaints,—all this is of daily occurrence in households of every grade in the social scale; and to the sensitiveness of old age a bitter word or a sneering smile is oftentimes more cruel than would be an actual blow. “Despised” is the most poignant epithet in Lear’s description of himself: “A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man.”

That the old—and more especially the very old—are often enough a trial and a vexation to their grown-up children, is no doubt true; but it is equally true that, while we may, and do, outgrow the obligation of obeying our parents, we never outgrow the duty of loving and respecting and honoring them; and love that merits the name at all is gentle and patient and long-suffering and forgiving. A common inconsistency is to say of an old man that he is in his second childhood, and yet to make for him none of the allowance that we grant to the young, but rather to treat him as rigorously as if he were at his intellectual strongest.

No son or daughter, it is safe to say, ever lived to regret the wealth of tender love and gentle words and delicate attentions lavished day after day, even through long years, upon an aged father or mother; but there is no doubt whatever that many a grandfather or grandmother can discern in the harshness and misery of their present lot a fitting retribution for the former lack of honor and respect shown to their own parents when stricken with age. “Honor thy father in work and word and all patience,” then, and thou needst not fear unhappiness in thine own declining years,

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee, to thy grave.

LIFE can not be entirely happy, because it is not heaven; neither can it be entirely unhappy, because it is the road to heaven.

—Mrs. Craven.

Notes and Remarks.

Strong condemnation of the attitude of the French Government toward the Church on the part of Catholics in general, and of American and Canadian Catholics in particular, is natural and commendable. It is only what was to be expected of peoples who enjoy religious liberty, and have little cause to complain of discrimination on account of the Catholic name; who love justice and hate iniquity, and whose loyal devotion to the Holy See renders them keenly sensitive to the least violation of its sacred rights. But we do not favor the proposal to boycott French importations, in order, as the proposers declare, “to teach French manufacturers and operatives that, so long as they support a persecuting government, they need not expect Catholic trade.”

Two good and sufficient reasons should deter our people from acceding to this proposal: (1) there is little likelihood that it would be so generally accepted as to render it in the least effective; (2) it would impose additional hardships on French workmen and workwomen, whose struggle for daily bread is hard enough as it is. Another thing to consider is that boycotts often turn out to be boomerangs.

The St. John (N. B.) *Sun*, the sanity of whose editorial page we have had frequent occasion to applaud, thinks that the warfare between Science and Religion is now ended. “It is becoming manifest,” says our bright Canadian contemporary, “that the conflict between Science and Religion was not due to an essential disagreement, but to a superficial misunderstanding. There is cause for no little amusement in the gravely expressed fears of timid theologians, and the arrogant predictions of some of the early scientists. Men have long since lost the fear that scientific investigations in the realms of geology, astronomy, biology, history and related subjects, offer any menace to the growth of religious

faith. In like manner no man regards seriously the predictions that science would supplant religion as a power for life. The world has witnessed, in the genuine piety of leading scientists and the scientific spirit of leading religious teachers, the convincing contradiction of any essential difference. There is abundant evidence of the fact that an honest man may be at once keenly scientific and deeply religious. . . .

"There is comparative unanimity on the part of leading scientists in their professions of inability to create or to destroy religious faith. There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of teachers of religion to recognize the supremacy of science in its own realm. Pious men no longer seek scientific knowledge in the literature of religion, and scientific men no longer deny the religious value of literature because it happens to contradict a more advanced stage of scientific investigation."

Religion has no quarrel with *real* scientists—the greatest of them have been her devoted children; 'tis the pseudo-scientist, the pretentious sciolist, whom she thinks it necessary from time to time to call to order and put in his place. If, as the *Sun* believes, he is becoming an extinct species, the world need not mourn.

To be "on the square," at least ostensibly, and to pay debts promptly, used to be all that was demanded of a business man. The amount for which he was "good" (his rating) could always be ascertained from the commercial agency or the nearest bank. Of no concern was his private life. Nowadays more than that is required. A man's social conduct must be such as to bear investigation, and the business world will not accord to any man the highest rate of credit if he is known to be addicted to vicious habits or engaged in "shady" occupations of any sort. Discussing this change, the *Wall Street Journal* goes so far as to declare that the business world has a right to know of any business man "not only where he spends his days, but where he spends his nights. It has a right not

only to know his financial standing, but also his status in the scale of social decency. The man who is faithful to the duties of his office and false to the standards of domestic decency must have his financial credit marked down, and the business confidence of his fellowmen lowered to the class of extra hazardous risks."

There was shrewdness as well as satire in the action of the old man who, having paid a debt and declined a receipt, went back to request one, on learning that his creditor didn't believe in God.

A gain last year of \$8443.95 in the receipts of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children is encouraging, in view of the fact that this admirable organization is as yet comparatively unknown to the vast majority of American Catholics. We feel sure that if so necessary and meritorious a work as that of saving to the Faith the helpless Indian Catholics, and of rescuing fast-vanishing paganisms, were made known to our people, there would be no lack of funds for its maintenance. Though constantly appealed to for one purpose or another, Catholic generosity never fails. If any really deserving charity is not properly supported, there must be some defect in its organization or management. No doubt the reverend president of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children is doing all in his power to spread it; but the fact is plain from his annual report that his efforts are not generally seconded by those whose duty it is to co-operate in all such enterprises.

Replying to a letter in which "a devoted priest of the Far West" comments on religious conditions in that part of the country, and incidentally speaks of the leakage among Catholics in America, the *Missionary* says:

There is another fact that may be mentioned in the consideration of the question of leakage, and that is that very often the numbers are

exaggerated. It is said that there are but 13,000,000 Catholics. The actual number is nearer 15,000,000. When a crowd of "foreigners," as they are called, comes into a parish, on account of some railroad or mill work, if they be from a Catholic country, they rarely show up at church, and are not reckoned in the parochial statistics. For this reason, they do not appear in the Directory statement of figures. They are there all the same, and in time will amalgamate with the Catholic body and add strength to the parish energies.

As for the leakage that admittedly exists, the *Missionary* states that it is made up for to some extent by the remarkable number of converts made in this country—more than 25,000 last year,—and adds that the aggressive spirit which secures the converts does more than any one thing to stop the leakage.

It is the positive experience of all the missionaries to non-Catholics that the best way to bring back fallen-away Catholics is to give a mission to non-Catholics. Careless Catholics have been known to attend a mission to non-Catholics where nothing would bring them to a mission designed exclusively for Catholics.

Concluding a trenchant article on Clemenceau and his Juggernaut, "Legality," Father De Zulueta, S. J., writes in the *Catholic Weekly*:

A tidal wave of anti-Christian aggression is plainly sweeping over Western Europe. Those who have influence in the councils of the nation—whether personally or through their electoral powers—had better take to heart the exhortation of Pius X. on Catholic duty at election times, lest the advancing waters also undermine the white cliffs of Albion.

The civic duties of the Catholic, his unquestionable obligations as a member of the body politic,—are these topics sufficiently insisted upon in either our papers or our pulpits? When the man in the pew is told that Christian perfection consists for him in the perfect fulfilment of the duties of his state in life, is he sufficiently often reminded that as a citizen of a State he has some duties from which he would be exempt were he a hermit in the desert, or the sole inhabitant of some South Pacific Island? Is he told, with an emphasis which impresses the truth upon his

mind, that he can not be a good Catholic and at the same time an indifferent citizen? Does he hear often enough the elementary truth that one of the duties which he can not sinlessly neglect is to do his share, by word and act and vote, in promoting the general well-being of the society of which he is a member, the civic world around him? We doubt it; and we trust that the pass to which the supineness of good French Catholics have brought them may arouse our people everywhere to a sense of their civic responsibilities.

The plain truth is that the reputable citizen, Catholic or Protestant, who tells himself that politics, municipal, State, or Federal, is an essentially degrading business, rotten through and through, and who accordingly remains passive and inert, manifesting no interest in public affairs, and displaying no intelligent activity in the effort to obtain the best possible government for his city, his commonwealth, or the Republic at large, may flatter himself that he is exceptionally righteous and high-minded; but, as a matter of demonstrable fact, he is a distinctly unworthy member of the community in which he lives.

A recent issue of our interesting little contemporary, the *Echo de la Mission*, of Eastern Chan-Tong (China), deals with the opium question in the Far East. In Japan the drug is considered a national peril, and drastic laws are enforced for the suppression of its use. One such law runs: "Those who smoke opium will be punished by imprisonment with hard labor for from two to three years." It is in China, however, that the deadly narcotic works its worst ravages, and the *Echo* accordingly rejoices in the measures likely to be taken soon for its gradual suppression in that vast Empire. Yuen-Che-Kai, viceroy of Teheli, has presented to the Empress a memorial embodying the following plan: 1. Make arrangements with the British Government to diminish by degrees the annual importation of opium from India, while at the

same time the Chinese Government will regulate the culture of opium in its own provinces. 2. Prohibition by imperial decree to smoke opium. Smokers under forty years of age may be allowed six months in which to break themselves of the habit; those over forty and under sixty years will be allowed a year; while those over sixty "may do as they please, as they can not live long anyway." 3. A criminal code and regulations in consequence should be drawn up by Hsing-Pou, minister of police, to ensure the enforcement of the decree, once arrangements have been made with the British Minister at Peking. Yuen-Che-Kai states in the concluding paragraph of his memorial that "it will be useless for the Peking Government to introduce any Western reform in China so long as it has not previously destroyed this opium evil in the four million slaves who are subject to it."

The viceroy has the heartiest sympathy of our missionaries in China; and will, we doubt not, have that of Christian people everywhere in his patriotic undertaking.

The sudden and unexpected death last week of Archbishop Montgomery, coadjutor to Archbishop Riordan, is another loss to the afflicted archdiocese of San Francisco which can be understood only by those to whom the work and worth of the deceased prelate are personally known. Though zealous and public-spirited, Archbishop Montgomery preferred the beaten path of duty, and was seldom heard of beyond it. But his influence seemed to be all the greater for being exercised only in his appointed sphere; and his labors were the more fruitful on account of the self-forgetting spirit in which they were prosecuted. A native of Kentucky, he was ordained in 1879, appointed coadjutor to Bishop Mora, of Monterey and Los Angeles, in 1894—succeeding him two years later,—and transferred to San Francisco in 1903.

At the time of the dreadful earthquake, Archbishop Riordan said to one who expressed sympathy with him over the great

destruction of church property and the consequent impoverishment of the archdiocese: "Our loss is only a material one, and in God's good time it will all be repaired. Our people are still with us, and they are rich in faith." In the death of his noble coadjutor, Archbishop Riordan has met with a loss which he, as being the best judge of its greatness, will most sincerely mourn.

Prof. Flinders Petrie, the English Egyptologist, is an authority upon matters pertaining to archæology whom even the most iconoclastic among the higher critics would not think of ignoring. And Prof. Petrie has recently declared:

I have come to the conclusion that there is a far more solid basis for the Old Testament documents than seems to be supposed by many of the critics. I think that some of these have much misunderstood the whole matter. I have not the slightest doubt that contemporary documents give a truly solid foundation for the records contained in the Pentateuch. For instance, some have taken up the idea that there were no Twelve Tribes. It is an undoubted fact that there were Twelve Tribes at the time of the Exodus. There are genuine documents of fact embodied in Genesis and Exodus. The essential point is that some of these critical people start from *a priori* bases, instead of writing upon ascertained facts. We should remember that writing at the time of the Exodus was as familiar as it is now. Some critics, not knowing this, have assumed that writing was not a common accomplishment. But every Egyptian had to keep accounts, and to register everything.

Not consummate knowledge and genuine scholarship, but imperfect information and arrogant diletantism, are accountable for the apparent demolition of the Bible as the Book of books. In Biblical criticism, as elsewhere, "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Apropos of the annually recurring nonsense published with a view to discrediting a genuine modern miracle, the *Catholic Standard and Times* remarks:

The anti-Catholic news agencies give out a silly story about a certain wisacre called Signor Giacci and his "demonstration" of the *modus*

operandi of the miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood. He produced some calf's blood, and showed how, by a preparation used by the ancients, it could be liquefied at a certain temperature. What a grand discovery! There are certain preparations called jelly and glue, which from the solid form can be made liquid when put over a fire, and all good housewives know how to utilize these discoveries. . . . The blood of a calf may be susceptible of similar treatment, and may even happen to be transfused into the veins of an eminent scientist by some process, for aught we know, and the brains as well. But the blood of the Saint of Naples is liquefied in the presence of thousands annually, in a place where there is no earthly possibility of any change of temperature taking place. . . .

Our contemporary clearly does not take the Signor so seriously as that gentleman probably takes himself; but there is a limit to the courtesy due to mountebanks, and Signor Giacci has overstepped it.]

To the question, Why did the Pope and the bishops refuse the concessions of the French Government? the *Saturday Review* replies that "to have done so would have compromised the whole position of the Pope and the Church, and at the best have saved the churches from desecration only for a year. It may further be added that M. Briand's proposal that a single notice should hold good for a year was in itself a counsel of lawlessness, and that the Pope has left it to the Jacobin Ministry to violate alike the Statute Law and the Rights of Man."

Another question, to which as yet no satisfactory answer has been given, is, How can the supineness of French Catholics be accounted for except on the supposition that the great majority of them are indifferent to the interests of religion? They must realize the extent of the evil that is being wrought, and it was in their power to remedy it; yet, as a body, they certainly failed to act. It is no explanation of the matter to say that not one voter in five is used to exercising his privilege. Why is he not by this time? The Republic is not a thing of yesterday. The statistics of births, baptisms, and deaths go to show that France is now, both materially and

religiously, a moribund country, however unwilling Frenchmen may be to admit the fact, or friends of France to credit it.

But a new France may yet arise,—a nation purged of crime and irreligion. Of this many men feel confident. Concluding a recent sermon in which the struggle between the Holy See and the French Government is admirably reviewed, Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, said:

It is true, in so far as written law goes, the Church of France is legally dead; true that the last years of anti-Christian teaching in the schools and on the rostrum and in the university have done much to atrophy the faith of the present generation. Yet the end of the tragedy is not yet. The Church is not accustomed to hear of her own death, and some have even gone so far as to write her epitaph. But it is in those crises—when human hope grows faint and the horizon all around is shrouded in darkness and despair—that the light again appears. . . .

A nation with a history such as France, that wrote her *Gesta Dei per Francos* for more than a thousand years, that gave soldiers to the Cross, doctors to the universities, Christian orators to the pulpits, and memorable saints to heaven,—a nation that even now, in these degenerate days, leads the world in missionary zeal, that yearly furnishes her band of martyrs for every land where Christ demands a witness, or the Gospel seed can be better planted when watered with their blood,—such a nation can not be altogether sterile now, when the attack is on her altars and her homes; but, on the contrary, as she has been liberal in her sacrifices for the Church of other lands, she now has her best blood to shed in defence of her own.

To be a Christian in any real sense you must start from a dogma of the most tremendous kind; and an undogmatic Creed is as senseless as a statue without shape or a picture without color. Unsectarian means unchristian.

The London *Tablet* quotes these words of Mr. Leslie Stephen, an agnostic, as another testimony to the worthlessness of unsectarian or undenominational religious instruction, and as a rebuke from an unusual source to those dignitaries of the Church of England who are willing to accept such instruction as a rational settlement of the School Question.



The Legend of the Mistletoe.

BY D. L. F.

AS Our Lady passed through a garden fair,
The breath of sweet flowers scented the air.
The Rose bent, Our Lord's dear Mother to greet,
And laid a ruby head down at her feet.
The Cornflower bright and the Violet blue
Presented a shade of Heaven's own hue.
The Daisy exclaimed: "Take my heart of gold!"
The Lily's bell wafted sweet hymns untold.
"But I," sighed a voice from a bunch of green,
"Have naught to offer my Heavenly Queen;
No scarlet berries, no flowerets gay,
No rubies or pearls to strew on her way."
The plaintive lament by Mary was heard,
And her gentle heart to compassion stirred.
To Jesus, her Son, she murmured a prayer;
Then from the bright crown encircling her hair
She took the white pearls which lay on her brow,
And scattered them o'er the Mistletoe bough.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.—HUGH MAKES A FULL CONFESSION.

NEXT morning Arthur was so weak and dizzy that he could not get up at all. By the afternoon he was so feverish that Mrs. Redmond, in alarm, sent for the family doctor. He arrived just as the dusk was falling, and was brought upstairs to that selfsame apartment which Arthur remembered as the nursery, and which was now converted into a sleeping room for the boys, with two beds side by side.

While the doctor was examining the patient, and Mrs. Redmond stood anxiously by, Hugh hung about the door in an agony of self-reproach and of suspense.

At last, when the physician rose to take his leave, and accompanied Mrs. Redmond into the library, where he was to write a prescription, the mother asked:

"I hope it is nothing contagious, Doctor?"

"No, no!" replied the doctor. "There is no appearance of anything of the kind. But I wonder if the lad has had a shock or fright of any kind?"

Hugh's heart leaped into his mouth. He trembled as if he had got an attack of ague. The pangs of accusing conscience were hard, indeed, to bear.

"Oh, no, Doctor!" said the mother. "He could not have had any shock without my knowledge. My children never conceal anything from me."

Hugh felt as if he had been struck to the heart when he heard his mother thus express her unwavering trust in them, which they had abused by their silence. He heard the doctor say, in a thoughtful tone:

"And yet the symptoms seem to point in that direction."

Hugh could bear no more. He rushed down the stairs, and thus failed to hear the encouraging words with which the physician concluded:

"He's such a fine, healthy fellow that all we have to do is to keep him quiet, and give him this sedative every hour or two, especially if he seems restless. In that way we'll be able to prevent any serious mischief."

"Why, Doctor," said Mrs. Redmond, "you speak as if there might be something really dangerous!"

"In a more delicate patient, it might have resulted in brain fever," answered the man of medicine; "but I don't think you need have any apprehension now."

"It would have been the more dreadful," added the mother, "since my husband has gone to England on legal business."

"Why, yes, so I heard," observed the doctor. "Lucky fellow, Redmond! He comes in for such pleasant trips. Will he be long away?"

"He hopes to catch the last steamer from Quebec, so as to be home for Christmas," responded Mrs. Redmond.

"He couldn't be away for that day," laughed the doctor. "Well, keep up your courage. We'll have our young friend up and about in a day or two."

So saying, the doctor got into his old-fashioned buggy, which stood at the door, and drove away; while Hugh, who had missed hearing his cheerful prognostics, stole up again and looked in at the darkened room, from which he was rigorously banished. He heard his mother giving directions to have his bed moved out into the library, so that Arthur might be kept perfectly undisturbed. He looked in and saw Arthur's flushed face, closed eyes, and head covered with a wet cloth, and immediately made up his mind that his brother was going to die.

He felt doubly disconsolate and miserable; for he could not, as he and all the household were wont to do, go to his mother with his burden of trouble. He had not even the resource of Arthur's strong sense and excellent judgment, which had often proved such a help to himself, the impressionable, the imaginative, the adventurous.

He found his little sisters, pale and scared, huddled together near the stove in the parlor; and he begged them to put on their things and come out to the summer-house, where at least they could talk. As they went, they heard Margaret in the kitchen wondering to Catherine what 'could ever have come over her poor lamb Arthur, the best boy that ever wore shoe-leather.' She would have said just the same, by the way, if it had been Hugh who lay abed threatened with some mysterious malady.

They lingered an instant to hear what the cook might respond. But she was thoroughly frightened now, feeling as if

the happenings of the previous day had been all her fault, and she felt no temptation to confess her knowledge of them. She knew, in fact, that Margaret would very justly reproach her with not letting Mrs. Redmond know all that had occurred. Therefore the children had no need, had they known, to fear any indiscretion on her part.

The three pursued their way disconsolately to the garden, where it seemed strange not to see Arthur; and where even Nature seemed, as it were, to share in their depression. The leaves looked unwontedly brown and sere; the petals of the few lingering flowers strewed the walks; there was a chill in the air and a blight on the sunshine. Their small share of the primal curse—of wrong-doing and its consequences—had seemed to cloud all the unshadowed joyousness of their innocence.

Mary declared that she found the secrecy from their mother the hardest thing she had ever had to bear, and that she had almost to bite her tongue to keep from telling, whenever she was near.

"I think I'll have to tell," said Hugh, "even though mother may be very angry at us for not telling before. It would be a great deal harder to confess everything, if Arthur were to die."

The words, "if Arthur were to die," sounded strange and ominous there in the bright daylight, and in that garden where they had all played together so happily. Hugh choked as he said them, and his eyes were blinded with tears, so that he could scarcely see the late rhododendrons and chrysanthemums which were nodding at him mournfully. It was a strong and close affection which united the two brothers, and in which the little sisters fully shared. They began to cry softly, and Amelia said through her tears:

"I don't think Arthur's going to die, because I've said a lot of prayers to his Angel,—his great white Angel, shining with silver and gold."

"We'll all say some prayers now," said Hugh, decisively. "I never can remem-

ber any long ones, but I'll run into the parlor and get mother's Golden Manual. There are sure to be prayers of every kind in it. And to-night I'll tell mother all about it, and that if Arthur dies I'll go away and be a hermit."

The little girls saw nothing at all comical in this suggestion, though to any one else it would have seemed irresistibly funny to picture this sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked lad, so full of high spirits and vitality that he was never quiet for a minute, clad in a serge gown of ashen gray and hidden away in a cave. They gazed at Hugh with solemn eyes of trouble and dismay, being thus confronted with the twofold calamity of losing one brother by death, and another by his voluntary retirement to a desert. They magnified their sorrow with all the power of a childish imagination, and felt their hearts ready to burst with grief.

To them, as to their brother, Death was only vaguely realized, as a grim, terrible figure which invaded households to snatch away some beloved member of the circle, as had been the case with their baby sister. But Hugh's tragically expressed determination to become a hermit seemed almost more appallingly real. Both had seen pictures of sombre-looking individuals arrayed in loose, flowing robes and usually with streaming hair. To imagine Hugh thus transformed seemed to them the culminating point of their present misery.

"Oh, don't be a hermit!" they sobbed in unison; "and let us say a lot of prayers that Arthur will get well."

This reminded Hugh of the prayer-book, which he ran to fetch from the parlor. He did not find it there, however, and returned rather crestfallen; but, at Mary's suggestion, they knelt down and said a decade of the Beads, an invocation to the Sacred Heart, and a short prayer to the Angel Guardian; after which they felt somewhat reassured, and began to arrange what they should do when the answer to their prayer had come, and Arthur was as well as ever, and once more taking

part in all their doings. Hugh did not forget his resolution, though, of confessing everything to his mother, and he lost no time in carrying it into effect.

It was dusk of that same afternoon, and Mrs. Redmond sat at her sewing in the library, where she could be near her patient, when Hugh entered the room. Only the mother's preoccupation about Arthur and his illness, which had disturbed the usual order of things in the household, prevented her from noticing that the children had been acting strangely and had kept out of her presence.

When, however, Hugh came into the library, she noticed almost immediately that something was amiss with him. She attributed this at first to the fact of Arthur's illness, but it soon occurred to her that there was something else the matter. The boy's open countenance was clouded, his brows were contracted, and his movements shifting and uneasy; and when she came to think of it, Mrs. Redmond reflected that something strange seemed to have come over the house the last day or two. Patrick had avoided her; Catherine had been unusually silent and constrained, and, as Margaret remarked to her mistress, "so cranky and cantanker-some you couldn't speak to her."

While she was pondering over these things in conjunction with Arthur's mysterious illness, Hugh came close to her and blurted out:

"Mother, I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to confess."

"Confess!" cried his mother, in astonishment. "What do you mean, my son?"

"I was the cause of it all—Arthur's illness and everything,—and if he dies, I'm going to be a hermit."

"But your brother is not going to die," Mrs. Redmond said, though even the bare idea of losing one of her little flock struck a chill to her heart. "The doctor says he will be all right in a day or two; and as for your being a hermit"—she could scarcely help laughing as she looked at him. But Hugh's face was quite pitiful,

though he brightened at her confident assurance about Arthur's recovery,—“as for your being a hermit, I don't think there's any immediate necessity; and I very much doubt if any cell could contain you.” Then she added more gravely: “But what is this talk, my Hugh, about confessing and being the cause of something? You have got yourself into a very nervous and excited state.”

“Oh,” said Hugh, “you don't know how terrible it was! I was nearly killed, and Arthur got himself sick saving my life. Then Patrick came and saved us both.”

The mother turned pale, though at first she suspected that Hugh was delirious, and that it was really something contagious that had attacked both the boys.

“When and where did all this happen, and why was I not told?”

“I was afraid to tell at first,” said Hugh honestly. “I knew you would write and tell papa, and he would be very angry; and the others wouldn't tell on me, of course. And Patrick and Catherine thought that it would only frighten you for nothing when papa was away; and Margaret didn't know, because she was out with you at the market.”

He gasped out the whole story thus, in one breathless sentence; and his mother looked very grave.

“And what was this occurrence which you all concealed from me?” she asked.

Hugh hung his head. His mother's tone and expression of face spoke volumes. At that moment he would have given worlds had they done as they had always been in the habit of doing previously—hastened to their mother with a frank statement of what had happened. His face got very red, while his mother kept her eyes fixed upon him with unwonted sternness.

“You had better sit down here,” she said, “and tell me everything.”

Hugh sat down in the chair indicated, with a very unusual feeling of confusion and discomfort.

“It was all my fault,” he said. “I climbed upon the roof.”

“Climbed upon the roof!” echoed his mother, in horror. “Why, didn't you know, you unfortunate boy, that there is no place for climbing there? Even the men who come to clear away the snow in winter, or to make repairs, have to secure themselves with ropes.”

“Yes, I know,” Hugh assented. “But boys can go lots of places that men can't; and of course I held on to the chimneys and the windows.”

The mother shuddered.

“It was all right till I tried to get round in front of the window to look in.”

“What window?” asked Mrs. Redmond, sharply. And her terror at the thought of the peril her boys had been in lent unaccustomed asperity to her tone.

“Didn't you know,” began Hugh, “that there's a window too many on our house?”

Mrs. Redmond started. She and her husband had long been aware of the fact; but since their marriage, at least, Mr. Redmond had seemed to attach but little importance to the circumstance. It is true that she had heard her husband make laughing allusion to the curiosity which had possessed him as a boy concerning this very window; and she also recalled idle scraps of gossip, which had come to her from people of an older generation, which had declared that it was an unlucky window. In her first coming into that house as a young wife, she had often, upon stormy nights, lain awake listening to the wind sweeping about the house, and seeming to produce the weirdest sounds. So when Hugh asked her this question, these old fancies and her desire to find out about the window recurred to her, and she felt a curious sympathy with her boy that, in his hot, glowing youth, he should have desired to make the discovery. Before she could answer, however, there was an interruption. She heard Arthur's voice calling her from the next room, and she hastened to his side.

The Star of the Sea.

Mary lived with her old father in a dilapidated cottage close to the sea. Although they were very poor, she was always happy and contented. Her mother had been dead for more than a year, and was still greatly missed; but resignation to the will of God, the necessity of earning his daily bread, and, most of all, the love of his little daughter, gradually restored to the father the cheerfulness that was natural to him.

Mary was only twelve years old, but she did her best to replace her mother. She was busy all day long in the house: she kept the rooms clean, got her father's meals ready, and even learned to mend his nets. Her father was a fisherman, and had to work hard to gain an honest livelihood for his child and himself. He was often out all day on the water, but when he came home at night Mary's glad welcome and her merry chatter compensated him for all the fatigue he had undergone.

One summer night he did not return home at the usual time. Mary waited and watched, she looked out and listened; but no boat was to be seen, no sound broke the stillness save the splash of the rising waves. Her anxiety and alarm increased every hour; at last she could remain indoors no longer. Running down to the beach, she looked out over the moonlit water, without, however, descrying a single sail on its smooth surface. Presently she scrambled into one of the boats moored near the water's edge, and, taking an oar, pushed out from the shore. She was too true a seafarer's child not to know how to manage a boat, and she rowed out to a considerable distance, calling loudly on her father by name; but in vain.

Then the poor child, overwhelmed with grief and apprehension, laid the oars in the bottom of the boat, and cried bitterly. Yet amid her tears she did not forget to pray; she fervently invoked the "Star of the Sea," to whose protection her father

often commended her. How lonely and forsaken she felt! The hours slipped by, but, all absorbed in anxiety for her father, she heeded not the lapse of time.

Meanwhile the boat had drifted with the incoming tide toward the shore; and Mary, when she again looked about her, found herself opposite the cliffs, a good way lower down than the little bay where her home was. In one of the cliffs that stood out prominently, a grateful sailor, who had been saved from a watery grave at that spot, had cut a niche just large enough to contain a small wooden image of Our Lady. The bright moonbeams shone full upon the figure when Mary came in sight of it. Claspings her hands, she knelt down in the boat and implored the Blessed Mother of God to bring her father back safe and sound. Then, inspired with fresh courage, she took up the oars once more and rowed back to the place whence she had started on her lonely voyage. But when she reached her home, what did she see? The roof of the old cottage had fallen in—the house was a heap of ruins!

At dawn the fisherman came home. Whilst out at sea he had broken one of his oars, and experienced great difficulty in making his way back. It had not occurred to him that his little daughter would be so concerned at his non-appearance. What was his astonishment when he saw the state of his cottage, and heard from his weeping child that she had been out all night on the water! Putting his arm round her, and pointing to the ruins, he said: "The Star of the Sea has saved us from a terrible calamity. Had you and I been on land last night, we should have been crushed by the falling roof. The house has long been unsafe: the beams were rotten and decayed. Let us give thanks to our Blessed Lady, by whose protection we have been spared a sudden and unlooked-for death. After this marvellous escape, we will take courage and build up our house again with a good heart."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Morey's Outlines of Ancient History" (The American Book Co.) covers the points included in college requirements—namely, an outline history of the Eastern Countries, Greece and Rome. The arrangement of matter is excellent, the maps are numerous, and the synopsis for review and references for reading at the close of each period are especially valuable to both teacher and student. The "progressive maps," indicating geographical changes, are suggestive and helpful.

—Nos. 37 and 38 of the pamphlets published by the Australian Catholic Truth Society are: "The Lost Child," an attractive story from the German; and "Religion and Human Liberty," a lecture by the Rev. James O'Dwyer, S. J. The sub-title of this latter booklet, "The Bible the Charter of Man's Rights," gives an inkling of the trend of the scholarly Jesuit's arguments. The pamphlets are both well printed, and, like previous numbers issued by the Society, each is an excellent penny's worth of reading.

—Two more attractive books for young folk are furnished by a religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. The first is a series of tales in prose and verse, retold in the real storyteller's way, and including some of the old favorites. Many of these "Five O'clock Stories" are of the saints, others embody well-known legends. All are interesting. "Jack," the second book, is the story of a genuine boy, who got into many scrapes, and who—but that would be telling. Girls and boys will like "Jack." Published by Benziger Brothers.

—The most important find of the year, from the point of view of Christian archæology, according to the *Athenæum*, is undoubtedly that, by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, at Behnesa, of a vellum leaf containing forty-five lines of a hitherto unknown Gospel. It describes a visit of Our Lord to the Temple, and His dispute with a Pharisee there on the failure of Jesus and His disciples to perform the ordinary ritual of purification. It not only describes these ceremonies at length, but also shows a much greater mastery of the Greek language than that displayed in the Synoptics, and is said to be both picturesque and vigorous in its phraseology.

—"Charlie Chittywick," by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J. (Benziger Bros.), is a story which must interest boys—and girls too—who are beginning to realize that we ourselves make or mar our lives. The hero wins the reader's sympathy at once; and Mr. and Mrs. Lether Mr. and

Mrs. Marston, and Freddy are so well drawn that we feel as if we had met them in real life rather than in the book world. The sad fate of Charlie's father and mother is a dark background for the hero's happiness, and it seems hard that he had no sweet memories of home and dear ones; but everyday life furnishes parallel examples, thus lending realism to the story.

—The Visitandine of Georgetown, D. C., who has translated, from the Italian of S. Antoni, S. T. D., Missionary Apostolic, some excellent instructions on Daily Communion, has done her work very well—with the exception of the title. A paper-covered booklet of 130 pages should have a briefer name than "Why do so Many Vain Fears Keep You away from Frequent and Daily Communion?" The booklet comes to us from the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, and impresses us as being a timely appeal to English-speaking Catholics, many of whom need just such clear and forcible counsel as Dr. Antoni gives.

—The announcements of Messrs. Chatto & Windus include a translation from the original and unique Syriac MS., with an introduction, by E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt. D., of the famous "Book of Paradise," by Palladius, Hieronymus, and others; "The Sayings of the Fatliers" of the Egyptian desert by various hands; and the "Life of St. Anthony the Great," by Anastasius,—works of the greatest intrinsic value as a record of manners and of the social dispensations of the hermits and ascetics of the Egyptian desert, even apart from their equally strong religious and historical interest as a light upon early Alexandrian Christianity.

—Commenting on the badly felt need of a "General History of the Church in India," the *Catholic Examiner* (Bombay) says: "We want a comprehensive view of the whole of the Church in India from the earliest times till now; so that, as far as possible, we shall know more or less the general condition of things, in each century. Where did the Thomas Christians originate? How and where did they spread? What relation had they to the Nestorians of Persia? What was their actual condition and distribution at the time when the Portuguese arrived? What effect had the Portuguese upon them? What is their present condition, distribution, and importance?" This represents the idea of merely the first section of the proposed history, the production of which the *Examiner* advocates as a co-operative undertaking. As Father Hull, himself, purposes engaging

in the work, it is tolerably safe to predict its being brought to a successful completion.

—In the foreword of "Archbishop O'Brien: Man and Churchman," by Katherine Hughes, we are told that the work is rather a simple study of the deceased prelate's life and character than a conventional biography. It must be said that the study is an appreciative as well as a fairly profound one; that it is well written, and that its perusal affords instruction and edification as well as the usual entertainment found in the life stories of great and good men. The claim of the late Archbishop of Halifax to the former of these epithets, at least in its absolute sense, may possibly be contested; but to the latter one his title is indisputable. The majority of all who came into personal contact with Mgr. O'Brien were, we venture to say, conscious of that attribute in him which vividly impressed a discriminating man of the world quoted by our author—"the holiness of the man, as of one who lived up to all he believed." It is well that the life of such a man should be given to the world, which has far more need of holiness, be it said, than of what is conventionally called "greatness." The Rolla L. Crain Co., Ottawa.

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' price generally include postage.

- "Charlie Chittywick." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Five O'clock Stories." A Religious of the Holy Child. 75 cts.
- "Jack." By the same. 45 cts.
- "The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi." \$1, net.
- "The Bishop Spalding Year-Book," Maple Leaf Series. \$1.25.
- "The Early Scottish Church." Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. \$1.60.
- "Canzoni." T. A. Daly. \$1.
- "The Voyage of the Pax." Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.
- "In Treaty with Honor." Mary Catherine Crowley. \$1.50.

- "The Church and Kindness to Animals." \$1, net.
- "Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori." Rev. Austin Berthe, C. SS. R. \$5.
- "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.
- "The Other Miss Lisle." M. C. Martin. \$1.25.
- "The Glories of the Sacred Heart." Rev. M. Hausherr, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Humanizing of the Brute." Rev. H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Compendium of the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Pars Prima. Bernardus Bonjoannes. Translated into English. \$1.75, net.
- "Christian Education." Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. 60 cts., net.
- "Short Sermons." Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
- "A Manual of Bible History." Charles Hart, B. A. \$1.25, net.
- "The Phantom of the Poles." William Reed. \$1.50.
- "After the Ninth Hour." R. Monlaur. 45 cts.

Obituary.

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

Most Rev. George Montgomery, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Francis Dutton, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. John Morgan, and Rev. J. F. Holland, S. J.

Sister Irene, of the Sisters of St. Mary.

Mr. Edmund Bowman, of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. M. E. Clare, Beeville, Texas; Mr. Peter Lawless, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Thoma, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Clancy, New York; Mrs. Jane Pullis and Mrs. P. C. Murphy, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Catherine Fay, St. Helens, England; Mrs. M. F. Moore, Jr., Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John Young, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. P. J. Cox, Montreal, Canada; Mr. John Black, Decatur, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine Keegan, Mr. Bernard Bradley, and Mrs. W. F. Wilson, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Sprenger, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. E. J. O'Connor, Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen Simmons, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Susanna Farrar, Clayville, N. Y.; Mr. Matthew Smith, Excelsior, Mo.; Mr. Dennis Sweeney, and Mr. D. J. McNichol, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Frank Bur, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. T. B. Quinlan, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Durkin, Danbury, Conn.; Mr. John Ritter, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Margaret McMillen and Mrs. Johanna Regan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. William Schnell, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Springfield, Ill.; and Mrs. Jennie Gardner, Tiffin, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 26, 1907.

NO. 4.

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

The New Time.

BY MARION MUIR.

It changes now, the new for old,
As stars their courses in the sky;
And I await the hour foretold,
Content to live, content to die.

Along the plain a glimmer falls
Where Love has passed from life and me;
Yet through the dusk are trumpet calls,
And murmurs of a joy to be.

Lord of the Promise, Thy command
With storm or sunshine sweeps the sea;
What holds the New Year in his hand
Is welcome gift if sent from Thee.

Let evil drop from me as shade
Rolls downward from the morning star,
And in the pathway Thou hast made
I seek the light where angels are.

For if my will were wrought to-night,
The stream of Time should bear me where
The gardens of the blessed light
A glory that devours despair.

THE true gentleman . . . is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.—*Newman*.

The Catholic Church and the Church of Christ.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

ONE of the charges most commonly brought against the Church by those whom we may term orthodox Protestants is that "the Church of Rome is not the same as the Church which Christ founded." It would be easy, of course, to quibble about the exact meaning of the word "same"; and, even without quibbling, to show that it is capable of a very wide and a very varied significance. The point, however, does not so immediately concern our present purpose as to demand elaboration here. Nor need it be insisted on that no existing Christian denomination outside the One Church can lay claim to identity with the Church as pictured in the New Testament.

Holy Scripture, it has been well said, was intended to prove doctrine, not to teach it; but in dealing with our separated brethren, we must, necessarily, confine ourselves to the only ground they and we have in common—a belief in the authority of the Bible. It is, therefore, to the Bible, and first to the Acts of the Apostles, that we turn for an authoritative description of "the Church which Christ founded." Of those first Christians we read: "They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers."* We have here certain distinct marks of the Primitive Church,—

* Acts, ii, 42.

“marks” which must unmistakably distinguish any church or denomination claiming identity with the Church which Christ founded. These are: continuance in the teaching and communion of the Apostles, the breaking of bread, and prayers.

The last of these, it is evident, is common to all professing Christians. So also is some form of the breaking of bread,—the fulfilment of the dying Lord’s command: “Do this in remembrance of Me.” It is in the matter of Apostolic doctrine and fellowship that the paths divide, and the Catholic Church claims to be alone in following the true one.

Of what nature, then, was the teaching of the Apostles as described for us in the New Testament? For if we can once ascertain and define this on the authority of God’s word, the picture of Christ’s Church will be sufficiently complete to allow of comparison, not only with the “Church of Rome,” but also with all other denominations claiming identity with the Church of the Bible.

It was, first, an authoritative teaching: “As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you.”* The “Apostles’ doctrine,” that is to say, had the same authority as the teaching of Christ Himself, who taught “as one having authority.”† This is evidently the reason why the doctrine in which the first Christians “continued steadfastly” is expressly spoken of as the “Apostles’ doctrine.” Further evidences of its authoritative nature are to be found in the Acts of the Apostles. Dealing with the question as to whether the Gentile converts should or should not be circumcised, the Apostles say: “It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us” to pronounce against the necessity of circumcision.‡ Did ever Pope or Council set up a more daring claim to supreme authority over men’s consciences?

Nor does this authority, even in the New Testament, cease with the Apostles. Saint Paul, in his parting charge to the Elders of

the Church of Ephesus, bids them: “Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you bishops to rule” (to shepherd) “the Church of God.” And again, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, he bids his converts “obey them that have the rule over you; for they watch for your souls.”* The Church which Christ founded, therefore, claimed, like her Master, to teach “as one having authority.” That it was not an empty authority, moreover, is shown by Saint Paul’s treatment of a notorious sinner. “In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such a one unto Satan”; or, as we should say, to excommunicate him.† And of certain false teachers “who, concerning faith, have made shipwreck,” he says: “Whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme.”‡

The authority of the Apostles’ teaching was, secondly, an infallible authority. “He that heareth you, heareth Me.”§ Could any definition of infallibility be clearer or more definite, any commission to teach infallibly fuller or more distinct? The divine Teacher Himself confers upon His Apostles, not only His own authority, but that which of necessity is included in such authority—namely, infallibility, absolute security from error. “Go ye,” He said, “and teach all nations.”|| Such a commission, being of divine authority, must of its very nature exclude the possibility of error. A church which claims to teach all nations must be not only divine but infallible as well.

But this divine infallibility, like the divine authority of the Apostles, was not, surely, to be confined to them alone. “I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.”¶ This, if plain words have any meaning, implies a continuance for all time of the divine, infallible commission entrusted to the

* St. John, xx, 21. † St. Matt., vii, 29. ‡ Acts, xv, 28.

* Heb., xiii, 17. † I Cor., v, 4, 5. ‡ I Tim., i, 20.
§ St. Luke, x, 16. || St. Matt., xxviii, 19. ¶ Ib., xxviii, 20.

Apostles,—a continuance, that is, in the persons of men so identified with the Apostles as to be spoken of by Our Lord as “you,” as if they themselves were to continue, with Him and with His authority, “all days, even to the consummation of the world.” May we not ask of those who maintain that “the Church of Rome is not the same as the Church which Christ founded,” what other church has ever dared to claim, as she claims, to be divine, authoritative, infallible, and for all time?

Let us see how Saint Paul, who says distinctly, “I have received of the Lord Jesus that which also I delivered unto you,”* not only understood this divine infallibility of Christ’s Church, but also made provision for its transmission to those who should come after him. “But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let him be anathema.”† The Catholic Church, it is said, is narrow and exclusive, in that she anathematizes all teaching which differs from her own. Has she not Saint Paul’s authority for so doing? Nay, has she not that of Our Lord Himself? “If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican.”‡ And again: “He that despiseth you, despiseth Me.” even as “He that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me.”§ That is to say, Our Lord, placed the authority of His Church on a level with His own, just, and to the same extent, as He placed His own authority on a level with the authority of His Father. Does the Church of Rome claim more than this?

As to Saint Paul’s provision for the transmission and continuance of this divine, infallible teaching, we shall find it in his Second Epistle to his favorite disciple, Saint Timothy (ch. ii, v. 2): “The things which thou hast heard of me . . . *the same* commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.” Saint

Paul, we may say, transmits his Apostolic doctrine to Saint Timothy, who is charged to commit, to entrust it “to faithful men,”—men worthy of trust, who in their turn are to hand it on to men like themselves. “The same commit thou,”—the things, namely, which Saint Paul, as we have seen, had received from Christ Himself.

With this Apostolic provision for the transmission to all time of the “one faith”—the faith “*once for all*,” so the Greek renders it, “delivered to the saints,”*—we might well consider as complete at all points the New Testament account of the Church which Christ founded. Yet, though it needs only recognition, on the part of men of good will, of the likeness, the identity between this primitive Apostolic Church and the Church which in all ages has claimed to be the one true Church of Christ, to the exclusion of all others, in order to make possible—inevitable, indeed—the acceptance of all doctrines propounded by this divine, infallible teacher, there are two matters which, it would seem, constitute difficulties to the inquiring Protestant—Miracles and the Invocation of Saints.

No orthodox Christian of course—no Christian, one may say, in any true sense—denies the existence of miracles in the primitive Church. The promises are so distinct: “These signs shall follow them that believe.”† “He that believeth in Me, the works that I do shall he do also.”‡ The evidence in the Acts of the Apostles is so convincing as to leave no room for doubt in any mind which accepts the authority of God’s word as final. That which the ordinary Protestant does deny is the claim of the Catholic Church that miracles have occurred in all ages since the days of the Apostles, and are still occurring.

The whole subject has, however, been so fully and so ably treated by Cardinal Newman, in his “Essays on Miracles,” that it would be presumption on the part

* I Cor., xi, 23.

† Galat., i, 8.

‡ St. Matt., xviii, 17.

§ St. Luke, x, 16.

* St. Jude, i, 3. † St. Mark, xvi, 17. ‡ St. John, xiv, 12.

of any lesser writer to attempt it. What may, nevertheless, be pointed out, as apt to be lost sight of, is that the Church does not lay stress on "signs and wonders" as the chief or primary evidences of her divine commission. The argument is not, Miracles, therefore the True Church; but rather, The True Church, therefore miracles. She remembers the injunction of Saint Paul, "to covet earnestly the best gifts" and the "more excellent way,"*—the way of charity, which he showed her. She knows, with Saint Augustine, that it is a greater miracle to raise a soul dead in sin than to raise a dead body; that Our Lord bids us learn of Him, "not to make the world, not to create all things visible and invisible, not to work wonders in the world itself, and to raise the dead; but 'Because I am meek and lowly of heart.'"† Finally, the Church knows that it is not signs, but life, that Christ requires of us. "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, *I never knew you.*"‡ And if lives rather than miracles, Christlike lives and deaths, are to be above all else the marks whereby men may know the one true Church, what other church in the history of mankind can show so many of the marks as the Church Catholic, the "Church of Rome"?

The evidence in support of the Invocation of Saints rests, of course, primarily, on that divine, infallible authority of Christ's Church which makes all dogmatic pronouncements, whether of Peter or of Pius, of the Council of Jerusalem or of the Council of the Vatican, equally binding upon all faithful Catholics, without distinction or comparison. But it rests also on that doctrine of the "fellowship of the saints in light" which all orthodox Christians profess to believe,—the doctrine which teaches that we are not only

members of Christ, but members also one of another; finally, on the very nature of intercessory prayer. The Church, that is, holding that "the continual prayer of a just man availeth much,"* holds further that such prayer gains immeasurably, rather than loses in efficacy, when the just man shall have gone to be with Him who "ever liveth to make intercession for us."† If so, shall not His brethren do likewise, when they have passed within the veil? And if He knows all that concerns us, shall not they know also, seeing they are one with Him in a way past our understanding?

The Invocation of Saints, therefore, follows from our belief in their intercession, just as naturally as our invocation of Our Lord Himself follows from our belief in His power and goodness and our reliance on His promises. We ask the just man in heaven to pray for us with the same confidence *and on the same grounds* that we ask for his prayers while he is still with us. What foundation is there for the common Protestant objection that the Invocation of Saints detracts from the honor due to Christ alone? If so, then all asking for another's prayers must equally detract from that supreme honor. If to ask my mother's prayers, now that she is with her Lord and mine, is to place her, as Protestants maintain, "between my soul and God," then she must as surely have come between my soul and God every time I asked her, while on earth, to pray for me. And in such asking consists the essence of the Invocation of Saints.

But we have no Scriptural proof, it will be said, either of such invocation, even indirectly, or of the knowledge in the blessed of what takes place here on earth. As to the first, let one familiar passage suffice. "For Thy servant David's sake," is the Psalmist's plea;‡ and the devout Protestant repeats it. Why, then, should he find fault with the plea of the devout Catholic, "For Thy Mother Mary's sake," unless, indeed, he be influenced by—let

* I Cor., xii, 31.

† Serm. de Verb. Dom.

‡ St. Matt., vii, 22, 23.

* St. James v, 16.

† Heb., vii, 25.

‡ Ps. cxxxi, 10.

us hope—unconscious prejudice? How, moreover, will he interpret this, "My servant Job shall pray for you; his face I will accept,"* except as an example of the meritorious intercession, even here on earth, of a chosen servant of God?

All this, however, does not prove that the blessed in heaven have any real knowledge of events on earth, however natural, and even logical, it may be to conclude that they must gain rather than lose in knowledge and width of intelligence in proportion as they advance in likeness and nearness to God, who is Infinite Wisdom, to whom "all things are naked and open," even our most secret thoughts, and who cares so infinitely for the least thing that concerns us that, as Our Lord tells us, even the very hairs of our head are all numbered.

It is to Saint Paul that we turn once more for direct Scriptural evidence of the knowledge possessed by those who have gone before us, of our struggles, trials, and victories. In the eleventh chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews he recounts the martyrdoms and triumphs of the saints of the Old Testament, "of whom the world was not worthy," yet who "without us" were not "to be made perfect." "Wherefore," for this reason, he continues, at the opening of the next chapter, "seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us"

The simile, clearly, is one taken from the Olympian Games,—one which, in more homely form, is familiar to all of us. Is there any stronger incentive to strenuous endeavor in racing or in ball-play than a crowd of keenly-interested lookers-on? The spectators in Saint Paul's exhortation are the saints who have won the victory; the contestants, the racers, are we who have still to run, still to fight, if we would share their victory. Are they less keenly interested than the spectators at a race or at a ball game? And, if interested, must they not know all that is going on?

Apart, therefore, from the Church's divine, infallible teaching, we have the divine, infallible authority of Saint Paul for believing that the blessed dead—nay, rather, the blessed living,—know and are interested in all that concerns us, their brethren. For surely if their Lord cares, who is their Lord and ours, they in their measure care no less than He cares. If, further, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us," shall we not believe that they make intercession too? Lastly, if we ask for their prayers while here on earth, confident that, like holy Job, God will accept them, shall we not ask them still when they have passed into the very presence of Our Lord?

This, as I read it, is the New Testament account of the Church which Christ founded. In conclusion, I can only urge any honest Protestant who may read what is here written, to study without prejudice that account for himself, and, with equal fairness, the account which the Catholic Church gives of herself. When he shall have done this, let him in all honesty, and as he shall answer to God at the Last Day, say whether the "Church of Rome," the Church Catholic, is or is not one and the same with the Church of Christ.

Do not let any occasion of gaining merit pass without taking care to draw some spiritual profit from it; as, for example, from a sharp word which some one may say to you, from an act of obedience imposed against your will, from an opportunity which may occur to humble yourself or to practise charity, sweetness and patience. All these occasions hold gains for you, and you should seek to procure them. And at the close of that day when the greatest number of them have come to you, you should go to rest most cheerful and pleased, as the merchant does on the day when he has had most chances of making money; for on that day business has prospered with him.

—*St. Ignatius Loyola,*

* Job, xlii 8.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

IV.

PROCEEDING upstairs, Lett was stopped on the way by Mildred, who opened the door of a room next the one to which she was going, and beckoned her to enter. To her surprise, she found that all her personal belongings had been transferred to this apartment.

"Mamma says you must not sleep in the room with a fever patient," Mildred explained. "So I have taken the liberty of having your things moved without waiting to consult you about it."

"But—"

"Oh, there are no buts in the case!" interposed Mildred, pleasantly. "The doctor as well as mamma was imperative on the subject. You see this door opens into Miss Carrington's room"—she pointed to one which, however, was not open then,— "and you can be with her as easily as if you stayed in there. But her fever may be typhoid, the doctor says—though he doesn't think it is,—and you must not run any risks, both he and mamma declare."

"Typhoid!" exclaimed Lett, aghast. "Good Heavens, that is contagious!"

"Are you afraid of it?" asked Mildred, in her rather quick way of speaking.

"Afraid of it? Oh, no; not for myself!" answered Lett hastily. "I was not thinking of myself, but of having brought it into the house—and of Sydney."

"The doctor doesn't say positively that it is typhoid, only that it may be."

"But if it should be!" Lett exclaimed again, in great distress. "To think of having brought—"

"Don't worry an instant about that," Mildred interrupted. "There are no children in the house to be uneasy about. Of course mamma at her age is not afraid of contagion; and as for myself, I have often wished that I could take a hospital course.

I think it a duty to learn all one can about illness, and I make it a rule to visit the sick whenever I can. So, you see, it suits me perfectly."

"Still—" began Lett once more; but her companion shook her head and waved her hand, saying cheerfully:

"We young people must do as we are told. And I was told to make you take some fresh air. So when you have been in to see your friend, who is asleep and doing as nicely as possible, you must put on your hat and come down with me to my garden. I want to show it to you. I am proud of it."

There was such genuine kindness in Mildred's manner and speech that Lett could not offer further objection to the arrangements made, though she was much troubled at this new phase of events.

Being almost as fond of flowers as Mildred was, she enjoyed extremely half an hour's stroll through the garden walks; and her pleasure, and thorough appreciation of the lavish beauty and fragrance in which Mildred luxuriated, established an immediate bond of sympathy and good-fellowship between the two.

"Come and rest awhile," said Miss Sterndale at last, leading the way into a vine-covered arbor, the deep shade of which was refreshing after the sunshine they had left. She took off her hat, sat down and made herself comfortable; and, Lett having followed her example, she said:

"Now, as we are to spend the summer at least together, and I am sure shall be good friends, let us make acquaintance. I will tell you all about us, and you shall tell me about yourself and Miss Carrington. Mamma has been a widow a very long time. I can barely remember papa very dimly, he died when I was so young. Of course, like the great majority of our people, he was all but ruined in fortune by the war; and, worse, wrecked in health by a desperate wound. I don't know what would have become of us if it hadn't been for Uncle Romuald. He was papa's dear

friend, and took his business in hand and has managed it ever since for mamma, and has always lived with us. Mamma has three children: Alfred, Gilroy and myself. Alfred"—a slight shadow fell over her face, Lett noticed—"is much older than Roy, who is twenty-two, and and I am nineteen. And don't you think it is too hard that Roy, instead of me, should have inherited mamma's beauty? He is *ridiculously* beautiful for a great big man,—just mamma re-youthed, in large, masculine form. And he hates it as much as I hate being defrauded of what ought to have been my birthright, not his."

"But," said Lett, with a smile, "you are very like your mother; not as beautiful, it must be confessed—for her beauty is extraordinary. Still, you resemble her strikingly."

"Oh, yes, I resemble her in a way! But that makes it all the more provoking, as there is such a contrast as well as likeness. It is my great grievance; and a very sore point with her too, though she will not admit that it is. Now tell me about yourself and your friend."

"There is not much to tell about either of us," said Lett, rather sadly. "My mother died when I was born, and my father was killed in the war, scarcely a year afterward. I lived with an uncle and aunt, until they both died at the same time of yellow fever. Then I was sent to a convent, the Mother Superior of which is my cousin. I have been there ever since until last year, when Mrs. Elliott, Sydney's grandmother, who brought her up, died; and as Sydney was not well enough to go to the convent where I was, as her father would have preferred, he asked me to stay with her in their own home."

"You two girls lived all alone with her father?" asked Mildred Sterndale, in some surprise.

"Yes, for some months past. At first Sydney's governess was with us; but Major Carrington thought she was acting

in a manner that did not please him, and he dismissed her."

"And you are an heiress?"

"Yes, I have a large fortune, as fortunes go now among our people," answered Lett, looking very grave. "I am almost sorry for it; because, though money affords the power to do much good, I would rather not have the responsibility of it."

Mildred looked at her a moment in silence, and smiled.

"What a strange girl you must be!" she exclaimed. "The idea of any one at your age thinking of 'doing good' and 'great responsibility'—with the world before you as an heiress!"

"But the world is just what I care nothing about. I should much prefer being a religious to going into the world as an heiress."

"Is it possible you mean that you would like to be a nun?" asked Mildred, in a tone the undisguised horror of which brought a quick light of amusement to Lett's eyes.

"Not a nun: a Sister of Charity is what I should like to be. But, unfortunately, I have not a true vocation to the religious life, both Reverend Mother and my confessor think. And so I must resign myself to God's holy will, and be satisfied with trying to do what good I can in the world."

Mildred was silent again with amazement and something like awe. What sentiments for a young girl, she thought,—a girl so richly dowered by fate in every way! For the unfavorable impression of Lett's appearance as she saw her first, caused, she now recognized, by the peculiarity of her dress, had given place to a thorough appreciation of the natural advantages thus obscured. Mildred particularly admired a certain dignity and grace of manner that suggested, without exactly expressing, an imperiously proud nature.

"You have no idea," she observed, "how all this sounds to me. I have always thought I should far rather be dead than shut up in a convent, with nothing

to look forward to but the same unending monotony day by day and year after year. Good Heavens, I should die if I were condemned to it!"

"Of course, not having the vocation, you would be totally unfit for the life. But those to whom the vocation is given are most enviable, their lives are so peaceful and happy."

"I suppose so. But you have not this vocation, you say?"

"No,"—she spoke very sadly,—“that is, Reverend Mother thinks not, and so does my confessor. They say that, as I never lived anywhere but in a convent, I can not judge which life, the secular or religious, would suit me better, and that it would not be right or safe for them to let me decide until I have seen something of life in the world.”

"They were very wise to insist on this, it seems to me," said Mildred. "I am glad you are not going to shut yourself up in that living death."

It was Lett who was now surprised. It was incomprehensible to her that any Catholic could entertain such opinions, and her thoughts were so legible in her face that Mildred said:

"I am afraid you think me very wicked to feel in this way. We call ourselves Catholics, and never have anything to do with other religions; but really we scarcely deserve the name, for we live much more like pagans. You see," she went on in an apologetic tone, "there is no church here, and one naturally becomes careless under such circumstances. We go to New Orleans during the winter occasionally, and I always make up my mind beforehand that I will make my first confession and Communion while there. But I have never yet had the courage to do it."

"You have never made your First Communion?"

Mildred shook her head.

"I don't wonder you are shocked," she said. "Sometimes I feel quite unhappy about it. I should like very much to be a good Catholic in an ordinary way. It

is out of the question that I could be really devout, as I have no doubt you are; I am far too worldly for that. But if I had the opportunity, I think I might have some religion. I am perfectly conscious that I have none at all now."

The unaffected humility with which she spoke touched Lett deeply.

"If you desire the opportunity, God will give it to you; rest assured of that."

"Perhaps it has already come—if you will teach me to practise what now I only believe."

"Oh, how gladly I will do anything I can to help you!" cried Lett, eagerly. She was by nature, or perhaps from habit, not at all impulsive; but her eyes were full of tears as she added fervently: "I shall think it the happiest day of my life which brought me here, if my coming really proves to be of use to you."

"How good you must be to undertake so willingly such a troublesome task!" remarked Mildred, gratefully. "I am afraid you have no idea how troublesome it will be; for I am entirely un-instructed,—practically, I mean. Of course I was taught the grounds of faith: why I am a Catholic, and why I could not be anything else."

"It will not be a trouble but a pleasure to me," answered Lett. "I have so often heard the instructions for confession and First Communion given to others by the nuns, besides receiving them myself, that we shall not find the least difficulty about your preparation."

"And after I am prepared?" said Mildred. "What then? There is no priest here. But," she added the next minute, "I might go to Burnley; there is a priest stationed there."

"Oh, we shall easily find a priest! We are going to the mountains, you know, as soon as Sydney is able to travel,—Mr. Chetwode was so kind as to say; and we are sure to meet one or two there. I know several who are obliged to take a little vacation in summer, and who go to these mountains for their health."

"Then you will begin to instruct me when?"

"To-day, immediately—if you will come with me to my room. I have with me all the books needed."

Mildred rose with alacrity. They returned to the house; and, Lett having taken from her trunk a few books that were not at all formidable in size, the first lesson was soon accomplished to the entire satisfaction of both.

Sometimes it is only after the removal of a burden from the shoulders or from the mind that its weight is fully appreciated by the bearer, particularly if it has been carried so long and steadily as to have acquired the familiarity of habit. It was so in the present case with Mildred Sterndale. She had, as she said, been at times positively unhappy in reflecting on her own total neglect of the care of her soul, the strange and terrible apathy of her mother, the serene indifference of Mr. Chetwode, and the utter carelessness of her brothers, in spiritual matters. She had resolved again and again that she must, that she would, make a change for all of them by, in the first place, practising her religion herself. But circumstances had prevented this; and she had quieted her conscience in some degree by the thought that the blame was really to be imputed to circumstances, and not to her own will. And so she had lived with a half-dormant, chronic uneasiness on the subject; a feeling which was now suddenly lifted, leaving a sense of relief and peace of spirit of which she had never before been conscious.

(To be continued.)

THE whole cross is more easily carried than the half. It is the man who tries to make the best of both worlds who makes nothing of either.—*Henry Drummond.*

SCIENCE is the most speculative and romantic thing I know; it is cramful of the most colossal assumptions.

—*Laurence Housman.*

Eire's Awakening.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

SAW you the wraith-light flicker and fail,
Men of the glens, through the blinding sleet?
Saw you a cloud o'er the grey sky sail,
And wrap the day in its winding-sheet?
Heard you the roar of the tempest's breath,
Lashing the waves in its passionate scorning?
Felt you the stillness as deep as death?
'Twas but the hour of our Eire's mourning.

Heard you the woe of the caoiner's tale,
Men of the glens, in your eerie shieling?
Heard you the sound of the banshee's wail,
You of the hills, o'er the upland stealing?
Saw you the wan light grey and cold,
Break in the east at the day star's peeping?
Saw you his glory of crimson and gold?
'Twas but the hour of our Eire's sleeping.

Heard you a song by a siren sung,
Men of the glens, through the woodland ringing,
In the liquid tones of the Gaelic tongue,
Sweet as the sunlit streamlet's singing?
See you a myriad stern-browed men,
The very earth 'neath their grand tread
shaking?
Seeking the singer through break and fen.
This, this is the hour of our Eire's waking.

A Small Mohawk Invasion.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

III.

THE Minister of Forests and Mines has had various experiences in his life, but none with a more delicious flavor of the unexpected than the tableau that awaited him in his room that afternoon.

The *mise en scene* lay between his desk and the windows. His Rocky Mountain goat, the gift of a hunting lodge in his constituency, stood there as usual; but it wore for the moment the congruous sartorial aspect of a volunteer regiment returning from a holiday with a liberal display of souvenirs from the corps visited.

A small red cap on one horn, a panama hat on the other, and a truly incompatible tweed jacket over his ears, had transformed militant Billy. A small brown boy was doubled up before him. In scant brown shirt and trousers, with bared arms and neck, it was 'Kwanoron himself flushed rosily brown and ardent, challenging the stuffed goat to a friendly joust. Imparting finally, in crisp, staccato phrases, the rules that were to govern the tourney, 'Kwanoron had tapped a last airy challenge on his adversary's forehead, then ducked his little body and tossed his lowered head in quaint imitation of Bill's own threatening attitude.

A moment more, and the austere Minister would, in common humanity, have had to unbend and caress a small boy's bumped cranium to make it well. But the charge was never consummated. The oddly sorted combatants swam before the Minister's vision and he laughed,—rare laughter for him, racing from the heart up.

In first alarm, the little brown body sprang erect like a steel blade reflexing. With eyes widening in fear and inquiry, 'Kwanoron studied the newcomer. There was nothing in the man's face, fallen again into severe lines, to reassure him.

The Minister became suddenly aware of an element of embarrassment in the situation. The boy's spirited poise, maintained unconsciously as he fell back step by step, challenged his attention; but his whole vision was captivated by the questioning dark eyes, where repressed fear was wavering like shadows in the depths of a sunlit brown river.

Obviously, the correct thing to do was to set the innocent intruder at ease. But the childless Minister was unaccustomed to children, and he did not know exactly how to set about it. It was 'Kwanoron himself who solved the difficulty suddenly, by extending to him a small coppery arm and hand. He had been taught to greet the Indian agent in this way, and felt it was due to this imposing white man. His

hand trembled as it lay in the man's, but the spirit in his eyes rode down the fears bravely. The Minister rummaged his brain for some remark to make his silent, solemn-eyed guest. It sounded very flat when it came at last:

"Er-er, what is your name?"

So much of English was familiar to the child.

"'Kwanoron . . ."; then, "Ken-tiu-kwanoron," he repeated slowly, in answer to the other's air of bewilderment. He straightway forgot his fears in the effort to make himself understood.

"Ken-tiu-kwa-noron." It was the Mohawk name given him by his father; for the alien "James," which he had received in Christian baptism, had no flavor for Paul Whitepine's mind or heart.

Embarrassment again fell on the two at the close of the ceremony of introduction. A veritable ceremony it had been, carried out with dignity and some grace by both parties; and through it a flash of illuminating intelligence had come to the Minister, solving to his satisfaction the mystery of 'Kwanoron's presence. The child was one of some Indian party on its way to an industrial school. Of course! And the cicerone would presently come in search of him.

Meanwhile the two awaited an impulse to act. The man was inexplicably impressed and stilled by the other's manner and wild grace of bearing. 'Kwanoron, shyly hesitant, stood arranging surreptitiously the disordered shirt under his diminutive braces.

"Hang it! What are we to do next?"

There was boyish impatience in the ejaculation as the Minister finally sank into his chair and fell to writing a letter, which he had not meant to write; lingering in the office, as he had not meant to do, when he returned for his hat. He could not turn this quaint little mortal out peremptorily, he said to himself,—in fact, he had no desire to do so.

'Kwanoron, judging himself forgotten by the man, had no present desire to return

to play with the goat. If the chair had drawn him as a magnet on his entry into the room, it drew him now with threefold power since the big man sat in it. And for two reasons he wanted to come into closer relations with this silent man.

The first was that he wanted to make a petition concerning his new acquaintance, the goat; the second, that to 'Kwanoron a man was the ideal companion and playmate. He had more than an ordinary child's liking for man's ways; because, since his coming into the world had caused his young mother to leave it, his father, day after day, as he sat at lacrosse-making, had kept the child near him, finding again in the serious eyes of 'Kwanoron traces of the brave spirit and the tenderness of the mother.

And the two had been men, or boys, together. 'Kwanoron naturally desired some recognition from this new man, but he was at a loss to tell him so. He made his way slowly around the massive desk; and as he went, even the irregular strokes of the pen while the man wrote proved an added fascination.

The Minister became aware that 'Kwanoron was talking very softly to him across the desk. He did not look up; there was birdlike sweetness in the speech, and he would have it repeated. 'Kwanoron was speaking—if the Minister could only have understood it—in the quaintest of baby Iroquois and in the Mohawk dialect. He was very much in earnest, concluding the soft plea with a wistful note of interrogation.

"If you tell me that in English, my man, I have no doubt I shall be able to meet your desire for information," the Minister said, with a pleasing sense of the humor and novelty of the situation.

'Kwanoron's blank polite smile showed the Minister that he had not been understood. But the wistful request was repeated, again in the choicest of baby Iroquois. To 'Kwanoron's own mind he was saying:

"I like that beast with horns on his head. Will you give him to me?"

The Minister's face was blankly uncomprehending.

'Kwanoron looked compassionate. With fine patience, the request was repeated in a different form, the child's eyes fixed eagerly to read the other's face.

"That beast who carries two horns on his head is beloved by me. Will you give him to me?"

The deep, questioning eyes—about all that was visible above the desk—never faltered in their scrutiny of the Minister's face.

An inspiration reached the man, and he dashed his pen away in emphasis of its lucidity, as it opened up new vistas of thought. Of course this strayed child wanted to join his people of the school party. But such a bonny manikin, . . . the Minister recalled O'Neil's saying, that the parents of these children were very disturbed about the kind of school to which they would entrust their children. And the schools were at such a distance from the Eastern Reserves. He had thought it an absurd statement then; now—?

This child must be wanting news of his people,—wanting to go to them. The Minister, smiling at his own alertness in interpreting the strange tongue, nodded briskly in token of full comprehension. Of course the boy should be taken to his companions just as soon as that letter was written.

The Minister's complaisance completely won the boy. The small bronze face went radiant with the light suddenly kindled in the wide eyes. The smile was captivating in its innocent delight, as it sought over the desk a glimpse of the coveted animal.

The man, forcibly this time, withdrew his thoughts from the handsome child, and turned to finish his letter. 'Kwanoron resumed his shy progress around the desk, his lustrous dark eyes fixed always on the man. He desired more definite information about the beast who carried the horns

on his head, but he equally desired a complete friendship with the man himself. His wide eyes took in the broad shoulders. Now 'Kwanoron believed that big men's broad shoulders were made to lift small boys up to the ceiling; that their arms were strong only to hold small bodies very sleepy or tired, even as his was now. He made his way slowly to his goal.

"When shall I take away the beast who carries the horns on his head?"

It was a very small voice, coming up from the side of the chair; and, following the fresh melody of the voice, came two small brown hands clasped over the man's knee. The slender brown body clung hesitantly to the Minister's knees, the small hands clasped and unclasped appealingly. The child, battling between shyness and eagerness, looked so glowing and sweet that the Minister suddenly unbent in human fashion, and pulled the quaint brown youngster up for a kiss. 'Kwanoron cuddled down to the coveted rest on his shoulder as happily as if he had always rested there.

Again the man asked the child his name, and again was the sleepily musical response:

"'Kwanoron,—Kentiukwanoron."

Though the Minister did not understand the language, he realized the significance of the name Paul Whitepine had given his child, Kentiukwanoron—"Beloved company." The child had slowly exerted over the lonely man a charm of companionship rarely felt by him. That small arm about his neck had already begun to work springtime moods in his heart.

'Kwanoron's eyelids began to drop under the weight of the Fairy Sleep's wand, but he recalled himself to ask softly:

"You will give me that beast with the horns on his head?"

The man's assent was hearty enough to reassure a more timid petitioner than 'Kwanoron; for now, with the citadel of his aloofness surrendered, the austere Minister was a captive to this oddly sweet

bundle of manliness, innocence and grace.

'Kwanoron, unaware of his new power, but anxious to speak his whole mind about the beast before yielding to sleep, asked finally, with soft persuasion:

"You do not want the beast any more. You will not be lonely when I take him to my home?"

To the Minister's mind, Indians, young or old, could want only schools; and if that was what this adorable child, and others like him, wanted, they should certainly have it, even if he had to revoke his previous action in Council. O'Neil might be right. They should have them.

'Kwanoron, studying his friend's face to assure himself that the man did not regret the gift, was startled at the decided assent to his own speech. So, then, the man did, after all, want to keep the beast here, and 'Kwanoron could not have it to ride through the village! Huh-h! 'Kwanoron would have cried if he had been less proud; but he had always been told that a man-child does not cry. He looked up at the Minister with such regret dimming his brave eyes, and the Minister was so widely at sea for a cause, that the moment became poignant for both.

The Minister, to resolve doubt, smiled again a slow and very sweet smile that few but his wife would recognize as characteristic of him. It was tenderly reassuring. Very gravely the little man, quite startled again from his drowsy repose, began the question anew to know definitely the worst. And this time chance framed the unintelligible question differently:

"Will you give me the beast with the horns,—will you?"

Paul Whitepine's voice, raised interrogatively in the corridor outside, broke on 'Kwanoron's sentence. The child's head rose involuntarily with an alert sense of the familiar notes of his beloved. But he still determinedly continued his petition, and clung more closely to the Minister's broad shoulders. The Minister,

recognizing a guttural Indian voice in the hall too, was well content that the lad should will to stay still a moment with him.

"Will you,—will you let me take it to my home?"

The unconscious little diplomat was pressing; and the Minister's assent was more complete even than before, his smile more radiantly surrendering.

'Kwanoron laughed with sudden, happy abandon; and his father, at the sound, came in upon the truant. He had arranged for the transfer of some timber land on the Reserve; he had talked to the white Councillor, O'Neil; he only wanted his boy now to return home, and he found him with O'Neil's opponent in glow of the happiest possible mutual misunderstanding. When a little later 'Kwanoron left the Minister's room, he was still, from a perch on his father's shoulder, confidently reminding that lovable strange man of his promise about the goat.

The astute Minister of Forest and Mines was said to be the actual master of the Cabinet, yet for that afternoon 'Kwanoron had been master of him. And the Minister was now smiling his assurance as a man of his word to help O'Neil give Indian children all the schools they wanted, for the sake of this exquisite little brown boy.

'Kwanoron was satisfied, and it all turned out very happily for the settlement of that vexed school question. But all Paul Whitepine's parental ingenuousness was taxed that night to make his 'Kwanoron understand that goats can not possibly travel on trains.

THE warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name;
The love that lures thee from the fight
Lures thee to shame.
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free,
That love or none is fit for one
Man-shaped like thee.

—Aubrey de Vere.

An Irish Peasant Home.

BY THE REV. J. GUINAN.

IN the Island Parish there were but very few large farms, and no "gentlemen farmers" at all. In truth, it was a parish of peasants,—of poor, struggling tenant farmers, with holdings of from five to fifteen acres, or thereabouts. They were Catholic almost to a man, the country side being one of those poor, barren districts which Parliament did not think it worth while confiscating at the time of the Cromwellian clearance.

As a pretty fair type of the small farmer, who is just a step removed from the common day-laborer, we might adduce the case of Rody Carroll, of Curraghboy. He owned five acres of inferior land, and had a fine big Irish family, large in the inverse ratio to his means of supporting them. It consisted of ten children—four boys and six girls. In point of size, at the time when Father Devoy came to the Island Parish, they were graduated like the "steps of a stairs," to use Rody's own expressive comparison.

Rody had the typical weather-beaten, care-worn face, stooped, sturdy shoulders, and dragged gait of the small farmer with a houseful of children depending on him for food and clothing. And his brave, patient, uncomplaining helpmate had the anxious look and bedraggled appearance of a mother burdened with the care of a "scriad o' childre." For fourteen years she had lived in the midst of innocence and helplessness; from long association with which her face had acquired an expression of gentle pity, and congenially childish simplicity,—the reflex of her surroundings and maternal solicitude.

Hers was, indeed, a trying, wearing, worrying occupation: soothing childish griefs, humoring childish pettishness, tending childish wants, coaxing and wheedling the querulous, threatening the

obstinate, singing lullabies for the sleepy, lifting the fallen, kissing away infantile tears, nursing and cuddling the helpless, and spending weary, sleepless nights with the sick and ailing. Yet she loved all these duties, and when away from home she was "on thorns," as she said herself, to get back to "the childre" again.

Ah, it is a sight to make the eyes moist with tears of pure gladness to witness her return in the evening after a day's absence. How her face lights up with the sunshine of maternal pride and happiness when she sees the crowd running to meet her with shouts of joy! How she fondles them, and talks to them in baby language, and answers all their curious, irrelevant questions, and listens delightedly to the recital of all the strange happenings during her absence; and snatches up the crying baby, and then smothers it with kisses! She is the angel of the peasant's cabin, and she lives and moves among the angels of the earth; and the smiles and love and innocence of little children gild her mean surroundings with a glory that transforms the lowly Irish home into a fairy palace of delight.

Here is a glimpse of Rody Carroll's fireside of a winter night. Rody is enjoying a luxurious "blast o' the pipe," sending curling wreaths of smoke over the head of the child who is nodding sleepily on his knee. Young Rody, the eldest of the family and the heir to the property, is reclining against a bag of meal in the corner, reading a song book. He has finished his schooling, and is now doing a man's work on the farm every day; being already able to plough, mow, reap, delve, and manage a horse like a full-grown man, many of whose ways he has already acquired.

He has a shrewd eye for the points of stock, talks knowingly of the crops; and, young though he is, has already a little of his father's stiffness of limb and dragging walk, the premature results of toil. He is a "great worker," and his father is very proud of him; and feels no small sense of

relief in knowing he has now a son able to relieve him of some of the labor of tilling the farm, which yields its fruit grudgingly in response to Herculean toil. In a word, young Rody has the fresh, unwrinkled face of a boy, and the ways of a middle-aged man about him. However, this is digressing from the fireside scene in Rody Carroll's cabin.

The second eldest, Brigid, is engaged in singing the two youngest to sleep in the ample cradle,—one reclining at the head, the other at the foot of it. She also is somewhat old-fashioned and womanish in her manner, the result of being looked up to by so many little brothers and sisters, of whom she generally speaks as "the little childre," as if she herself were far removed from the state of childhood.

Mrs. Carroll is engaged at her usual occupation—when she is not knitting—of mending a pile of children's garments, full of rents and holes, undisturbed by the "ree-raw," as Rody terms it, of crying, laughing, and chattering that rages all round. Two boys are busy in a corner of the kitchen making a "crib" to catch birds, while another is extracting the soft pith from a piece of alder wood in order to make a "bullet gun" from it. Finally, granny, Rody's aged mother, is nursing the third youngest,—a pining, delicate little girl, who is destined to depart soon for a brighter sphere.

Supper over—a poor one, consisting of potatoes and "mixed milk,"—the younger children are sent to bed, after which Mrs. Carroll says: "To your knees,—to your knees!" and the Rosary begins. Then, for a space, nothing is heard save the murmur of prayer from grateful hearts, oblivious for the time being of earthly concerns, and wrapt in communion with the unseen world. Mrs. Carroll "gives out" the Rosary in low, sweet, gentle tones; but doubtless they are heard in heaven no less distinctly than if they were the swelling notes of a grand cathedral choir. Such is the usual nightly scene in the peasant home of Rody Carroll.

A few years pass over, and the question that has sorely puzzled him for many a day, and engraved lines on his brow and crows'-feet in the corners of his eyes, must at last be solved somehow or another. The old home-nest is becoming a congested area, and some of the children must go to earn for themselves. An aunt in America opportunely offers to pay Brigid's "passage" out, and thus resolves the problem. Dowerless, and without prospects at home, she decides to accept the generous offer, and so the first break in the happy family circle comes.

The scene of the leave-taking is one we would fain pass over lightly, for it is fraught with tears. It is the first "American wake" in the cabin of Rody Carroll, but not the last. Her father's deep, silent sorrow, her mother's hysterical weeping; her brothers' and sisters' wild, fierce, ungovernable, frenzied outbursts of grief; the last embraces, the last wistful looks of those who are parting perhaps forever; the blinding, bitter tears, the broken-hearted anguish,—ah, who could adequately depict the scene!

So Brigid was gone, the first bird flown, and a gloom like that of death fell on the cottage until a cheerful, encouraging letter came from her, and then others of the family began to think of following her. But, although grieved and heart-broken to leave home, she had no compunction whatever in trying to induce her brothers and sisters to follow her example, and join her in America. By her letters, in which she gave glowing accounts of the El Dorado of the West, she became an active and successful emigration agent. So after a comparatively short time she paid the "passage" for a sister, who in turn was the means of taking out another of the girls, and she again in due course brought over a brother. Thus in time it came to pass that four girls and three boys out of Rody Carroll's family of ten were settled in America.

At each "American wake" the same sad scenes which we have already described

were repeated, as the grieved parents saw child after child, in the pride of youth and strength, cross the threshold of the cabin never to enter it more. Had it been a wake in reality, and were a corpse carried out on each occasion, they could not have left their childhood's home behind them more absolutely. Verily, it was like the parting of death, although these emigrants left when the springtime of life was but opening for them in all its bright and glorious promise. To their father and mother, the absent ones ever remained young. Time marred not the manly beauty of the handsome *buachail* who wetted a father's cheek with his tears; nor did lapse of years dim the vision of youthful loveliness which the tearful *cailin* left behind her as a legacy when she stepped over the threshold of her mother's home, fair and fresh as the blush of morning.

Poor little Ellen resolved for herself the problem of what was to be done with her by going to the better land. Thus, two out of the ten—a boy and girl—remained at home. Bessy gave her heart and hand to a poor man who inherited a mud-wall cabin and six acres of cut-away bog. And they brought up a large family, and lived to a good old age in the midst of conditions and surroundings which scarcely ever reached the level of even ordinary decent comfort. Yet blessed were they, and peaceful their passing; for, surely, 'tis sweet to live, and less bitter to die, in one's native land. God bless you, Bessy Carroll, for having stayed in Ireland to transmit to your children's children the tradition and the heritage of guileless innocence and simple faith that make the Irish peasant home a very sanctuary to be entered reverently!

Finally, when, after the death of Mrs. Carroll, young Rody "got the house to himself," he brought in a wife,—a fine, healthy, handsome, buxom, blooming girl of his own class. Old Rody then retired, and handed over the little homestead, as a going concern, to his son, who thereon

undertook the responsibility of paying the rent.

Some seventeen or eighteen years have passed, and again we take the liberty of peeping behind the curtain as the family of Rody Carroll the Second are assembled round the fire on a winter night. The scene we now witness is marvellously like the picture which the old kitchen presented nearly twoscore years before. The house is again alive with children, who make the old rafters ring with shouts and silvery laughter.

The eldest, a girl, is a dark-haired, winsome colleen, tall for her age; and the youngest is a cherub-faced, lusty boy, still in the cradle,—the same big, roomy, wooden structure, only more patched and battered, which rocked the former generation of Carrolls. There is a serious, steady, old-fashioned, mannish gossoon, the second eldest, looking very much like what his father was when we saw him at about the same age. And, besides these, there is a "ruek" of youngsters, boys and girls, in size graduated somewhat like the "steps of a stairs," just as the family was when old Rody was such another as young Rody is now. Poor old man! he is still living, a decrepit, tottering, half-blind, stone-deaf, doddering invalid in the chimney-corner,—the place formerly occupied by old granny.

Thus, if the family of Rody Carroll the First were scattered on "the waves o' the world," his house was not destined to become extinct in the old land. Like the Phœnix arising from her ashes, the house of Carroll has sprung into life again, instinct with the youthful vigor of former days. The old home-nest is occupied by a new brood; ay, and the wings of some are already stirring impatiently for the flight across the seas.

The familiar "ree-raw" of talking, laughing, crying, chattering, babbling goes on of nights, just as before; while Rody Carroll smokes thoughtfully, dreamily contemplating the glowing embers, as he ponders over the problem of how he is

going to provide for his swarm of children. His face, too, is prematurely old-looking, anxious, and care-lined; and he generally spends the evening until the Rosary nursing a sleepy child, just as his sire used to do. He has about him all his father's quiet, taciturn, easy-going, contented ways, his gait, in like manner, is stiff, and his walk is dragged, the result of lifelong toil. Ay, and if you ask him how he does, he will answer you with a kindly smile in the old familiar way after the manner of his father: "Strugglin' along, bedad,—strugglin' along, and just able to move without a stick."

And his faithful, patient helpmate, like the former Mrs. Carrioll, the mother of the brood of yesteryear who have flown, looks old and faded before her time. The merry, laughing face of girlhood has settled into an expression of gentle, tender melancholy and anxious care, as becomes the mother of a houseful of young children, some of whom are yet helpless innocents, not knowing their right hand from their left. Of nights she is generally engaged at the old task of mending a heap of little garments, perhaps rocking the cradle with her foot at the same time; and in the gentle art of soothing infantile griefs she is as much an adept as the Mrs. Carroll of the former generation. Like her, too, she recites the Rosary nightly for the household, in a voice that is low and sweet; while round her spiritualized, uplifted face there plays the "light that never was on sea or land,"—the light that emanates from the serene heaven of an Irish mother's heart. And so she hands down to her sons and daughters the heritage of piety, simplicity, and goodness which her own mother handed down to her; and, by the witchery of her example, casts over them a blessed spell of enchantment that will yet save them from evil when she shall have been long gone to her reward.

"I reared them like birds in a cage," was the second Mrs. Carroll's description of how she brought up her dozen children. And so they grew up sly, bashful, and

utterly innocent of the world's wickedness, their hearts fresh and pure as the morning dew. The country beyond the parochial horizon was a foreign land to them, and they arrived at manhood and womanhood without discovering the things that interest "society." In their estimation, their father and mother were the greatest, noblest, wisest, and best man and woman in the world; their priest was a superior being of another order; their little chapel was a gorgeous temple, and the village of Ballyvora was a mighty emporium of trade.

Ah, happy is the ignorance and blessed the inexperience of such peasant homes as that of Rody Carroll! Graced by the rosy faces of children in the first flush of delightful innocence, his mean cabin is more worthy of admiration than anything to be met with in princely mansion or baronial hall. The Rody Carrrolls of Ireland, with their big families of blooming children, constitute her chiefest asset. The Irish Church is probably the richest jewel in the regal diadem of the Spouse of Christ, because everywhere throughout the land—on hillside and in valley, in bog and fen, on mountain and moor—we meet with the humble, God-fearing, prayerful home of a Rody Carroll. God bless it!

We are fain to think, if we might reverently venture on so bold a stretch of imagination, that there is a remarkable resemblance between the Irish peasant's home and the model home for all time—the Holy House of Nazareth. Like St. Joseph, the head of the family in an Irish cabin is just and God-fearing, poor and humble. He is an industrious, uncomplaining breadwinner. He is acquainted with privations all his life, and yet is serenely contented with his lowly, obscure lot. And—most notable resemblance of all—when the Angel of Death calls him, he is satisfied and resigned to go. His faltering accents reverently pronounce the selfsame names of Jesus and Mary which St. Joseph's dying lips uttered, and join with them another—the name of St.

Joseph himself, whose thrice happy lot it was to pillow his head in death on the very Heart of God.

And the mother of the Irish peasant home, like Mary, the Mistress of the Holy House, is modest, retiring, home-keeping, kindly and gentle. She is prayerful and tender and bashful; and her face is generally serious and sweetly sad, yet eloquent of deep peace within. Truth and innocence and love and sympathy and womanly gentleness shine out of the clear, timid eyes, more prone to be tearful than gay. Ay, in sweet resignation to trials and sufferings, the humble Irish mother is not unworthy of comparison with her whose "sorrow was great as the sea."

Ah, yes! Irish peasants' cabins are homes of poverty but peace, of privations but clean living. They are homes where money is scarce, but grace is abounding; where there are health and happiness in spite of the near proximity of hunger and want; where there are white souls in spite of squalid surroundings, and warm hearts in spite of cold and nakedness; where the angels of heaven love to linger in the company of the angels of the earth.

God bless our peasant homes,—God bless them, every one! They are the glory and the pride and the boast of our native land.

THE greatest fault among those who have a good will is that they wish to be something they can not be, and do not wish to be what they necessarily must be. They conceive desires to do great things, for which, perhaps, no opportunity may ever come to them; and, meantime, neglect little acts of virtue, such as bearing with the importunities and imperfections of their neighbors, not resenting an unpleasant word or a trifling injury, restraining an emotion of anger, mortifying some little affection, some ill-regulated desire to speak or to listen, excusing an indiscretion, or yielding to another in trifles. These are things to be done well; why not practise them?—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Church and Modern Spiritualism.

SUMMARIZING the doctrine of the Church on Spiritualism, as that doctrine is stated in the *Civiltà Cattolica* by Father Franco, S. J., the *Literary Digest* says: "The Roman Catholic Church believes in the facts of Spiritualism, but condemns its claims and practices as contrary to the commands of the Bible, and likely to involve those who practise it in delusion and error."

In the course of the article to which the *Digest* refers, occurs this interesting statement:

In 1898 a devout Christian questioned the Holy See as to whether it was allowable for him, provided he refused all communication with an evil spirit, and put himself under the protection of St. Michael, head of the celestial army, to communicate with the spirit of a certain person,—a spirit whose answers had always been in conformity with Catholic doctrine. The Sacred Roman Congregation replied: "As matters stand, it is not allowable." And the voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ confirmed the sentence of the Inquisition.

As for the *raison d'être* of the Church's condemnation of modern Spiritualism, Father Franco says:

Were we certain that the spirits who profess to be this or that person were good, serious, and beneficent spirits, such as saintly souls must necessarily be; were they permitted to perform the great miracle of returning from the other world, manifesting themselves to us, and working at the *seances* wonders contrary to nature, and therefore inexplicable, the case might be different. But the opposite is the case. Worse than this, the spirit which presents itself at *seances* often shows plainly that he can be no other than the being branded a hundred times by Jesus Christ in the Gospel as "the unclean spirit."

We quote the foregoing merely as corroboration of the position which we have frequently defended in these columns. While many of the manifestations at Spiritualistic *seances* are undoubtedly frauds, some of them are just as undoubtedly genuine; and what is not human trickery is sheer diabolism.

No intelligent, well-informed person will

now be found contemptuously to ignore the occurrences so accurately and faithfully observed and reported by members of the Society for Psychical Research. Facts are facts, and many of those chronicled in the reports of this association are of a startling character. It is natural, since the phenomena prove the existence of spirit as distinguished from matter, and ever-fresh developments demonstrate the possibility of communication with the dead, that among those who have no firm or solid religious belief an attempt should be made to construct a religion out of the testimony so abundantly afforded. "It is on this account," says Father Searle, C. S. P., writing in the current *Catholic World*, "that these modern psychical phenomena have, from a Catholic point of view, their principal importance and their terrible danger."

"Strictly speaking, there is perhaps nothing absolutely new in all these modern occurrences," continues Father Searle. "Others, very similar to them at any rate, have been known from the earliest ages of which we have any records. But the modern ones have a great value, from having been accurately and faithfully observed and reported by men of great scientific ability, or by others instructed by them in scientific methods; so that we have now a great mass of evidence carefully sifted, and freed at least from ordinary sources of error. At first, the disposition of the principal and most able investigators was decidedly sceptical; it was supposed that most of the phenomena were due either to imagination, to fraud, or to trickery, such as that professedly practised by conjurers. But, as the investigation went on, it became more and more evident that there was a very considerable residuum which could not be accounted for in any of these ways, and for which some satisfactory explanation was wanting and very desirable. The investigation, therefore, was not dropped, but has continued, with new developments, up to the present day."

The assurance that the principles of Spiritualism are distinctly and dangerously anti-Christian ought to be sufficient warning to every Catholic against Spiritualistic *seances*. Loss of health, mental and physical, as well as loss of faith, has often resulted from meddling with Spiritualism. We know of a young person whose reason was dethroned a few years ago by a strange and awful manifestation of occult power. The father of this unfortunate, though not a Catholic, is firmly persuaded that the enemy of souls was the cause of the misfortune. Well worthy of due consideration and attention is the following warning with which the late Dr. Frederick George Lee concludes a chapter on modern necromancy:

—“Now that Spiritualism counts its willing and earnest votaries by hundreds of thousands, the system requires to be met by some better weapons than the rotten and useless instruments of scientific contempt and imbecile popular scoffings, which shall surely pierce the hands of those shallow sceptics who use them. The apparent frivolity and absurdity of some of the Spiritualistic performances, which do not shock the moral feelings of the experimenters, lead many persons to regard them as really harmless. The most elementary form of the manifestations, consisting of mere rapping and table-turning, soon gives place to exhibitions of a more remarkable and startling character. By the first, people are often readily deluded into invoking and consulting spirits as a mere exciting sensation. They advance in knowledge, experience, and daring. Fresh manifestations are eagerly witnessed; new attempts at divination made; darker and yet darker indications of the presence of demons are afforded, which are at once mischievous and often impure, until in some cases lunacy or signs of actual possession surely supervene.

“Let all those, therefore, in their mental daring or harassing hopelessness, who, for amusement, sensation, or for

purposes of actual divination, meddle with Spiritualism—which falsely pretends to put them in communication with their departed friends,—realize, what indeed is the truth, that ‘they know not what they do.’ One day, having long given up their wills to others, either to men or demons, possibly to both (to the latter, it may be, through the former), they may awake from their state of awful calamity, from their weird and visionary dreams, disordered both in body and mind; and this by dark and potent agencies who have artfully entangled them to such an extent with the powers of darkness, and desire to hold them henceforth with an iron grip, that it is certain to be with great difficulty, if at all, that they can be altogether disentangled from the bad influence of their secret allies, and be recalled once again to a pure, simple, and harmless Christian life.”

The Sequences.

THE liturgical term “Sequence,” from the Latin *sequentia*—a derivative of *sequi*, to follow,—designates a hymn introduced in the Middle Ages as a continuation of the Alleluia following the Gradual in the Mass. The Sequences are also called Proses, especially in England and France, because the earlier ones were not metrical, and even the later ones do not rigorously conform to the laws of verse. Their introduction into the Liturgy is generally ascribed to B. Notker, or Notkerus, Abbot of St. Gall’s, in the diocese of Constance, toward the close of the ninth century. By the beginning of the sixteenth century the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, said by some to be the production of Notker himself, but by others attributed to B. Hermannus Contractus in the eleventh century, was adopted by at least one hundred and fifty dioceses and religious Orders.

The Sequences are five in number: *Victimæ Paschali*, on Easter Sunday; *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, on the feast of Pentecost;

Lauda Sion, on the feast of Corpus Christi; *Stabat Mater*, on the feasts of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin; and the *Dies Iræ*, in Masses of the Dead. The author of the first of the five Sequences was, according to Durandus, Robert, King of the Franks, in the eleventh century. St. Thomas Aquinas wrote the *Lauda Sion*; the *Dies Iræ* is attributed to Cardinal Orsini, a Dominican of the thirteenth century; and, if Pagi's Life of Pope Innocent III. be accepted as authority, that Pontiff composed the *Stabat Mater*.

A Reversal of Rôles.

IT is common enough for the faithful to choose the Blessed Virgin for their protectress; but, so far as we know, an old French trooper is the only one who ever took it upon himself to reverse the rôles, and act as her patron. It was in a provincial barracks in France. A young recruit, recently enlisted, a professed socialist and atheist, was declaiming against society, religion, God, and authority of all kinds.

"And the Blessed Virgin?" said one of his hearers. "What have you to say of her?"

The youthful reprobate answered with a slur. As he did so, an old trooper, who had not been regarded as a very fervent Catholic, and who just then was apparently lost in a heavy doze, suddenly sprang to his feet, seized the young rascal by the throat, and, while giving him a vigorous and prolonged shaking, ejaculated: "As for society and all the rest of it, have it your own way. But about the Blessed Virgin, you scapegrace, not a word,—do you hear? *I take her under my protection*. I learned that from my own good mother."

THERE is one form of hope which is never unwise, and which certainly does not diminish with the increase of knowledge. In that form it changes its name, and we call it patience.—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

Notes and Remarks.

The frequency during the past year of serious earthquakes, almost invariably followed by devastating fires, and attended with a notable loss of life, is well calculated to impress the self-glorifying modern world with a salutary sense of its absolute impotence to deal with the great elemental forces of nature. While the latest seismic disturbance, at Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, was relatively somewhat less disastrous than several of its predecessors in other parts of the world, it was still of sufficient magnitude to evoke world-wide sympathy and to prompt congruously generous assistance from our own country and other lands. The one lesson which individual readers should learn from these oft-recurring catastrophes is the transitoriness of all material grandeur and the terrible uncertainty of human life. In this twentieth century, even more than in previous ones apparently, it behooves us to be ever ready for the dread visitant of whose coming "we know not the day or the hour."

M. Emile Ollivier, the veteran statesman whom Napoleon III. called to be the head of a Constitutional Cabinet in 1870, and who is Pius X.'s senior by ten years, has this to say of the present situation in France:

It is evident that the French Government would like to go back, but it does not know how. The logical and strong measure would have been to close the churches when the Catholics refused to found cultural associations; but the Government feared a popular uprising. The Pope knows exactly what he wants, and with his inflexible will he is sure to win.

M. Ollivier's views are interesting as manifesting his unchanging estimate of Pius X., of whom, after a visit to the Vatican in 1904, he wrote: "He has the genuine courage that is mild, calm, and exempt from every species of braggadocio. He will never raise his voice in saying, *Non possumus*: when he has to say it, it will

be in a very gentle tone. But once it is said, he will never thereafter retreat from his position." Thus far in his pontificate, the Pope has verified the French statesman's prediction of 1904, and we dare say coming events will verify the recent prediction about the Pontiff's inevitable winning.

The late Baroness Burdett-Coutts deserves, better than many others who are buried there, a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Her long life was spent in doing good, and her benefactions were as catholic as they were munificent. No deserving charity ever appealed to her in vain, no worthy cause was denied her cordial support. Though an ardent member of the Church of England—of which she was called a nursing-mother,—she extended generous aid to the fisheries and other native industries of Catholic Ireland. Mr. William Redmond performed a gracious act in sending a telegram of condolence to the family of the deceased Baroness, telling of the grateful affection of her Irish beneficiaries.

Chronicling the death of Cardinals Cavagnis and Tripepi, both of whom were Cardinal in Curia, the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet* notes that during the pontificate of Pius X.—in less than three years and a half—as many as sixteen members of the Sacred College have passed away, while only six new ones have been created. Both of the deceased Cardinals were among the most learned and active of the Holy Father's assistants. Cardinal Cavagnis is said to have been a tireless worker, and the literary labors of Cardinal Tripepi were amazing. It is estimated that a complete collection of his writings would fill over a hundred large volumes.

Historical students, when they least expect it, meet with refutations of still current false notions regarding monasticism in the Middle Ages. In a "history of

Fra Antonino, preacher and archbishop of Florence (who was born in the year of our Salvation thirteen hundred and eighty-nine)," included in the recently published "Il Libro D'Oro," mention is made of the saint's constant devotion to study and writing. "And thus he did, not only when he was residing in some convent, but when employed in visitations; for he always carried with him his books and writing materials." To this sentence the oldtime chronicler adds parenthetically: "Though in well-ordered convents and monasteries these would not be wanting." Testimony like this is abundant, and yet writers classed as learned still repeat the old calumny that until the advent of Luther, with rare exceptions, the monks and friars were steeped in ignorance and superstition.

Many of our readers will probably wonder why the *Living Church*, which is an organ of the Protestant Episcopal Society, should write as follows in reference to the Bible. The explanation is that the editor sometimes succeeds in hypnotizing himself into the belief that he is really not a Protestant himself, and that his denomination, in spite of its legal, self-chosen title, is a true branch of the Catholic Church. He thus writes:

After shrieking for more than three centuries that "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants"; after reproaching Catholics for a like period of time because they held that the Church was prior to the Bible, rather than the latter the ultimate authority in religious belief; after making of the letter of the English Bible a fetich little short of idolatry, and building all sorts of crazy systems and sects upon disjointed texts,—these same Protestants, having discovered that they have been wrong ever since Protestantism came into existence, and have built up their entire 'ism upon a mistake, have now flopped over into the other extreme.

Another Protestant Episcopal paper combats the popular idea that the New Testament, as it stands, was first written, and that afterward, in accordance with its instructions, the Church of Christ was founded. "To show how little foundation

there is for such a supposition," says the *Church News*, "we have only to take the date of the Birthday of the Church (the Day of Pentecost) and compare it with the dates of the Books of the New Testament, to learn that the Church of Jesus, with its divinely ordered ministry, Sacraments, Creed and Ritual, was in being long before the New Testament was in existence. Observe the date of the Church and the dates of the different Books of the New Testament. Pentecost, 33 A. D. The Epistles: To the Thessalonians, *circ.* 54; to the Corinthians, *circ.* 57; to Titus, *circ.* 57; to the Romans, *circ.* 58; to the Galatians, *circ.* 58; to Timothy, *circ.* 58; of St. James, *circ.* 62. Gospel of St. Matthew, *circ.* 61; of St. Mark, *circ.* 63."

Strenuous mission work far afield, and supine unconcern as to needed mission work at its very doors,—this would seem to be the condition of the surviving remnant of New England Puritanism. As Mrs. Jellyby neglected all her home duties in the interests of missionary efforts in Borrioboola-gha, so Boston reaches out to China and the Philippines, but has never a qualm as to religious conditions in Cape Cod. One clergyman in that home of the Pilgrims is leaving his church because he has no flock. At a recent Sunday service, the weather being perfect, there were only four persons present. "These out of a community of eight hundred persons of pure native stock, descendants of the early Pilgrims!" exclaims the *Pilot*. Dr. Andrew Burns Chalmer, who has been visiting the Cape, rightly thinks that Boston's sects may profitably cease worrying about alien problems and devote a little more attention to home needs.

Of more than ephemeral interest are the following brief extracts from statements made by two of our prelates in the Philippines, Archbishop Harty and Bishop Rooker. Says the former:

Conditions are growing better for the Church here. Ten years of revolution have made havoc

with her work. We are now emerging from the troubles incident to an unsettled political state. My contention in the Philippines is mainly with the Bureau of Education. In the past this Bureau has been a haven for ex-preachers and religious enthusiasts. The disposition of the Government is to weed them out. In the meantime patience and prudence are the virtues which I am particularly trying to practise.

Mgr. Rooker looks ahead, and, without attempting to fix a date for a change in the status of the Philippines, clearly considers such a change inevitable. "My three years of experience," he declares, "teach me that we simply must build up a purely native Church here. The time for white control, either political or ecclesiastical, has passed. Some time in the future these people will have to be left to work out their own salvation, both politically and religiously. When this will be, no one with common-sense would at present attempt even to guess. But the Church must be ready for the change; and the only way for her to be ready is to have created a native clergy of high grade, morally and intellectually."

Discussing in the *Month*, under the title "A Further Danger for our Schools," the project of the Moral Instruction League, which project is in brief the teaching of ethics independently of religious dogma, the Rev. Sydney F. Smith says:

If any sure inference can be gathered from the history of the *regime* of "independent morality" in the State schools of France, it would seem that not moral progress but moral deterioration is the harvest it is adapted to raise. We must not be misunderstood. We do not question the single-mindedness and nobility of purpose of the leaders of the new movement. Their publications bear them good testimony in this respect. What we question is the efficacy of their method. To recur to a comparison already used, it may suffice for a steam launch in a landlocked harbor, but one might as well try to propel a heavy liner across the ocean with a donkey engine as expect by this feeble method to propel the dead weight of human resistance successfully through the storms and currents, which as long as human nature remains what it is, will continue to beset the ocean of life. Still, God knows that some kind of moral training is needed in numbers of our school-

rooms, and this kind may be better than nothing in cases where the children can look for nothing else. But as for our own Catholic children—and we fancy that here we should have the mass of Anglican and even Wesleyan parents agreeing with us,—they must have none of it. For our own system of moral training is one and indivisible. Every part of it needs to be taught by teachers who are in sympathy with the whole of it; and hence what the Moral Instruction League offers to supply to our children as at least a part of our whole, is no part of it at all, but is incompatible with it.

All of which is an additional illustration of the excellence inherent in our American parochial school system where the morality inculcated is the only kind that can stand the wear and tear of contact with the stern facts and alluring temptations of everyday life—morality based on religion.

A recent issue of the *Salesian Bulletin* contains an interesting list of the institutes which in different countries are carrying on the beneficent work begun by Don Bosco. The 164 foundations include: 72 institutes of arts and trades and agriculture, with 5170 pupils; 106 boarding-schools, with 5888 boarders; 95 day-schools, with 12,819 in attendance; 115 "festive oratories," with 24,883 attending. To these figures must be added another 2000 boys who are pupils of 29 schools and institutions opened in Salesian missions amongst lately settled populations. We therefore find 50,000 children under the care of the Salesian Fathers, without counting any of their schools in Italy, where their community had its origin.

Truly a blessed work that Providence visibly protects and prospers.

From recent dispatches it would seem that the agitation which the freethinkers have long carried on for the closing of Lourdes has at length proved effective with the iniquitous French rulers. It is stated that the Government has intimated its purpose to "sequester" the whole property. Sequestration, or confiscation, is one thing, the actual closing of Lourdes will, or ought to, prove quite another and

an entirely different proceeding. "By the confiscation of the sanctuary of Lourdes," says the *Catholic Times*, "if the French rulers carry out their intention, they will arouse to a high pitch the indignation which their conduct toward the Church has excited amongst the Catholics of all nations."

In view of the incalculable benefits that have accrued to French Catholics since Bernadette's vision at the Grotto in 1858, and of the undoubted enthusiastic devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes that animates hundreds of thousands of every class of society in France, we should think that governmental closure of the Grotto would prove the last drop necessary to cause the waters of bitterness in Catholic France's already brimming cup to overflow. Revolutions have been precipitated by far smaller causes, and the power-drunk atheists who are humiliating France in the eyes of the world had better think twice before expatriating Our Lady of Lourdes.

Of all vices, avarice is the hardest to cure. The effect of it is to render the heart insensible to religious impressions. The miser's gold is his god, to which he pays a kind of worship. Any other has no meaning for him. The saddest of all deaths is that of a man whose energies have been expended in accumulating wealth from which he must forever part, and who has no thought of eternal possessions. Though generally attributed to other causes, most of the religious indifference and neglect in the world is due to avarice. The *American Israelite* is shrewd enough to observe that one of the principal recommendations of agnosticism is its cheapness. It costs nothing, and, so far as this world goes, it is very convenient. "Affiliation with a church means not only to contribute to the support of religion, but also of the charities, educational institutions, and other beneficent activities that have their roots in religious organizations. The unaffiliated escape bearing their share of the common burden. All organized altruistic work is done by the churches. The unaffiliated

are in the main men of too cheap a kind to share in any movement that has not money-making for its sole object."

The editor of the *Messenger* is decidedly—some readers may think unduly—optimistic as to American public sentiment with regard to both the Catholic religion and its representatives. He claims that there has been, in the minds of our countrymen, a gradual change from hostility toward Catholicism to sympathy therewith; and that this change, while more manifest in some localities than in others, is to some extent noticeable everywhere. "Seldom," says our contemporary, "has there been a better opportunity for taking sides for or against Catholic interests; and it is gratifying to note that, with rare exceptions, our people believe that the Church is right, and that it is the victim of unscrupulous politicians, as in France; that it is not responsible for the political upheaval in Germany. This change of sentiment is not due to religious indifference; on the contrary, it is due to a sincere interest in the welfare of our religion, which makes many a man of no religion at all wish to see fair treatment for the Church and respect for its ministers."

The foregoing would seem to be incompatible with the attitude, toward the French persecution, of the majority of American papers; but the *Messenger* credits the citizens whom it has in mind with sufficient acuteness to estimate journalistic partisanship at its true worth.

They can not be misled by the suppression of the truth which is practised by some of our newspapers. They know that the press does not reflect this change in public sentiment, either because its owners are controlled by powers adverse to the Church, or because some of its editors are still under the spell of the *idola theatri*. It is well to be mindful of this fact when our indignation is rising against the newspapers. They no more represent public sentiment in religious questions than they are permitted by their controllers to reflect it in political or commercial interest. Since we must all read the newspapers, we as well as their editors need at times the lesson from the school of journalism,

reminding us that the special cable is inspired by a foreign press bureau depending on government subsidy in one form or other, and therefore, as in France, anti-Catholic; or, that some editors so misread public opinion that they fear to print news somewhat favorable to the Church without providing the antidote in their editorials.

The *Messenger's* explanation of the newspapers' attitude is most probably true; its statement that the newspapers' readers recognize the real state of the case, and are not misled by the journalists, is perhaps hardly so exact as we should like to believe it.

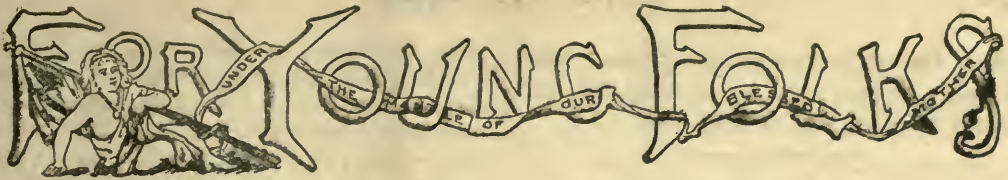
The best and also the briefest statement of the question at issue in France that has come under our notice is from the pen of Judge Morgan O'Brien, formerly of the Supreme Court of New York. His words reflect the fairness and clearness of the judicial mind:

I take possession of your property during a period of public disorder and sell it. Later on I sign a contract, agreeing to pay you a fixed annual sum, provided that you do not contest my title to your property. After some years I say to you: "I cancel that contract. You have kept your agreement, but I am tired of paying. I shall retain the property I took originally, and confiscate all you have since acquired; and in addition I shall take every penny you have earned, every legacy willed to you, every gift that you have received since we entered into our original agreement."

This is the history of the Concordat in a nutshell.

It is pleasant to note that in future our Civil War is to be referred to in all official documents as the War of the Secession, not as the War of the Rebellion. No wonder that our Southern friends have always resented the imputation that men of such noble character and exalted virtue as General Lee and General Stonewall Jackson were rebels. The time is coming, let us hope, when the names of the great men of the South will be as much honored throughout the Union as those of Lincoln and Grant. But it is very doubtful if future historians will rank Grant with either Lee or Jackson.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Story.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

COME, sit on my knee, little Alice.
A story? And what shall it be?
"Of a saint, and of one who was truly
A plain little maiden like me."

Ah, sweet little, grave little Alice,
I would I could paint for your eyes
The soul of a maiden who truly
Is one of God's saints in disguise!

You thought them all dead, little Alice,
No nimbus of glory they wear;
God's sunshine gleams out of their faces
And this is the glory they bear.

Come, nestle your head on my shoulder.
There once was a maiden like you,
Whose heart was kept eagerly seeking
For some special mission to do.

Some great work this little maid asked for;
Yet bravely she tried day by day,
To do all the tasks that the Master
Had tenderly placed in her way.

There were poor little children to comfort,
And bruised little fingers to dress,
And never a child was too naughty
To cuddle and soothe and caress.

And yet all the while she was asking:
"Now how can a maiden like me
Best please the dear Jesus, and Mary
Who held that sweet Child on her knee?"

And ever she looked for the answer,
And longed for some mission to do.
I think all the while, little Alice,
She was doing God's mission; don't you?

It was: "Give me some great work, O Master!
To die, it may be, for my king;
To write some grand song, full of service,
That armies and nations shall sing."

Yet ever her heart made its music;
For others the guerdon might be,

But never a helmeted maiden
Could better do battle than she.

And so all the days of her lifetime
She spent, all unknowing, her worth,
As truly a saint as the purest
That ever was known upon earth.

Ah, maidens may go on their missions,
But even a wee one like you
Need never go sighing and seeking
For work of the Master's to do!

Be firm, little feet, for the service;
Be strong, little hands, for the fray;
And the smallest of maidens, like Alice,
May win to a saintship some day.

Winter Birds.

BY MARY KELLY DUNNE.

O birds to be seen in winter, did you say? You can't begin nature-study when the trees are nothing but plain firewood and there's a foot of snow on the level. Dear, O dear, but you do need to have your eyes fitted with outdoor glasses! I know a boy who spent his holiday vacation helping a woodchopper, and he told me he just hated to cut down trees. It wasn't so much on the trees' account as because there were so many birds about, and they seemed to need the trees so much. The chickadees particularly, he said, had a way of sitting right over your head and scolding "dee, dee, dee." One of them had a nest in the tree he was chopping, and as soon as dusk began the chickadee would hop in and tuck his head under his wing, as if he were sure the woodchopper wouldn't touch his homestead, anyway.

This boy got on such intimate terms with this chickadee that it would hop on his finger like a canary and eat the bits of

suet he held out. Winter birds are all particularly fond of suet, but there aren't many of them as tame as the chickadees. Fat is heat, and food fuel, you know; and all animals need a good deal of it during the cold weather. If you like to see birds about the house in winter, you have only to hang pieces of suet or other fat on the posts or trellises, out of reach of the cats. Woodpeckers, nuthatches, bluejays, juncos, brown creepers, will all come to your yard for their meals.

Where do the birds get their food in January and February, when the ground is covered with sleet and snow, all the insects are frozen tight, and the last year's seeds and berries all eaten or blown off the bushes? Birds know a great many tricks that mere humans would never think of, and some that human folks imitate. For one thing, some birds lay away stocks of food in the fall for just such emergencies. Late in October, if you had kept your eyes open, you might have seen Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker busily engaged in picking and storing acorns. If you had watched very carefully, you might have found some of their little storehouses. A crack or an old knot-hole in a tree or a fence post answers the purpose, although I have no doubt that Mr. Woodpecker carves out fancy closets in the spots handiest for Mrs. Woodpecker. Woodpeckers are quite wonderful carpenters. They carry a whole kit of tools in their shiny white bills, and can carve out the neatest sort of a hole in a tree trunk. After filling these little food bins, they fetch bits of bark from other trees, and match them so carefully it is very difficult to distinguish the cover of the hole from the surrounding bark. So you can see that in late January, when other food is hard to find, the Woodpecker family are quite independent of sleet and snow. I suppose they are the wealthy capitalists of the bird world.

There are half a dozen or more varieties of woodpeckers, and you ought to cultivate the acquaintance of the representatives of the family in your neighborhood. I am

sure you will find some of them in the old orchard across the field, or in those old apple trees back of the house. You will enjoy watching them, they have such business-like ways. They go climbing up the tree, tapping, tapping, here and there stopping to listen. Perhaps the knocking has waked up a sleepy worm snug and warm under the bark. Sharp-eared Mr. Woodpecker, listening, hears him turn over in bed, and goes straight to work with his chisel beak. In a few minutes he has cut a hole straight through to Mr. Worm's bedroom. His tongue darts down, like the barbed fishhook it is, and drags the poor worm up,—a dainty morsel for Woodpecker's lunch. It sounds rather cruel, doesn't it? But you'll find, as you go along, that life lives upon life in a never-ending chain. This you will find it harder to understand the older and wiser you grow.

Woodpeckers are very useful birds. They work hard for a living for themselves and their families. They give an honest return in warfare on the trees' enemies for all the fruits and seeds they take. If you want to show your appreciation of their energy and industry, you might give them a complimentary banquet. That's the way the big capitalists do sometimes, you know. They give a big dinner and invite a lot of guests, to show their appreciation and to do honor to somebody who has done a valuable piece of work for them. Fortunately, a complimentary banquet to our bird friends need not cost ten or twenty dollars a plate, or even ten cents. You can get a big piece of suet from the butcher for five cents. Hang it out of reach of the cats, and see if the birds don't appreciate their complimentary banquet. Perhaps in the bird chronicles they will tell how Mr. Little Boy and Miss Little Girl tendered a testimonial feast to the Woodpecker family, the Brown Creepers, the Juncos, and the Chickadees, in appreciation of their services; and they will resolve that next year they will build twice as many houses in the old orchard, and kill off all those bad worms that are injuring the trees.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IV.—A SUNDAY VISITOR.

When Mrs. Redmond came back after seeing Arthur and sat down again, Hugh repeated his question, asking her if she knew that there was a window too many on their house.

"Yes, I know," she answered.

"Well," resumed Hugh, "I thought I could find out why it was there. I tried to look in and see if it belonged to any room, but just then my foot slipped. I don't think it would have slipped only the pigeons suddenly began to move, and I thought it was some one inside the window. That frightened me and I went over."

Mrs. Redmond started forward almost as if she were going to catch him,—as if it were that moment he was in danger of falling.

"Oh, you foolish, foolish boy!" she cried; and the look of agonized terror upon her face went to Hugh's heart.

"Arthur tried to stop me going up," Hugh went on bravely; "and when he couldn't, he got a ladder and put it up against the wall."

"Poor Arthur!" said the mother. "He is always so steady and sensible. But go on."

"The ladder," continued Hugh, "wasn't long enough; but Arthur was able to catch me, and the girls went for Patrick."

Mrs. Redmond's eyes dilated, her lips trembled, her hands clasped and unclasped nervously, as she listened with breathless interest.

"Patrick came running as quick as he could, and he fastened Arthur to the ladder with a rope, and took me down. Then I fainted."

Mrs. Redmond covered her face with her hands.

"I was up, though, in a few minutes, and as well as ever."

"Thanks be to God!" ejaculated Mrs. Redmond, fervently. "So that is what

caused poor Arthur's illness, and the shock which the doctor said he must have got. Oh, what a dear, good boy he is!"

Mrs. Redmond was silent for some moments. The conflicting emotions in her mind were too poignant to permit her to speak. Uppermost was, perhaps, a great joy and thankfulness, and a feeling that the visible protection of God and His holy angels had been extended over her little flock.

"I am disappointed in you, Hugh," she said at last, "to do such a terrible, reckless thing; to endanger your own life and that of others, and then to keep it secret. I wonder if I shall ever be able to trust you again."

"Oh, yes you will!" answered Hugh. "You will be able to trust me in that way; for I will never keep anything secret from you again as long as I live. And I have promised Patrick never to climb in very dangerous places."

Mrs. Redmond could scarcely repress a smile.

"Far better if you did not climb at all," she responded, though she was wise and did not press that part of the matter too much. "I am pleased with one thing," she declared, "and that is that you have told me everything frankly and truthfully, not trying to throw the blame upon any one else—except, perhaps, the pigeons. And that is a great merit; it covers many faults."

Hugh's face brightened at this praise.

"Oh, I would rather tell everything!" he cried. "It was the most horrid feeling, being afraid to meet you, and skulking about the house. I felt so mean and miserable."

The mother and son had a few minutes more of serious talk after that. She pointed out to him how thankful he ought to be to God and to his heavenly protectors, the angels and saints; and she did not forget to remind him of the debt he owed both to his brother and Patrick.

When next Mrs. Redmond took a look at Arthur, he was resting very quietly; the

fever had subsided, his eyes were clear and his complexion natural. Pursuing her way to the kitchen, she found Catherine's tongue now released from restraint, as a torrent broken loose from a dam. She gave so voluble and at the same time so graphic a picture of the situation as to terrify Mrs. Redmond and intensify all her previous sensations. Patrick was sent for, as Mrs. Redmond wanted to express her fervent gratitude to him for his prompt and efficient aid, which she assured him neither she nor Mr. Redmond would ever forget. She at the same time administered to him a mild caution as to keeping her informed of what was going on with regard to the children.

"Bedad, ma'am," said the honest fellow, "I was loathe to let you know the danger that Master Hugh had been in, especially with the master himself away. I hope he won't be too angry with the boy."

"I shall tell him, of course, when he comes home," declared Mrs. Redmond; "but I think he will feel, with me, that Hugh has been punished enough by all that has occurred."

As she turned to leave the kitchen, she added a forcible appeal.

"O Patrick," she said, "I am afraid Master Hugh will always be getting into mischief as long as he lives! But try to stop him if ever you see him attempting anything like that again."

"So I would have done this time, ma'am," answered Patrick, "but I was over beyant in the woodshed, till the little missies came to get me. It was all that window, ma'am dear, that took him up there."

He gave Mrs. Redmond a significant look, for he had been informing himself in the meantime concerning that superfluous addition to the house.

"It is so absurd!" commented Mrs. Redmond, turning to leave the kitchen without farther remark, and chiding herself for the recurrence of her old foolish fancies that there was something uncanny about the addition in question.

Meanwhile Hugh was going about the house again, and telling the little girls, who were likewise much relieved, what a load had been taken off his mind by that full confession. He was very strong in his determination never to keep any secrets again, nor yet to violate his promise to Patrick. Nevertheless, he was haunted by that alluring appendage to the domestic roof. The fancy had taken root in his mind, and, as will be seen, he continued to revolve other ways and means by which he might solve the mystery.

Now, it was the custom in that household for some of the relatives of the domestics to share the kitchen meals on Sundays. Mrs. Redmond held, and it was a belief in which her whole-hearted husband fully shared, that those employed under their roof should feel that house to be their home, and should be free on occasions to invite a friend to partake of their hospitality.

On the Sunday following the occurrences here recorded, it was Patrick's father who chanced to be the guest of the kitchen. He was a hale old man upward of threescore and ten, with rosy-red cheeks like the celebrated *fameuse* apples, and sparse white hair. The children had always found him an object of great interest, even to the coat of old-fashioned cut, and adorned with brass buttons, which he wore as his upper garment.

After he had finished his dinner that Sunday, the children went out as was their custom and stood near him; for he often told them a story or brought them a "paper of sweeties." He had, of course, received from Catherine an account of the event of the week, in which his son, Patrick, had played so conspicuous a part; while Margaret, who felt herself aggrieved at having been kept in the dark about the matter, maintained a dignified silence. Arthur, who had come downstairs for the first time that day, and who was still looking somewhat pale and shaken, stood nearest to the old man's chair.

"Was it you, sonny, that climbed up

yonder?" inquired Patrick's father (whose name was Mr. Brennan), and he pointed to where the shining roof could be seen through the half glass of the kitchen door.

"No, sir," said Arthur, answering with the respect for white hair which was so rigidly inculcated; "it was my brother."

"Sure I might have known it was Master Hugh," chuckled the old man. "He's a terror, that's what he is."

"He might have broken his neck," interposed the nurse, severely.

"Faith and he might, and some other necks too," said Mr. Brennan. "But it's little we think of the likes of that at his age."

"I've got his promise, father," interposed Patrick, who was a little afraid of the old man's easy indulgence, "that he'll never make such an attempt again, the longest day he has to live. I don't know what his papa will say when he hears of it."

"'Deed, then, and he needn't say a word," returned this dangerous subverter of discipline; "for wasn't it himself and his brother, that was afterward the Captain, climbed up there to that very window? And the Captain fell down and broke his leg, and had to go on crutches for a year's time."

This was a delightful item of interest to the group, who drew closer, with glistening eyes; and it was in some sort a consolation to the culprit, Hugh.

"It was the very year, I mind me, of the cholera," went on the old man, diverting from the main point of his narrative; "and that was a fearsome time, children, with the dead-carts going around of nights and calling the people to bring out their dead."

"Come now, father dear!" exclaimed Patrick. "You'll have little missy there starting in her sleep."

"Well, that's so," assented the old man, meekly. "I'll not say another word on that subject."

"Did they ever find out about the window?" inquired Hugh, breathlessly.

Mr. Brennan shook his head.

"Not a haporth did they ever find out," he answered, in his husky voice, which was somewhat mumbling from the loss of his teeth; "no, nor any one else either. Them that planned that window knew well what they were about."

He threw such an awe-inspiring mystery into his tone that the little girls drew closer together, and Hugh asked with bated breath:

"Who do you think they were?"

"Well now, Master Hugh," responded Mr. Brennan, uneasily, "it's better not to be asking too much about them things."

And his reticence did more than any words could have done to convey an idea of awful secrecy, of unfathomable mystery. His silvered head wagged ominously, and his withered hands, resting upon his staff, shook visibly.

"You are so very old," said Hugh, "you must remember everything; so, perhaps, you remember when that window was put there."

"I do and I don't," answered Mr. Brennan, enigmatically. "I was just a young slip of a boy when the house was built by a French-Canadian, one Mr. de Villebon. I didn't take any notice at the time, but my father—rest his soul!—knew all about it."

To the listeners, it seemed incomprehensible that this aged man could ever have had a father; and that seemed in itself an awe-inspiring circumstance.

"And take an old man's word for it," quavered Mr. Brennan, "you'd better put that window out of your head for good and all, because there's some things that it's best not to let into your thoughts."

In contradiction to his own advice, however, he continued, lowering his voice.

"Something was sure to happen whenever any one made bold to try to look in that window. The day the Captain broke his leg (he wasn't a Captain then, but a strong, fine lad like yourself), it was just in making that attempt. Then another time your papa climbed up, and it was the cow that burst that day. A splendid big

animal she was. They said she was poisoned with something she ate in the grass; and maybe it was so,—maybe it was so.”

Now, this latter catastrophe was far more appalling to the imagination of the children than the breaking of the Captain's leg. It seemed simply a dire and incomprehensible disaster.

“I was working about here then, much as Patrick here is doing now; and an awful time we had.”

When the children left the pleasant precincts of the kitchen and went out, they first of all divided the brown paper horn of “sweeties” which Mr. Brennan had brought them, being careful to run in and offer some to their mother, who absolutely declined. Neither bull's-eyes nor peppermint sticks nor sticky molasses balls could shake her Spartan resolution.

After that they set off toward the stables, with a common object in view. They proceeded to the barn to assure themselves that no such calamity as bursting had befallen the animal which just then had the charge of supplying the family with milk. There, indeed, she stood in her stall, the picture of health and strength, with her shining coat of tan, the white spot upon her forehead, and her finely curved horns. Reflectively chewing the cud, she turned her mild brown eyes upon the visitors, and lowed her appreciation of their presence. As they stroked her sleek sides, the children breathed a sigh of relief. Their bovine favorite had evidently remained untouched by the catastrophe.

But the old man's talk, the dark hints he had thrown out, had inflamed the fever which burned in Master Hugh's veins. He had no intention, indeed, of forgetting his promise, or trying any more breakneck adventures; but he felt convinced that there must be some other way of penetrating into that mystery. And this subject formed the basis of many a consultation with long-headed Arthur, out in their favorite meeting place, the summer-house.

(To be continued.)

High Life.

A certain portion of France is called the turpentine district, as it is largely given over to the production of turpentine that exudes from the enormous number of maritime pine trees. The process of obtaining the turpentine makes one think of the way maple sugar is made in our own country. A shingle is inserted in the tree, and from it is hung a small pail, into which the turpentine drips in a tiny stream. Each year the incision in the tree has to be made at a greater height, and on this account a most singular custom prevails.

All of the workmen use great stilts, upon which they stride about, examining the little pails, and emptying them when full, although they may be hanging many feet from the ground. These stilts are usually about sixteen feet long, and the workmen wear them all day, just as steadily as they wear their boots or jackets.

The men who guard the flocks also find stilts very useful. Indeed, nearly all of the peasants of that region live, as one may say, up in the air. Each stilt-wearer carries a long staff, which has a round, flat top, upon which he sits to rest or when he eats his dinner. At the noon hour it is a strange sight to see a number of turpentine gatherers or herdsmen chatting and eating sixteen feet above the ground.

The Origin of a Common Notion.

It is a common notion that ringing a bell or striking on a tin pan will cause a swarm of bees to settle; so whenever the bees swarm, the good farmer's wife seizes bell or pan and rushes out, making a great noise. The custom really dates back to the days of Alfred the Great. There was so much dispute concerning the ownership of bees that he ordered a bell to be rung whenever a hive swarmed, so that the matter might be settled then and there. But probably the farmer's wife will continue her practice to the end of the world.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Writing of Brunetière, in *La Quinzaine*, George Fonsegrive states that, on hearing of the aggravation of the litterateur's illness, Pius X. commissioned the Archbishop of Paris to visit him in the Pontiff's name. M. Fonsegrive declares that Brunetière's "soul had neglected none of the duties which open up the horizons of Christian hope,"—that is, he died the death of a good, practical Catholic.

—There are so many collections of songs for schools that to see another presented for the use of children gives one pause. And yet "Songs for Schools," compiled by C. H. Farnsworth and published by the Macmillan Co., is evidently so excellent a book, and shows such marks of careful preparation, based on an understanding of needs, that we must commend it heartily. There is no doubt that it will please both teachers and pupils.

—Another welcome contribution to juvenile literature is "Tooraladdy," by Julia C. Walsh, published by Benziger Brothers. The hero is a little lad who makes his way, through many difficulties, to a position where the best advantages are given him by friends whom he has won, or patrons who are drawn to him by his honesty and good nature. The story is well told, but, from the boys' point of view, there might be more action.

—"The Easter Fire on the Hill of Slane," a play by the Rev. P. Kaenders (B. Herder), impresses us as interesting in matter and style. The cast and setting seem to present opportunities for good dramatic work, though the mounting of the play calls for more than amateur productions usually require. With adequate presentation, this story of the Christianization of Ireland should prove entertaining as well as instructive.

—Eleanor C. Donnelly has gathered some of her charming devotional verses into a new, daintily produced volume bearing the title "Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth." "Our Lady's Knight," "St. Gudule," the story of St. Francis Borgia, a poem in praise of Gregory the Great, to whom England owes the preaching St. Augustine, are among the themes handled with the author's usual facility and tender piety. The proceeds of this publication are to be devoted to the completion of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, West Philadelphia.

—"The Inn of the Beautiful Star" is the piece which gives its title to a collection of poems by Flora L. Stanfield, who has therein embodied

inspirations worthy of their very attractive form. As the title poem suggests, there is a holiday atmosphere about the brochure; but the subjects vary from the love of glad youth to the long, long thoughts of age, and all are poems of the heart. The best of them—all are excellent—will be familiar to readers of this magazine, to which, for many years, the author has been a valued contributor. "The Inn of the Beautiful Star" is a book for lovers of the beautiful.

—We have received from the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, New York, the first issue of yet another new magazine, *Catholic Missions*. While this initial number is a creditable and an interesting one, we must frankly say that our welcome to this latest of our contemporaries would be more cordial could we think that it is destined to fill a want not already supplied by the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, the *Field Ajar*, etc. The forces scattered over a number of periodicals covering practically identical ground would, it seems to us, be immeasurably more effective if concentrated upon one such publication. Let us trust that the multiplication of missionary monthlies may not result in the extinction of some of the best of the class.

—We gave, not long ago, an example of the French method of laicizing a book. Very many French story-books, however, need no laicizing; the religious idea is kept out of them in their original form. Two stories for children, written by Jeanne Mairet, are cases in point. Excellently translated by Mary J. Lupton, "The Child of the Moon" and "The Task of Little Peter" are interesting tales enough, but they are not Catholic or even Christian tales. God, the Blessed Virgin, angels, saints, Mass, Sacraments, prayers,—to these there is no reference. Such virtues as are discussed are purely natural virtues; and there is nothing in either story to offend even M. Briand, the bitter opponent of all religion, whom the irony of Fate has made Minister of Worship in France. Both tales are contained in a handsome little volume published by the *New World Co.*

—"The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch," by the Rev. Charles A. Briggs and Baron Friedrich von Hugel, a slender volume of sixty-four pages, will interest specialists in Biblical studies, but will prove "caviare to the general." Both gentlemen, the non-Catholic professor and the Catholic Baron, are dissatisfied with the recent finding of the Biblical Commission, and

tell each other so in the two letters which form the volume's contents. Longmans, Green & Co.

—There seems to have been a mistake in the make-up of Nos. 129 and 130 of the Lakeside Series of English Readings (Ainsworth & Co.). Both numbers bear the general title, "Selections from Brownson," but two of the selections, "The Worship of Mary" and "The Oration on Liberal Studies," appear in each booklet. The third selection in No. 129 is "The Woman Question"; and in No. 130, "The Papacy and the Republic." The introduction and the few notes are by Dr. Henry F. Brownson. We trust that still other reprints from Brownson's voluminous writings will appear in this cheap and handy form.

—From various sources—English, Irish, and American—Mr. Hatherly More has collected some sixteen lectures in which the Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., sometime professor of philosophy at Stonyhurst College, has dealt with the Blessed Sacrament. The discourses have been edited by Mr. More, and published, with notes and references, under the title, "Lectures on the Holy Eucharist." Father Coupe's reputation as an eloquent and effective teacher obviates the necessity of recommending this excellent volume to our readers; but it may be said that, as the lectures are essentially popular ones, they appeal to a larger body of readers than do many other works on the same subject. Once more (although the statement is becoming somewhat monotonous) we feel called upon to deplore the inadequate binding in which a good many of our Catholic publishers are nowadays sending out works worthy of a substantial external habitat. Published by R. & T. Washbourne, whose American agents are Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

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' price generally include postage.

"Lectures on the Holy Eucharist." Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J. \$1.25, net.

"Songs for Schools." C. H. Farnsworth 60 cts. net.

"Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth." Eleanor C. Donnelly. 50 cts.

"Tooraladdy." Julia C. Walsh. 45 cts.

"Charlie Chittywick." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.

"Five O'clock Stories." A Religious of the Holy Child. 75 cts.

"Jack." By the same. 45 cts.

"The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi." \$1, net.

"The Bishop Spalding Year-Book," Maple Leaf Series. \$1.25.

"The Early Scottish Church." Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. \$1.60.

"Canzoni." T. A. Daly. \$1.

"The Voyage of the Pax." Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.

"In Treaty with Honor." Mary Catherine Crowley. \$1.50.

"The Church and Kindness to Animals." \$1, net.

"Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori." Rev. Austin Berthe, C. SS. R. \$5.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Doria, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Henry Barry, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. John McAnany, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Lawrence Kavanagh, S. J.

Brother Placid Zeiler, O. S. B.

Sister M. Eulalia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Alacoque, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. W. G. Weld, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Sarah Russell, Frankfort, Ky.; Mr. John Doyle, Menlo Park, Cal.; Miss Cecilia Steinle, Castroville, Texas; Miss M. F. Carroll, Denver, Colo.; Mr. Maurice Filion, Camden, N. J.; Mr. Matthew Casey, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Catherine Smith, New York city; Mr. Adam Curnen, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Edward Fisher, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Doherty, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. James Waterson, Decorah, Iowa; Mr. Thomas Hanley, Port Arthur, Canada; Mrs. J. S. Bender, Painesville, Ohio; Mrs. John Corbett, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. George Strauss, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Molloy, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Andrew Kessler and Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Distel, Tiffin, Ohio; Mr. J. W. Morisson, Mr. David Hickey and Mr. M. Trihey, Springfield, Ill.; Mr. Adam Rudolph, Miss Dorothea Little, and Mrs. Sarah McGuire, Loretto, Pa.; Mrs. M. C. Segrist, Mrs. C. Conn, Mr. Daniel McCarthy, and Miss Margaret Costello, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Emily Thompson, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Anna Luther, and Mr. E. A. Hines, Cresson, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



THE MADONNA WITH THE HOLY INFANT AND SAINTS.
(Attributed to Luca della Robbia.)



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

VOL. LXIV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 2, 1907. NO. 5.

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

Candlemas.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

QUENCHED are the Christmas candles,
 Withered the Christmas bough,—
 But see, on Our Lady's altar
 What lights are gleaming now?
 They are rippling all about her,
 They shine at her sandalled feet,
 This day of her glad oblation,
 The mother pure and sweet.

Meekly the royal Maiden
 Enters the Temple door,
 With slow and reverent footsteps
 Treading the sacred floor;
 Carrying doves to the altar,
 The Dove of Peace on her breast.
 Was ever so fond a nestling?
 Was ever so fair a nest?

Our Lady of the Fertile Rocks.*

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

Tread where we may on Irish ground,
 From Antrim's coast to wild Cape Clear
 Or east or west, but still is found
 Some ancient ruin, rath or mound,
 To tell of things that were.



HE words of the poet are true. Anywhere in Ireland that the traveller drops from the train or turns his cycle, he will find in abundance, those 'ancient ruins, raths or mounds,' and in the County of Galway perhaps most plentifully of all. Now, this was to be expected, because of the many changes,

some fortunate, some unfortunate, which that district underwent.

The tourist from other lands, arriving at Queenstown, and desiring to see the wild and beauteous Connemara, passes by Gort, the first town in the County Galway. Just as the train slows into the station, on the left hand a fair snatch of landscape is caught. It is hard to describe it, it is so pretty, so tasteful, so evanescent. But the line of uniform buildings, handsome though unpretentious, surmounted by a cross, at once suggests a monastic or conventual institution.

Alighting from the train, one is struck by the handsome expression on the faces of both boys and girls; and this will be still more apparent if one drives or cycles through the country parts. Oh, for some magic power to keep those handsome, innocent boys and girls in their own land! The youthful heart is allured, no doubt,

By the talisman's glittering glory;

but I question if any heart, no matter how youthful and how allured, ever looked for the last time, without sorrow, on our own green vales. And certainly the green Motherland never, without sorrow, parted with a single one of them.

A minute's walk from the railway station brings us to a small bridge spanning a gentle stream of water. The sun is shining on the softly flowing tide; and we are face to face with the pretty snatch of lawn, with its beautiful dahlias, begonias, and other autumn flowers, that we noticed a while ago. The building stands by the

* Santa Maria de Petra Fertili.

water's edge. It is the Convent of Mercy, Gort, Galway. In this convent an effort is made, by giving instruction and work, to keep our girls at home. We ring, and ask to be taken to the industrial work-room, and are immediately conducted thither. While we are on the way, may I say a word about this Gaelic movement?

Here in Ireland we insist that we have a right to look upon ourselves as a nation. It is not numbers that make a nation; if so Greece was never a nation, nor early Rome a nation. Greece was a nation, Rome a nation. As there are national characteristics, national aspirations and ends separating and differentiating us from others, there are furthermore, and far more, two things that vitally compel us to insist on our nationhood: shoddy West-Britonism on the one hand, and irreverent Yankeeism on the other. These, the worst products of two great countries, are being dumped in upon us. We could no more coalesce with them than the Gulf Stream with the icebergs of the Polar seas or the sandbanks of Newfoundland. But we must waive these off; everything in our nature revolts against them,—the sincerity of the Irish nature, its reverence for what is ancient, for what is noble, for what is spiritual; the very gales that blow across our hills repel them; the ivy that clings to our strongholds and abbeys dreads them; everything revolts against them.

If, then, we have to guard ourselves from them, if we have to repel them, it is by insisting on and maintaining our God-given right to the dignity of nationhood. A distinct nationality makes us noble, self-respecting, self-dependent. The very idea has been doing, is doing, and will do it. If we are to live in the traditions of our fathers and our race, if we are to hand them down to coming generations, if we are to be an individual people, if we are to be a spiritual people, if we are to be a religious people, if we are to be a Catholic people, we have to guard ourselves against those evil

invaders from the East and the West; and the only sure, certain, and final way to do so is by insisting on our rights to nationhood.

But here we are at the work-room. This room is one of the many children of the *nation* idea. We ask and find that all goods here, "from the woof thread to the shoe-latchet," are Irish: beautiful white garments for ladies in finest wool, and called in the soft Gaelic tongue *bauneens* (white pretty vestures); friezes, all manner of woven woollens; Limerick lace for albs, rochets, surplices, as well as all varieties of ladies' wearables—flounces, collars, etc. Irish crochet, which is a specialty of the Irish revival, and is scarcely known across the water as yet,—of that there is every form and variety; there is fine crochet, and coarse, and raised; and many kinds of articles are made of it.

For the last ten years these works have been going on in this convent. In some of those years as many as fifty poor girls from the town and neighborhood have been employed. Some of the girls, having been trained, obtained positions as instructresses elsewhere; and are thus helping to make Ireland know her own strength and rely upon it. Scores, hundreds, nay thousands, of religious houses, both of men and women, all over this Irish land, are doing similar things, each in its own way, and adapting itself to its own circumstances. The one difficulty, the one burden of our song is, "Who will buy my pretty flowers?"

No cheaper work can be made. It is not by "sweating," however: it is by the religious of the convent or monastery being satisfied to go without profits, glad to sell at the figure that will pay the poor worker, and cover if possible necessary expenses. Fancy beautiful woollen fabric, fifty-four inches wide, at three shilling per yard! It is impossible for any merchant to sell so cheap. But these distributing houses of God seek no dividends; neither do they seek to undersell or drive any rival out of trade. What they seek is to give employment to the poor; and they are far

happier when they see a little money going into the homes of the needy than capitalists are over a ten per cent dividend.

I was extremely touched at sight of a little boy engaged at a woollen wheel and reeling off thread. When a person is idiotic with us, we never use that harsh word, but we say in our pity, "He is 'simple.'"

"That boy is simple," said the good nun. "There are twelve in his father's house,—a great number of mouths to feed in a day, in a week, in a month; and, finding that he can do this work, we engaged him. He has never spoken a word, though he is not deaf."

At the moment his thread broke. He stopped the wheel, knotted the thread, looked up at us intelligently (as I thought), set his wheel agoing, bent down his head again, and deigned to take no more notice of us. Oh, but it staid in my heart, that poor boy of eleven or twelve years, "simple," and yet helping to support the big family at home! "Who will buy our pretty flowers?" Who will help us? Would to God we were rich in Ireland ourselves! We should then ask no one's assistance.

We saw many other beautiful things in the convent,—beautiful vestments that were made tenfold more beautiful by the work of the needle and the pen. As I looked on some of these exceedingly precious things, I pitied the Catholics of France who in all probability will lose church treasures quite as beautiful and perhaps a hundred times more costly.

Parting with the good nuns, and the subdued light and secluded atmosphere of the holy sanctuary, one stepped regretfully into the outside world and the broad glare of "garish day." Yet Gort is historic and Gort is holy. Through it Sarsfield led the unconquered remains of his Boyne, Athlone and Aghrim army—"Few and faint, but fearless still"—to Ennis and Limerick. In one of the main streets stands a handsome Catholic church, built under the invocation of St. Colman - Mac - Duagh (Colman, son of Duach), by the present

parish priest, the Right Rev. Monsignor Fahey, the scholarly historian of Kilmacduagh and all the district round.

Leaving the town, and looking south by west, a short distance across the country as the bee flies, we see a beautiful structure, one of Erin's round towers, pointing aloft to heaven. That is our destination, but the road is somewhat circuitous. Still, it is a pleasure to drive or cycle through this unspoiled, unadulterated country, there is such courtesy and kindness in the sweet rural people. Everything you ask, they immediately tell you; they direct you, point out the way you are to go, where you are to ask; and the holy Irish salutations and responses—"The blessing of God ever be on you!" "May the blessing of God and Mary, go with you!"—fall so softly and benignly from their tongue.

In a simple rural place stand the ruins and round tower of Kilmacduagh, but with magnificent background. While you are approaching, two things chain your attention: the slender tower pointing to heaven, and the unrivalled Burren chain of hills. The hills are far back, miles back; and it is well. From the level plain the ancient tower rises erect. You pass one-storied, thatched farm-houses by the way, and in close proximity to it; and thus in due proportion your eye is prepared to take in the sacred building in all its solitary and impressive dignity.

Like the guests in the "Ancient Mariner," I stood spellbound. Scattered all about were ruins upon ruins, historic, sacred, artistic; but I sat on the stone stile leading into the graveyard, and gazed and gazed and gazed. I thanked God there was no "guide" there,—nothing but the gentle country breeze sighing over the gentle country grass. I did not hear even a dog bark. The rolling of a heavily laden country cart came from a distance; and a few fowl cackled and picked, picked and cackled, by a neat country homestead that stood not far away.

Oh, it was pleasant! I still looked and dreamed. There before me stood one of

the "round towers of other days." I could not say what made me dream. Perhaps it was because it stood so stately; perhaps it was the charming solitude. All around were the ruins. I passed through them,—to the least untutored eye, built and rebuilt in ages past: beautiful windows, stately aisles, handsome columns, lofty gables, groined roofs. Oh, for one blast of an archangel's trumpet to wake up the dead and people these rebuilt cloisters and churches and corridors, and call forth hymn and Gospel and song of praise, as all had been before!

I could not help my feet carrying me once more to the first vantage-ground on the flag of the stone stile leading into the graveyard; and as I sat I thought how truly one might there repeat,

Let Erin remember the days of old!

Historic dates never make themselves at home with me. They pay momentary passing visits, and then vanish. Antiquarians indeed have a bit of squabbling over the exact date of the towers and the several ruins.* Certain it is that the tower and part of the ruins stood before William le Batard became King of Britain; others were rebuilt or added to after the Norman invasion of our own island. But a hundred or two hundred years mattered not a pin's point to an unlettered lover, like me, of nature and venerable antiquity. What mattered was that this sublime, heaven-pointing structure and these sacred and antique ruins were founded by Irish hands, and raised to the honor of God, His Holy Mother, and His saints.

We bid Kilmacduagh a reverent and loving good-bye, and are directed on the way to Sancta Maria de Petra Fertili, the famous Abbey of Corcomroe. At starting, the road is about three miles from the Burren range. It follows the line of the hills, but is gradually drawing closer to them. A splendid drive! The road is as smooth as a demesne avenue. You are

facing Galway Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. The air is delightful. The sea breeze strikes at an angle the Burren chain, and rebounds with coolness and pleasure on your face. It braces you up; and, if on the wheel, you are sorely tempted to "spurt."

You are passing through a land of rocks, rocks, rocks,—grey limestone rocks, lying flat sometimes, like huge flags resting on tombs in a graveyard; sometimes standing upright; sometimes a greyish white, sometimes a darkish grey. The Sahara is not more a land of sand than this a land of rock. Away on your right hand, a wilderness of rock, with now and again a wee patch of recovered land, and a wee thatched peasant's dwelling. On your left hand, rocks, rocks, rocks to the foot of the hills; rocks up all along their bulging sides; rocks crowning their naked crests. A hazel bush and a bunch of grass may grow in crevices or open patches, but the only salient thing in the whole landscape is rocks, rocks.

After four or five miles we draw close beside the hills; and our road, taking advantage of a mountain gap several hundred feet high, leads us gradually to the top. A run of a few minutes along the table-land brings us to a more gradual descent along on the other side. The scenery is in no way changed,—rocks, rocks still; the only difference showing itself is that the summit of the range is more plentifully supplied with them than the plain below.

Immediately on beginning to descend, we discover that we are entering an immense and, at first sight, a most desolate basin tract. Surrounded on all sides by hills, the shallow valley seems shut away from all the outer world. The naked rocks give the unclothed sides and summits of the enclosing hills a savage and wild appearance. The peasants' cottages, however, with their patches of cultivated land, and the gorgeous autumn sunshine which flooded the whole place that day, made it look, instead of forbidding and

* Everything will be found—measurements, height, breadth, depth, dates of founding, building, etc.—in Monsignor Fahey's most interesting and exhaustive work.

savage, glorious and delightful. In the stubble land, the men, bared to their work, heaped the sheaves of corn on their carts; or, in the bits of meadows, filled the hay and brought the harvest home. You heard snatches of song or conversation, or now and again a call. The smoke curled from their homes, and you knew it was their dinner hour. I thank God it was under such circumstances—peace and domestic happiness in the valley, and the blessed sunshine over all—that my eyes first fell on Our Lady's Abbey of Corcomroe,—fair Corcomroe.

From the road, a slit in the wall of stones gave admittance to a path leading to the Abbey de Petra Fertili, which was founded for the Cistercians in the year 1200 by Donach Cairbreagh O'Brien, son of the King of Limerick. The pathway ran by a little plot of turnips, and through two or three small fields, across which a year-old baby might toddle with no effort; and you stood at the outer ruins of the famous Abbey de Petra Fertili. The eye naturally takes in the contour of the whole thing while one is approaching it; but, beyond size, loftiness or extent, what struck me most was the beautiful lancet windows that met our gaze on the eastern gable. They seemed so perfect that, until I came close, I could not believe but that they had been renovated. Yet no: there they were as the good monks left them. A beautiful well bubbled just beyond the outer walls; and a peasant woman, coming to fill her pail, gave me to drink of the cool water of Tubber Murra (Well of Mary).

(Conclusion next week.)

Defiance.

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

MAN, work your rage!
 Who dreads your night of scorning?
 Upon Death's page
 Is writ eternal morning.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

V.

MR. DE WOLFF appeared duly that evening and was presented to Mrs. Sterndale. After hearing what she assured him was a favorable report of Sydney's condition, he proved to be so attractive to her in manner and conversation that she remained talking to him much longer than she had intended,—which was partly a relief to Lett, as it obviated the necessity of her talking to him herself; but also a little trying to her patience, since she was anxious for his visit to be over.

Perhaps her wish in this respect was evident in the stiffness of her manner; for after one or two ineffectual efforts to establish the clear understanding with her of which he had spoken in the morning, he gave up the attempt and took leave. Nevertheless, he was very well satisfied with the result of his visit, in having had his apprehensions about Sydney much lessened, and in having received an invitation, not only courteous but cordial, from Mrs. Sterndale to call again.

"Well, my dear, what do you make of him?" Mrs. Sterndale asked, when Lett joined her in the sitting room as soon as Mr. De Wolff had gone.

"I don't know what to make of him," was the reply. "I am very much puzzled. He does not seem insincere, yet—the truth is I can't forget how shamefully he acted toward Mrs. Elliott, and how poor Major Carrington was worried about it. I really believe that the worry he suffered from the time he returned from California after Mrs. Elliott's death had a great effect on his health. So, you see, I can't help feeling very indignant and resentful toward this man. How were you impressed by his appearance, Mrs. Sterndale?"

"Most favorably and agreeably," Mrs. Sterndale answered. "Insincere! I am

confident he is not that. Whatever faults he may have, meanness in any form is not one of them. He is an honorable man, my dear."

"I am very glad you think so. I hope I am wrong in my judgment of him. But, oh! I do hope that Sydney will not marry him; her father was so opposed to her doing so. And he was so anxious for her to marry her cousin. He thought to the last that if he could only succeed in breaking this engagement, she would consent to marry Warren Blount. I doubt that. I fancy she must really dislike her cousin; her face always took such a peculiar expression when her father spoke of him, and I never heard her mention his name voluntarily. It has always astonished me that she ever thought of engaging herself to anybody; for she is not at all precociously young-ladyish, but as simple and natural in her tastes as a girl of her age ought to be. But" (she started suddenly) "I am forgetting how late it is. You are very good, Mrs. Sterndale, to listen to me so patiently. I will bid you good-night now."

More than a fortnight passed before Dr. Norris expressed a decided opinion as to Sydney's condition. But at length one morning he smiled cheerfully as he stood at the bedside, and told Lett, when she followed him from the room, that all danger was now over: the fever had run its course, and for the first time he perceived slight but unmistakable signs of rallying in his patient.

"But you must not expect any immediately perceptible change," he added. "Her system was so thoroughly run down that she will recuperate only very gradually. Press the stimulants, and insist on her taking her medicines regularly. I see that already she is trying to shirk that."

Lett did her best to obey these directions, but with no great success. As day after day passed, Sydney still continued to take her medicines and food in a protesting spirit; and still lay with closed eyes, listless and apathetic.

"It seems unnatural in her," said Lett. "She was the most restless, *vivid* creature imaginable,—always in motion. To see her lying perfectly still—neither moving, speaking, nor even opening her eyes for hours at a time—alarms me. I don't wonder that Aunt Jessie is scared and miserable, and thinks she will not live."

Just then the clock in the sitting room where they were struck eleven, and Lett said:

"It is time for her to take her milk, and I saw Aunt Jessie go downstairs a minute ago; I will go and give it to her."

While on her way upstairs she heard the door bell ring, and a moment later, as she stood by Sydney's bed, Mrs. Sterndale came to her side and motioned that she wanted to speak to her. Leading the way to her own room, she saw that Mrs. Sterndale held a card in her hand.

"Here is a further complication, my dear," she said, with a half smile. "Another gentleman to see Miss Carrington; and on hearing that she was ill, he asked for you."

Lett took the card, and read aloud the name: "Warren Blount."

"It is Sydney's cousin with whom she was brought up," she said,—"the man she was engaged to first. Now I think of it, I wonder he has been so long in coming. I will go to him as soon as I have given Sydney her milk. What shall I say if he wishes to see her, as I am sure he will? They were like brother and sister."

"She must decide whether she will see him. Go at once, my dear. I will give her the milk."

Having with some difficulty accomplished this task, Mrs. Sterndale opened the blinds of a window opposite the bed, hoping that the unusual light thus thrown on Sydney's face would prevent her sinking back into the torpor from which she had just been awakened. But it had no effect on the immobile countenance, save only to show how excessively fleshless and bloodless it was, and the painful expression it wore.

"She is young to have begun already her apprenticeship to suffering," Mrs. Sterndale thought, pityingly.

"Mr. Blount is very much distressed to hear of Sydney's illness," Lett said, in a low tone, when a few minutes afterward she returned to the room. "He is extremely anxious to see her. Shall I wake her and tell her he is here? I see that she is asleep again."

"Yes. Ask her if she will see her cousin. She need not if she doesn't wish to."

"Sydney!" said Lett. "Sydney! Sydney! Wake, dear! Your cousin Warren is here and wants to see you."

Sydney's eyes opened with a quick, startled look, and her face contracted spasmodically. She lifted her hand with a repelling motion.

"I can't see him—yet. I—"

"If you don't feel equal to seeing him, my dear," Mrs. Sterndale here interposed, "Lett will excuse you to him. You shall not, must not, be worried while you are so weak."

"Yes, please!" she exclaimed faintly. "Thank you! I am so ill! Tell him I am so weak—"

"I'll tell him, yes," said Lett, soothingly, walking away with a light, quick step. But she had scarcely left the room before she was recalled by Mrs. Sterndale. Sydney had made a motion that she wanted to speak to her again; and when Lett came and bent down to hear what she wished to say, she whispered:

"I don't want to be unkind. Give my love to him, and tell him I would see him if I were not so weak."

"I understand," Lett answered gently. "I am sure he can not think hardly of your not seeing him, when he is told how ill you have been."

Perhaps Mr. Blount did not think hardly of his cousin's declining to receive him, but he was obviously much disappointed, and looked so unhappy that Lett explained at length how terribly prostrated in health Sydney had been ever since her grandmother's death. "Though she did not

positively break down until her father died," she added.

The young man put his hand to his head with a restless motion as she spoke, his brows contracting painfully. Lett was surprised at the degree of feeling he manifested. "He must have really cared for her and wanted to marry her," she thought; "though I always had an idea that it was a mere family arrangement, so far as he was concerned. I remember Sydney said once that he hated the idea as much as she did."

He was young, not more than two or three and twenty; had a fine figure, and a very handsome face of the blonde type,—a face so frank and pleasant in expression that it invariably prepossessed a stranger favorably. But there were traces of weakness in the lines of the nose, and especially in the mouth. As Lett learned later, he was one of the people who, easy in temper, but selfishly indolent and cowardly in grain, are honest by nature and inclination, but yet may be driven by occasion and temptation to compromises of principle that would be impossible to a stronger character.

"I wonder if he is a rival of Mr. De Wolff, if he is really attached to Sydney!" thought Lett, with a little sense of amusement at the idea of two lovers being in such prompt attendance on this poor sick child. "At least he does not seem inclined to make himself troublesome. I am sorry for him, he looks so miserable. What a tangled web the whole thing is! Well, in any case, Mr. Chetwode is to return this evening—thank Heaven!—and he must deal with these two lovers."

VI.

"Lett," said Mildred Sterndale, as the two sat in the drawing-room that evening after tea, "I am beginning to consider Mr. De Wolff as quite an intimate friend. I like him so much. Don't you?"

"No."

The reply was uttered so promptly that it sounded almost curt, and Mildred

laughed. Before she had time to reply, she was summoned from the room, and Lett was left alone, with the echo of that "No" sounding rather reproachfully in the ear of her memory. Influenced by a perhaps morbid conscientiousness, a sort of ideal faithfulness to the trust her guardian had reposed in her, she had involuntarily resisted all inclination to think well of this man, who had been represented to her in so unfavorable a light, and had maintained in her association with him a certain reserve or distrust, which was all the more noticeable from contrast with the manner of Mrs. Sterndale and her daughter, both of whom were exceedingly cordial to him. He had been at the house daily during the ten days which had passed since his arrival in the town,—sometimes merely calling to inquire from the servant at the door how Sydney was that morning; sometimes making an evening visit, or accepting an invitation to dinner or tea. Yet Lett could not but remember how carefully he had avoided troubling her more than she supposed he considered absolutely demanded by conventional courtesy, in even speaking to her unnecessarily.

"I am afraid my manner to him has been almost offensively rude," she thought. "He was here last night; he will not come to-night, I fancy. I almost wish he would, so that I might be a little less disagreeable than I have made myself heretofore."

As if answering the wish, he was ushered into the room at that moment, and she rose to meet him with an effort to be gracious.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. De Wolff," she said, smiling. "I have good news for you. Dr. Norris thinks Sydney decidedly better this evening. He says there has been a marked improvement in her condition within the last twenty-four hours."

"That is good news indeed!" he exclaimed, his face brightening, and taking the look of one from whose mind a heavy weight had suddenly been lifted. "I am rejoiced to hear it."

"Do you know that Mr. Warren Blount is in town?" she asked.

"No, I didn't know it," he replied. "It is very well that he has come at last," he added. "He ought to have been here before now."

"He started the moment he heard of his uncle's death," he says. "I wrote and also telegraphed to him as soon as Major Carrington's illness was considered dangerous; but he missed both letter and dispatch, as he had left Georgetown before they arrived there, and was on his way home, and found when he got there,—but he will tell you himself how he was delayed in coming on."

"Does Sydney know that he is here?" De Wolff inquired.

"Yes: he called this morning. As the Doctor had just been saying that she must be roused, if possible, from the lethargic state in which she has been lying so long now, Mrs. Sterndale thought that to hear of her cousin's arrival might excite her attention at least. And it did. She has been awake and rather restless ever since she was told that he was here."

"And wished to see him?"

"On the contrary, she seems to shrink from the idea of it; though she was sorry, I could see, to refuse. No doubt she felt, as she said, too ill, too weak, to face the excitement of such a meeting."

De Wolff looked very grave for a moment, Lett thought, before he said:

"Can you tell me where Blount is stopping? I should like to look him up."

"No," she replied, "I do not know. But—ah, here he is now!" she concluded, as at this moment Mr. Blount was shown into the room and came toward her. With his eyes fixed on herself as he approached, he did not glance at De Wolff until, after exchanging salutations, and making a hasty inquiry about Sydney, he turned to be introduced, he expected, to a stranger.

"You!" he exclaimed, in a tone of joyful surprise. "My dear Mr. De Wolff, how glad I am to see you!" he went on impulsively, seizing De Wolff's hand and shaking

it with great warmth in the first instant, when he suddenly collapsed, as it were. He stood as if conscience-stricken, answering the questions which De Wolff now addressed to him—though rather coldly, it seemed to Lett—with an air both distressed and deprecating. She was glad when the evident awkwardness of the meeting on his side was relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Sterndale, to whom she at once presented him.

"Can it be possible that Mr. De Wolff is jealous of this boy!" was the question in Lett's mind, as De Wolff sat down beside her and began to talk. A glance at his face as she answered his remarks convinced her that this could not be the case. As always, his manner was very quiet,—a contrast to that of Mr. Blount, whose every tone and movement showed repressed excitement.

"Miss Hereford told me this morning," he said to Mrs. Sterndale, "that my cousin might possibly be able to see me to-morrow. Do you think so?"

"I hope so," she replied. "The Doctor considers her much better this evening than he has seen her at any time before."

"I will call then—at what hour, Mrs. Sterndale?"

"In the morning, about half-past eleven. But you must not be very much disappointed if, after all, she can not see you. She is very weak yet."

"Of course I could not wish it if you don't think it entirely prudent," he said earnestly; and, rising to go, turned to De Wolff and asked where he could find him and when he could see him, yet speaking with some embarrassment.

For reply De Wolff looked at him and smiled, and said in a genial, familiar tone:

"Sit down again, Warren, and wait for me. I will not detain you long."

The young man obeyed with alacrity, his face clearing of the cloud of anxiety it had worn. He waited with patience outwardly, but with inward groans of impatience; suspecting which, De Wolff had compassion on the infirmity of his

years and temperament, and soon took leave. But it was not until some other guests, who had dropped in and spent the evening, were also gone, that Mrs. Sterndale said to Lett:

"We have just heard that Mr. Chetwode has met with an accident."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lett, much concerned. "Not a serious one, I hope?"

"I trust not. But there is no telling as to that, from his own account of it. We were expecting him this evening, you know; but instead of himself came a note saying that he sprained his ankle yesterday rather severely."

"Which means *very* severely, I know," said Mildred. "I am going out in the morning to stay with him until he is well enough to come home."

Lett was much troubled by this news. Besides being sincerely sorry for Mr. Chetwode, she was greatly disappointed that his return home would now be delayed indefinitely probably. She was very anxious for him to meet and speak with De Wolff; and this delay meant the continued presence of De Wolff in Estonville, she feared.

"Bid Mr. De Wolff good-bye for me, if he goes away before I return," said Mildred the next morning, as she was starting to Ravenswold, the old family plantation, which Mr. Chetwode had managed to save from the general wreck of his friend's fortune. It was about twenty miles from Estonville; but half an hour by rail would take Mildred to a station at which she stopped; and another half hour's drive, to her destination. "And remember that you have promised to take care of my flowers while I am gone, Lett."

"I shall not forget."

"Then good-bye!—no, don't get out of the carriage. The train will start in a minute. I'll take my place at once."

Lett felt very dull and depressed as she drove back from the station, and it was with a less elastic step than usual that she entered the house and went into the sitting room to speak to Mrs. Sterndale.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that it may be hard to persuade Sydney to see her cousin. I suppose it would not do to press the point, if she is very much averse to it?"

"No. I would not even advise it. Let her decide for herself."

To Lett's surprise, she found Sydney awake and watching for her.

"Yes, I will take it," she said faintly, as Lett offered the draught she had brought. "Warren was to come again this morning, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will see him." She spoke slowly, reluctantly; then, clasping her hands tightly together, exclaimed: "But, oh, I hate it,—I hate it!"

"If you don't feel strong enough—if it is painful to you, I will tell him—"

"No. I will not be so selfish. I will see him."

"Very well," said Lett. "When he comes, I will bring him up."

She left the room, and found when she went downstairs that Mr. Blount had just been admitted. With a word of caution to him to avoid agitating his cousin, and not to make his visit too long, she led the way to Sydney's chamber.

"Here is your cousin, dear," she said; and then passed on to her own room, closing the door when she had entered, but not before she heard the young man throw himself down by the bed and break into audible sobs.

"Poor boy!" she said to herself. "I am sorry for him."

Late that same afternoon Lett was sitting alone on the veranda that fronted Mrs. Sterndale's house, which was set some distance back from the street before it, when her eye, glancing across the green, shady lawn intervening, she saw De Wolff approach and enter the gate. As he walked up the avenue toward her, she noticed that his face was grave. He took the chair she offered, but said immediately:

"I have called for a moment only, to hear how Sydney is after her cousin's visit, which I fear must have been trying to her."

"She was a good deal excited by it, and exhausted afterward for a while. But Dr. Norris, who has just been here, thinks she is getting on very well. He says, though, that it will be best to avoid further excitement for the present; so I am sorry to say that she can not see her cousin to-morrow, as he expects that she will."

"I thought myself that it wouldn't be well to repeat the visit, and have persuaded Warren to leave with me to-night. May I ask you to explain to Sydney why he goes without seeing her again?"

"I will, though she knows already that the Doctor advised her not seeing him again. You are leaving to-night, then?" she continued, in a tone of courteous interest, which she sincerely wished she could have made one of regret.

"Yes," he replied, with that smile of the eyes only, which she had now seen often enough to recognize as the indication of his sense of the humor of a situation or remark. "You will not again, for this time at least, be wearied by my importunate presence."

Lett did not reply for an instant; but, looking up then, she said:

"Sometimes an apology accentuates instead of atoning an offence. But yet I must apologize to you, Mr. De Wolff, for what can not but have seemed a very ungracious manner on my part. I hope you understand that—that I should not have interfered in—interfered as I have, if I could have avoided doing so without—"

"Pardon me!" he said, as she hesitated painfully. "I assure you, Miss Hereford, that I have never misapprehended your position for a moment, or failed to perceive that it is a scrupulous conscience which has influenced your conduct throughout."

"Thank you,—thank you!" she cried. "I am very glad you have known this."

She was very glad also that a diversion from the conversation just then occurred in the appearance of Mrs. Sterndale entering her own gate.

"What a beautiful woman she is!" Lett exclaimed.

De Wolff assented; then, rising, went down the steps to meet her as she came up the walk. He did not sit down again when they were in the veranda; but, after explaining that he was leaving on the night train, making his acknowledgments for the kindness he had received from her, and begging that she would assure Miss Sterndale how much he regretted not seeing her before he left, said good-bye to her.

Pressing his hand very cordially, she said, in her most gracious manner:

"I sincerely hope we shall meet again, Mr. De Wolff. And, if we both live, I don't doubt but that we shall."

"I trust so—and think so," he answered, bowing deeply.

Turning to Lett, he extended his hand, and she placed her own in it for an instant.

"Try to think a little charitably of me, Miss Hereford," he said, as he bowed over it. "Believe me, I am not as black as I have been painted to you."

Mrs. Sterndale sat down in the chair he had just left, and Lett resumed her seat, the eyes of both following his retiring figure. At the gate he paused, looked back, and, lifting his hat, bowed once more.

(To be continued.)

The Golden Dust.

BY EDWIN F. A. HENDRIX, S. J.

THE yellow pollen, falling from a flower,
 Like dust of gold from off a golden star,
 The kindly breeze upbore and wafted far,
 To let it drift in some propitious hour
 On other bloom in finely filtered shower;
 And if no hostile hand or tempest mar,
 Or ruthless insect wage its hungry war,
 That dust shall fruitful make another bower.
 So golden deeds from noble souls depart
 In shining cloud, and, floating in the air,
 Seek out a brother's breast and settle there,
 And bring a bursting fruitage from the heart.
 What blessedness those flower-like spirits hold
 That shower on hearts this drifting dust of gold!

The Graves of a Household.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

AMONG the personal memoirs that within the last half century have been so abundantly brought before the public, none, we may safely say, ever earned the success of "A Sister's Story"; or, as its original title runs, "Récit d'une Sœur," published in 1868 by Mrs. Augustus Craven, (née) La Ferronays. Many men and women still alive remember the extraordinary popularity of this record of family life,—how it appealed to persons of different race and creed, and called forth expressions of admiration from even irreligious writers.

Mrs. Craven's biographer, the late Mrs. Bishop, gives some curious instances of the sudden and world-wide admiration created by what was, after all, the history of a group of souls rather than the record of exciting events: "In two days every copy was sold, and within a few months the book had run through nine editions. It was 'crowned' by the French Academy; and a notorious freethinker, reviewing it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, owned that 'the spectacle of souls, distinguished as these, believing in God and trusting in Him as they did, . . . possessed interest and even originality.'"

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the book was an English politician, far removed from Mrs. Craven's family in opinion, thought and feeling—the late Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. He wrote on the subject: "Although I belonged, and belong, to a school of opinion widely different from that to which Mrs. Craven and those whose story she has told were so devoted, it would be hardly possible for any one to admire her book more than I do. It seems to me that if the Catholic Church could say nothing more for itself than 'At least I produced the "Récit d'une Sœur,"' it would have proved its right to be considered one of the greatest benefactors of mankind."

The enthusiasm of this practical and capable Englishman—an enthusiasm that laid the foundation of a friendship that lasted as long as Mrs. Craven's life—was at first, even to her, a cause of surprise. She writes of "my friend" (or rather Alexandrine's friend), "Mr. Grant Duff, who, still continuing to care about the 'Récit' in the same strange way, came here" (to Lumigny) "for no other purpose than to visit Eugénie's tomb and the place that was her home." And to her new friend she says: "I can not tell you how I feel this, nor can I tell you either how often I am puzzled and wonder at your sympathy for all these dearest remembrances of my life."

The quarter where the book met with least sympathy was, not unnaturally perhaps, the Faubourg St. Germain. As our readers know, the term represents not merely a certain quarter of Paris, but a particular section of French society—the old noblesse, to which by her birth Mrs. Craven belonged; and where even now may be found sterling virtues, venerable traditions, and a conservative spirit that in these days of unrest has its charm, together with a fair amount of prejudices. The romantic features of the book grated upon the conventionalities of old-fashioned French society. Moreover, among Mrs. Craven's surviving relatives and friends there were some who disliked the publicity given to the intimate life of their beloved dead; and others who, having known the La Ferronnays only as agreeable and brilliant men and women of the world, were inclined to distrust the deep, mystical strain that, unknown to them, formed the strong undercurrent of lives whose external features only they had noticed.

"If I had not learned to row against wind and tide," wrote Mrs. Craven, "the dear 'Récit' would be still in the deepest drawer of my writing-table. Now, as then, it is the verdict of my unknown friends, and theirs alone, which I look for." What that verdict was we learn from Mrs. Craven's biographer. From

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff downward to the poor Alsatian girl who went to place a crown on Madame de la Ferronnays' grave, many are the souls, in darkness or in grief, to whom the examples recorded in the "Récit" came as veritable messages from Heaven.

In 1883 Mrs. Craven writes: "Still more astonishing and gratifying is the fact of the many visitors who come, some from very great distances, to pray in the little churchyard where the heroes and heroines of the book are buried. A man who came all the way from Lille to spend an hour there has since written to me a letter, which has touched me deeply, to explain to me in what kind of way he had felt helped by those whose story he had read, and why he thanked me so very much for having written it. He speaks with a kind of passionate affection of them all. He is an employee on the railway. . . . A girl, too, a very nice young Alsatian, . . . went off the other day to place a wreath on my mother's grave, because, she said, she was the one she turned to with the greatest love whilst reading the book, and she felt she must go and thank her."

The consciousness that to these her unknown friends, scattered far and wide throughout the world, she had brought spiritual assistance in their hour of need, was, far more than any selfish gratification in the success of her work, Mrs. Craven's best reward. For the sake of those of our readers who may have forgotten the leading traits of the "Récit," we will briefly resume them here.

Count Auguste de la Ferronnays, a Breton gentleman, after sharing the perils and privations of the Bourbon princes during the Emigration, became, upon their restoration to the throne of France, Ambassador to St. Petersburg, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, finally Ambassador to Rome. He had barely taken possession of this last post when the Revolution of 1830, that overthrew the throne of the elder Bourbons, put an end to his political career. During the Emigration he had married

a young girl, whose family, like his own, fled from France when the excesses of the Revolution made life unbearable. It was a pure love match, and the description of their wedding at Klagenfurt, in Carinthia, is full of picturesqueness.

Mlle. Albertine de Souches de Montsoreau, Countess de la Ferronnays, was the sweetest, kindest, most sympathetic of women, absolutely devoted to her husband and children. Her deep piety was combined with unflinching tact and gentleness; and, under her influence, grew up a large family, some of whose members attained a rare degree of spiritual perfection.

Among her children, Pauline, the eldest daughter, outlived the rest, and gave their history to the world. Albert, the second son, married a graceful and charming Russian, Alexandrine d'Alopeus, whose conversion to the Catholic faith coincided with her husband's death, and the development of whose character, under the influence of sorrow and of faith, is one of the chief features in the book. Then came Eugénie, afterward Marquise de Muu, a bright, clever and lovely girl, who lived and died like a saint; Olga, a tall, fair girl, who followed her sister to the grave at the age of twenty. In fact, the second volume of the "Récit" is full of death-bed scenes, so glorified by a keen sense of the supernatural that they lose their horror. Albert died in 1836, Monsieur de la Ferronnays in 1842, Eugénie three months later, Olga in 1843, Alexandrine in 1848; while Madame de la Ferronnays, "a real mother of sorrows," passed away in November of the same year.

The social standing of the La Ferronnays brought them into touch with many of their contemporaries celebrated in the religious and literary world of the day. The art critic, Mr. Rio, Lacordaire, Montalembert, Mgr. Gerbet, and, later, Madame Swetchine, were their friends; and this fact goes far to invest their family annals with a wider and more general interest than would otherwise have been attached to them.

While cycling through Normandy last autumn, we had occasion to visit Boury, the chateau bought by Mr. de la Ferronnays just before Albert's death in 1836, where he and his family lived during the following years. Many of the letters quoted in the "Récit" were written from this Norman home, that has long since passed into other hands. The "graves of the household" are in the adjoining churchyard, where, as Mrs. Craven's biographer tells us, many unknown friends of the family have come to pray.

Boury is situated a few miles from Gisors, once a mighty medieval stronghold, a battlefield where French and English measured their strength in bygone days. Now Gisors has become a quiet, humdrum provincial town; the moats and ramparts of its noble castle are green with shrubs and bright with flowers; only a half-ruined tower remains to tell of the stormy days of old.

The church of Gisors, dedicated to Saints Gervase and Protase, is, like so many Norman churches, a beautiful relic of medieval art, and well worth a visit. Its four aisles present specimens of Romanesque, early Gothic, and even Renaissance architecture. Some of the pillars, with their quaint ornaments and devices, have a special fascination; they tell of the varying moods of the old builders, to whom their work was evidently a labor of love, where imagination had full play, and expended itself in a thousand fanciful devices for the greater honor of God.

Boury lies in an undulating country. On our way we passed Daugn, a fine, modern chateau on a hill; close to it stands an older dwelling-house, which, when the La Ferronnays lived at Boury, was the home of the Comte de Lagrange, one of whose daughters married Mrs. Craven's eldest brother, Charles.

The village of Boury itself is built in a deep hollow, and the chateau—a handsome building, surrounded by a disproportionately small park—stands in the centre of the village, near the little church, and

consequently, being closed in on all sides, has no view. This circumstance alone justifies the somewhat dreary impression that at first sight their new home produced upon those who, when they came to live there, were accustomed to the splendor and warmth of Neapolitan seas and skies.

The cemetery, which was the chief object of our visit, is, unlike the chateau, situated on the brow of a steep hill, and commands a view of the surrounding country. It has, therefore, the charm of light, space, and a wide, if somewhat featureless, horizon. The portion of the little churchyard that was bought by Mr. de la Ferronnays is separated from the rest by an iron grating, behind which can be clearly seen the white marble slabs that mark the resting-place of those gifted beings with whom the "Récit" has made so many of us familiar: Albert and Alexandrine, Madame de la Ferronnays and her daughter Olga, Mr. and Mrs. Craven. Creeping plants cover the walls, and in the centre of the tiny enclosure rises a tall white marble cross, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was raised by the "Comtesse d'Alopeus, Princess Lapoukyn," to the memory of Alexandrine, her beloved daughter.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the peace and quiet charm of this retired spot, the final resting-place of those whose eyes opened to light under circumstances and among scenes so utterly different. Madame de la Ferronnays, by her birth, belonged to the old régime; and her earliest recollections, before the miseries of the Emigration, were connected with the court of Louis XVI., where she and her sister played with the royal children, whose state governess, the Duchess de Tourzel, was her aunt. Her children—Charles, Pauline and Albert—were born in London during the weary years of exile; Alexandrine, Albert's widow, spent her childhood and youth among the splendors of the imperial court of Russia.

It is a trite saying that no human life, however commonplace, is without its

alternatives of joy and sorrow; but in the case of those who sleep at Boury these fluctuations, common to all, assumed an almost tragic form. They experienced, as it is given to few, the extremes of happiness and sorrow, of prosperity and adversity. And it was doubtless these striking and contrasting vicissitudes that, acting upon their highly-strung spiritual temperaments, helped to make their upward course more easy and rapid.

As we stated a few pages back, the "Récit" is the history of souls rather than the record of events, and one of the final episodes of that history is closely connected with Boury and its cemetery. Its heroine is Alexandrine, Albert de la Ferronnays' Russian wife, of whom Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy, said: "I never met a wife who loved her husband as she does." What that love was—how deep, tender, adoring, all-absorbing—Alexandrine's journal and letters sufficiently tell us. When, after two years' wedded life, Albert died, his widow's grief was in proportion to the depth and intensity of her love; but, supported by her new-found faith—the faith she had embraced by her husband's death-bed,—she bowed with absolute submission before God's will.

Submission does not exclude pain, and Alexandrine had an exquisitely loving heart,—a clinging, tender, poetical nature athirst for happiness. For many years she mourned her husband, without rebellion, but with pitiful sorrow; her one comfort was to recall every incident of her past life, and it is owing to the tender care with which she wrote the story of her lost happiness that Mrs. Craven was able to give the "Récit" to the world. The first volume of the work consists almost entirely of Alexandrine's minute and touching reminiscences.

Then, after many years of acute suffering, during which she never failed in resignation, though the wound bled copiously and continuously, came, straight from the hand of God, a sudden change. The

external circumstances of her life remained the same; or, indeed they were such as to increase rather than assuage her utter desolation, the sisters whose loving sympathy had been her best earthly solace being swept from her side by the hand of death.

The change worked in her soul was, however, too thorough to depend on earthly surroundings. Her loving faithfulness to the memory of her dead husband remained the same, and her unrelieved widow's dress bore witness that she had broken forever with what is called "the world"; but an active, untiring charity in the service of God's poor had taken the place of the dreamy melancholy of other days. She no longer lived in the past, but, her eyes fixed on the joys of eternity, she pursued her way with a heart overflowing with happiness.

A transformation so complete is one of those spiritual miracles that, if less apparent to our blunted senses than a bodily cure, are none the less tangible proofs of God's dealings with the souls of men. Mrs. Craven tells us how, with reverent awe, she realized that Alexandrine had, though still on earth, attained a felicity so complete that it seemed to foreshadow the eternal happiness that was to be hers a few months later. The scene took place at Boury, on July 13, 1847.

"The eve of my departure," she writes, "we went to the cemetery as usual. Alexandrine knelt on the stone which covers both Albert's tomb and the resting-place which for the last twelve years had been marked out for her; while I knelt near Olga's grave. It was a warm and lovely evening. When we left the cemetery we chose the longest way home, and walked slowly back. . . . As we left a corn-field and came upon a road leading to the house, I stood still a moment to look at the sky, where the sun was setting in the midst of so radiant a glory that the whole dreary landscape looked beautiful in its light. I said to Alexandrine: 'I love the time of sunset.'—'I do not,' she replied. 'I like the morning and the time of spring;

for these are what most typify to me the realities of eternal life.'

"We walked on, and just as we had passed through the gate, she said: 'Try and throw yourself into the thought that everything that gives us such pleasure on earth is absolutely nothing but a shadow, and that the reality of it all is in heaven. After all, is not to love the sweetest thing on earth? Is it not, then, easy to believe that to love Love itself must be the perfection of all sweetness? And to love Jesus Christ is nothing else, when we learn to love Him absolutely as we love on earth. I should never have been comforted if I had not learned that that kind of love really exists and lasts forever.'

"We sat down on a bench, still conversing. A little while after, Alexandrine got up to gather a spray of jessamine which clothed the wall. She gave me the spray, and then stood before me with a little sprig of it in her hand. I had said to her: 'It is a great blessing that you can love God in that way.' She answered me in words and with an expression which must always remain imprinted on my mind: 'O Pauline, how can I help loving God? How can I help being carried away when I think of Him? How can I even have any merit in it like the merit of faith, when I think of the miracle which He has wrought in my soul,—when I feel that, after having so loved and so ardently desired this world's happiness, after having possessed it and lost it, and been drowned in the very depths of despair, my soul is now transformed, and so full of happiness that all I have ever known or imagined is nothing—absolutely nothing—in comparison?' Surprised to hear her speak in this way, I said: 'But if life with Albert, such as you dreamed, were placed before you, and it were promised you for a length of years?' She answered without the least hesitation: 'I would not take it back.'"

Truly of this tender soul, once so absorbed by the legitimate joys and affections of earth, we may believe that its humble submission won a grace given to very

few: that of realizing in a tangible way what we believe with only a blind, incomplete faith,—that there is, even in this world, a love sweeter than all earthly loves, a happiness above all earthly happiness.

We had cycled to Boury by the high-road, but returned by a steeper and shorter way. From the summit of the rising ground that separates the hollow in which the chateau is situated from the wider valley where lies Gisors, an extensive view may be had of the little town, once so warlike, now so peaceful. It stands surrounded by three rivers—the Epte, the Troësne, and the Réveillon,—and by the emerald meadows characteristic of Normandy.

The weather had been dark and gloomy; but toward sunset it cleared, and the valley appeared to us flooded with a marvellous golden light that invested the water, the trees, and the distant ramparts with a strange radiance. The picture harmonized with the thoughts suggested by our pilgrimage. The golden light that made even commonplace objects beautiful seemed to symbolize the light of faith illuminating lives darkened by sorrow, bringing into this weary, sorrowful world prophetic glimpses of the bright hereafter.

The shades of evening were falling fast as we rode into Gisors, but through the gathering darkness we distinguished the large gilt statue of Our Lady that stands upon one of the numerous bridges,—a welcome sight, in these days especially, when Catholics instinctively cling to every symptom that proves France to be, in spite of her errors, a Catholic country still. While alive to the perils that darken her horizon, those who love her can never despair of the religious future of the Eldest Daughter of the Church. Among the heavenly protectors who intercede for her in this her hour of need may be counted the holy souls who during their passage on earth bore witness to what her children may become when their native qualities of mind and heart are sanctified by divine grace.

Why My Hair is White.

BY T. A. M.

PLEASE don't tell any one: I was twenty-six years old last May, but my hair has been as white as you see it now ever since I was nineteen. Many of my girl friends say that "it is just too lovely for anything"; while others declare that, contrasted with my black eyes and brows and eyelashes, the effect is "simply angelic." Of course such exaggerated compliments are somewhat overpowering, and there are also different ways of looking at things angelic.

I remember an old friend of my childhood who was a distinguished architect; and on one occasion he introduced into his scheme of a church decoration a certain altarpiece, containing a group of angels, which the rural artist executed quite to his satisfaction. A severe critic, however, ventured to tell him one day that the aforesaid angels looked like a bevy of schoolgirls; to which the architect replied: "And surely there is many an angel among a group of schoolgirls."—"But," continued the remorseless critic, "just see what long noses they have!" No further remarks followed, however, when the architect quietly asked: "Can you tell me the length of an angel's nose?" This only goes to prove what I have already suggested about the different ideals that people form of things angelic; and I have never allowed my head to be turned by flattery.

I was only a girl just out of my teens when Aunt Lois asked me down to Baltimore to spend the September holidays with my cousin Bettie, and take part in a series of dances and picnics. The old family mansion was beautifully situated in extensive woody grounds just outside of the city, and having a glorious view of Chesapeake Bay from the lawn, and the whole south front of the house. It was an ideal spot for a party of young people to be brought together for amusement. We were a large party, too. Over thirty were

in the house; and every day, and nearly every evening, twenty or more came out from the city, and even from as far as Washington, to join in our gayeties. We made excursions on the Bay, and held picnics in the woods near Woodstock and the Carol Manor at Ellicott; and once the entire company went for three days in a steam yacht down to Fortress Monroe, to visit some of the places made famous during the Civil War. Such dances as we had! We never tired of them. There was a lot of splendid young fellows. And we had such fun getting up our costumes for the fancy ball on the last night. I never had a better or jollier time in all my life. But, then, you know, Dick was there; and I was beginning to think even then, as I have found out to my entire satisfaction since, that life is hardly worth living without Dick.

In those days young ladies were not quite so hard to please as they seem to be now; for we were childish enough—if you choose to call it so—to enjoy all kinds of games during the long evenings. We played blind-man's-buff, and hunt-the-slipper, and choose-the-one-you-love-best, with many others of the like, and found intense pleasure in them. I always found Dick one of the very best for such games, and he was so gentle and polite about paying forfeit. Telling stories—especially ghost stories,—and blood-curdling tales about scalping Indians and Italian brigands, was another way we had of winding up a night of merriment.

On the last night of our house party we had a fancy dress ball. Some of the costumes were very beautiful, some very grotesque; and all very becoming, of course. I was robed as an—there I go again, on the tip of my pen the word already spoken of in this story. Well, I had a pair of thin, opalescent wings fastened to my back, like the figures in some of Fra Angelico's lovely pictures; and Dick said that I not only looked like one of them, but that I *was* one,—a real one. Foolish boy! By this time I fancy he has changed his mind, though he is too good to say so.

Dick's costume at that fancy dress ball is hanging up in my cedar closet at this very moment, though I must confess that moths have played havoc with it. Still, we keep it for the sake of *auld lang syne*. It was a suit made after the pattern of one shown in a portrait of his great-grandfather. Black velvet coat, salmon-colored satin waistcoat, buff knee breeches, white silk stockings, ruffled shirt front and cuffs, and low, silver-buckled shoes. He wore a powdered wig and carried a gold snuff-box. And he did look so handsome! All during the evening there were shouts of laughter every time he offered a pinch of snuff to his angel partner. But never mind: there was nothing in the box except sugar-plums.

Everyone agreed in saying that poor Will Hamilton's costume was the most fetching amongst those of the men. He was perfect in his get up of a Sicilian bandit, with all the knives and pistols thrust into his broad red silk sash, and a striped handkerchief bound around his head. Eddie Woolcot tried to outdo him in a fascinating suit of a rich Greek merchant, but he looked altogether too much the Anglo-Saxon under all his disguise.

Never shall I forget that fancy ball. Forget it? Why, I have only to look in my mirror, even after these six years of perfect happiness, to see over again all the events of that awful night. No wonder my hair is white. No doubt my readers think that they will never come to the real point of my story; but if I do not tell it in my own way, I can not tell it at all. So you must have patience.

It was long after midnight when we ceased dancing that night, and the dining room was empty, and all the outside guests had departed, when the rest of us gathered around the huge, old-fashioned fireplace in the hall and began to tell stories, while enjoying the warmth of a fire made of great logs. It was cool enough that early September morning to make a fire most acceptable.

One of the young fellows—Roger Calvert by name—began to tell a ghost story; but there was a shout of protest from the girls, and a general huddling up to their partners.

Roger turned to me and asked:

“Are you afraid of ghosts, Beryl?”

“No,” I replied,—“I am not afraid of things I don’t believe exist.”

There was a chorus of astonishment at my answer. Some one then said:

“Surely you will not deny that spirits from the other world may return to earth sometimes and hold converse with mortals here?”

Again I said:

“No: I believe nothing of the kind. My opinion is that spirits who have gone to heaven must be too happy there to wish to return to this forlorn world again, and those who have gone to the other place can not get out to do so even if they desire it. I think that the Scriptures bear me out in this view. Just read the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke’s Gospel. Ever since I was a little child I have been more or less afraid of the dark. I don’t pretend to be over-courageous, but my fear has always been of living people and not of the dead.”

“Are you afraid of living people out in that solitary room of yours in the garden?” asked Will Hamilton.

At this everyone laughed; for they all knew that my favorite haunt alluded to was as safe as the attics of the old mansion.

Again I answered:

“No. Who could ever get over the high iron railings to disturb me there?”

In the meantime the ghost story was forgotten; and, as several of the younger girls were beginning to yawn, it was unanimously voted that we should all retire to rest.

Dick went with me to my “solitary chamber,” as he called it, giving as his kindly motive that I might be afraid to go alone; but it was only a pretext, I am sure, to have a chance to say good-night to me after a lover’s fashion. He lighted my candle for me and put it on my dressing-table; and he put another log of wood on

the fire, blowing it into a cheerful blaze with the great green bellows that hung in the chimney corner; after which he wished me pleasant dreams, and went away.

Now, my solitary chamber was really a little house standing by itself, about forty yards away from the main building. It was a one-storied brick house, nearly twenty feet square, consisting of a single room. It had been built originally for a bakehouse; but the great oven had been removed, and a wide, open fireplace substituted for it; and the whole interior had been renovated to serve as a bedroom. The floors, the inside walls, and even the ceiling were of hand-polished oak; and there was but one window, high up from the ground, placed on the same side of the house as the door. Large trees and creeping vines screened three sides; and a plot of garden, filled with homely and scented flowers, was planted in front of the building, between it and the old mansion forty yards away. It was furnished with a high, old-fashioned, four-post bed; an enormous oak wardrobe, with a chest of drawers to match; three or four leather-covered oak armchairs, a toilet table, and a beautifully carved oak prie-dieu, over which was suspended a superb ivory figure on a cross of ebony. To me it was a charming room, and I was glad that a full house had given me a chance to make it my sanctum during the three weeks of my visit to my Aunt Lois. Nobody else wanted to sleep there; and so I was always alone at night, though during the daytime I was frequently over-run with noisy, chattering girls.

After Dick left me, I lost no time in getting to bed; for I was wearied out and sleepy. So I cast myself on my knees on the prie-dieu only long enough to say a few *Ave Marias*; and, throwing my *angelic garments* pell-mell upon the nearest chair, I blew out the candle and climbed into bed. My head scarcely touched the pillow before I was sound asleep.

It could not have been much more than an hour after that I suddenly awoke,—not with a start, nor as if aroused by any

alarm, but quite naturally. My eyes opened to find the room rather dim in the dying firelight of the hearth, and at first I did not distinguish any objects very clearly. In another moment, however, when accustomed to the obscurity, I perceived a figure crouched before the fire and blowing the embers with long puffs. All at once the logs burst into flame again, and then I distinctly saw that a man was there warming himself at my fireplace. Yes, a man; and no other, it seemed, than Will Hamilton, still wearing his costume of a Sicilian bandit. I was indignant and angry. So, though my first impulse was to call out to him peremptorily to leave the room, I fortunately restrained myself; and the next instant the man turned his head until I saw his profile distinctly outlined against the red glow of the fire. My God! it was a stranger, and of a type whose face hangs like a horrid nightmare in my memory to this very hour.

Oh, such a face! With the reflection of the fire shining upon it, it seemed like the very incarnation of some demon from hell; and the one eye which was visible to me in that profile view fairly danced with cruelty and fierceness. I was too terrified to move. I even held my breath, lest any motion of mine should make a sound and cause him to look in the direction of the bed. From where I lay the whole fireplace was visible, but the bed itself was in deep shadow, and partly hidden by its footboard from the being who bent over the blazing hearth. Though cold with fear, I could not take my eyes off the creature causing my terror. Presently he burst into a loud laugh, and his teeth were all exposed to view in the hideous grin that accompanied his cruel mirth; for evidently it was something cruel that occasioned his laugh.

I now saw that he held a huge knife in his right hand, and he was slowly drawing its flat surface back and forth on the open palm of his left hand, just as a man does in sharpening a razor. He would glare at it, and shake his head in a menacing

manner, all the time muttering to himself. The cold perspiration streamed down my forehead, and even flowed into my staring eyes; while both my hands were numb, as though packed in ice. My throat throbbed convulsively, and burned as if choked with living coals of fire. I could not have uttered the lowest whisper even had my life depended on it. I was almost petrified. Yet the horror remained there, crouching before the red blaze and growing each moment more unendurable.

Should I die of fright, without being able to make the least effort to cry for aid? Would no one come to release me from what I felt to be imminent peril? Who could this man be? Who could this wild-looking, half savage, wholly demon-like, monster be? And how came he to be wearing the costume that Will Hamilton wore only a couple of hours earlier? All these thoughts rushed quickly through my brain, while the rest of my body lay absolutely helpless and inert. The minutes appeared like hours. It seemed to me that I had been lying there for an eternity staring in agony at that awful apparition. Was I really alive at all? Or was this, perhaps, the hell to which I was condemned, and was it to continue forever?

Then it seemed to me that I myself had gone mad, and that all the world was centred in the one fearful possibility—nay, certainty—of my approaching annihilation. Surely this awful suspense could not be endured much longer. I must do something: I must make a superhuman effort and scream for aid, even if that scream brought upon me all the cruel fury of that terrible being who still sharpened his knife, with fire reflected on its blade.

Alas! my agony and horror had not even yet reached their full measure. Just as I had resolved that I would try to scream out, and rise to rush from the room, the man rose. He stood up before the great fireplace, and quietly laid the knife on the broad mantle-shelf above him. Then he turned and faced me, his eyes glaring like some wild animal, and his

mouth again distorted by a diabolical grin.

One look was enough. I realized in an instant that I was in the presence and at the mercy of a raving maniac. He made a step forward in the direction of the bed, and as he did so I gave up all hope, deliberately closing my eyes and praying God in my heart to have mercy on my soul. He came nearer. I could almost feel him approach; and then I was conscious of the fact that he stood over me, looking down on my face with those two awful eyes that seemed to burn into my very heart. Finally, he put out his hand toward me; I could not see, but I knew that it was coming, and—God only knows why I did not die—he laid his hot hand down on my icy one. I heard him say in a tone almost of pity: "How cold!" And then all was blank. I had fainted.

When I regained consciousness, the room was dark and cold, and the door was wide open. The chill air of the early morning was rendered all the more chilly by a drizzling rain, which had been driven into my room and had wet the floor for quite a distance from the door. A few red embers lay amid the ashes on the hearth. Everything was still as the grave, and the madman had gone. I rose at once, for all my strength came back to me with a bound. Without waiting to dress myself, I threw about me a black dressing-gown that hung at the head of my bed, and, with bare feet and bare head, I went out into the rain. I wished to reach the house and alarm some one as quickly as possible. Cold and terrified as I was, I still remember thinking (as I waded through the wet grass and groped my way in the dark) that Dick must have sat up all night, because there was a light in his window on the second story. I hurried forward, eager to get out of harm's way, when suddenly my foot struck against some soft object lying on the ground, and I was thrown face downward into the wet grass. The shock stunned but did not hurt me or cause me to lose my presence of mind. Immediately I rose and returned

to see what had caused me to trip up. It was too dark to distinguish anything clearly, so I put out my hand and touched the object. It was warm,—it was a human being. With a cry of horror and terror, I rushed on to the house and gave one strong pull at the bell knob. After that I remember no more.

I was in bed again the next time I opened my eyes, but it was no longer the bed in my "solitary chamber." I was lying in the cozy bedroom of Aunt Lois, and the window shades were drawn down. The truth is that I had been ill with brain fever for nearly three weeks. The doctors obliged me to remain many more days in bed before I was allowed to get up; and when finally I did rise, it was to be cautiously, and little by little, informed of all that had happened meantime. And these were the facts I learned from Aunt Lois and Dick.

A raving maniac of homicidal tendencies had escaped from a neighboring insane asylum, just after midnight on the very night of our fancy dress ball. By some unknown means he had managed to enter and conceal himself in our garden. When the guests dispersed by the front entrance he lay hiding probably in the rear. At all events, he could not have shown himself until the outside guests departed; for Will Hamilton was the last one to leave, and he went out at the rear by the garden, in order to take a short cut, as he told Dick when he said good-night. The maniac struck him from behind in the dark, plunging a knife into his heart. Then he took off his costume and put it on himself, taking the other knives and pistols with him.

The madman was captured again in the early hours of the morning, by a posse of police and asylum keepers, after a hard struggle. The body of poor Will Hamilton was found just after my ring at the door bell, when the household found me lying unconscious at the doorstep. Will's body was discovered, half naked, with a deep, bleeding wound in the back. He was lying flat on his face in the wet grass;

and it was over that poor friend's corpse that I had stumbled in the dark when I escaped from the "solitary chamber."

The maniac was found clothed in Will's costume of a Sicilian bandit, and in the back of the upper garment there was a long cut and marks of blood. In consequence of all these tragic events and my long illness, my wedding-day was postponed for six months, and then Dick took me under his dear protection.

My wedding-veil was the one worn by Aunt Lois at her marriage, and everyone said that it was most becoming, with my fair head. But my heart was young enough still to suit Dick. And no one will wonder, after my experience of that awful night, that I was, and still am, less afraid of ghosts than of living people. You know now why my hair is white.

In Reality a Campaign against Christianity.

MR. WILFRID WARD, editor of the *Dublin Review*, and a publicist of international reputation, was recently asked by the *Nineteenth Century* to give his impressions on the present religious crisis in France. As a result, the current issue of the last-named review contains a masterly paper from the Catholic editor—"The Pope and France." Our readers will require no apology for our affording them the opportunity of perusing two extracts from Mr. Ward's article, especially in view of his preliminary statement that he was in Paris just after the events of Dec. 11, and can speak to the opinions current among those most closely effected by the action of the Holy See:

Whether his action has been wise or not judged by diplomatic standards, the truth is that the Holy Father has recognized clearly the spirit of relentless aggression which the French Government desired partially to veil, and has acted on that recognition. Far from inventing a state of persecution, he has brought into relief a real state of persecution which its authors wished to disguise. An indignant protest, coupled with

a great act of renunciation which must disarm those who would accuse the Church of unworthy motives, has appeared to him at once more effective and more characteristically Christian than any endeavor to negotiate indirectly with inveterate enemies, who are likely in the end to outwit him in strategy as they are his superiors in physical force. In one weapon, and one only, the Church is stronger than the State—in the moral force of principle and a good cause. To denounce the anti-Christian campaign which is designed to destroy her power by inches, to draw up her forces in unity, zeal, and apostolic poverty,—this was the best policy just because it was no policy. And it was the most direct and urgent form of appeal to the people of France, and to Catholics throughout the world.

Its actual effect in Paris made a great impression on me during my recent visit. Nothing struck me more than the whole-hearted way in which the action of Rome has been accepted by those who at first had urged a policy of conciliation. "One may wish the general to adopt one kind of strategy," said M. Thureau-Dangin to me, "but if he adopts another, the great thing is to obey orders and show a united front." The Radical papers had said with their customary politeness that the grasping ecclesiastics would most certainly do anything to keep their property. On this account the refusal to form the Associations was not feared. The action of the Church has thus wholly disconcerted them.

The other extract from the paper of the *Dublin's* editor to which we desire to call especial attention has to do with Masonic influence,—an influence which it is still not out of fashion in this country to minimize unduly, if not to deny altogether:

It used to be the fashion in England to treat as the fanaticism of credulous Catholics the attribution of the campaign against the French Church to the influence of the Freemasons. The revelation of the Masonic delations in the army in 1904, which led to the resignation of General André and the fall of M. Combes, gave a shock to this view, and ought to have killed it once for all. Englishmen learned with astonishment of a system of espionage whereby Catholic officers were denied promotion because they were reported to the Lodges as being the husbands of devout wives, or themselves church-goers, or as having sent their children to Catholic schools. For a time the reality of Masonic persecution was realized among us. But old prejudices are hard to kill. The incident has been forgotten; and, though maintained with less confidence, some of the old scepticism on the subject has returned. On the reality of Masonic influence in the present war on the Church, no one with whom I talked

in Paris was more emphatic than M. Dimnet, whose worst enemies could not accuse him of undue credulity.

The anti-Catholic fanaticism of French and Italian Freemasons is, indeed, no secret; Englishmen are slow to believe in a temper which is so uncongenial to them that they are unable adequately to realize it in imagination. The *Revue Maconnique*, in December, 1902, published a frank avowal on the subject. "Freemasonry," it says, "is not understood everywhere in the same fashion. The Anglo-Saxons have made of it a brotherhood which is at once aristocratic and conservative in politics and religion. . . . As for Latin Freemasonry, it owes its distinctive peculiarities to the battle it is waging against Catholicism." The sayings of MM. Clemenceau and Briand show at least that if, from motives of policy, they judge it well to help on the campaign in question, there is nothing in it repugnant to their own sentiments. M. Camille Pelletan, Clemenceau's old friend and colleague, naively avowed a few days ago that Pius the Tenth seemed to be the providential instrument of their designs. At a time when they desired to confiscate the Church's property, but could not venture to do it at once, the Pope solved the difficulty by giving it up rather than accept the new law. M. Viviani, the new Minister of Labor, addressed the Chamber last November in a speech which had the true Masonic ring in it. He treated disestablishment as the seal set to the extinction of the light of religion in the land, and the exposure of its falsehoods. "We have extinguished in heaven lights which will not be rekindled," he said; "we have taught the toiler and the destitute that heaven contained only phantoms." The speech was vehemently applauded and publicly posted in the streets. These speeches have been reported in the English press. I refer to them here only as illustrations of the fact of which French Catholics are convinced—that what is going on is not legislation with the view to the ultimate liberty of the Church, designed to purge Catholicism of political elements, but is, on the contrary, in the minds of its chief promoters, part of a campaign directed through the Church against Christianity.

The last sentence contains the true key to understanding the attitude of Pius X.; the French Church's loyal, not to say enthusiastic, adherence to the Vatican; and the increasingly numerous protests of both Catholics and far-seeing Protestants the world over against the disreputable tactics of Clemenceau and his atheistic crew.

All for the Best.

ONE of the surest signs of genuine religion in the individual soul is the habit of looking on the bright side of things, detecting the silver lining of life's darkest clouds, supporting misfortunes and reverses as blessings in disguise, and, generally, accepting whatever happens as "all for the best." St. Vincent de Paul used to say that one act of resignation to the divine will when it ordains what is repugnant to us, is worth more than a hundred thousand successes according to our own will and pleasure.

In particular cases, of course, it may be very difficult to penetrate the beneficent designs of Providence, and understand how such and such a blow can possibly turn to our advantage. But if we accept it in the proper spirit, the chances are ten to one that eventually we *shall* understand it, and acknowledge that God does all things well.

One of the older spiritual writers illustrates this point by a story of a certain woman, the wife of a soldier. Her unflinching comment whenever a misfortune befell a neighbor was, "'Twill be the best thing for him." She made the same remark when her husband lost an eye; and, needless to say, exasperated rather than comforted the poor man by the placidity of her resignation. Some time afterward the King was near death, and, according to the custom of the country, one of his subjects was chosen to honor his death by dying with him. The choice fell on our soldier; but when he was informed of his ill fortune, prompted no doubt by his better-half, he exclaimed: "No, no: it is not fitting that so great a King should have a one-eyed man like me for his companion in death! Let a perfect, unutilized subject be selected for the honor." Everybody acknowledged the justice of his suggestion, which was forthwith acted upon; so that the loss of his eye proved in downright truth all for the best.

Notes and Remarks.

There is no truth in the assertion, so often repeated by the daily press, that the conflict between Church and State in Spain is fast assuming the proportions of the struggle in France. As we have pointed out more than once, the religious and political situation in the two countries is entirely different. Spain will have to undergo a mighty change before such events as have occurred in France are rendered possible on the other side of the Pyrenees. No doubt there has been a weakening of the Catholic forces in Spain, and that of late years the irreligious press has been gaining ground to an extent which is all the more surprising if it be true that the population is overwhelmingly Catholic. On the other hand, a writer in the current *Dublin Review* gives the assurance that there exist in Spain all the materials for a Catholic reaction, and that the actual danger of a complete rupture with Rome is not at all immediate. Many popular meetings have been held in the principal Spanish cities to protest against the Associations Bill, and there is little likelihood of its being carried through.

We take distinct pleasure in reproducing, from the editorial page of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, this authoritative statement concerning an institution which ought to interest all good Americans, of any and every creed:

It is gratifying to find that failure has again attended the determined efforts to put an end to the Carlisle Indian School. Long ago many Catholics would have welcomed success in that effort, but the case is different now. Religious bigotry has no longer any abiding place in that establishment, and the fullest opportunity is given Catholic pupils to practise their religion and be instructed in the principles upon which it is founded. An important step has just been taken with regard to the care of such pupils. The appointment of a special Catholic chaplain marks the desire of the management to afford every needed facility for the exercise of religion

and the instruction of the Indian youth in its saving tenets. The Rev. Dr. Ganss, the superintendent of the institution, Major W. A. Mercer, and the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, who have charge of the Catholic children (six of the Mother Katharine Drexel sisterhood), have mutually agreed upon a system of rules and discipline under which every inmate of the institution who is of Catholic faith can be afforded the full benefit of the spiritual blessings which that faith secures to its votaries, old and young. In short, Carlisle offers now every inducement to Catholic pupils already there, save the important one of a distinctly Catholic atmosphere and surrounding, that could be desiderated. But, with this sole drawback, the Carlisle School now stands on the highest plane of any governmental school.

Another proof of the Holy Father's kindly thoughtfulness for the sick and suffering is afforded in a recent "Roman Decision," to which the editor of the *London Catholic Times* is the first to call the attention of English-speaking Catholics. Whilst those who are in danger of death were free to receive Holy Communion after having broken their fast, there were many, stricken with lingering disease, too weak to fast through the night and yet not in serious danger. To such persons, who have been lying sick for a month, without hope of early recovery, Pius X. has granted the privilege of receiving Holy Communion once or twice a month after taking liquid food; and in the case of nuns, or such as live under the same roof with the Blessed Sacrament, the privilege may be used once or twice a week.

The "Protestant friend," who is at pains to send us regular consignments of anti-Catholic literature, also catalogues of which anti-Catholic books are a special feature, is wasting precious time; however, if the practice affords the sender the least satisfaction, it would be unkind of us to object. Our waste basket is of ample proportions, and we are appreciative. It was gratifying to notice in the last catalogue received that none of the anti-Catholic works are of recent publication, while many of them are out of print and marked

"scarce." Another thing which may have escaped the observation of our separated brother is that those booksellers who have most anti-Catholic literature to dispose of, seem to keep the largest supply of books generally classed as "curious," the open sale of which would expose the seller to the danger of arrest. There is a reason for the affinity, and it is too plain to need explanation. At the risk of offending our unknown "Protestant friend," we will remark that persons who write books like "Twelve Years in a Monastery" must be either very stupid or very depraved,—very stupid to have required so many years for finding out what was so flagrant, or very depraved to have remained for so long a time in such a wicked place.

An immense number of books against the Church were published in this country during the half century 1850-1900; but, as must be plain to our "Protestant friend," they do not seem to have done any perceptible injury. The authors of them, for the most part, are now as completely unknown as if they had never existed. And the Church has had retribution. Descendants of Protestant ministers who, by voice and pen, attacked the Catholic religion, have become priests and influenced many to embrace it. A nephew of the fanatic that set fire to one of our churches in Philadelphia during the Know-Nothing riots, became the editor of a widely-circulated Catholic periodical. Magnanimity ought to be an easy virtue for American Catholics to practise.

If the glowing tribute of Senator Benjamin Hill, of Georgia, to General Robert E. Lee, the Washington of the "Lost Cause," was not generally quoted on the occasion of his centenary celebration, it well deserved to be. Certainly all who were privileged to hear Senator Hill's eloquent oration, though delivered years ago, must remember the eulogy. It was not forgotten by Mr. James R. Randall, but he is a man with a long memory and a large heart.

In his weekly letter to the *Catholic Columbian Record* he gives the following extract:

General Lee possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal on duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

The disinterestedness of Lee's motives was revealed in his answer to Lincoln, who had offered him the command of the Union army: 'I can not take up arms against my State, my home, and my children.' His contention was for Constitutional liberty and local self-government under the statute law. Nothing could be more erroneous than the notion that he fought for the continuance of Negro slavery. Dr. J. William Jones, president of the Southern Historical Society, is authority for the statement that, four years after the war, talking with Wade Hampton about its origin and results, General Lee said: "I could have taken no other course without dishonor; and if it were all to be gone over again, I should act in precisely the same manner."

A beautiful incident is related by the Rev. James Walsh, of the archdiocese of Boston, who learned it last summer from the lips of the venerable and venerated Abbé Christian Bretenières, superior of St. Francis de Sales College, Dijon, France. When his illustrious brother, a martyr for the Faith in Corea, was nine or ten years old, he brought a rosebush from his mother to the Sisters of Charity at Dijon. For twenty years it never blossomed; but the Sisters cherished it as a memento of the angelic boy, who meantime had become a missionary in Corea, and would not per-

mit the gardener to destroy it. In the spring of 1866, about the time of Father Bretenières' heroic martyrdom—he was beheaded after enduring frightful tortures,—two buds appeared and developed perfectly. The bush lived on, but has never blossomed since then.

jugated them, and four years in the Insular Judiciary—one of the most obvious and pathetic facts in the whole situation. During the organized fighting, no American ever discovered that the enemy was crippled, or his effectiveness diminished, by the lack of a common language. And as for the National Spirit, those people have been welded into absolute unity by the events of the last eight years.

It would seem from the whole tenor of Judge Blount's paper that he is at one with Bishop Rooker, quoted in our last issue, as to the inevitable destiny of the Filipinos,—their being left to work out their own political salvation. And perhaps it would be as well for this country not to prolong unduly their present state of tutelage.

James H. Blount, late Judge in the Philippines, contributes to the *North American Review* an exceptionally interesting paper, "Philippine Independence—When?" Discussing the proposal that President Roosevelt shall (as he assuredly can) negotiate a treaty with the great nations, securing the neutralization of the Islands, and the recognition of their independence whenever the same shall be granted to them by the United States, Judge Blount remarks that such neutralization has already been secured for Belgium and Switzerland; and he meets as follows the objection that, because there are a number of different dialects, the Filipinos are a heterogeneous lot, and there is no spirit of Philippine nationality:

From an interesting review of the progress of Catholicity in 1906, contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for January by the Rev. Dr. MacCaffrey, of Maynooth College, we take this gratifying paragraph:

Governor Taft said to the Senate Committee in February, 1902:

While it is true that there are a number of Christian tribes, so called, that speak different languages, there is a homogeneity in the people in appearance, in habits, and in many avenues of thought. To begin with, *they are all Catholics.*

The Philippine Census (Vol. I, p. 447) published by the War Department in March, 1905, says:

A town in the Cagayan valley presents the same style of architecture, the same surrounding *barrios* [rural hamlets] has the same kind of stores and similarly dressed people, as a Christian municipality of the island of Mindanao.

And says the same Government publication (Vol. II, p. 9), in drawing a comparison between itself and the schedules of the Twelfth Census of the United States:

Those of the Philippine Census are somewhat simpler, the differences being due mainly to the *more homogeneous character of the population of the Philippine Islands!*

The existence of a general and conscious aspiration for a national life of their own, the *real presence* of a universal longing to be allowed to pursue happiness in their own way and *not in somebody else's way*, is—to the best of such knowledge and belief as the writer obtained after two years' service in the army that sub-

The scheme drawn up by M. Henri Fazy for the separation of Church and State in the Canton of Geneva will be of interest to our readers in view of the war going on in France. Geneva was the home of Calvinism, and yet, according to the statistics of 1905, the Calvinist population of the Canton is only 64,237, while the number of Catholics reaches the total of 75,491. The "National Church," or Old Catholic Party, can boast of only 200 members. Since 1870 the Catholics, though supporting the budget for Public Worship, were allowed no help from the State; so that, besides supporting their own religion, they had to contribute to the upkeep of the Protestant and Old Catholic churches. But, according to this scheme of separation, all religions will be placed upon an equality, and will receive no assistance from the State. They are allowed full freedom, and may organize themselves as they please.

That is, in Geneva, separation of Church from State will be, as in this country, real and genuine; not, as in France, a legislative fiction or a governmental fraud.

The progressive Catholicization of New England is one of those revenges which the whirligig of Time proverbially brings about, and is no longer regarded as a phenomenon. An interesting comment,

however, on one phase of the process is that of Mr. Frank K. Foster, of Boston, a prominent leader in the American Federation of Labor. "So far as theological institutions are concerned," said Mr. Foster recently to an audience of Protestant Episcopal lay workers, "it is my firm conviction, speaking as the descendant of a long line of New England Protestants, that the Catholic Church alone has retained its oldtime influence as a working factor in the life of its communicants. In this conviction I may be mistaken, but a thousand and one evidences confirm my judgment in this regard. Why this is so, I shall not even indulge in speculation about. Clergymen who preach to empty pews where workingmen are not, and who have knowledge of the throngs which crowd the capacity of the great Catholic temples of worship, may answer the question to suit themselves, if they can."

Answer it, yes; but the only true answer is one which the reverend gentlemen can not give and at the same time "suit themselves."

One of the recommendations in Pius X.'s famous *Motu Proprio* of 1903 is "that the ancient Schola Cantorum, at least in the principal towns, be carefully re-established, as has already been done, with the best results, in a goodly number of places." It is pleasant to learn that in at least one diocese of the United States this recommendation has been followed. Says the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:

The Schola Cantorum is now organized, and the Archbishop of Cincinnati is the first prelate in the United States to inaugurate such a work. This will give the best opportunity for the clergy and organists to prosecute the study and practice of the liturgical music of the Catholic Church. The director, Harold Becket Gibbs, is qualified for the post; for he was for many years closely associated with the founder of the Plainsong and Mediæval Music Society, the late H. B. Briggs. These two pioneers were among the first to visit the illustrious Abbey of Solesmes in the early days of their researches. Step by step they scrutinized the methods which these monks disclosed; and then for many years they

appeared at all public exhibitions and congresses, earnestly bent on attracting the attention of the public to the art of the Gregorian Chant. Aided by that great expert of Greek music, C. F. Abdy Williams, they gave to the musical world many delightful expositions of Byzantine and Greek music, such as are rarely heard in the musical circles of any country.

Cincinnati enjoys an enviable reputation among American cities as a musical centre, and we entertain no doubt that its new School of Chant will prove thoroughly successful.

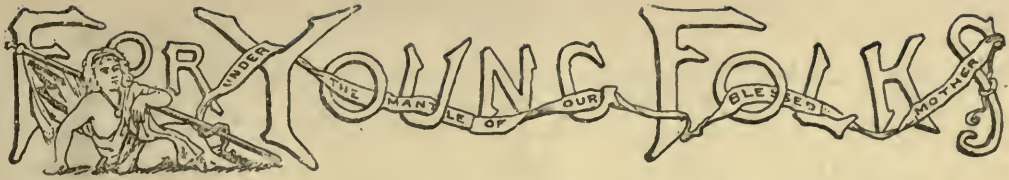
As a companion-picture to the pen-portraits we have sometimes given of incompetent public school graduates, we quote the following paragraph, in which Mr. Ossian Lang, the editor of the *New York School Journal*, relieves his soul of the indignation aroused by the incompetency—and worse—of some public school *teachers*. Mr. Lang is speaking of letters and postal cards received from the teachers in question:

Poor spelling, wretched penmanship, and execrably incorrect language are bad enough, but I do not now refer to these only. There are, actually, examples of gross illiteracy. The clerks are quite accustomed to seeing the pronoun *I* written with a small letter; this modesty no longer astonishes them. When it comes to receiving sheets of note-paper so dirty that a clean hand instinctively shrinks from them, and then being compelled to tarry over them in order to decipher the meaning of the contents, disgust can no longer be concealed.

On the whole, perhaps our parochial schools are really not so far behind their public competitors as some Catholics are fond of insisting they are. In the meanwhile Mr. Lang should see to it that a number of his offending correspondents be disqualified from teaching the young idea to shoot so woefully wrong.

The two old pictures—one representing the Annunciation, the other the Blessed Virgin's visit to the Holy Sepulchre,—recently discovered at the Hague, are pronounced by competent critics to be genuine Vandycks.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Simeon's Prophecy.

BY NEALE MANN.

WE like to think of Our Lady's joy,
As with loving adoration
She clasped to her breast her Baby-boy,
Heaven-sent for the world's salvation.
We talk of her bliss through His childish years,
In His filial love enshrouded;
Yet only for forty days, by tears
Were the Mother's fair eyes unclouded.
Two score of days from her sweet Son's birth
Came the rite of Purification—
Ah! never again will the Mother's mirth
Ring free of all tribulation;
For Simeon's words are a thrust in tierce,
Unforgot through each coming morrow:
"And thine own soul a sword shall pierce,"—
The sword of a sevenfold sorrow.
The blow fell just at the moment when
She had learned of Christ's future glory,
Becoming sad Queen of Martyrs then,
The saddest e'er known in story.
'Tis thus God deals with His friends for aye:
Each boon of His holds some leaven,
And trials must come till the perfect day
When we share Mary's bliss in Heaven.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.—A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE INTERRUPTED.

THE boys occupied all their leisure moments during the ensuing weeks in preparing for a species of theatrical performance, in imitation, so far as circumstances permitted, of a circus they had once witnessed. Solemnly, in company with Patrick, they visited the various outhouses, finally deciding upon a large

shed, with two good windows, and three or four steps leading to the door.

This selection made, Patrick brought from the woodshed great quantities of sawdust with which to strew the floor, to suggest the circus ring; and benches for the same reason were piled up at the end of the apartment. The windows were covered with pink paper-muslin. Festoons of the same cheerful color disposed about the walls, with flags and bunches of paper flowers, gave the place quite a gala appearance.

Hugh and Arthur were partners in this enterprise,—the one working with his customary energy and enthusiasm, the other with his genius for practical details and organization. To witness the entertainment, Mrs. Redmond was invited, with some of her intimate friends, and a good many of the neighboring children; a few of these latter were permitted to have part in the performance. Margaret and Catherine were also there, as well as Patrick. His father had been invited, but declined, declaring that he was too old for such frivolities.

When the evening at last arrived, a big Chinese lantern on a pole outside the door, and a signboard, printed in red letters by Arthur, announced the show, and guided the guests to their destination. It was the drollest performance imaginable,—Hamlet, without the Prince of Denmark; that is to say, a circus without horses, except in so far as a huge hobby-horse brought from the attic, and bestridden by the clown, was made to do duty for that animal.

The clown was no other than Hugh himself, who assumed a variety of characters in the carrying out of the programme. He did impossible feats, leaping from the back of the hobby-horse—somewhat to the terror of his mother—through care-

fully prepared hoops of tissue-paper; and the younger portion of the audience yelled and stamped when he fell down and rolled over and over in the sawdust.

Arthur was very magnificent as Harlequin; another boy assumed the rôle of Pantalone. The character of Columbine, dear to the heart of childhood in her gaily bespangled dress of pink tarlatan, was likewise played by an outside child, since neither Mary nor Amelia cared to take part in the performance, preferring to sit with their mother, and drink pink lemonade and eat peanuts, according to the fashion of spectators at circuses the world over.

Patrick was made to appear, which he did somewhat sheepishly and with reluctance, as the strong man who could break a supposititious bar of iron between his fingers. The brown woolly dog, which answered to the name of Prince, to his great discomfort, was made to perform divers tricks; and even the cat was pressed into the service, and acquitted herself creditably enough of what are now vulgarly known as "stunts."

Altogether, it was a merry, happy performance, a source of the keenest pleasure to those taking part both in the preparations beforehand and in its actual representation. Everybody entering deposited a dime in a box at the door, and the sum so collected, and which mounted up quite respectably, went to pay the rent of a poor widow who was threatened with eviction. This occasion, which was so delightful to the young people concerned therein, would long ago have been forgotten had it not been marked by a curious incident, and the unexpected arrival of one destined to have a close connection with the events of this narrative. It was a very thrilling moment in the performance, when Harlequin was presenting a bouquet of flowers to Columbine, that a sudden interruption occurred. This was the sound of a step mounting the wooden stairs outside, and the appearance in the flag-bedecked doorway of a figure so unusual as to startle everyone.

It was an old man clad in the costume of an ancient day, with short breeches buckled at the knee, a long coat or surtout of fine cloth, shoes with silver buckles, and hair arranged in a queue. He stood upon the top step and looked in, bowing ceremoniously to Mrs. Redmond, who rose and, in her astonishment, made a step or two toward him.

"My friends," he said, speaking English well and distinctly, though with a decided French accent, "is it true that you are engaged, as the sign without indicates, in a theatrical performance? I have heard the joyful sounds from afar off, and have ventured to intrude, though without a ticket,—without a ticket."

"You are quite welcome, sir," answered Mrs. Redmond; "though this is merely a little performance got up by the children for their own amusement, and not at all for the public."

"I must, then," said the stranger, "ask many times pardon for my intrusion; and shall consider myself very much favored by being permitted to remain as a spectator. But first let me introduce myself as Monsieur Valmont de Montreuil, of St. Basile."

"As I have said, you are very welcome, sir," repeated Mrs. Redmond; "and I am sorry we can not offer you a more comfortable seat than these rough benches."

He took the seat indicated, with another low bow, which, like all his movements and gestures, was marked by a perfect grace and courtesy.

It must be owned that thenceforward this interesting personality considerably distracted the children's attention from the performance. It was impossible to judge accurately of the man's age. He was undoubtedly old; his parchment-like skin was indented with many wrinkles; but his features, which stood out clear-cut and distinct as a cameo, as well as an erect, alert figure, gave him an odd appearance of youthfulness. A certain dreamy melancholy lent a charm to his countenance.

"Do you live at a great distance from

Montreal?" inquired Mrs. Redmond, to whom the name of St. Basile sounded unfamiliar.

"Why, not so very far, Madame," said the old gentleman. "It is only a few miles from the city to my seigniory, where I live alone, the last of my race, the last of my family."

He paused an instant, seeming to fall into a reverie; then, rousing himself, he spoke again:

"I am like that last survivor who was left on the desolate shores of Cape Breton by the foundering of the frigate *Auguste*."

Mrs. Redmond did not immediately catch this allusion; and Hugh, who knew very well what the stranger meant by the *Auguste*, being fresh from the study of Canadian history, believed that the old man was representing himself as the last survivor of that hapless remnant, and he wondered exceedingly. For he remembered that the good ship *Auguste* had gone down, with almost every soul on board, nearly a hundred years before. Its passengers had consisted of about a hundred and twenty of the chief persons of the colony—soldiers, ladies, and colonists—who, at the time of the English conquest of Canada, preferred to return to France rather than live under an alien domination. But seven had survived, and, through incredible hardships and privations, made their way to civilization.

Hugh, under this misapprehension which the stranger's antique costume seemed to bear out, sat watching the old man with some awe, while the latter gave his courteous attention to what was going forward on the stage. This was a parting scene between Columbine and Harlequin; wherein the latter, with many an extravagant pantomimic gesture, expressed his sorrow and despair. In the interval which succeeded, Hugh, still clad in his clown's costume, addressed the stranger.

"You must be very old, sir," he observed.

"Old, my little man?" said the other, surprised and slightly discomfited at the suggestion. "If we count age by years,

it is true I have lived a good many; but, *ma foi*, it is the heart, the imagination, the spirit, which remain young."

He laughed a light, clear laugh, which had retained in its ring a sound of youth, an echo, as it were, of some long past mirth.

"Hugh, my dear boy," interposed Mrs. Redmond, "I am afraid you are forgetting yourself."

"Well," said Hugh, "I know you have often told me not to speak to people about their age. But this gentleman said he was a survivor of the frigate *Auguste*, and that was wrecked a hundred years ago, at least."

"Do you know the story of that frigate," observed the strange visitor,—"how those exiles left the homes that they had made here in this Canada, left with hearts that burned and eyes that streamed with tears, weeping the olden days, and the flag of the lilies that was seen no more on the heights of Quebec,—that was dyed in blood on the Plains of Abraham?"

The old man as he spoke thus had arisen to his feet, and, changing into French, he continued in fiery, burning words to give an account of that oldtime tragedy, of the sufferings of La Corne de St. Luc and the other survivors, of their wanderings in the inclement frosts and snows of primeval Canada. The speaker's voice trembled, vibrated; his slender, erect form swayed to and fro in its emotion. Everyone sat transfixed; even those who did not understand French were fascinated by the eloquence of his voice and gestures, and the passionate cadence of his tone. The recital was a new and totally unexpected feature in the programme.

During the song which followed, Hugh still sat close to his new acquaintance, whom he felt convinced was a waif from that wrecked vessel stranded in some mysterious fashion on the shores of Time; and his interest was intensified when, at the conclusion of the vocal effort Monsieur de Montreuil, resuming his ordinary speech and manner, said to Mrs. Redmond:

"I should long before this have explained that I wandered here this evening

to have a look at an ancient dwelling with which I was once familiar. It was built by a relative of mine, and purchased from him by an Irish gentleman of the name of Redmond."

"That was my father-in-law!" declared Mrs. Redmond. "You must, then, be a relative of the original owner, Monsieur de Villebon."

"Louis de Villebon? Precisely. He was my cousin and very good friend, who is long dead."

"Yes, dead a good many years, I believe," assented Mrs. Redmond.

"And you tell me," resumed the Frenchman, "that that charming Mr. Redmond was your father-in-law! I have dined with him many times at that same house which Louis de Villebon had built. He was rather eccentric, my cousin, and he had many odd fancies. Some there were who believed him to be a miser hoarding up treasures; but I do not know."

Hugh listened with the most eager attention, even willing to forego the privilege of joining his lusty tones to the final chorus for which painstaking Arthur was assembling the performers.

"May I ask, Madame," inquired M. de Montreuil, "if you still inhabit that delightful old dwelling?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Mrs. Redmond, feeling, like her son, very much interested in this singular personage who had so unexpectedly appeared upon the scene; though she was a little doubtful of him, too. His costume was so strange and his late elocutionary outburst so surprising in one of his years.

Hugh, however, had none of these apprehensions. He had followed the stranger's recitation with the greatest enthusiasm, and he was still more interested in hearing that the old man was connected with their house and with its original owner.

"So I am not very far astray in my recollections," continued the visitor. "Though it is long since I have been in the city, I felt assured that the dwelling

I sought was in this locality. Alphonse—that is my servant, who has gone to procure rooms for me at the hotel,—was certain that it was still farther East. But my memory, though sometimes treacherous, was good in this case."

Hugh, hearing this eulogium upon the old man's memory, interposed a question:

"If your memory is so good, sir, you must remember about the window."

"The window, my young friend!" cried De Montreuil, turning eagerly toward Hugh. "Why, of course, I remember very well about the window that was one too many."

"Do you know why it was put there," inquired Hugh, hastily, "and if it belongs to any room?"

"Ha! ha! my dear boy, you also are asking what so often we have asked; and you have been climbing up no doubt, in the danger of breaking your neck."

"Yes," said Hugh, "I climbed up there and very nearly fell; but I didn't find out anything. So if you know, sir, I would be ever so much obliged if you would tell."

"If I know why—"

Whatever he might have said was tantalizingly cut short by the sound of feet on the steps outside, and the appearance of another figure, who likewise delayed the singing of the final chorus.

(To be continued.)

Flying Money.

The oldest bank notes of which we have any knowledge were made in China long centuries ago, and were very similar to those in use all over the world to-day. They bore the name of the bank, the date of issue, the value in figures and words, and the signatures of the bank officials. At the top of the notes was the following advice: "Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed on paper made from mulberry leaves, and the ink used was of a blue color. The Chinese called this currency "Flying money."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The latest publication of the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago is a timely pamphlet, by William J. Onahan, Esq., "The Religious Crisis in France." A summarized account of the events leading up to the recent iniquitous proceedings of the atheistic French Government, and a lucid presentation of existing conditions, the booklet merits wide circulation.

—The title-page and contents of the volume of THE AVE MARIA concluded in December (July-Dec.) are now ready for those who bind the magazine. These supplementary pages will be supplied *gratis* until the end of the present year. They are sent only to subscribers who apply for them, or whose names have been entered in our list of "Subs. who Bind."

—"I was glad to see," writes a correspondent of the London *Catholic Weekly*, "that you referred last week in your literary notes to Father Faber. His works are all too little known at the present time, and not only by the general public, but even by Catholics." This statement may be true of England, but it is inexact as regards this country and Canada. Faber, we are glad to say, is almost always represented in the average Catholic library, public or family, to be found on this side of the Atlantic.

—From the Christian Press Association we have received what purports to be a "Life" of St. Vincent de Paul, translated and abridged from the French work of the Rev. P. Collet. Not very well translated, and very much abridged, we should say. Just why the C. P. A. has issued this small pocket volume as a long-drawn-out essay, without the usual division into chapters, is not easy to determine. The frontispiece picture of the Saint is no embellishment. We had hoped that the day of books like this was passed.

—It was a happy inspiration on the part of the Rev. James Walsh, a priest of the archdiocese of Boston, well known for his zealous labors in behalf of foreign missions, to make a collection of the thoughts of three modern martyrs, with a view to render their heroic deeds more familiar to their contemporaries, and to arouse interest in the sublime cause for which they shed their blood. These thoughts are presented in an elegantly produced volume, which should win many readers. The martyrs are Just de Bretenières, Théophile Vénard, and Henry Dorie,—all three of whom were beheaded for the Faith during the decade 1860-70; two in Corea and one in Tonquin. Each group of

thoughts is preceded by a brief sketch of the martyr, and accompanied with a fine steel engraving. The volume is "affectionately dedicated to the hallowed memory of the three martyrs whose pure souls are partially revealed in these sentences; and to the three worthy brothers who await in patient exile the great reunion with their illustrious kinsmen." Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau, Boston, Mass.

—The apparent need of more sermon books causes us to welcome a new edition (the third) of "Plain, Practical Sermons," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Sheppard, V. G. Sermons as a rule are hard reading—harder hearing often, probably on account of being easy writing. But we like very much the title of the present volume, and one who has no prejudice against books of the kind assures us that it is excellent both as to substance and form. There are forty-four sermons, all of about the same length, on a variety of arbitrarily chosen subjects. Published by F. Pustet & Co.

—Gratifying evidence of the unabated interest in the writings of Cardinal Newman is afforded by the publication of "An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent,'" by John J. Toohey, S.J. (Longmans, Green & Co.) It is intended to serve, not only as an analytical index to the work in question, but as a dictionary of Newman's philosophy, a catalogue of his doctrines, and a summary of his arguments. In thus rendering familiarity with the "Grammar of Assent" an easy attainment, Mr. Toohey has deserved the gratitude of all students of Newman. The volume is uniform with Messrs. Longmans' edition of Newman's works.

—With a few more writers like Father Bearne there would soon be no dearth of good story-books for Catholic boys,—girls and boys. To the already long list of his publications this prolific author has just added "The Witch of Ridingdale" and "Ridingdale Flower Show." Both are capital books. Lance, the hero of the first named, was certainly a brave boy to venture into the witch's very house; but boys of his stamp are always brave. And that noble mother of his would make a knight of almost any lad. The best thing about Lance is that he wasn't the least bit of a prig, but a fine, manly Catholic boy with whom our young folk will like to be acquainted.—Father Horbury alone would make "Ridingdale Flower Show" worth while. But there are other winning figures in this book; and from the opening pen-pictures of the Lethers,

including Tommie, to the last scene, where Lance tells his secret to his mother, there isn't a dull page. Girls and boys—and their parents, too, if they once open the book—will find delight in these stories, which, if they are not from life, are true to life in every way. Long life to Father Bearne! Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Much as we may deny, in general, the utility in our day of controversy—and it is being denied of late by increasing numbers,—few will maintain that there are not places and times where and when controversial literature is imperatively demanded. From the preface to "Lectures: Controversial and Devotional," by Father Malachy, C. P., it would appear that Belfast is such a place and the present such a time. "Any one acquainted with the social conditions under which our Catholic people live in this city," says the author, "will readily understand that religious controversies are forced upon them with persistence in every walk of life." That being so, two-thirds of the present volume's contents—lectures on the Church and on Catholic belief—are abundantly justified. The last four discourses, on the Life of our Saviour, are purely devotional, and will probably interest many who will find the polemical part of the work rather unattractive. The whole book, however, merits reading; and its contents, be it said, are fresher than is its exterior form. M. H. Gill & Son, Benziger Brothers.

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' price generally include postage.

"An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent.'" John J. Toohey, S. J. \$1.30.

"Thoughts from Modern Martyrs." James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. 75 cts.

"Lectures Controversial and Devotional." Father Malachy, C. P. 90 cts., net.

"The Witch of Ridingdale." Father Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.

"Ridingdale Flower Show." The Same. 85 cts.

"Lectures on the Holy Eucharist." Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J. \$1.25, net.

"Tooraladdy." Julia C. Walsh. 45 cts.

"Songs for Schools." C. H. Farnsworth, 60 cts., net.

"Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth." Eleanor C. Donnelly. 50 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. David Dewar, of the diocese of Southwark; Rev. Francis Purcell, diocese of Syracuse; Rev. William Kilroy, diocese of Detroit; Rev. Joseph Courvoisier, S. P. M.; and Rev. James Richmond, O. C.

Sister M. Innocent, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sisters Eusebia and Alice, O. S. D.

Mr. Joseph Desnoyes, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Bernard Clark, Cato, Wis.; Mrs. Barbara Lease, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. J. E. Hyland and Mr. John Heenan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Otto Richter, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. W. J. McGuire, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis.; Margaret Whelton, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. A. G. Fitzgerald and Mr. William Rodolph, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Charles Vitner and Mrs. Clara Richardson, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. Kyran Brophy, Geraldine, New Zealand; Mrs. Ellen Bowe, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. William Kunkel, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. A. J. Mullen, Sr., and Miss Mary Carroll, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Charles Brown, Lilly, Pa.; Mr. Victor Dallon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Mark Graven, Gerardville, Pa.; Mrs. E. R. Stein, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Mary Carroll and Mrs. Julia Feehan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. W. J. Proctor and Mr. Jacob Etzel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas Donnelly, Michigan City, Ind.; and Miss Margaret Clark, New York.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the famine sufferers in Bengal:

M. C. N., \$2; P. S. H. C., \$5; Friend, \$1; Mrs. E. McG., \$1; W. F. Byrne, \$1; M. E. Louisell, \$3; per Rev. John Peil, S. V. D., \$70.50; Mrs. R. C. K., \$100; B. Galvin, \$1; S. O., in honor of the Holy Family, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. R. C., \$2; Mrs. K. Mc., \$2.

The needy mission at Kumbhakonam, Southern India, Catechist Sisters of Mary Immaculate:

Rev. T. F., \$10; B. Galvin, 50 cts.; P. J. O'N., \$3; A Californian, \$10.25.

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

F. P. Lockingen, \$2; A. McN., 25 cts.; Rev. J. H. G., \$10; B. O., \$1; T. B. R., \$1; Child of Mary, \$1; E. J. Flood, \$3.



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

VOL. LXIV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

NO. 6.

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

A Winter Dawn.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

N silent wings the gaunt night shadows fly;
 A web-like veil of pink and amethyst,
 All studded o'er with richest gems, sun-kissed,
 Spreads swiftly o'er the somber wintry sky.
 Behind the crumbling wall of vapors lie
 A million rubies. Through the frost-like mist
 Broad streams of liquid amber swirl and twist,
 And gold and precious stones pile mountain high.
 The great white world awakes; and silent night
 Departs. Each tiny hoarfrost glows and glints,
 In smiling welcome of the glorious morn.
 The snow-clad hills gleam richly in the light;
 The streams, though dumb, reflect a thousand
 tints;
 Thus out of sorrow perfect joy is born.

Our Lady of Hardenberg.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

HARDENBERG is a town in the mining and manufacturing district between the river Ruhr and the Lower Rhine. It occupies a fairly central position with respect to Dusseldorf, Elberfeld, and Essen, on the right side of the Rhine. It is little known beyond its immediate vicinity; for this land of coal and iron boasts no historical monuments, no beautiful scenery to attract the tourist or the artist. Coal-pits, blast furnaces, iron foundries, a forest of factory chimneys,

the clang of innumerable hammers, the whir and throb of machinery, meet the eye and greet the ear of the traveller when he enters the narrow valley of Neviges, at the farther end of which thousands of workmen's dwellings are crowded together.

In the front row of these stands a small church with a modest turret; and adjoining it on the right side is a Franciscan monastery, whose inmates are the guardians of the *Gnadenbild* (the miraculous picture) exposed in the church for the veneration of pilgrims, some eighty thousand of whom on an average yearly visit this shrine. For, unlovely as are the natural surroundings of Hardenberg, it possesses a treasure of unspeakable supernatural worth, which for more than two centuries has been the channel, if we may so speak, of great blessings bestowed by the Immaculate Virgin on her clients. Before narrating the history—it is a remarkable one—of the picture, we will briefly describe it.

The *Gnadenbild* of Hardenberg is neither an elegant statue of modern workmanship, nor a time-honored wood-carved image blackened by age; it is not a fine painting by a famous artist, but a small, old-fashioned engraving, or rather woodcut, of the seventeenth century, not more than two and a half by one and a half inches in size. It represents the august figure of our Blessed Lady, her head inclined slightly to one side, her eyes raised to heaven. She stands upon the crescent moon, and treads upon the deadly serpent, now bereft of power to harm; for its

crushed head hangs down helplessly. Her hands are gracefully folded, so that the finger tips alone touch; her hair falls upon her shoulders in rich abundance, of old a symbol of virginal purity. The figure is surrounded by an aureola; for is it not a representation of the Woman clothed with the sun of the Apocalypse? And within the halo encircling her head the twelve stars of St. John's vision are also discernible. "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

There is no doubt whatever that this woodcut depicts Mary Immaculate, whose stainless conception was an article of belief in Germany long centuries before its definition as a dogma. Over the picture are inscribed the words, "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee!" The figure is framed, as it were, in a cloud, in allusion, as the "Pilgrim's Guide" aptly observes, to the little cloud rising out of the sea which the Prophet Elias saw from Mount Carmel, heralding the beneficent rain whereby the three and a half years' draught was ended, and which has always been regarded as emblematic of the Mother of God,—the cloud that was to "rain down the Just." Above and below are cherubs and angels of diminutive size; the whole is expressive of joy and triumph.

For the history of this picture we must go back, as regards time, to the middle of the seventeenth century; as regards place, to Dorsten, a small Catholic town of about three thousand inhabitants, on the left bank of the Lippe, near Wesel, where a flourishing community of Franciscan friars have a convent of ancient date. In the chapel of that monastery Martin Luther once said Mass, when on his way to Rome; of course before that unhappy man cast his incendiary torch into the Church of Christ. The old, weather-worn walls of the original monastery have recently been pulled down to give place to a new

structure; in which, however, the same simplicity, poverty, and tranquillity prevail as in the ancient one.

About the year 1680 there was among the inmates of that cloister a pious and holy priest, of Westphalian birth, named Father Antonius Schirley, who had erected in his cell a little altar to Mary Immaculate, placing on it an engraving, not half as large as his hand, which he held in great veneration. Every night, before going down to the choir according to the rule of his Order, to recite the Office at midnight, he knelt before this picture, commending himself to the stainless Virgin; and, again, when returning to his cell, he reverently saluted her before betaking himself to rest anew. How acceptable this act of devotion was to the Mother of Christ she showed by bestowing on him a signal mark of favor.

One night when Father Antonius knelt as usual before the little altar to say an *Ave* after the night Office, he heard a voice say most distinctly: "Take me to Hardenberg. It is my will to be venerated there." The Father did not know what to make of this command; he did not know whether his ears had deceived him. On the following night it was repeated by the same voice, when he had said his *Ave*, with the addition of these words (recorded in the annals of the monastery): "Within the space of a year and a half, a great Prince will be attacked by a mortal malady, from which he will not recover unless he makes a vow to go to Hardenberg and build a convent for me there. Write that to the Father Guardian, that he may begin the work at once."

On the third night, while he was at prayer, the friar heard the same voice speaking for the third time, repeating all that had been said previously; and also indicating in what manner the Mother of God desired to be honored, saying: "Thou must begin my novena,—that is, thou must celebrate Holy Mass on nine successive Saturdays in thanksgiving for my Immaculate Conception."

Such was the charge given to Father Antonius by the voice speaking from the picture. The picture was to be publicly venerated at Hardenberg; and as a proof and pledge of the miraculous graces attached to the picture, as well as of the divine nature of the command, a "great Prince" was to recover miraculously from sickness at Hardenberg.

Father Antonius was probably greatly astonished, and at first somewhat disquieted, by what had occurred; of this the chronicle records no particulars. It is certain, however, that he was perfectly convinced that the Blessed Mother of God herself had spoken to him, and that it was incumbent on him to execute her behest; for he communicated the instructions given to him, as she bade him, to the superior at Hardenberg.

It may here be stated that the picture in question is said to have been taken out of a prayer-book,—a German edition of the well-known "Cœleste Palmetum," compiled by the Jesuit Nakatenus, printed in 1661. It was, at any rate, published in the edition of 1751. It may, however, have been printed on a separate leaflet, like the lace-edged and other religious pictures of the present day. This was probably the case; for six stanzas of the *Stabat Mater*, with versicle and prayer, are printed in German on the back of the picture.

We know what is the present state and aspect of Hardenberg, but we must endeavor to form some idea of what it was at the time of which we speak, or we shall fail to grasp the situation. Nothing is more interesting or more edifying than to trace the growth and development of a work ordained by God; to see how all is prepared for it, and how one thing fits into another, if only man is a docile instrument in the hand of Providence.

The tract of country, which has become a great centre of industry, belongs now to the Prussian crown; but formerly it had its own reigning princes, the Dukes of Berg, who resided at Dusseldorf. The

ruling Duke, toward the close of the seventeenth century, Johann Wilhelm by name, was a good Catholic, and he it was who was to take an active part in making the new foundation at Hardenberg. His consort was a daughter of the German Emperor, Ferdinand III., who in 1647 erected a monument in Vienna in honor of the Immaculate Conception, and dedicated his House and country to the Mother of God,—a fact not without its bearing on this story.

The fierce blast of the so-called Reformation, which shook the edifice of the faith in Germany to its very foundation, at first left Hardenberg unharmed; the noble family who held the castle and manor in fief from the Dukes of Berg remained, together with their dependants, faithful to the ancient religion. In 1580, however, a lamentable change took place. The then Baron Wilhelm von Bernhau married a Calvinist, and, as is too often the case in mixed marriages, was induced by her to abandon the faith of his forefathers. *Qualis rex, talis grex*. The alacrity with which the inhabitants of Hardenberg followed the example of their lord suggests the thought that they were only waiting for a pretext to embrace the new ideas; for in a week's time all Hardenberg was "reformed"; the desecrated churches and broken images testified to the triumph of heresy.

The grandson of the apostate Baron, Johann Sigismund, was, however, led to return to the Church, through the influence of his wife, a staunch Catholic, who inspired her husband, with such courage that, as a public profession of his faith, he openly wore the Rosary round his neck. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin was then, as it is now, the note of a true Catholic; and the Rosary was the badge of those who feared not to confess themselves Catholics in those days of religious confusion and strife.

The population of Hardenberg was, alas! not so ready to follow a good example as an evil one. The spirit of insubordina-

tion had already gained ground amongst them, and they refused obedience to their ruler. When on the death of Baron Johann Sigismund, his remains were laid to rest in the family vault with Catholic rites, a great uproar followed; the rioters, instigated by a Calvinist agitator, crowded into the church and rudely interrupted the obsequies. For this disturbance a fine was inflicted on them by the ducal authorities, but it wrought no change of opinion; wherefore the successor of the deceased Baron, in the year 1670, caused the old church to be closed, and a new one erected for his family and the few Catholics among his dependants. At the same time he invited the Franciscans to undertake the cure of souls on his estate.

The Friars Minor were quite willing to go to Hardenberg, but not merely in the capacity of parish priests: they stipulated that they should have permission to build a monastery there beside the new church; and to carry out this design a certain Father Nieszing, a zealous and discreet Westphalian, was appointed guardian. The task committed to him appeared, however, almost impossible of execution. A site for the projected house was indeed given by the Baron, but the fanatical "reformed" population obstinately refused to supply him even with so much as stones for the building.

Such was the state of affairs in Hardenberg at the time when Father Antonius heard in his cell at Dorsten the mysterious voice bidding him transfer his cherished picture to the Calvinist town; and the religious situation there gives the explanation of the injunction that was added: "Write to the Father Guardian and tell him to begin to build."

Father Antonius acted at once on the orders given him. He sent for Father Nieszing and told him all the circumstances concerning the nocturnal communication he had received. At first Father Nieszing doubted the reality of what was related to him; but, upon reflection and

due deliberation, he accepted it as true, and declared himself ready to submit in all humility to the divine will and good pleasure. He promised Father Antonius that he would make the novena of Saturdays, offering the Holy Sacrifice for the intention that God in His mercy would so dispose matters that the business in hand might be accomplished to His greater glory and the honor of His Immaculate Mother. He earnestly desired to take with him on his return to Hardenberg the miraculous picture, on which, we are told, "he gazed with profound emotion and reverence." But Father Antonius would not part with it. "When the right time comes," he said, "I will surely send it to you."

Thereupon Father Nieszing went back to Hardenberg in no slight anxiety as to the course events would take, and expectancy as to the arrival of the "great Prince" who would render the building of the monastery feasible. He immediately confided all that he had heard at Dorsten to several persons of high position and who were held in great esteem; amongst them was Baron von Wendt, who later on was lord of the manor. This he did in order that when the picture was brought to Hardenberg and exposed for veneration, doing so might not be suspected to be an after-thought,—a pious fraud on the part of the friars. Moreover, he committed to writing an account of all that had occurred at Dorsten, stating time and place; to this he added the names of the honorable personages to whom he had communicated the utterances of the voice that spoke from the picture, affirming on oath the truth of what he had written, and affixing his signature to the document, which is still preserved in the archives of the monastery. All that has been and will be related concerning the miraculous picture is taken from a history written by Father Nieszing, dedicated to Duke Johann Wilhelm of Berg, and published at Dusseldorf in 1707.

Supernatural favors marked the beginning of the novena of Masses at Harden-

berg. On the very first Saturday Baron von Wendt, who lay ill of a dangerous malady at the castle, was suddenly restored to health, and received at the same time a gift more precious than health of body—the knowledge of the true faith. The recovery and conversion of the Baron made a great stir in the neighborhood; requests for novenas came from all sides,—the novenas consisting, as we have seen, in a Mass on nine consecutive Saturdays in thanksgiving for Mary's great prerogative—the Immaculate Conception.

About the same time a noble lady, residing at Dülmen, near Münster, bespoke a novena in Hardenberg to obtain the cure of an intermittent fever from which she had suffered four years. Scarcely had the messenger she sent executed his commission when the fever entirely left her. In commemoration of this miracle, to this day a yearly procession is made from Dülmen to Hardenberg, although the distance is considerable.

The picture was not yet in Hardenberg, nor was the promise attached to the veneration of it—the convalescence of a "great Prince"—as yet fulfilled. This was, however, not long delayed.

In July of the following year, the good Bishop of Paderborn and Münster was attacked by so serious a malady that his life was despaired of by his physicians. In fact, a report was spread of his death. At the moment that Father Nieszing was reading in a local paper of the illness of this prelate, who, as a Prince of the German Empire and the overlord of both bishoprics, ranked as a "great Prince," a letter was handed to him from Father Antonius, containing the much desired picture, with the words: "Very Reverend Father Guardian, the time has now come to send you the wished-for picture; preserve it with due reverence, and God will make His work known."

This prediction was soon to be fulfilled. Father Nieszing took the picture immediately to a Benedictine abbey in the vicinity, to show it to the abbot, his friend,

to whom he had already told its history, and who reverently venerated her whom it represented. When the Franciscan had gone, it suddenly occurred to the abbot that the Prince Bishop of the diocese was the magnate who was to be cured in Hardenberg. He lost no time in repairing to the episcopal palace and telling the whole story to the sick man. It inspired the apparently dying prelate with new hope; confidence in the mighty and merciful Mother of God filled his soul. He begged the abbot to see that a novena for him was immediately begun; promising that if God graciously restored him to health, the monastery should be built there, and he himself would make a pilgrimage thither. On the Feast of the Portiuncula, 1681, the novena was begun. From that day the Bishop began to recover, and in a short time he was perfectly well.

Meanwhile the facts were submitted to the ecclesiastical authorities; and, after careful examination had been made, the abbot was empowered to bless the picture, and permission was given to expose it for public veneration at Hardenberg.

The Prince Bishop of Paderborn did not forget his vow. As soon as he could accomplish the journey, he repaired to Hardenberg, where he met Duke Johann Wilhelm von Berg, who had also gone thither on pilgrimage. The two Princes, with their retinues, entered the town in solemn state. The Bishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass in thanksgiving for his recovery, and gladly undertook to defray the expense of building the monastery, of which the first stone was already laid. The Duke shared with him the honor of being the founder; he contributed largely to the decoration of the church, and gave the magnificent and costly setting of the simple little picture. For the remainder of his life, he made a yearly pilgrimage to the shrine.

Thus in the short space of three years all that the voice spoke to the humble friar in the solitude of his cell, all that

was commanded and all that was promised, was fully accomplished. The sons of St. Francis still act as guardians of the miraculous picture; and Heaven's best blessings seem to attend their labors among the inhabitants of the town, who almost exclusively are workers in the factories and mines.

The picture, which now for more than two centuries has been enthroned in the church of Hardenberg, was, by the permission of the Supreme Pontiff, solemnly crowned on September 11, 1904 (the day on which the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin was kept in the diocese of Cologne), by the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, in the presence of a concourse of, at the lowest estimate, fifty thousand persons. As the church was not spacious enough for so vast an assembly, a tent was erected on the hillside, whither the picture was borne by the friars in procession, with hundreds of flags and banners of different guilds and sodalities. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the open air, numerous civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries assisting at it, besides the attentive multitude of devout worshippers. At the close the Cardinal Archbishop blessed the crown, sparkling with innumerable jewels, and placed it over the picture, saying:

"Grant, O glorious Queen, that as thou art crowned here on earth by our hands, we may, through thy intercession, be crowned in heaven by Jesus Christ, thy Son, with everlasting glory!"

IF the Lord should give you power to raise the dead, He would give you much less than He does when He bestows suffering. By miracles you would make yourself debtor to Him, while by suffering He may become debtor to you. And even if sufferings had no other reward than being able to bear something for that God who loves you, is not this a great reward and a sufficient remuneration? Whoever loves understands what I say.

—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

VII.

AT tea Mrs. Sterndale showed Lett a note just received from Mildred, written immediately after her arrival at Ravenswold. It was impossible, she said, that Mr. Chetwode's ankle would admit of his moving for a week or two. He was confined to bed.

"But he is getting on very nicely," she continued. "Dr. Allison says there is no danger of any serious effects remaining, as it is a simple sprain. Of course Uncle Romuald takes it with his usual philosophy, and declares his intention of getting up as soon as he gets a pair of crutches which Uncle Jerry is making. Sam is waiting to carry this note in hot haste to Beechwood, so that it may get into the mail and go to you this evening. I will write again to-morrow," etc., etc.

"I am relieved to hear that the sprain is not serious," said Mrs. Sterndale. "I was afraid it was worse than Romuald admitted. And it is really fortunate his being at Ravenswold during this weather; it is so much cooler there than here. I think the excessive heat is one cause which has prevented Sydney from rallying sooner."

On rising from table, they went to pay a visit to Sydney; and when they returned downstairs half an hour later, Mrs. Sterndale led the way onto the veranda.

"We shall find it pleasanter here than within doors this evening," she said.

Sitting in the cool darkness of the night, they were for some time silent. Neither of them was very fond of talking; and they felt sufficiently at ease with each other to dispense with ceremonious conversation. Both were thinking, but their trains of thought were quite different. Lett was rejoicing that De Wolff was gone. And yet she felt a little regretful, if not remorseful, in remembering his last words. Had she been uncharitable in her judgment and

treatment of him? she asked herself. She began a rigid review of her whole acquaintance with him—when her meditations were broken in upon by Mrs. Sterndale's voice asking a question.

It had several times occurred to Mrs. Sterndale, as she became acquainted with Lett's character, and found that the more closely she observed it the more convinced was she of its exceptional excellence, to regret the absence of her sons from home just now. All the world over, the maternal instinct to secure a good match for her daughter and an heiress for her son is much the same. And Mrs. Sterndale reflected that here was an heiress—for the matter of that, two heiresses,—sent by accident under her very roof. Was it accident which brought them there? Little as she had been in the habit at any time of her life, but especially during the later years, of absolute indifference to religion, of looking beyond natural causes to account for the course of events, she did in the present instance feel, with a sort of awe, that there might be more than chance in the chain of incidents which brought about Lett's residence in her house. The eagerness with which Mildred had seized the first opportunity ever afforded her for obtaining instruction in the practice of her faith greatly affected the worldly but devoted mother. Still, it was more a sentiment of remorse that she felt for having denied her child the gratification of what she now saw must have been a very earnest wish, than any sense of penitence for neglected duty; as, but for Mildred's delight in this new and unexpected companionship, she would at first have disliked very much the necessity of association with one so devout.

A few days of this association relieved her of all dread of possible annoyance from any exhibition of ill-judged zeal and demonstrative piety. Lett's piety was perfectly unobtrusive. With the tact of good sense as well as of good-breeding, she never mentioned the subject of religion, or in any way manifested the shocked

surprise she could not but feel at the undisguised worldliness of her hostess. She hoped that time and Mildred's influence might awaken this torpid soul from the lethargy in which it was sunk; but she was conscious that, for herself, she could do nothing but pity and pray for it.

That there was cause for pity, apart from Mrs. Sterndale's deplorable apathy, she soon became aware. There was a skeleton in the house; though, beyond the fact that it was connected with the health of the oldest son, she did not know what it was. Mildred told her once briefly that they were in great anxiety about her elder brother, who had been maimed in his childhood by an accident, and was now ill with a threatening of pulmonary trouble.

"He has been in Paris under treatment since April, and writes mamma that he is better, he thinks. But from the tone of Gilroy's letters I doubt it."

She spoke so sadly that Lett, seeing how distressing the subject was, refrained from asking any questions. She had noticed that, though sometimes mentioning her son's name, Mrs. Sterndale never alluded to his illness; and she was surprised consequently, and startled somewhat, when roused from the uncheerful reverie into which she had fallen, by a very unexpected inquiry.

"I suppose, Lett, Mildred has told you about Alfred's affliction?" Mrs. Sterndale said.

"She told me," Lett replied a little falteringly, "that he was suffering from an injury received in childhood."

"Yes. When he was only four years old. And it has ruined his life."

The tone in which the last words were uttered was so dreadfully bitter that Lett made no response. To say "How sad!" or "How sorry for you I am!" would have sounded cold, trite, commonplace,—altogether inappropriate as an answer to this despairing lament over a wrecked life.

After a momentary silence Mrs. Sterndale went on, speaking with evident effort:

"The accident happened at a circus. A cry during the performance that one of the wild animals had escaped from its cage, caused a panic; and Alfred's nurse, with him in her arms, was in the midst of the crowd attempting to escape. She did her best, I am sure, to save the child, without thought of herself. But there was such a fearful crush that a great many people were badly hurt. Two children died from the effects of their injuries. I have sometimes thought that it would have been well for my darling boy if he too had died, instead of living to suffer as he does. His left hip-joint was dislocated; and, though every effort of the surgical skill available at that time was made to stretch the leg and prevent disfigurement, it remained hopelessly shorter than the other, causing a painful halt in his gait. This was bad enough, but not the worst. He had literally never had a day's illness until the accident occurred, and he has never had a day of really perfect health since. It seemed to give a permanent shock to his system. Throughout all his childhood and youth he was very delicate; and finally, after a violent attack of grippe, symptoms of pulmonary trouble have manifested themselves,—the very last thing I ever thought of fearing, since there is not the least hereditary predisposition to it in his family on either side. By the advice of a specialist, he decided to try change of air, and went to Europe last spring. He thinks he is somewhat better. But I am very miserable about him. You have been surprised, of course, to see one calling herself a Catholic so totally without religion as I am. But if you could imagine how I have suffered, you would not wonder at it. God has seemed so cruel—"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Sterndale, do not say such a thing!" Lett impulsively interposed. "Do not permit yourself to doubt the goodness of God."

"How can I help doubting it?" the unhappy woman answered defiantly. "My little innocent child—what had I ever done, or his father, that such a doom

should have been meted to him? My husband was a good man—very good,—and I was not wicked. Until this curse fell upon us, I had always tried to fulfil the commands of the Church. Why did God send so great a calamity upon us?" she cried with almost fierce vehemence.

"Oh, for a priest to speak to her!" thought Lett. "We do not know," she replied, "why God permits things like this to happen. We can not see as He does what we need in the way of discipline. It may have been that you were too happy, too much attached to this life, to your husband and child—"

"No! We were anything but happy. It was just at the end of the war. My husband was badly wounded, his health shattered, his fortune almost swept away; and, worse even than all this, our hearts broken over the ruin of our country. This terrible blow was the culmination of so many overwhelming troubles that it froze my heart to all sense of religion. For my husband's sake first, then for my children's, I have borne with courage the burden of life. But it has been very heavy,—very, very bitter."

Lett wished that she could speak. But even if she had felt at liberty to assume the rôle of spiritual adviser, words would have failed her to express the throng of ideas crowding upon her. How clear to her apprehension was that which to Mrs. Sterndale was so inscrutable as well as so cruel an ordination! How evident the designs of God in putting into the crucible of suffering this soul, in which, mixed with much dross, was very sterling gold.

"If you would talk to a priest, dear Mrs. Sterndale!" she said somewhat timidly. "You have not met one for a long time, I suppose?"

"No: you are the first Catholic I have met for years. I have carefully avoided all Catholic association. Perhaps I was wrong in this, though it was not entirely a matter of choice. The very name of religion was intolerable to me, and I put the thought of it utterly away after my

husband's death. But I did think sometimes that I should like to give my children—Mildred particularly, who always took great interest in the subject—the opportunity of deciding for themselves whether they could find in the practice of their faith the consolation it affords most people. For this, among other reasons, I should have fixed my home in New Orleans if I could have afforded to do so. But our pecuniary circumstances did not admit of it. Our property was here,—the little that remained to us. It was necessary to stay here.”

“But,” said Lett in a deprecating tone, “you might have seen a priest here sometimes.”

“Yes, if I had wished to. The priest who was summoned to my husband's bedside in his last illness—for he never lost or neglected his faith, and died fortified by the last sacraments,—this priest came once afterward, uninvited, to see me. But I repulsed his charitable effort, and of course he never came again.”

“But now,” said Lett wistfully—“you would see one now?”

“I shall be glad to welcome one to my house now, for your sake and for Mildred's, but not for my own. I have spoken because an accidental remark of yours a day or two ago leads me to suppose that you expect to leave here as soon as Sydney recovers. You have thought of doing so?”

“Yes, certainly,” was the surprised reply. “We came here merely temporarily, you know. Major Carrington's plans were that we should stay a month at the seaside, then spend the rest of the season in the mountains; and he hoped Sydney's health would be sufficiently restored by that time for her to take up her studies again. She and I were to go to my dear convent, and my guardian himself meant to spend the winter in Europe.” She paused, and then went on in a quicker tone: “From what the doctor says, I judge there is no doubt that Sydney will get thoroughly well now. And so her father's wishes can be carried out, I

hope. And I greatly hope, too, that she will break that dreadful engagement. At all events, her education must be completed—even if she is determined to marry Mr. De Wolff afterward. I think he has sense enough to agree to that.”

“Her education ought to be completed, without doubt,” said Mrs. Sterndale. “And if her health is re-established by the end of the summer or autumn, the best thing to be done will be to put her in the convent. But you, Lett,—why should you go with her? She will not need looking after there. Why can not you stay with us? I wish very much that you would consent to make my house your home until you marry.”

Lett could scarcely restrain an exclamation of dismay at this proposition.

“You are very, very kind to wish it,” she replied, as soon as she regained self-possession to speak; “and, if other plans did not interfere to prevent, I should be very happy to accept your invitation, and think myself most fortunate to have such a home. But I promised my guardian to do everything in my power to take care of Sydney—to use his own expression—as long as she needs care and will submit to it; and so I can not separate myself from her.”

“It was a burdensome obligation,” said Mrs. Sterndale, “and one which I'm afraid will give you great trouble.”

“It has already caused me a great deal of anxiety; but I don't care for that, if I can do any good. I should be very ungrateful for Major Carrington's care and kindness to me, if I grudged a little service to his child in return.”

The thought came to Mrs. Sterndale that the usual equivalent for the care and kindness of a legal guardian to his ward is rendered in the form of dollars and cents; but she did not shock Lett, as she felt that the suggestion would, by saying so—merely remarking:

“You will do your best for her, I am sure. Whether you can do what her father wished, is doubtful. But the point that interests me most is your staying with

Mildred and myself as long as possible."

"I shall be very sorry to leave you and Mildred,—very sorry. But—"

"Well," said Mrs. Sterndale, kindly, "we will let the subject rest for the present. But I wish you would think of it. You have no idea what a pleasure—if I were a different person I should say what a blessing—I feel your presence in the house to have been. It has made a new life for Mildred; even for me it has done something. I was never devout,—it is not my nature. But I was a Catholic in belief; and the atmosphere of faith and piety that you carry about with you has revived many thoughts and feelings which have lain dead in my heart so long that I had forgotten they ever existed there. If I had kept my faith and taught it to Alfred, perhaps he might not have suffered so acutely as he has. His nature is a very noble one, and he has borne his affliction with great courage and patience. But it has been like a curse, hardening him as well as myself. Lett, I should like him to know you, to see what real, practical religion is. I expect my sons home in October. Spend the winter with us. I will not ask a promise, but I beg you to think of it."

"I will," said Lett. "If it seems right to leave Sydney, I will return here to spend the winter. For oh, I should be very, very glad to be of use to you in any way!"

The words were simple, but, in their evident sincerity, very expressive; and Mrs. Sterndale thanked her warmly.

(To be continued.)

From Dark to Light.

BY S. M. R.

Ⓜ UT of the purple night
Cometh the light,
Building a golden way
For a new day.
So when the last dread hour
O'er me shall lower,
Grant that the dark shall be
A way to Thee.

Our Lady of the Fertile Rocks.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE term Corcomroe most probably means the land, or territory (*cork*), of Murrach. The title Glounna-Monach, or Glen of the Monks, is exceedingly appropriate, as in the whole glen, or basin, nothing was so prominent as the monastery. Its Latin and ecclesiastical title, *De Petra Fertili*, does not at the first glance seem so intelligible. Remove but one characteristic from a landscape, and it is wonderful how the whole meaning of the place becomes changed. Here, quite beside where I write, was once an extensive tract of bog. By little and little the bog was consumed, until not a trace of it now remains. That bog was twenty feet deep; surface to the depth of twenty feet was, therefore, cut from all that district. Before the bog was removed, the water of that basin ran southward; but a fall of twenty feet having occurred, the water is no longer able to pass over the rising land on its way to the south, and the drainage now runs in the opposite direction—to the north.

In his learned work, the author of "The Diocese of Kilmacduagh," quoting from old writers, tells us over and over that those desolate, stone-covered hills were once clothed with dense forests, which,

Moored in the rifted rock, proof to the tempest shock,

The firmer they root them, the wilder it blows. Now, this made all the difference in the world. The climate of Ireland, in the west and south, is all but tropically warm in winter, if a place has shelter. Tropical plants will grow in the open air. By the seacoast near Lisdoonvarna and Ballyvaughan, a few miles from Corcomroe, the tenderest ferns live and bloom the whole year through in the open crevices of the rocks. And if there be a doubt of tropical vegetation's being carried on in

winter, there can be no doubt whatever of its being carried on in summer in such a limestone basin of the hills as this, so sheltered by forests, and so softly breathed on by the sunny ocean of our western coast, whose breath is made still more balmy by the warm current that flows to us from eastern America's bosom. Such a land was and should be a land of honey. As in the old days of Israel's kings and wars, so in those olden days of Erin, "the honey ran from the rocks to the ground, and all the forest was filled with the honey."

In the next place, it is well known what cultivators and improvers of land the Cistercians have ever been. They grub the soil, "they make the garden, set a hedge round about, plant their vines and their figs, dig a trench, and set their winepress." Under their skilful hands the whole place must have bloomed as a garden. Even now, grain crops raised in this district, wheat and barley especially, are the heaviest, richest, and choicest; and after "the famine years," the country people even from the County Limerick went all the way to the Burren district to obtain a new and sound supply of seed potatoes, when, with their slow mode of conveyance and travel, it took these poor peasants a whole week to make the journey.

Lastly, if you are any way toothsome for an excellent bit of mutton or beef, come to the Burren district; and if your gastronomic cravings be not satisfied, then your tastes are super-epicurean. In all Ireland I never saw such an aftermath of velvet green as I saw in one small meadow of what seemed to me first year's clover in that Glen of the Monks the day I visited it.

Perhaps, indeed, it was for better reasons it was called "The Fertile Rock." Oh, unless one's eyes have seen it, one can not have the remotest idea what a blessed example to an unmortified world are the life, the silence, the continual mortification of the Cistercian monks: rising at two in the night and not going to bed again; taking but one meal and a

collation every day all the year round; never tasting meat or eggs, though giving them in abundance to visitors; sleeping in their horse-box cells; lying down at last in their few feet of earth, with no other furniture or harness than their habit, and on their breast the crucifix they used to kiss. Yes, perhaps it was for their blessed sake the spot was called *Santa Maria de Petra Fertili*.

But, for whatever reason, there, after so many vicissitudes, the sacred ruins stand. Danes came and sacked the monastery. They stole in from the ocean wave by the inlet two or three miles distant, now known as Bel Harbor, but more correctly called Belclugga (The Mouth of the Open Sea). And, alas to tell! Celt came and sacked it. Rival chieftains of the south and west made it their prey; and even from distant Donegal came O'Donnell of Inishowen. Gall and Gal alike harried, burned and plundered it. Scarcely sixty years after its foundation, a fierce battle was fought in this glorious basin, and the lifeless body of its founder's grandson was laid "at dead of night" within the convent walls. A recumbent effigy on a tomb, satisfying antiquarians as to the royal costume of those days, marks the place where the dead King of Thomond rests. That, and the beautiful windows, and a finely pointed arch, are among the immense ruins, the only artistic things that remain of the once sumptuous Abbey de Petra Fertili.

Once again I thank God that no prattling "guide" turns up. I sit by the well whereat saints drank, and look at those beautiful windows. The birds hop and pick and flit and sing. In the wee field hard by a sheep and her innocent young ones crop the thick low grass. On all sides I see harvest work going on, everywhere on a small scale; and, rich as God's love, the golden sunshine is poured over all.

The pathway leads back once more through the pretty fields, and by the edge of the turnip plot. A kindly housewife is waiting in the little cottage. A snowy cloth is laid on the deal table, in a scrupu-

lously clean kitchen; and a green and gold teapot stands steaming upon it, with homemade bread and mountain-flavored butter. Oh, if you are worried with city life, or if Sorrow has been a visitor to you, come to our sweet country people! Do not be "stuk up": enter their doors, make yourself at home, sit down on their rush-seated chairs, and the king on his throne is not so happy as you will be that evening retiring to rest. Plenty of stories too, old and new, went round on this occasion.

"Maybe you've not heard of 'The Road of the Dishes'?" said the good housewife. "Well, then, I'll tell it to you now," she continued. "Sure one Lent, as they tell, the good St. Colman-Mac-Duagh fasted for the whole time. Now, he had but one attendant, and nothing did the attendant taste for those long weeks but black bread and water. St. Mac-Duagh pitied his attendant the whole time, and the attendant pitied the saint the whole time. When Easter Sunday came, then, the attendant prayed, unknownst to the saint, that the poor saint might have a good Easter dinner for all his fasting during Lent. And the saint, unknownst to the attendant, prayed that God might send the poor attendant a good dinner; for he himself had nothing to give him,—nothing at all.

"Well, just as the two were praying unknownst to each other, what do you think but a grand dinner was being laid in the palace for the King, and a great party entirely that he had invited! The King and his friends had gone out awhile before, on horseback, to meet the party that was invited; and all had just come to the front hall door, when—hullabaloo!—up started the dishes from the table, and out through the windows, and out through the doors, and away with them across the rocks, like birds flying home at night, or like the wild geese going to the sea in the frost. All the dogs, when they got the fine smell, gave tongue, and away with them in full chase. The King was dazed for a minute; but he told the

bugler to sound the horn as if it was a hunt, and away with them, horse and man, high and low, across the rocks as fast as they could scamper.

"'Tally-ho!—tally-ho!' the King would cry to the dogs; and 'Keep 'em in sight!—keep 'em in sight!' he'd call to the huntsmen. So away they went, dishes and dogs, and King and Queen, and huntsmen and horses, and all,—hurry-skurry over the rocks, tearing and breaking and tumbling and rising; and the smell of the dishes,—yerra, you could get it miles away!

"Well, my dear, they were flying and flying, and never drew bridle till they came to St. Mac-Duagh's cell; and there they saw the saint and his attendant sitting down to a fine meal. And when the holy saint saw all the quality, out he goes, with his cap in his hand; for he was very humble. 'Won't ye come in,' says he, 'and share the good things God has sent us, because this poor young man ate nothing but black bread and water during Lent?' The attendant was behind the saint's back, and heard every word he said. 'No,' says he, boldly enough; 'but God sent them because my master did not taste a bit the whole Lent.'

"Then the King and all the company went in; and the saint and his attendant would not taste a bit, but waited on them. Now, the King never said a word the whole time, but was looking at the saint and his attendant, and thinking, and looking and thinking. When all was over, he remarked: 'I give Colman a place for his monastery and his church, and I add to it all the lands that are drained by the two lakes. And I give him all the fish and all the fowl; and no man shall be taken from Colman's altar.' Then, placing his hand on the attendant, he added: 'And this young man, his heirs and successors, I appoint steward of Colman's house.' Then they rose and made away.

"Now, if you think that is not the truth," said the good housewife, "you can see the place for yourself, and the prints of the horses' hoofs and of the dogs' paws on the

rocks every step of the way from the King's palace to the saint's little cell. And, furthermore, from that to this that line of country is called Bóhar-na-mias, or the Road of the Dishes."

I ventured to suggest, as politely as I was able, that no wonder they were kind and noble and generous in that western land, because nowhere else were there so many descendants of Ireland's old nobility, and that gentle blood ran in the veins of many.

"That may or may not be," said the good housewife; "but do you see that far blue mountain? Well, I heard my father tell that there on the top of that hill one of the real descendants of the old chieftains lived forty or fifty years ago. He was an O'Loughlin of the O'Loughlins of Clare, and never was called anything but 'Prince O'Loughlin.' I myself never saw him, but my father used to go up for sheep to that part of the country, and he knew him well. He was a young man, nothing more than a poor laboring boy earning his hire; and yet if he wanted anything to be done, he needn't order it: he had but to ask it, and there wasn't one within thirty miles but would at once do what was bidden. He lived by himself in a little house on the top of the mountain, was a quiet, silent young man, had not father or mother or any near relative living with him, and died of consumption before he was thirty."

The day was wearing apace. The traveller could, from this place, go by Bel Harbor to Ballyvaughan, and from that by steamer to Galway; or, as I luckily chose, by road to Kinvara. Returning to the table-land, I looked down on the scene of Gerald Griffin's "Hy Brazzil" in Galway Bay:

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it "Hy Brazzil, the Isle of the Blest."

From the height you see a peninsula of land running out into the water, and a

"peninsula" of water running into the land. At the head of this estuary stands Kinvara, flanked by the picturesque remains of some strong old castles. This locality, in the last and previous centuries, carried on a brisk contraband trade in wines and tobacco, and a splendid commercial trade in wheat and barley; now hookers bring peat from Connemara, and little more. The people there repeat jestingly of Kinvara:

There is not timber enough to hang a man,
There is not water enough to drown a man,
Nor is there earth enough to bury a man.

Of the timber and the earth, seeing was believing; but when I came to the pretty new convent, the Reverend Mother told me of immense cisterns she had to erect to keep water for the poor when "the floodgates of heaven opened." This venerable religious had learned in the famous war at Sebastopol and Inkerman, "on the banks of the bould Crimae-ya," what has to be done to victual an army. The English war office in 1855-56 communicated with the Irish bishops and asked for Sisters as nurses. Among the volunteers was a young nun of the Mercy Convent, Carlow,—a near relative of the late Cardinal Cullen. She is the sole survivor of all the nuns or nurses that went out. She has been decorated with the gold medal by the late Queen Victoria; and is now Mother Aloysius, of the Mercy Convent, Kinvara, County Galway,—author of "Memories of the Crimean War."

Kinvara has a beautiful abbey ruin, hidden behind shops and backyards; and here I was so happy as to meet an old college classmate. Walking in front of his happy home, while the glinting sun lit up the valley and distant hills of Galway and Clare, we talked with pride and regret, on the greensward by the lapping tide, over "the old familiar faces" of more than thirty years ago.

EXACTNESS in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—*Faber.*

Mrs. Hoagland's Conversion.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THE Hoagland family was of humble origin. The father, an ordinary day-laborer, had accidentally discovered some good mining claims, which he sold for a large sum, afterward investing his money in other mining properties to excellent advantage. He was entirely uneducated; his wife had gone to school for two or three winters, in the country region where she was born. She was a homely, sensible, shrewd but kind-hearted woman, without any social ambitions or desire to outshine her poorer neighbors. They had one child, a lovely little girl, who did not resemble either of her parents, save that, like them, she was honest, natural, and amiable.

When Marian was twelve years old, her father was killed by an explosion in a mine he was examining, and it was only then that Mrs. Hoagland became aware of the extent of her resources. At the same time she began to realize that her daughter was entitled to certain advantages she could not attain where they lived; she had long before known that her child was fully capable of appreciating them. With all this in mind, she resolved to remove to some large town where Marian might receive the education and accomplishments which were her due.

She went about in a very simple, unostentatious manner, residing for several months in different places which had been recommended to her; but did not feel satisfied with any of them, until she reached a certain beautiful city by the sea, the name of which, for obvious reasons, we shall leave our readers to guess, as it has no bearing upon our story.

Chance, or it may be Providence, led mother and daughter to select a boarding-house opposite the convent school. Marian was passionately fond of music, and the sound of the organ floating in through the

windows during the evening Benediction filled her with delight. The sight of the children and young girls going to and coming from school inspired her with the desire of becoming a pupil at the academy.

Mrs. Hoagland knew nothing of the Catholic religion or of convents save what she had heard to their detriment. But she was a singularly unprejudiced and fair-minded woman, liked the appearance of the convent, and the scholars whom she saw from her windows; and, having heard favorable reports of the school from her landlady, went across one day and entered Marian as a pupil.

A year had elapsed from that time, and one morning Mrs. Hoagland, still domiciled at the Benson House, was summoned to the parlor. Taking the card which the maid presented, she read:

"Rev. Dunstan Mendenhall, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church."

"Hm!" remarked the widow. "I've been kind of expecting the reverend gentleman to call. Tell him I'll be down."

A few moments later she entered the parlor, where she found the clergyman seated, rocking gently in a comfortable, upholstered chair. He rose at her approach, extending a carefully kept white hand, which the widow barely touched with her own.

"Good-morning, sir! Pray be seated," she said, at the same time taking possession of a similar chair, not far from that of the clergyman.

"This is my first visit, Mrs. Hoagland," he remarked, pleasantly. "My time is greatly occupied, or I should have called sooner. I always like to be on friendly terms with the members of my parish."

Mrs. Hoagland was about to reply; but the clergyman, who was leaning back in his chair, with eyes fixed on the ceiling, did not seem to be aware of the fact.

"I will say, at the very beginning," he went on, "that I am on a collecting tour this morning. We are about to establish a guild hall in connection with the parish; and I am calling on the wealthiest mem-

bers of the congregation first, so that, before taking up a general church collection, I may know where we stand."

"I see," observed Mrs. Hoagland, upon whose lips a smile had begun to hover as the clergyman so gracefully and naturally included her as among the wealthier parishioners of St. Paul's,—a smile which he, though very astute, entirely misunderstood. His own face was beaming as he continued:

"I trust, my dear Madam, that you will feel able to give us a handsome donation, and that we may have the pleasure of seeing you identify yourself more fully than you have heretofore done with the church, as well as the work of the parish. We have several societies which—"

"Excuse me, sir!" observed his listener. "But, before going any further, I don't hardly think I can call myself one of your congregation. I haven't been near St. Paul's for fully three months, anyway. I attend St. Patrick's when I do go to church."

"St. Patrick's?" exclaimed her visitor. "Why, that is a Roman Catholic church,—a very good church; I have great respect for Father Ryan, but can not help wondering what has induced you to leave us and transfer your attendance to the Roman Catholics."

"I haven't the least objection in the world to telling you, sir," replied Mrs. Hoagland,—“that is, if you are not in too great a hurry making your collection calls, and can spare a few moments.”

"Certainly I can," was the reply.

"Well, sir," rejoined Mrs. Hoagland, drawing her chair a little closer to that of the reverend gentleman, "I'll tell you about this here church business from the time I came here. It will make things clearer, and maybe give you a better idea of how Christianity stands in this town than you've got already."

"Yes?" assented Mr. Mendenhall, upon whose brow a perplexed frown began to gather. He had had considerable experiences with "the vagaries of women,"

and, although a patient man, found them as a rule very prolix.

"When we came here, my daughter and I," continued Mrs. Hoagland, "we went the first Sunday to the Baptist church; I was raised in that denomination, back in Missouri years ago. You know that is, or used to be, a great Baptist stronghold."

Although he had not previously been aware of that fact, the clergyman bowed his head assentingly.

"I didn't like the sermon," said Mrs. Hoagland. "It appears the minister had got into some trouble with the Lutheran preacher, and they had been writing hard letters to each other in the papers, and the whole sermon seemed to be taken up with that. It disgusted me and I did not go back. I didn't think there was much Christianity in it. The next Sunday I went to the Lutheran church, just for curiosity; and that was worse. I never heard anything so sarcastic as that man's words. So I was determined I'd never go back there again either, and I didn't. The third Sunday I went to the Methodist church; and when I got there, what did I see in front of it but a great big placard with the pictures of a red-faced Irishman and a hideous-looking woman in nun's garb, and it said underneath: 'Lecture by Rev. John Finnerty, reformed priest, and his wife, Ethel Anderly, escaped nun. Great revelations about the Catholic Church,' and so forth. I can't remember the rest, but you probably know all about it yourself."

"Yes," responded the clergyman; "and I am glad to be able to say that I particularly requested my congregation, on the preceding Sunday, not to identify themselves in any manner with that unseemly and uncharitable affair."

"I am pleased to hear that, sir," said Mrs. Hoagland. "I admire and respect you for that act. I had heard it before, from a lady in this house where I've been stopping ever since we came; and that was what first made me think of going to the Episcopal church. But before I went

there, I'd had a turn at the Seventh Day Adventists and the Christian Scientists. The Seventh is a good set of people, but unpractical. The Scientists are plumb crazy. I can't understand their doctrines at all; it would make a lunatic of me to try to. There was a Theosophite woman that talked to me some, and wanted me to go to their meetings; but, goodness gracious me, if I took to believing in *them*, I'd be so frightened, thinking that maybe when I stepped on a stone or a bug I was crushing something that once had a soul, or was going to have one, my life would be a misery to me! I wanted to be a *Christian*, whatever I was."

Mr. Mendenhall smiled.

"I am very much interested in your experiences, Mrs. Hoagland," he said.

"Thank you, sir, for your kind attention," replied that good woman. "Well, finally," she went on, "I concluded I'd go to the Episcopal church. So Marian and I got ready one Sunday morning and went. It was kind of rainy, and we didn't dress up at all. I know as well as anybody can tell me I'm a very plain-looking woman, and that clothes couldn't make me beautiful; but they make a difference with most people. An usher put us in a back pew; there were plenty of empty ones up front, but I supposed they were owned by the members, and didn't mind that. I liked the sermon real well, and the people were the most respectable-looking I'd seen yet. After the service was over, I went up to the usher and asked when I could see the minister, because I thought I'd like to join the sect. Then a big, gray-haired man spoke to me, and asked my name and where I lived; he said the minister was very busy just then, but he'd be sure to give my name, and you'd call on me, and so would some of the ladies. So I came back feeling pretty well satisfied. After that I had a few conversations with a lady that boards in the house. She calls herself 'very High Church,' and she told me some queer things; for instance,

that some of them believe in what they call 'the Real Presence,' and some of them don't; that those who do go to Holy Communion at seven, and the others at eleven; again, that you believe in it. Do you, Mr. Mendenhall?"

"I do," replied the clergyman.

"It kind of seems strange to me, then, that one and the same minister should hold forth for and celebrate two ceremonies so different," said Mrs. Hoagland.

"It is done for prudential reasons,—to keep our members together, and with the hope that, in His own good time, God will show all the light of the true Faith."

"Well, your intentions seem to be good, anyway," answered Mrs. Hoagland, with a little sniff, which was partly contemptuous and partly encouraging, though she meant it to be altogether the latter. "There were some other things," she continued, "about just as curious. The lady said there was a society in the church called the 'Guild of St. Mary the Virgin'; that the very High belonged to it, but the others didn't, because they didn't believe in the Virgin. That's of a piece with the Communion business, and seems to me ridiculous. She didn't know the meaning of the lights on the altar either, for all she was such a church-woman. But I'm afraid I'm going ahead too fast. This all happened after the notice came out in the paper. Before that she didn't take much to me, though I went to church regularly for pretty near three months."

"What notice?" inquired the clergyman, innocently.

"Well, you see, Mr. Mendenhall, we came here to live—to build a home. We didn't make any display; we didn't dress so fine, and we didn't say anything about ourselves. I looked around a good bit, and finally purchased a very comfortable house on Brownson Avenue and Morrison Street. I had to send back to our former home for funds, and in that way the bank came to know I was the widow of James J. Hoagland. Some one put a piece in the papers about it, and gave

this house as the place where we were staying. Then you should have seen that lady I told you of make up to me; and the next week about ten members of the church called, and the following Sunday the usher was waiting when we went in, and he said: 'Mrs. Hoagland, come up to the front. Probably you'll like to rent one of those front pews; there are several good ones left.' But I told him I preferred to stay in the back for that one Sunday, as I didn't expect to return."

"My dear lady," said the rector of St. Paul's, when she had finished, "I think you are unduly sensitive. In a large city it is impossible not to make mistakes sometimes. We are not expected—"

"Christ never made them," interrupted Mrs. Hoagland. "He preferred people from the highways and byways. I never saw a poor person or a shabby-looking one at St. Paul's while I went there. Where I go now, most of them are poor and shabby, though there are others as nice-looking and well dressed as anywheres. I'd be willing almost to swear this minute, sir, that it was some of those ladies we were speaking about who told you to call. Hadn't you forgotten all about me yourself, Mr. Mendenhall?"

"If I had, Mrs. Hoagland," said the clergyman, waving his hands, and evading the question at the same time, "you must remember that I am a very busy and, I might say, very much overworked man."

"I don't doubt it," replied the widow. "You don't look like a shirker."

"Thank you!" observed her visitor, with a pleasant smile. "And now will you tell me, Mrs. Hoagland, whether you have joined the Roman Catholic Church? If you have, I would not wish to disturb you; if not, I would ask that you give us one more trial."

"No, sir, I haven't joined it, and I don't know as I shall; though my daughter has, with my full permission. There are a little too many mysteries of doctrine as yet for me to understand, though I may see things clearer after a while."

Mr. Mendenhall smiled pleasantly, as he extended his hand to take leave. He was neither a fanatic nor a bigot; never the man to lead a forlorn hope, and he knew when he was beaten.

"Mrs. Hoagland," he said, "I think you have in you what my friend Father Ryan would call 'the makings' of a very good Catholic. In more ways than one, he will be fortunate in adding your name to the list of his parishioners. And I hope you will find both content and consolation in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church when you embrace its teachings, which I predict you will do sooner or later,—I fancy in the not very distant future."

"Thanks for your good wishes, sir!" answered the widow. "But I have not decided yet. I may of course; but I couldn't say."

"There is one thing, however, about which I will take the liberty of having a word to say," observed the clergyman. "You are at present looking only at the sunny side of Roman Catholicism. It is an attractive religion, with its symbolism, its ceremonies, and its faculty of appealing to the hearts of the common people. But let me warn you that if you are looking for perfection, as you seem to be, you will not find it there either. All Catholics are not saints, Mrs. Hoagland."

"I don't expect anything of the kind, Mr. Mendenhall," replied Mrs. Hoagland. "I've lived in this world pretty near fifty years, and I know that human nature is always human nature wherever you find it. I've no doubt there are proud and stuck-up people among Catholics, like elsewhere. Probably some of them are quarrelsome, and some of them envious, and some avaricious, and so on. But I tell you, Mr. Mendenhall, there's mighty little *hypocrisy* amongst them, and there's *piety*. Why, I never knew what the meaning of the word was till I went into St. Patrick's! You don't hear any whispering or fluttering or tittering; they all believe *God* is there."

"Yes. But God is everywhere."

"Well, don't some of your congregation believe in the Real Presence?"

"Of course they do."

"And some of them don't?"

"Some of them do not, as you say."

"Well, that's enough in itself. The Catholics *all* believe it, and everything else their Church teaches. Oh, they're all right, Mr. Mendenhall!"

"I give you six months, Mrs. Hoagland," said the clergyman, taking his hat.

"And I *hope* you may not be disillusioned."

He could not resist the impulse to send that parting shaft. He was losing one who would have been, in her own way, a power at St. Paul's.

Three years have passed since the interview. Mrs. Hoagland is now preparing to finish the spire of her parish church, and to have a new marble altar erected in thanksgiving for her own and her daughter's conversion.

A Bolt from the Blue.

THE Holy Father's Epiphany Encyclical to the hierarchy, clergy and laity of France, though, of course, perfectly plain to them, has been a puzzle to the French Government. The worthies at the head of it are diplomatists, and they expected something different. But if they did not get what they looked for, they got what they deserved—a matter-of-fact recital of their infamous acts, and a scathing rebuke for their nefarious designs. Pius X. knew that he was dealing with men of dishonor, and he made no concealment of his conviction. What must have stung M. Clemenceau and his confederates most is that passage of the Encyclical in which his Holiness sets forth the reasons which forced him to condemn the *associations cultuelles*, despite the heavy sacrifices which this condemnation entailed. He writes:

"As for the ecclesiastical property which we are accused of having abandoned, it is important to remark that this property

was partly the patrimony of the poor and the patrimony, more sacred still, of the dead. It was not permissible to the Church to abandon or surrender it: she could only let it be taken from her by violence. Nobody will believe that she has deliberately abandoned, except under the pressure of the most overwhelming motives, what was confided to her keeping, and what was so necessary for the exercise of worship, for the maintenance of sacred edifices, for the instruction of her clergy, and for the support of her ministers. . It was only when perfidiously placed in the position of having to choose between material ruin and consent to the violation of her constitution, which is of divine origin, that the Church refused, at the cost of poverty, to allow the work of God to be touched in her. Her property, then, has been wrested from her: it was not she that abandoned it. Consequently, to declare ecclesiastical property unclaimed on a given date unless the Church had by then created within herself a new organism; to subject this creation to conditions in rank opposition to the divine constitution of the Church, which was thus compelled to reject them; to transfer this property to third parties as if it had become *sans maitre*, and finally to assert that in thus acting there was no spoliation of the Church but only a disposal of the property abandoned by her,—this is not merely argument of transparent sophistry, but adding insult to the most cruel spoliation. This spoliation is undeniable in spite of vain attempts at palliating it by declaring that no moral person existed to whom the property might be handed over; for the State has power to confer civil personality on whomsoever the public good demands that it should be granted to, establishments that are Catholic as well as others. In any case it would have been easy for the State not to have subjected the formation of *associations cultuelles* to conditions in direct opposition to the divine constitution of the Church which they were supposed to serve.

“And yet that is precisely what was done in the matter of the *associations cultuelles*. They were organized under the law in such a way that its dispositions on this subject ran directly counter to those rights which, derived from her constitution, are essential to the Church, notably as affecting the ecclesiastical hierarchy, the inviolable base given to His work by the Divine Master Himself. Moreover, the law conferred on these associations powers which are the exclusive prerogative of ecclesiastical authority, both in the matter of the exercise of worship and of the proprietorship and administration of property. And, lastly, not only are these associations withdrawn from ecclesiastical jurisdiction but they are made judicially answerable to the civil authority.”

There is no mistaking words like these, and it is evident that the French Government fully realizes the uselessness of any attempt to nullify the effect of them. Its organs will still propagate calumnies as extensively as before, but those which the Holy Father has so completely refuted are not likely to be of the number.

If the rulers of France were not blinded by their hatred of religion, they would now see the advisability of receding, with what grace they could command, from the position they have taken. The disasters to the country sure to result from a prolongation of war on the religion of at least a considerable portion of its inhabitants are easy to foresee. But “After us the deluge” is a favorite motto of Frenchmen; and it is very doubtful if the Clemenceau Ministry really cares what befalls the nation, provided the present plots of Freemasonry are not defeated. There is no telling to what lengths the enemies of the Church in France may yet go. The condemnation of the whole civilized world will not restrain them. Not until it begins to ridicule them for attempting to destroy the indestructible will any serious overtures be made to the Vicar of Christ for the restoration of peace.

Notes and Remarks.

Catholics whose feelings are wounded at seeing coarse caricatures of monks in shop windows, newspapers, etc., have the remedy for all such insolence in their own hands. Protest couched in proper terms is almost always effective. Men of traffic are ever intent on attracting customers; and the moment they discover that anything being done by them is calculated to drive customers away, that moment witnesses a change of tactics; and the blunder is unlikely to be repeated. Some years ago one of the great New York dailies gave great offence to its Jewish patrons by publishing some slur against their religion. Instantly advertisements began to be withdrawn and subscriptions cancelled. The manager “got busy,” as the saying is, and soon discovered the cause of this action. Whereupon he directed the editors to be good to the Jews henceforth and forever, threatening with instant dismissal any one in his employ who should needlessly give them offence. Catholics in any community in the United States are as great a power as the Jews. If they really wanted to, they could reform the stage and the press, and do many other things which they leave undone.

In a recent bulletin of the Federation of Catholic Societies we find two items which are proof of our contention that the remedy for many things of which we complain is in our own hands. At a banquet held in one of the principal hotels of St. Louis, several clerical guests noticed that at the news-stand in the lobby through which they had to pass, some anti-Catholic and immoral literature was offered for sale, and various lewd pictures were exhibited. Formal complaint was made to the proprietor of the hotel, who was informed that he could not expect a continuance of Catholic patronage if the complaint was unheeded. It wasn't: the books and pictures were promptly suppressed.—During the convention of the Central

Verein at Springfield, Ill., last summer, some prominent members of the organization happened to visit a saloon where a number of immoral pictures were on exhibition. A vigorous protest against this infamy to the owner of the saloon resulted in the removal and destruction of the offensive pictures. *Verbum sap.*

The disintegrating tendency of Protestantism is strikingly illustrated by a statement of the Rev. Dr. Walter Laidlaw, executive secretary of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organization in New York city. In Brooklyn, he said, it is not unusual to find, in a single block, forty different forms of Protestantism represented among four hundred people, yet 40 per cent of them don't go to church at all. Everywhere in the city except Brooklyn there are relatively fewer Protestants than there were fifty years ago.

As with heresy, so with schism. Many persons have the notion that the Greek Church, the established Church of Russia, and comprising the great bulk of its Christian population, is a compact organization, governed by its patriarchs pretty much as the Pope governs the Church. The fact is, however, that the Byzantine Church, as the Greek Church is sometimes called, is divided into many sects, with views as divergent as those of the High and Low parties of the Church of England.

A great many churches have been destroyed in Rome since the Pope ceased to be its ruler,—on an average one church a year, according to the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet*. The Italians are too easy-going, of course, to protest much against this vandalism; however, they must deplore the loss of the Salvatorello, on the site of which the Senate proposes to erect more office buildings. There is a very ancient tradition, says the *Tablet* correspondent, that San Salvatore in Thermis (the more correct title of the Salvatorello) was consecrated by Pope Sylvester I. in 330; so

that it was really one of the first churches dedicated in Rome after freedom of worship was granted to Christians under the Roman Empire. Many interesting objects of art were discovered when the spoilers set to work; and under the principal altar was found a leaden box containing the relics placed there by Pope Gregory I. fourteen hundred years ago. Surely such a church was worth preserving, if only as an historical monument.

It is well in this day of higher criticism, Biblical commissions, and more or less radical departure from the methods of old theology, to temper one's distrust of what the future has in store with a confidence fully justified by the experience of the past. There is comfort for many an ultra-timid conservative in the following extract from an article on "Kant and the Loisy Theory of the Evolution of Christianity," contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* by the Rev. Dr. Coghlan:

I suppose I am safe in saying that, at various troubled epochs in the Church's chequered history, there were not wanting Catholic apologists who thought that revealed religion was receiving, just in their time, a shock such as it had never sustained before; that the Bark of Peter had never before ploughed such stormy seas; that theologians had wantonly and to an impassable degree widened the chasm which seemed to separate Science and Faith—that a reconciliation was possible between Faith and Science, theologians and scientists, only by a drastic change in the interpretation of our creeds, and by assigning to these old formularies a revolutionary scientific signification unknown to antiquity. Protestants acclaimed them as the most intellectual men in the Church,—the most educated, the holiest, the greatest theologians; or, if it suited their purpose, they pointed to these controversies as proofs that Catholics were no less divided in faith than Protestants. But these crises have passed away; the old creeds remain; all that was sound and abiding in the new learning remained, and lives in peace and good citizenship with the truths of faith; but much that was highly valued in the times of controversy has since been declared unacceptable after more mature philosophical and scientific examination; while the Church occasionally has had to mourn, not indeed, unless very rarely, the

departure from out her fold of some of the zealous if mistaken apologists, but their absence from the position of honor and trust and usefulness which they should occupy in the ranks of her defenders.

The moral is that, as history is repeating itself nowadays in controversies about Evolution and the Bible, so will it repeat itself in the serene triumph of the immutable Church and the "innocuous desuetude" of much that is now hailed as the "last word" of scientific and critical scholarship.

Correspondents in different parts of France assure us that there is a marked revival of the religious spirit among the people. Many have declared their intention of contributing generously to the support of the clergy; and the attendance at religious services has notably increased during the past few months. One old peasant, notorious for his long neglect of all the duties of religion, was heard to remark: "If this persecution continues, they will force me to go to Mass every day, and with a big prayer-book, too!"

There you have it! We may think that we have some understanding of the situation in France, and we ought to have by this time; but let us not credit ourselves with understanding the Frenchman. It is of little consequence that he may be quite as incapable of understanding other nationalities, since to him fair France is by far the largest part of creation, and Paris, of course, the centre of all things sublunary.

We are much gratified to learn that, through the zealous offices of the Rev. Father Zaro, C. M., more than forty places have already been secured in American seminaries for the band of Filipino ecclesiastical students to be sent from the Islands next year. Emulating the example of the venerable Bishop of Rochester, the heads of all our seminaries have expressed their willingness to receive a certain number of these young men, and to bear the expenses of their board and

education until they are ready for ordination. The problem remains to be solved where to place them during the summer vacations, when the seminaries are closed, and how to provide for incidental expenses during the year—for their clothing, books, etc. The difficulty of making suitable provision for these young men during the summer months will settle itself, we feel sure, when the time comes. As for incidental expenses, the creation of a Filipino student fund will be an easy matter. Many of our readers have signified their intention of contributing to the support of these seminarians; and there seems to be a general desire on the part of American Catholics to help the Church in the Philippines, the sad condition of which has so often been represented in letters written by the zealous bishops sent there from the United States.

Now that they have the whip-hand in governing France, French Freemasons find it inconvenient to be reminded of their speeches in the seclusion of the lodges ten, fifteen and twenty years ago. Mr. W. S. Lilly deliberately states in the *London Times* that, as far back as twenty-four years ago, M. Clemenceau openly avowed that the object he had in view in assailing the Church was utterly to destroy the Catholic religion in France. M. Clemenceau's denial that he uttered the words attributed to him may be looked upon as a diplomatic formality: it would probably be true that he didn't utter them—in English. In the meantime Mr. Lilly's contention is borne out by the special correspondent, in Paris, of the *Glasgow Observer*, in this fashion:

In the secret meeting of the Grand Orient, which is the directing body of the French Freemasons, M. Clemenceau (now Prime Minister of France), on the 2d of April, 1882, used these words: "If, in spite of the measures upon which we shall insist—the suppression of the monasteries and the repudiation of the Concordat,—and in spite of the laicization of the schools and of all public establishments, clericalism still has roots in the country, we can

extirpate those roots forever and render all exercise of religion impossible by careful manipulation of the penal code. Thus, we may make the confessional fall under Article 334, which forbids the corruption of youth; and we can also deprive them of all financial resources by preventing them from receiving any money for Masses, baptisms, or other ceremonies. To achieve this, we have only to assimilate such receipts in a skilful manner, under Articles 405 and 427, to the crime of obtaining money under false pretences. It is on this account that the party, while demanding nothing more than the separation of the Church from the State (under which formula the reform would be more easily accepted by the public), can pursue the realization of the much more efficacious ideal—to wit, the total suppression of the Church in the modern State."

This is only one of many similar speeches applauded in the lodges during the past two or three decades. Within that period we have quoted a dozen or more of them ourselves.

In a signed editorial, M. Angelini, director of the *Osservatore Romano*, opposes the organization of a Catholic Centre Party in the Italian Parliament. The official organ of the Holy See remarks that the Pope has already given his ideas on this subject, and that they remain unchanged. In a letter sent two years ago to the Italian bishops, his Holiness declared that he did not desire a Catholic party; and that, if he permitted Italian Catholics to vote in those districts where the Socialistic danger was most imminent, he forbade them to go any farther than this. The Pontifical attitude is thus explained by the *Osservatore*: the temporal power of the Pope, or his right thereto, must not be compromised by the official participation of Catholics in Italian parliamentary action.

The withdrawal of a play by the unfortunate Oscar Wilde, translated into music by the notorious Richard Strauss, from the stage of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, proves that society in this country is not so corrupt as was thought. There is still a limit beyond which theatrical managers may not go,

and it was far overstepped in the case of "Salome." It would be hard to say whether the music is more indecent than the libretto or the libretto more indecent than the music. The energy of the protest against further performances of this opera, besides being proof of a healthy state of public morals, is a lesson to theatrical managers, which it is to be hoped there will be no necessity of repeating for a long time to come.

Just as there is no heresy without an iota of truth hidden away somewhere in its convolutions, so there may be something worth while even in such a magazine as the *Theosophical Quarterly*. Here is the editor's answer to the very practical question, "What is the best way to resist temptation?"

Resolutely to turn the mind away from it. That is the whole secret. A man is a fool who tries to fight temptation when he can flee from and avoid it. A man who debates as to whether he will take a glass of liquor or not, will usually end by drinking it; but if he turns away from it when the first impulse to drink presents itself to his consciousness, and engages his attention elsewhere, bringing it back from the temptation every time the mind flies to it, he stands a very good chance of conquering.

If we have an evil thought and say: "I won't have evil thoughts. I will keep my mind pure. Avaunt!"—we are all the time full of the question of evil thoughts. But if, the moment we are conscious of an evil thought, we disregard it, and think of something pure and high and noble, the evil thought dies of inanition and will cease to trouble us.

Fly temptation, and do not fight it. In the one case we fight evil on its own plane, where it will probably beat us; in the other, we take the combat to higher planes, where good is the more powerful, and where, reinforced by the powers of good, we shall surely win.

Above all, never dally with temptation. No matter how strong we may be, how long a time since we succumbed, how much above that particular sin we may think ourselves, we can not afford to trifle with temptation, but must *instantly* turn from it to something safe.

Barring the elimination of prayer, which no good Catholic can afford to disregard in time of temptation, the foregoing is very good advice.



The Little White Stars.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"LOOK!" cried the Little White Stars from the sky,

Where they sang at the morn together,—

"How bleak does the breast of the bare earth lie,
'I swept by the wind and the weather!

"Long ago where Spring was loved of the gods,
And bloom of the Apriltide cherished,
The violets have died that teased the soft clods;
The beauty of bridal boughs perished.

"Where swept the sweet June like a warrior maid
In the fields and the garden closes,
Autumn the Summer in ruin has laid;
Quite ceased has the war of the roses.

"The earth that was once so lovely and fair
Its beauty has lost and its brightness.
Oh, let us sweep down and its bosom bare
In pity soft mantle with whiteness!"

Then, lo, the Little White Stars in the sky
All joined their white hands together,
And, falling as flakes of snow from on high,
Came down on the wind and the weather!

Mimi's Dream.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

MIMI had sobbed herself to sleep; but she had hidden her head under the coverlet, so that mamma could not hear her. And when the mother came to give a last look before retiring to rest, she had not discovered traces of tears on the child's cheeks, because the taper burning before the Sacred Heart gave only a feeble light through the darkness of the room. But she thought her child's face looked pale. Mimi was dreaming.

St. Peter sat thoughtfully stroking his long, white beard in the vestibule, when St. Joseph came slowly up through the garden.

"I am expecting a client this morning," said the faithful guardian of our Infant Lord. "It is a little girl. They call her Mimi, but her real name is Josephine."

"Very well," answered St. Peter, pleasantly. "I like to receive little children. Won't you sit down, please, and wait till she comes?"

He moved to the end of the bench as he spoke; but St. Joseph smiled and shook his head.

"No," he replied. "I will go back to the garden, and you may send her out to me there, if you will. There will not be much trouble with her: she is not a bad child by any means."

He had scarcely disappeared through the long, tree-bordered avenue before the portal of Paradise swung back, and a fairy figure glided in,—a form very beautifully moulded, like one of Canova's angels; a face with delicate features, lovely blue eyes, and finely cut lips, crowned by a curling mass of fluffy golden hair; a pair of little bare feet peeped out from beneath the white night-robe trimmed with delicate lace.

When the child saw the venerable old saint, with his long, white beard sweeping his breast, she exclaimed quite frankly, without the least semblance of timidity:

"Oh, you are dear St. Peter! I know you from mamma's picture in the large Bible."

"Yes, I am St. Peter, my dear. And now how can I oblige you?"

"By taking me to see the sweet little Infant Jesus, St. Peter. Where is He?"

"That can not be done on the moment, my child. I must ask you some questions first."

"Must you? Why is that?"

"In order to learn whether you are worthy to see Jesus."

The child pouted a little.

"St. Joseph would have let me pass," she said.

"Very likely,—very likely!" responded St. Peter. "He is more lenient in such matters than I am, I fear. This, however, is not his province, but mine."

"Oh!" replied the child, putting her thumb in her mouth and assuming an attitude of patient resignation.

Then, in order not to alarm her, St. Peter drew her to his side and began to question her gently, as he always does the little children. But the child did not seem at all afraid; she leaned close to his shoulder, and looked up into his wrinkled face with the greatest confidence.

"Well, I shall begin by asking your name," said the saint.

"My name is Mimi," she replied. "My baptismal name is Josephine. St. Joseph is my patron."

"Yes, a good patron to have. And how old are you, Mimi?"

"I don't know,—I forget."

"Well, I know. You are five years old. St. Joseph told me. Now, what about your peccadilloes, Miss Mimi?"

"My—what?"

"Your sins—your little faults."

"I thought you marked them all in your big book when I did them."

"Not those of the little children, usually. But I know them all by heart. I only wish to learn whether *you* remember them."

"Then you know that sometimes, when we had company, and mamma could not come up with me, I have forgotten to say my prayers? I was so awfully sleepy, St. Peter!"

"I know," replied the saint, with a very grave countenance.

"And I have often been greedy. But the worst was last New Year's Day, when I got very sick from eating *marrons glacés*. They have talked about it at home ever since, to make me ashamed."

"That was really a *very* great fault, Mimi."

The child clapped her little hands, to St. Peter's great surprise.

"Oh, you are not so very angry!" she cried. "I can see your eyes laughing; and you did not say 'Miss' this time, only 'Mimi.'"

"Still, I feel displeased."

"Yes, it was very bad, St. Peter," said Mimi, with a contrite air. "But, then, grandpapa always begins it,—he always spoils me."

"Yes, yes, indeed,—I believe it," whispered the saint.

"Listen, please, St. Peter. I want to ask *you* something. If you had ever been a grandfather, wouldn't you have done the same thing, perhaps?"

"It may be that I would have done so," answered the Apostle. "But that is not the question at present; we are enumerating your faults, my dear Mimi."

"I am very often angry," continued the child, "especially when I have to take medicine. The other day I upset a cup full of bitter stuff, and I did it on purpose. And once I slapped my nurse when she hurt me combing my hair. And only yesterday I pinched little brother George on the arm because he had run away with my watering-pot."

"Frightful!—frightful!" murmured the good saint.

"And one day when I broke mamma's pretty china inkstand, I said it was the dog did it."

"What? A lie? Shameful!"

"But why do you make me tell you, if you know my sins already?" murmured Mimi.

"Because—that is the way we do here, my child."

"And when mamma began to whip the dog, I could not stand it any longer, and I told her *I* had broken the inkstand myself."

"Not so bad as it might have been, then, Miss Mimi."

Mimi remained silent.

"Well, is that all?" asked St. Peter.

"No. I am sometimes a vain little girl. Mamma has often scolded me for it."

"So young? Is it possible?"

"Do you think I am a pretty little girl, St. Peter?"

"What? Trying to make me flatter you?"

"No. I only want to know if you think like grandpapa does. He says I am the prettiest little girl in the whole world."

"He is old and foolish."

"Not nearly as old as you are, St. Peter; and not a bit foolish. I don't like you to say that about my dear, good, kind grandpapa."

"One is always pretty when one is good," answered St. Peter, evading the last remark. "Have you finished?"

Mimi reflected.

"No. Once mamma gave me some pennies for the organ-grinder, and I went downstairs *very, very* slowly, so that he might be gone when I got there. You see I wanted to buy some chocolates with the pennies."

"And was he gone?"

"He was gone."

"My!—my! Surely there can not be anything more."

"And once a poor little girl wanted some clothes, and I gave her my new dress."

"That was not a bad thing to do, unless you did not ask permission."

"I *hated* the dress!" said Mimi. "It was green,—I hate green. That is why I gave it to her."

"Oh!" said the Apostle. "Tell me, child," he inquired, after a moment, "have you ever done a good action?"

Mimi shook her head.

"I have not been always *bad*," she replied; "but I do not remember anything *good* that I have done."

"I have something in my book to your credit."

"Have you? What is it?" The blue eyes opened wide in surprise.

"You remember that beautiful doll your grandpapa gave you,—the one with the blue silk dress?"

"Remember it? My own dear, beautiful doll,—my Clare Augusta? Why—" Here the child's voice was lost in a prolonged sob.

"What did you do with it?"

"Well, you see, I had it only a week, and it was so nice and so pretty, and the blue dress was lovely, St. Peter,—just lovely! And the petticoats were all embroidered and trimmed with lace; and her hat,—oh, her hat was the dearest thing you ever saw!"

"Yes, I know. But what became of that doll?"

"What became of her?" answered Mimi, mournfully. "I suppose she is in somebody's trunk now."

"Whose trunk, Mimi?"

"In a missionary's, St. Peter. He was an old man, with a beard like yours; and he told us about a country far, far away. He dined at our house one day. My brother Arthur knows about that country, because he studies geography. He called it Africa. And there are little girls there—little savages he said they were,—and they never saw a beautiful doll like that. He said that one doll would make the little African children very happy, just to look at; for they love pretty things. And, then, because papa had given him some gold for the savages, and mamma some silver, and Arthur *all* his pennies, he asked me if I would not give him my doll, just to show that I was willing to do something for the love of Jesus."

"And what did you say?"

"I gave it to him, St. Peter. I could not refuse him, his eyes were so kind, and his voice was so sweet, and his beard was so long and beautiful."

"You gave it to him?"

"Yes, to put in his trunk."

"And you did not know you were doing a good action?"

"No, because I hated to part with my darling Clare Augusta; and after I went to bed I cried until I fell asleep. If you had had a doll like that, St. Peter, you would have loved her, too."

"Very likely," answered St. Peter,—
 "very likely. And now I am going to
 show you how fine an act that was. The
 doll which you gave to the missionary
 will probably be kept at the place where
 the children come to be instructed. The
 Sisters will promise to show it to them if
 they will attend; and don't you see they
 will be attracted that way, those little
 Negroes, and learn their catechism, and
 grow up to be good women? That kind
 and generous action of yours will go on
 bearing fruit for a long, long time. So
 grand was it that it will entirely efface
 the guilt of your faults, which I shall at
 once erase from my book,—all the little
 disobediences, fits of temper, greediness,
 and vanity. Mimi dear, you may enter
 Paradise."

When Mimi awoke she ran to her
 mother's room.

"O mamma, I am so happy!" she
 exclaimed. "Last night I fell asleep cry-
 ing for Clare Augusta. I could not help
 it, I loved her so. And then I dreamed
 that I was dead, and I saw St. Peter—
 and—let me tell you all about it!"

She crept close to her mother, and
 told the strange story in her pretty,
 childish way. When she had finished,
 her mother drew aside the curtain that
 concealed a small alcove in the room.
 There, seated in an armchair, smiled Clare
 Augusta; and around her neck, on a blue
 ribbon, was a beautiful silver medal of
 the Immaculate Conception.

"The kind Father could not find it in
 his heart to take your doll away, Mimi,"
 said her mother. "And he wishes you
 to wear this medal always, and he will
 pray that you may become a good and
 noble woman."

"O mamma, what joy,—what joy! I
 will try to be good,—I will try very hard.
 And if I should be going to be bad, I will
 just think of my medal," exclaimed the
 child, as she hung it around her neck, and
 once more clasped in her arms her beloved
 Clare Augusta.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.—THE CHEVALIER REVISITS THE OLD HOUSE.

This second visitor, who made his ap-
 pearance just before the final chorus, was
 attired in a blanket coat of dark frieze,
 girdled round the waist with a red sash.
 On his head was a heavy, knitted, woollen
 toque, also of red, pulled down about his
 ears; and on his hands great gauntlets of
 fur. His face was rubicund and weather-
 beaten, but his dark eyes looked in upon
 the assemblage with the utmost good
 humor and kindness. Finally his eyes
 rested with an expression of relief, as
 Mrs. Redmond noted, upon the quaint
 figure at her side, to whom he exclaimed
 in French:

"Ah, Monsieur le Chevalier, you are
 here!"

"Yes, my good Alphonse," said the
 person so addressed, "I am here,—here
 at my destination, as I believed; and I
 have found so much enjoyment in this
 festival of youth that I have scarcely had
 time to remark your absence."

Mrs. Redmond was also conscious of a
 feeling of relief, especially as this second
 arrival seemed to belong to the ordinary,
 everyday world of men and women. She
 felt that the old man when he left those
 precincts would be in good hands. For,
 apart from his age, it almost seemed to
 her as if his mind were ever so slightly
 wandering, or at least as if he were ab-
 sorbed in the past,—so identified with its
 interests that he was scarcely fitted for
 rude contact with the life of the day.

During the concluding chorus, which
 finally took place after Alphonse had been
 provided with a seat, and in which almost
 everyone joined with great gusto, Mrs.
 Redmond also pondered upon the ques-
 tion as to whether or not she should ask
 the Chevalier to come up to the house
 with the other guests and partake of

supper, which Margaret and Catherine had already hurried away to make ready. She determined, if possible, to have a word with Alphonse, in order to satisfy certain doubts which had arisen in her mind, and this purpose she was enabled to carry into effect.

"Your master is, I believe," she said, "the Chevalier de Montreuil."

"Precisely, Madame," the servant replied.

"He is" (Mrs. Redmond hesitated slightly) "very old."

"Undoubtedly," replied the man.

"And at times a little excitable,—perhaps wandering."

"Not at all!" cried the servant, with some indignation. "He has the best judgment, the kindest heart in the world."

"I inferred," continued Mrs. Redmond, "from his manner and mode of action when the question of the loss of the *Auguste* was mentioned—"

"Ah, the loss of the *Auguste*!" replied Alphonse. "In that matter he *is*, as you say, excitable. It is his hobby. Once, when he was ill of a fever, that story was read to him; it was altogether too exciting. It made an impression, especially as M. de la Corne, the last survivor, was, in truth, his ancestor. Those who knew the Chevalier prefer to avoid the subject. *Et voila tout.*"

"But his costume?" remonstrated Mrs. Redmond.

"It is his preference to wear the same dress as those who have gone before," explained Alphonse. "And you know, Madame, he is not alone in that respect. There are others in the country, at their manors, who prefer to follow the fashions of the good old times."

Mrs. Redmond remembered that she had, indeed, heard of a few of the old seigneurs who preferred to dress as their forebears had done; and, feeling reassured, she thanked Alphonse for the information he had given, and expressed her appreciation of the Chevalier's fine and noble appearance and distinguished manners. She extended a cordial invitation to M.

de Montreuil to partake with their other guests—a few very intimate friends—of an informal supper. The old gentleman accepted the invitation nothing loath, for he had a pathetic desire to revisit those scenes once familiar. Alphonse was placed in charge of Patrick, who remained to the last at the impromptu theatre, seeing that all lights were carefully extinguished and things put in order.

It was a mild November night; the last red and gold leaves of the myriad-hued Canadian autumn were falling in the blast. A silvery crescent moon appeared above that eminence which Cartier, the great explorer, had named the Royal Mount, when the elders in sedate groups, and the children headed by Hugh, in a breathless rush, moved upward from the outhouse to the dwelling, which was alight and glowing with cheerfulness. Through the glass door of the dining room the light streamed over the gallery and penetrated through the thick trees of the little garden, making weird mosaics upon the ground. The Chevalier, who walked beside his hostess, gazed with interest and emotion at the scene.

"Oh, I could tell you so many things about this dear old place!" he exclaimed. "Look! look! There are the selfsame trees in that little garden whereon we wrote our names as boys; and sometimes, with a boy's romance, added the name of one other."

Now Hugh, who had drawn near as the party approached the house, forsaking his youthful companions and rushing back to meet the elders, was not particularly interested in the romance of those far-off days at which the Chevalier hinted. Those things were not at all in his line; and, though good manners and the deference which he had been taught for his elders prevented him from intruding upon the conversation, he was most anxious to ask the visitor a question or two. He was also devoutly hoping that he would allude to the window. This, however, he did not do at the moment. He was

apparently absorbed in other thoughts and memories; though Hugh, who was observing the old man closely, fancied that his eyes travelled upward and fell upon the window, where it lay dark, save for a pale ray of moonlight that rested on its shining surface. It may have been, however, imagination; for without further remark the Chevalier followed Mrs. Redmond up the steps and into the brightly-lighted room; thus recrossing, after the lapse of so many years, the threshold of that dwelling which had belonged to his kinsman.

The old man made himself charming to everyone, and straightway won the hearts of all the company. He conversed sympathetically with each one of the elders, in that excellent English to which his slight French accent and his occasional Gallic turns of expression gave an added charm.

Before leaving, the Chevalier asked permission of his hostess to call the next day, and revisit with the boys some of those places about the house and grounds with which he had once been familiar. This permission she readily accorded, especially as the Chevalier had jocularly given her, as he said, his references.

"Lest, perhaps, Madame, you should think me a burglar in disguise, or some other very unpleasant personage, I will refer you to my friend, the Abbé Moreau, at the Seminary; and also to Mother St. Martin at the Congregation Convent."

Now, this latter was the very place where the little girls went to school, and the venerable religious in question proved to be the children's grand-aunt.

"I could give you many more," the old gentleman continued; "but perhaps that will suffice, and set your minds at rest concerning my respectability."

Mrs. Redmond, disclaiming all fears of any sort, appointed the following afternoon for the visit. Though she was pretty well convinced that the Chevalier and his man were all that they claimed to be, nevertheless, as a matter of precaution,

she called at the Seminary next morning after the early Mass at Notre Dame. The boys, who had accompanied her, waited without the gray stone wall, whence the clock—the famous Seminary clock by which most of the timepieces in town were in those days regulated—seemed to stare at them. Mrs. Redmond found the priest preparing for Mass, but in the few moments at his command he completely satisfied her as to the Chevalier, promising, if desired, to give her further details upon a future occasion. Mrs. Redmond, therefore, with a mind completely at rest, waited the coming of her visitor, which had been set for four o'clock.

Precisely at that hour the Chevalier, with old-fashioned punctuality, appeared. He was ushered into the drawing-room, whither the sunlight of the November afternoon had likewise penetrated, flickering over the flowered paper on the wall and the rosewood of the piano. The boys, who were seated in the deep embrasure of the windows which overlooked the big garden, where they had been whiling away the time in feeding the sparrows, came forward readily to greet the guest. He sat like some ancient cavalier in one of the high-backed chairs and held out a friendly hand to each of his young acquaintances. He also made overtures to Mary and Amelia, who hung somewhat shyly in the background, though it was by the visitor's special request they had been summoned to the drawing-room.

The old gentleman produced from a capacious pocket two pretty little *bonbonnières* of comfits, which he gave to the girls, and a package of more substantial candy for the boys; after which he conversed for some moments longer with Mrs. Redmond, referring, as was his wont, to the happy times he had spent within those walls, and seeming to people the room suddenly with the shadows of those long departed from the earthly scene. He had an almost weird power of conjuring up those gone before, who were so very real to himself, and by the force of this reality

making them real to his hearers. Approaching one of the windows, he looked out upon the larger garden, whence the bough of a tree was obtrusively thrusting itself into notice. Nearly all its foliage had departed, but a few leaves lingered.

"So do I linger, Madame," said he, "when all my contemporaries have departed. And it is sad—oh, yes, it is sad!—though I should not grumble, since my old age has been as calm and tranquil as this beautiful November day."

"It is *so* beautiful," assented Mrs. Redmond, "that I believe it must be the Indian Summer."

"*L'ete de St. Martin*, as we call it in French," said the Chevalier.

"And we, in English, the 'Mystical Summer of All Saints,'" added Mrs. Redmond.

While thus their elders conversed, the boys were fairly burning with impatience to begin those investigations which they fondly hoped might throw some new light upon the vexed question of the window. And it was the Chevalier who relieved the tension of their feelings by suddenly exclaiming to Mrs. Redmond:

"But I must not impose too long upon your hospitality; and if I am to visit those other parts of the dwelling which your kindness permits, it is better to begin immediately."

The boys arose at once, eager to fulfil their office of guide, as the Chevalier had requested. He had taken a great fancy to both the boys; particularly, perhaps, to Hugh, whom he found so amusing. The interest they manifested in his conversation, their polite and deferential demeanor delighted him; the more so that he had suffered at times from the rudeness of boys, especially in the streets of cities, who had found in his antiquated costume a fitting subject for mockery.

He visited at first the kitchen, with many an apology for the intrusion to Catherine, who received him most graciously.

"You are very kind to permit me to enter here," he said, in his courteous

fashion; "but you will be patient with an old man's fancy to see one of the spots where as a boy he played."

The boys, who had preceded him and announced his coming like heralds, now stood on either side; while the fine, expressive eyes of the old Chevalier, dimmed with tears, looked round upon the once familiar place. All of a sudden his glance fell upon the figure of Mr. Brennan, sitting near the stove, his hands clasped upon his staff, his silvered hair distinct in the lingering sunlight.

"*Et toi!*" cried the Chevalier. "You, you, and old!"

He pressed his hand over his eyes a moment as if he had received a blow.

"Yes, it is I, sir," answered Mr. Brennan. "I didn't know you at first, my sight's gettin' that dim."

"Give me your hand!" exclaimed the Chevalier, outstretching his own.

Mr. Brennan, rising from his chair, placed a withered hand in that of the other, and the two old men shook hands.

"Let us try to believe for one moment that we are young again," said the Chevalier.

"It would be pretty hard to do that same, your Honor," replied Mr. Brennan, shaking his head, "when we think of the years that are gone."

"We two alone remain of them all," added M. de Montreuil.

"Bedad an' that's true!" responded Mr. Brennan. "And a quare feelin' it gives me to see your Honor's face."

"To see any face that we used to know," said the Chevalier, wistfully. "But sit down, Mr. Brennan; for I see that standing fatigues you, and you use a staff. I must not keep my little guides waiting any longer now. I am glad—*so* glad—to have seen you again, old friend! And I hope we shall meet soon."

Taking a courteous leave of Catherine, the Chevalier followed the boys to the steps leading up from the kitchen. He turned back to cast another almost appealing glance at Mr. Brennan, who had

relapsed into a chair, shaken and tremulous from the emotions of that moment, and leaning upon a staff.

"He was so strong, so agile; a swift runner, a great climber," said the Chevalier, addressing the boys, and still looking back.

"Oh, what a fine young gentleman entirely he was when I saw him last!" mumbled Mr. Brennan to Catherine, who had been an interested spectator of their meeting. "An' the fine doings entirely that used to be here in them days!"

The old man, touched and flattered by the Chevalier's remembrance, continued his reminiscences; while the boys, unconscious of the pathos of the scene they had just witnessed, guided their charge upward to the library and their own room, which M. de Montreuil had formerly occupied on his visits to the house. From there they continued up the broad, upper stairway to the attic, an immense open space, which on bright mornings was filled to its uttermost ends with sunlight.

It was a favorite playground of the children, which they thoroughly enjoyed, especially on rainy days; and it contained a whole array of more or less dilapidated playthings, many of which were mute memorials of Hugh's enterprising spirit of mischief. There were the rubber dolls, sadly worn and paintless, which he had buried amongst the cabbages in the garden, in certain hope that they would come up again in the spring; there was the immense headless doll, which he had once employed to personate Mary Stuart upon the scaffold; there was the drum, the sheepskin of which had been burst to discover how the sound had been produced; and the sword shivered to pieces in imaginary tournaments.

The Chevalier, disregarding all these things, moved on softly, living over again the pleasures, the interests of his youth. He sighed quietly to himself, or smiled with a melancholy, pathetic smile. His eyes took on a keener and more alert look as he began to examine the walls and

their various projections, some of which seemed, indeed, rather unnecessary and inexplicable.

Standing upon the broad surbase, he looked out of one of the windows on Montreal, which lay displayed before him, glittering and glowing in the last rays of the sun. These fell, as it were, with concentrated lustre on majestic Notre Dame, on the tin roof of Our Lady of Bonsecours, on the market-place, and away over the harbor and the icebound river, where on the misty mountain heights shone the Cross of St. Hilaire.

A train, with booming, thunderous reverberation, came across the big Victoria Bridge, just then newly erected; and the noise acted upon the Chevalier's mood.

"Boys," he said, "does not that sound like the booming of guns, the signal of distress for the unhappy *Auguste*? Merciful Heavens, she is lost,—she is lost upon those fatal reefs!"

While the boys, awe-stricken, regarded him, the old man's mind seemed for the time to wander, and he himself become a prey to the deepest emotion. However, this mood happily passed away as quickly as it had come; and he was presently laughing and chatting gaily with his young friends, discussing the possibility of some day finding a clue to the mysterious window, and telling of many efforts which had already been made in that direction.

(To be continued.)

The Thermopylæ of America.

Just seventy years ago, during the war for Texan Independence, the old Franciscan mission of the Alamo, built within the present San Antonio, was the scene of a stubborn conflict between a small body of Texans and a much superior force of Mexicans. The beleaguered garrison fought with such heroism until literally overwhelmed and slain by their outnumbering foes that the Alamo has sometimes been called "The Thermopylæ of America."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Stepping Westward," by M. E. Francis, just published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., is a collection of short stories dealing with rustic life in England.

—Though printing from movable type was invented about the year 1450, block books continued to be manufactured as late as 1510. A copy of such a one, bearing that date, is preserved in the British Museum. It is said to be the latest known.

—Messrs. F. Pustet & Co. have just added "Commune Sanctorum juxta Editionem Vaticanam" to the long list of their liturgical publications. It is in square notes, clearly printed on good paper, substantially bound, and supplied with a silk marker. Messrs. F. Pustet & Co. are *facile princeps* as publishers of liturgical books.

—Of exceptional interest and quite unusual stimulative power is "The Life of the Rev. Joseph Clemente in England," a slender pamphlet by Mr. Henry Potter. Father Clemente went from Italy to England some twenty-three years ago, and settled at Slough, near Windsor. His activities in various lines of religious work since then have been extraordinary; indeed he has done as much work, single-handed, as would reflect credit on a whole monastery.

—Late issues in the London Catholic Truth Society's biographical series include: "Venerable John Boste," "Father Walter Colman, O. F. M.," "Venerable Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows," "Mother Margaret Mostyn," "A Benedictine of the Blessed Sacrament" (Catherine Bar), and "Princess Louise de Condé." Interesting, edifying and cheap (they cost only five cents apiece), these pamphlets can not have too wide a circulation on either side of the Atlantic.

—Reviewing a new book on the famous "Imitation of Christ" and its author, the production of a Protestant person, who joins Gerson, Fénelon, and Rousseau as precursors of the Revolution (!), the foremost literary journal in the English language remarks: "Truly we have gone a long way from the day when even such a writer as De Quincey could sneer at Thomas à Kempis as a worthless author, who owed his repute to the fact that he was a mediæval substitute for the Bible."

—It was an excellent idea that led the International Catholic Truth Society to reproduce in pamphlet form Mr. Edgar H. Gans' masterly

exposition of the legal aspects presented by actual conditions in France. "The French Separation Law" is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet to have at hand, if only to correct the manifold misstatements made by journals and speakers whose knowledge of France is as imperfect as their readiness to discuss the subject is immoderate.

—"On Gregorian Rhythm," a reprint from the *Messenger*, is an interesting booklet in two parts: "The Old Manuscripts and the Two Gregorian Schools," and "Rhythm as Taught by the Gregorian Masters up to the Twelfth Century and in Accordance with Oriental Usage." Part II. is by the Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, S. J., who is also the translator, from the French of the Rev. A. Fleury, S. J., of Part I. The pamphlet is a welcome addition to the rapidly increasing literature of Plain Chant.

—The 1907 issue of the *Indian Sentinel*, the very interesting annual published by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, is called a "Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament Number." This Congregation, founded some eighteen years ago by Miss Katharine Drexel, numbers at present one hundred and eleven members,—"few indeed," says the *Sentinel*, "for the vast fields awaiting the harvesting"; yet of untold beneficence in the magnitude of the tasks they undertake and the efficiency they bring to their execution.

—We have received the initial number of *Rome*, a twelve-page English journal published in the Eternal City. Its *raison d'être* is thus given:

Now, it is a fact that at present we depend largely for our information about Rome on writers and newspapers that are not able to tell us what we most wish to know, and that are not willing always even when they are able. The editors of *Rome* do not expect to remedy this state of things in a moment, but they do aim at printing every week an account of the most important happenings likely to be interesting to those who know Rome and love her—Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

While professing to give the news of the Eternal City, and to reflect the mind of the Holy See on the great questions of the day, *Rome* disclaims being the authorized organ of any one save its editors,—a fact which, we trust, there will be no need of emphasizing at any period of the new publication's career.

—A useful little book for which parish priests in many places will have a welcome is "Memoriale Rituum," a translation, by the Rev. David Dunford, of the instructions published by order of Pope Benedict XIII. for the purpose of estab-

lishing uniformity and exactness in carrying out in small parochial churches some of the principal functions of the year. This manual removes all excuse for unwarranted omissions and the disregard for ceremonies so often noticed in places where there is only one priest. Published by R. & T. Washbourne, and Benziger Brothers.

—The Library of Congress is now one of the largest in the world. It contains 1,379,244 books, 89,869 maps and charts, 437,510 pieces of music, 214,276 prints; besides a large number of manuscripts which have not yet been counted. The library received, by gift and purchase, a great many interesting additions during the past year, notably a collection of Shaker literature, believed to be the most complete in existence; a series of Van Buren papers, consisting of about 1700 letters and political documents; and about 500 letters and documents from the papers of Senator Brown, of Louisiana, ranging from 1777 to 1810.

—One of the most painstaking of contemporary writers is Mr. H. G. Wells, author of "The Future in America," and other books on a wide variety of subjects. He generally writes out the first copy of a book with his own hand, and then has this copy typewritten by his secretary. Mr. Wells goes with great thoroughness over this, and then it is sent to the publisher and is set up in type, after which the author gives it yet another careful revision. The result of this extreme and conscientious care is an absolute ease and smoothness of style, and that felicitous strength which comes only when a word-artist has used his patient skill.

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' price generally include postage.

- "Memoriale Rituum." 30 cts., net.
 "Commune Sanctorum." Vatican Edition. 75 cts.
 "An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent.'" John J. Toohey, S. J. \$1.30.
 "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs." James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. 75 cts.

- "Lectures: Controversial and Devotional." Father Malachy, C. P. 90 cts., net.
 "The Witch of Ridingdale." Father Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "Ridingdale Flower Show." The Same. 85 cts.
 "Lectures on the Holy Eucharist." Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J. \$1.25, net.
 "Tooraladdy." Julia C. Walsh. 45 cts.
 "Songs for Schools." C. H. Farnsworth. 60 cts., net.
 "Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth." Eleanor C. Donnelly. 50 cts.
 "Charlie Chittywick." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "Five O'clock Stories." A Religious of the Holy Child. 75 cts.
 "Jack." By the same. 45 cts.
 "The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi." \$1, net.
 "The Bishop Spalding Year-Book," Maple Leaf Series. \$1.25.
 "The Early Scottish Church." Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. \$1.60.
 "Canzoni." T. A. Daly, \$1.
 "The Voyage of the Pax." Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.
 "The Church and Kindness to Animals." \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Louis Henrionnet, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. Thomas McLaughlin, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Joseph Blenke, diocese of Covington; Rev. James Gleeson, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Alfred Evans, diocese of Rochester.

Sister Raphael and Sister Anastasia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. B. H. Goodwin, of Fairfield, Cal.; Mr. J. E. Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Margaret Kane, Alameda, Cal.; Mr. George Edmonds, Old Chelsea, Canada; Mr. J. B. McKee, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. W. Fay, New York; Mrs. Anna Cosgriff, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Ryan and Mrs. Hanora Connell, Springfield, Ill.; Mr. Frederick Link and Mrs. Mary Staab, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Powers, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Mr. James Tidd and Miss — Harvey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Hostert, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. James Prendergast, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mrs. Jennie Archer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Bernard Call, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mr. Philip Sheeter, Tiffin, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 16, 1907. NO. 7.

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

The Real Presence.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THE candles on the altar flame,
They gleam through aisles and arches dim,—
O human heart, for shame, for shame,
That will not glow for Him!

The clouds of incense upward pour,
The Host is hid within the haze,—
O human heart, that will not soar
To Him in prayer and praise!

The bell sends forth its silvery peal,
Its ling'ring echoes softly ring,—
O human heart, can you not feel
The presence of the King?

Can you not feel in every part
His heavenly benediction poured?
For shame, for shame, O human heart!
This, this is Christ the Lord!

Considerations for Lent.

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY.

THE observances of the holy season of Lent ought to recall every Christian heart to that Heavenly Father whom the distractions of life too constantly make us forget. The end and purpose of life and of time is nothing less than our Father's service. Our passions, our weakness, and our blindness perpetually hinder us; and this sacred time of penitence will serve to awaken our conscience, to dispose us to the fear of the Lord, and to fill us with

that fortitude and resolution which, with God's grace, alone can bind us to the army of the Eternal King.

But it is not merely the turning away from deadly sin and the arising of the heart from the fatal sleep of spiritual indifference, that a Catholic should look for in these days of salvation. There is something else. Even duty, even zeal for God, even religious observance, are sure to lose their savor, their freshness, and their merit, unless a man from time to time looks earnestly into his own heart. The work of life, the occupation of life, is not simple, but complex. The most important of our obligations and the holiest of our services are made up of many elements, and can easily be spoiled by imperfection, by omission, by inadvertence.

There are too many Catholics who continue through a lifetime in a routine that is outwardly adequate and sufficient, but which the want of good motives, the strong infusion of vanity or self-seeking, and the coldness of divine charity, combine to rob of its supernatural value in the eyes of God, and of its merit unto everlasting life. It is a pity that men's lives should be spoiled like this. It is a pity that good men and women who, in spite of many defects, love their religion, are well disposed to their neighbors, and are even ready to make sacrifices for the cause of God, should for all that be so far away from their Heavenly Father. All pastors keenly experience at times the feeling that many of their flock who seem to be practical Catholics are strangely distant from Christ. These people attend

their church, make use of the sacraments, contribute to the "offertory," help the school, and are generally sympathetic with the priest. But their hearts are not fully Catholic, and their religion is deficient in spirituality. Outward indications of this deficiency are not wanting. Some Catholics live in the faith, but the faith does not seem to live in them. Their faith sits on them as a garment, but it does not penetrate the depths of their spirit. It is a profession, it is even a practice, but it is not their lifeblood or the breath of their life. They believe in God's revelation, but not so much in God Himself. They believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ, but do not seem to be drawn to Christ's person. Their faith is not to them a precious and absolutely essential possession.

Living, like all of us, in the midst of ceaseless non-Catholic activity, they are too tolerant of religious error. They are not only friendly with non-Catholics—which is right, charitable and useful,—but they do not feel as they ought the lamentable misfortune of such non-Catholic friends in their false or inadequate religious views. They are inclined to be very nervous as to what "Protestants will say." They can not be got to see why the Church opposes mixed marriages. Sometimes, and even in spite of clear law, they will, on occasion of weddings or the like, go to the length of appearing at a non-Catholic service. They are inclined to believe what the anti-Catholic newspapers print day after day against the Church, the Holy See, the bishops, and the religious Orders. These things tinge their views and warp their sympathy. On the other hand, they are not what is called "devout" or "pious." Prayers and practices which are sanctioned by the Church as helping the heart to get nearer to the God made Man, to His Blessed Mother and the saints, are for the most part strange to them. Sometimes, again, their want of Catholic spirit will show itself in their restlessness, and even anger, when the Church has to speak out against abuses; in their ignorant im-

patience of certain restraints, and in their allowing themselves to be carried away by a merely political cry, in things that lie on that border-land where religion and politics touch, and where the true Catholic always puts in the first place religion, as interpreted and applied by those who have the divine commission to teach the flock.

Such are a few of the shortcomings which are too often found among Catholics in non-Catholic countries, and which prove that their holy faith is not so deep, so penetrating, and so spiritual as He would desire who, when He was taken up to heaven, sent His Divine Spirit to take possession of every heart, and to fill us all with His heavenly fire.

Moreover, in these days, pastors can not help feeling that it is they themselves who, in a certain sense, are responsible for this want of spirituality in their flocks. There is so imperative a need for external and material work that a priest has not the full time to attend to his people's souls. The priest has his church, his school, his presbytery, with all the begging, collecting, organizing, and administration connected with them. Add to these that share in ordinary public life which our leading priests can not decline, and you have more than enough to keep the pastor of a flock busy and preoccupied. It is true, he catechises and he preaches; but it is simply not in his power to devote himself, either in the pulpit or in the confessional, to that solicitous, intimate and consecutive spiritual instruction which is required in order to lift up gross human nature to divine inspiration, or to set cold worldliness on fire with the interior love of Jesus Christ.

Considerations like these ought to urge us all, at a season like this apostolic fast of Lent, to use every means to save our lives from the loss of God's Holy Spirit. For the danger lies here. Two spirits contend without ceasing for our destinies—the Spirit of God, who would sanctify and save us; and the spirit of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which would wreck us

everlastingly. Even the holy name of Christ will not save us, unless it reigns in our inmost heart and in our most personal affection. Every man has faculties and desires, and the power of attention, and ability to resolve and to act; if he uses these gifts on the world alone, and not in the interests of spiritual union with Christ, he is living a dangerous and precarious life, on the very edge of mortal sin, perhaps of apostasy. These days of Lent are days of soberness, of recollection, of change of heart. If you followed the Church's liturgy at this time, you would find yourselves joining in wailing *Misereres*, listening to the Psalmist and the Prophets as they proclaim life's brief span, and warn unthinking mortals of the passing of irrevocable time; offering up fasting and almsdeeds in the spirit of the Cross, and praying with tears for pardon of the past and a new heart for the future. This is the spirit which saves men from the world, and makes their religion a living thing.

In order that we may all make a practical attempt to become more spiritual, there is one easy means that presents itself. Indeed, spiritual religion is in itself easy; if it were difficult, it would not be part of every man's duty. What makes it difficult is the attractiveness of other things, which appeal to our lower self; what the Holy Spirit, in the Book of Wisdom, calls "the fascination of worldly trifles." It is easy enough, when we think of it, to turn the thought to God and to lift the heart to Him. And it is not too much to say that most men's lives would become spiritualized if they gave an intelligent attention to the duty of daily prayer.

Among the fruits of prayer, as explained in a beautiful passage of the great Catechism of the Council of Trent, are mentioned the deepening of faith, the intensifying of divine love, and the strengthening of our grasp of God's being.* Faith, which may here be taken to mean all the soul's consciousness of the divine

and the eternal,—faith glows in prayer like the beacon of the mountain on a winter's night, when the keen frosty air breathes strongly. Our Heavenly Father knows what we stand in need of before we bend the knee or lift the heart; but He wishes us to pray; He has made us so that it is our duty to pray, because it is more essential that our being should be kept in touch with Him and His kingdom than that we should obtain what we seem to want. If our morning or our night prayer fails thus to warm and illuminate our hearts with the sense of the divine and the eternal, it is a poor prayer; it is hardly a prayer at all. Could we not turn our attention to this?

Again, prayer should be always an exercise of divine love. Love of God with the whole heart is the great commandment. As followers of Jesus Christ, we have bound this holy law upon our brows. But what is prayer? It is to enter the presence, it is to speak face to face with the Father that we love. Must it not be a mean prayer, a contemptible prayer, when we pray without the kindling of that holy love which is the answer of human piety to the friendship and the fatherhood of God? Would it be difficult to give our attention to a point like this? Would it be impossible, when we repeat the "Our Father," when we run through an act of contrition, when we read the prayers of Mass, to rise to this ideal, and make our prayer a true colloquy with our Creator,—face to face, heart to heart, speaking and listening, in the spirit of that gracious friendship which the Eternal has deigned to permit and command?

And, still further, prayer, when it comes really from the heart, has a most wonderful purifying influence upon our nature. It is not too much to say that devout prayer actually transforms us, not so much by obtaining what we ask for, as by our very contact with God. This is the teaching of the Tridentine Catechism. "When we pray," it says, "God allows Himself to be taken hold of by our interior powers;

* Part IV., cap. 2, par. 6.

in our earnest striving for His holy favors, there comes upon us the spirit of goodness, and a cleansing process takes place, in which the evil within us is washed away."* For we can not, in good faith and sincerity, enter into communion with the Almighty Author of nature and grace without emerging from it more pure, more strong, and more spiritual,—in one mind, more like unto Himself. This is true whether, in our prayer, we place ourselves in the presence of God in His divine nature and attributes, or whether we adopt an easier method, and place before our thought the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ. In either case "virtue goes out from Him," and we are healed.

But it is the sacred humanity which best helps the most of us. We must remember that our loving God became man precisely that we might find it easier to come into communion with Him. Other reasons also He had, but He most certainly had this. When, therefore, we pray to Jesus Christ, our prayer should never lose sight of the power, the influence, the transforming energy, which lives in that Redeemer of our souls, ready to diffuse itself, ready to envelop our poor nature as in a fiery cloud. Who could pray coldly if he thought of this? Who could be slothful and indifferent if he felt that the Infant of Bethlehem, Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus on the cross, was not a mere personage of past history, but the living God, ever ready, as of old, with the showers of His beneficence and the shining of His heavenly glory? This thought should not be beyond our power. By a little exertion in keeping this idea before our eyes, our prayers would be very different. The prayers at Mass and at Benediction, and the Rosary, would cease to be mere formulas, mere words uttered by the lips, neglected by the mind. Our prayer would become real prayer. It would spiritualize us by its own spiritual power; and whilst it thus thrilled and lifted up our souls, it would spiritualize the whole

of our life. We should come to feel that the only purpose of life was God and God's love. We should come to understand how great a thing in this world is the great and never-failing Church of Jesus Christ. We should learn to use spiritual weights and measures in estimating the world and its works. We should learn to put our religion into everything, and realize that a life which is not directed, shaped and balanced by perpetual reference to Him who made us, is not a reasonable life but a folly and a calamity, which in the end we must bitterly expiate.

Every kind of spiritual prayer is good, whether it be love, adoration, praise, thanksgiving, or petition for the pardon of sin. But the prayer that *intercedes* is a prayer that at once benefits the spirit and promotes the Kingdom of God. What is here meant is not the mere petition for grace and assistance in our own temptations and troubles. It is rather that generous prayer which has its source in a keen supernatural feeling of the needs of the Kingdom of God on earth. There is no period of history when those words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," should not be day by day on the lips of all who strive to serve God. In that divine petition we pray that God may reign in every heart; that the power of the Evil One may be broken and may come to nought; that Jesus Christ may everywhere conquer and triumph; that His law, His commandments, and His Church may rule the whole world; that there may be neither rebel nor traitor nor deserter, but that all may live under His rule and in His grace until they have to leave the earthly kingdom for that which is prepared in heaven.

All this is what we are bound to pray for. It is no matter that it will never be fully realized or granted: the final triumph of Christ will come only at the Day of Judgment. But, for all that, He triumphs in every generation; and it is to the intercession of His servants, He Himself always leading in that intercession, that

* *Ibid* No 10

He wishes His triumphs to be owing. He allows us to be disappointed; He permits the prayers of His greatest saints to fail in their immediate effect; He hides from us the success, the glorious results, which the intercessions of His servants invariably bring about, sooner or later; but the true Catholic spirit is to keep on praying for the Church and for the Kingdom of God, in light and in darkness, in peace and in conflict, in sunshine and in storm. It is this prayer of intercession that makes a Catholic feel how intimately he is bound to his God, on the one hand, and to his fellow-servants of God, on the other. He comes to understand that his religion is not a mere name or a badge, but a constraining impulse of the heart toward God; that it is not a mere personal security, or a physic for one's own ills, but a wide inheritance which we divide with our brethren; a great realm, with its splendor, its pomp, its order, and its historic memories, that we share with all the multitude of the redeemed.

A Catholic, therefore, will be better in every way if he constantly prays for the Holy Father, for his diocese, for the Church in every land. It will enlarge his sympathies and widen his views, if he makes it a practice to pray for the foreign missions, for the temporal independence of the Pope, for the persecuted Catholics in France, and so forth. It was prayer that delivered Israel from his foes in ancient times. It was prayer, with martyrdom, that wrought the conversion of the pagan Empire of Rome. It was prayer that extinguished devastating heresies, and kept the Church in her unity. Prayer saved Christian Europe from the Turk. Prayer has wrought innumerable conversions of great and distinguished men, whose influence has upheld the Kingdom of God. Prayer has stopped the career of persecutors and changed the counsels of Kings and ministers. Prayer has repeatedly saved the Papacy from what seemed irretrievable misfortune. Therefore let us pray, and weary not.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

VIII.

AS Mrs. Sterndale said, the temperature at Ravenswold was cooler than that of the town. The house was well situated to catch every breeze that stirred, standing on a considerable eminence, just in the bend of a fine river, which wound like a horseshoe round the green base of the hill on three sides; while the fourth side, stretching off into level ground, was backed by a noble forest, from which the breath of fresh and fragrant vegetation was constantly exhaled. Across the wide, undulating expanse of open country, extending for miles beyond the bend of the river, the winds of heaven had full sweep; and, though the house was embowered in foliage, the trees surrounding it were so tall that they shaded it without excluding the free circulation of air.

It was a large, old-fashioned structure, nearly a hundred years old. Substantial, respectable, even a little imposing from its size, it was, architecturally speaking, not handsome; although it had some claims to picturesqueness, particularly when taken with its environments of woods and water, which were beautiful. Comfort was its strong point; and this, together with its isolated position, and the fact that there were no very near neighbors of a social status which necessitated familiar intercourse, made it a favorite place of residence with Mrs. Sterndale's eldest son. All the family, in fact, except Mrs. Sterndale herself, were fond of staying at Ravenswold; and whenever business gave Mr. Chetwode an excuse for rustivating there for a week or so, he had one, two, sometimes all three of the young people—who were still called by Mrs. Sterndale and himself "the children"—to bear him company. Mrs. Sterndale had not visited the place for years, its associations being

to her too painful to be encountered voluntarily. She had gone there once after her husband's death, but never again.

On the evening of the day after De Wolff left Estonville, Mildred and Mr. Chetwode were sitting on the broad piazza that fronted the river side of the house, enjoying a pleasant breeze, which was just beginning to rise as the hour of sunset approached. Reclining in a large chair, with his invalid ankle resting upon a pile of cushions on a smaller chair in front of him, Mr. Chetwode looked comfortable but languid. In the fingers of one hand he held a half-smoked cigar, in the other hand a book. But he was neither smoking nor reading at this moment, but watching Mildred, who had been sewing two velvet-covered pads on a pair of very primitive-looking crutches, the manufacture of a black carpenter living near by.

"There!" she said, as, her task completed, she stood up with the crutches in her hands. She wore a pale blue gown that was exceedingly becoming to her. Her clear, oval face and full gray eyes were very handsome, particularly when not thrown into the shade by her mother's beauty. "They will be a little less uncomfortable now, I hope," she went on, trying to adjust them under her arms to test their capabilities; "but—"

"Don't, my dear!" interrupted Mr. Chetwode. "Don't try that, or you will fall down; and one sprained ankle is enough at a time. Here—just put them here where I can reach them. Thank you! I have no doubt they will do very well now."

"You must get a comfortable pair with springs," she said, when, having placed them as he requested, she returned to her seat. "These are dreadful. Let me write by to-morrow's mail and order a pair."

"No: these will do well enough for the time I shall need them."

"The doctor says you will have to use them for at least a month."

"He said I should have to stay in bed for at least a week, too. But you see he was mistaken."

"Yes," said Mildred, with a laugh. "He will be disgusted when he comes to-morrow morning and finds that you have disobeyed his orders."

"I don't think he will be here to-morrow."

"Why not?"

He motioned toward the dun-colored heaven before them. There was a wide view of the whole western horizon from this piazza. But a change of weather was impending, and not a gleam of brightness was visible now where the sun was sinking to the verge,—nothing but a heavy curtain of dull, gray cloud.

"It will be raining in the morning," he said; "and Allison is not the man to take a wetting unnecessarily. So I don't expect him. I only hope," he went on, in a different tone, "that we may not have a freshet" (local name for a flood in the river). "But I shall not be surprised if we do."

"It is too early yet by a month or two for that," said Mildred. "Freshets always come in July or August."

"Generally. But that makes no difference," was the reply. "The Prince of the powers of air is no respecter of times and seasons."

"Uncle Romuald, why will you take such gloomy views of everything! You and mamma invariably expect the worst. It is a great misfortune always to look at the dark side of things."

"I don't agree with you there, my dear. If I am anticipating an evil, it follows that I am in a measure at least prepared for it, and do not feel it so sensibly as if it came unexpectedly."

"But how often you anticipate evils that never come, and have all the worry for nothing!" she said.

"No; I only anticipate what is probable," he answered, with a slight, placid

smile. "In the course of my life I have found that I have seldom taken too gloomy a view of probabilities."

"I wish—oh, how I wish that you were a Catholic!" she cried. "You would be so much happier than you are now."

"I don't remember ever telling you that I was unhappy," he remarked.

"No. But you know you are."

"Not more so than the majority of my neighbors, I suspect," he replied. "In fact, less so; inasmuch as I do not take the ills of life to heart, but endure them philosophically."

"Philosophically! Yes; but what good does that do?" cried Mildred, with impatient protest.

"All the good in the world. As I have often told you, my dear, philosophy is an excellent air-cushion. It is wonderful how it eases the jolts and bumps, as a man journeys along the rough highways of life."

Mildred drew a quick, impatient sigh, ending in something like a groan of discouragement.

"I wish I could talk!" she exclaimed. "But I am not clever. And, then, I am so ignorant!"

"I don't think so," said Mr. Chetwode, in a tone of honest candor. "You have no extraordinary talent, but you are clever, undoubtedly. And it has always seemed to me that you are a very well-educated little girl."

"Uncle Romuald, you know perfectly well what I mean," she said, a little vehemently. "You know I mean I am ignorant on the subject of religion. I can not conceive what has come to you within the last few days. You who are always so good-natured, and so careful not to say anything to hurt anybody, have just been amusing yourself tormenting me by pretending to misunderstand everything I say."

"Really, my dear, I am quite innocent of any such intention," he replied.

"Why didn't papa make a Catholic of you, I wonder!" she exclaimed.

"He did try once or twice, but found it such uphill work that he decided to let me alone."

"But that was not right," she said. "I am surprised that he did not feel it his duty to persevere until you listened to him."

"As you are feeling it your duty to do," remarked Mr. Chetwode, with a smile of indolent amusement. "But, you see, men don't act so injudiciously. They know that to press a subject too far is to make it—"

He paused, ostensibly to light a cigar; and this operation engrossed him so fully and so long that, when finally a blood-red point of fire shone on the end of his weed, and volumes of smoke were issuing from his lips, he had apparently forgotten his remark, and did not conclude his sentence.

Mildred recalled his attention.

"They know that to press a subject far," she repeated, "is to make it—what?"

"Not so agreeable as some other subject might be," was the bland reply.

"Honestly, Uncle Romuald, was that what you were going to say?"

"Well—no, not exactly. But it will do."

"I want to hear exactly what you began to say."

"'Unwelcome' may convey the idea I wished to express."

"The idea itself is what I insist on."

Brought to bay, Mr. Chetwode resigned himself to a literal reply.

"'Odious' was the word which suggested itself to my mind," he said.

"O—h!" she exclaimed, with a look of such surprise and dismay that he laughed. "O Uncle Romuald, I have been making myself odious, have I? And you—"

"Held by the ankle at your mercy."

"How abominable of me! But, then, I didn't mean it, you know!" she exclaimed penitently.

"You have not made yourself odious, my dear, or even tiresome, as yet. I have

been only amused so far. But the apprehension grows upon me that the subject which you have had under constant discussion since you came from Estonville may possibly become fatiguing at least, in the course of time, if you don't hold up occasionally, and give me a little breathing space before you expect me to accept all the startling propositions you have presented."

"I have been doing just what Lett warned me not to do," said Mildred, with an expression of mingled deprecation and regret. "She begged me not to worry you with the subject, and said that was not the way to—"

"Make me a Catholic," he suggested, smiling as she paused.

"Rouse your interest. Forgive me, Uncle Romuald! I will not worry you any more. I'll not say another word to you about it, but just pray for you. And, what is much better, Lett will pray, and ask the prayers of all her friends, and recommend her intention to the Apostleship of Prayer. That is the way, she says, to set about converting any one."

"Hm!" said Mr. Chetwode, leaning back in his chair and laughing silently, but almost violently, for a minute or two. "Really," he said, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, which were brimming with tears, "I can't say that I feel particularly flattered at the idea of being held up to be prayed for in this wholesale manner. I think—"

"You don't understand," interrupted Mildred, quickly. "Your name will not be mentioned. Lett will merely ask prayers for her 'intention,' which means some favor that she wishes to obtain from God."

"Ah!" said Mr. Chetwode, "I see. And I am to have no choice in the matter, but to be converted *nolens volens*, am I?"

"Never mind," she replied. "I am not going to worry you any more. I ought to have had more sense than to do it, even if Lett had not warned me. She says that Catholics—except a few foolish ones like

myself, I suppose,—are always careful not to obtrude the subject of religion on any one; and that no good ever comes of doing so, but often a great deal of harm."

"Miss Hereford seems to have sense."

"Oh, she is a wonderful girl!" cried Mildred, warmly. "You need not smile. Mamma thinks of her just as I do. She has so much sense, and is so good—so *very* good,—without being the least uncomfortable about it. I never met anybody like her before. And only fancy, when mamma received your letter saying that Major Carrington was dead, and that you were bringing these girls home with you, I thought it dreadful. Mamma was disgusted with me for feeling so."

"I thought it most unfortunate myself," Mr. Chetwode acknowledged. "If it had not been that I relied on your mother's assistance, I should have felt obliged to decline undertaking such a responsibility. I am afraid the younger girl may give us a good deal of trouble. From what her father said of her, I judge she is very unmanageable."

"I suspect she is a handful," said Mildred, laughing. "But having Lett with us will more than make up for any small annoyance that she may be."

(To be continued.)

The Holy Nails and Spear.

PRECIOUS Nails that pierced the hands
Of Him the Crucified,

You opened unto sinful earth
Redemption's sacred tide!

O precious Nails that pierced the feet
All weary seeking men,
You opened wide the saving streams
That cleansed the earth again!

O precious Spear that found the source
Whence tides of mercy start,
You opened wide to weary souls
The refuge of Christ's Heart!

Julienne MacMahon.

I.

IN the cloisters of Carmel it is customary to appoint a particular religious to initiate each new novice into the customs of the convent; and this guide, mentor, and friend is called the "Angel" of the individual, to whom she has been designated to act as a sort of guardian angel during the period when her services are necessary.

We already know, through the chronicles of the time, that on the entrance of Madame Louise of France into the Order of the Carmelites of Saint Denis, the honor of being her guide was conferred upon one of the most remarkable religious in the monastery—Julienne MacMahon, in religion Mother Julie of Jesus. The biographies of the daughter of Louis XV. have all made allusion to Mother Julie, but only in a slight and incomprehensive manner, while a more finished and thorough relation of her wonderful traits and qualities seems called for. A precious discovery has lately placed it in our power to satisfy this desire.

The departmental archives of the North have recently been found to possess a collection of seventeen autographical letters from the hand of Mother Julie, addressed to her "very dear godmother," her "charming godmother," her "most amiable godmother," who was a resident of Flanders. This correspondence begins in 1764, seventeen years after the profession of Julienne, and was most active in the year distinguished by the entrance into Carmel of the daughter of Louis XV. These documents open to us all the doors of the cloister; and it is delightful to become acquainted with the spirit of sanctity which there bloomed and flourished as a sweet plantation upon the mountain height of Christian perfection; while around and beneath it humanity crouched and grovelled in the base and ignoble passions that so dominated man-

kind in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Julie of Jesus shone conspicuously amid these choice flowers of the Saviour's garden, predestined as she was to be the guide of the humble though royal novice, Marie Louise of France. All that relates to her, who was in some sense a sufferer for the crimes of others, is even at this late day interesting to the sympathetic reader who still reveres her memory and compassionates the sorrows she endured, although, unlike her nearest and dearest, she was not called to lay her head upon the scaffold.

On the 25th of September, 1747, a young Irishwoman, who had just attained the age of fifteen, presented herself at the monastery of the Carmelites of Saint Denis. Claudine Julienne MacMahon belonged to one of those ancient Irish families that had emigrated to France with James II., faithful to the fortunes of the unhappy Stuarts, and faithful also to the religion for which their proscribed ancestors had often suffered and died. The house of MacMahon traces its ancestry to Brian Boru, Monarch of all Ireland. Julienne was born August 27, 1732, and baptized in the Church of Saint Martin de Bergues, in the diocese of Ypres. She was still very young when her father, Jean MacMahon, captain of a cavalry regiment, was taken from his family. Her education was confided to the Ladies of Saint Thomas, at Saint Germain-en-Laye, the residence of King James.

Julienne had an ardent, open nature, with so much spirit and judgment, and withal so generous a heart, that she early turned her thoughts to piety. When, in later years, a person once asked her what it was that had given her the grace to enter Carmel, she replied that perhaps it might have been a simple glass of water offered in the name of God. It is told of her that while she was yet at school, a poor woman had been seized with an epileptic fit in her presence and that of some young companions. It required a

great deal of charity and courage to approach so pitiable an object; but Julienne at once went to her relief, while the others seemed stricken powerless. It has also been said that from that moment the heroic young girl felt an irresistible vocation to the life she was soon to embrace.

God, who wished her to be His alone, saw fit to break one of the strongest ties that held her to the world. Her only brother fell in battle on the 2d of July, 1746, in the midst of his Irish regiment dedicated to the service of France. That this death must have made a deep impression on Julienne, we know from the fact that two months later we see her knocking at the door of Carmel. Her mother, a widow, and almost entirely without fortune, made, not without a struggle, the sacrifice of her only remaining child to the service which God demanded.

The superior of the Ladies of Saint Thomas, who was called Madame Gilbert, took Julienne to Saint Denis. As she left her in the cloister, the good religious bade her farewell with the following injunction: "My daughter, I have only this advice to give you. Never occupy yourself with what does not concern you, and accept humbly and indifferently whatever duties may be confided to your charge." The character of Julienne, conforming itself to this counsel, became so accommodating to the wishes of others that she soon began to be called *Sœur Commode*, or "General Utility Sister," ready at any time and in any way to give her services to all who required them. She received the habit on the 29th of December, 1747; but her novitiate was prolonged on account of her extreme youth, as well as the opposition of her mother, who began to regret having given consent to her departure. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1749, however, Julienne, made her profession, being only seventeen years and thirteen days old at the time.

Julienne MacMahon was not without compatriots in the seclusion of Carmel. Her mistress of novices, Sister Anne de

Saint Alexis (*nee* Marie Anne Creagh), was also of Irish origin. She belonged to an exiled family residing at Saint Germain-en-Laye, under the shadow of the dis-crowned royalty of James II. Transferred from Pontoise to Saint Denis in 1746, she was there about a year when her young countrywoman entered the cloister. Sister Anne de Saint Alexis was order and regularity personified. When later she became prioress, she was wont to say: "If, after my death, regularity is slackened in this house, my bones will rattle in the grave and cry out: 'Observance! Observance!'" A woman of discipline, she was equally one of prayer. "One hour of prayer," she would say, "one Communion, consoles for everything. A Carmelite who can pray and communicate has nothing to regret or complain of." But the principal trait of her character was indefatigable and unwearied devotion, by which she placed herself at the service of everybody. The same spirit of charity, the same love of her vocation, the same taste for prayer, we shall find in the correspondence of Mother Julie of Jesus.

Claudine Therese de Gherbode, otherwise known as Mademoiselle de Fromont, an unmarried relative of Julienne MacMahon, was the "charming godmother" to whom her letters are addressed, and whom she makes the confidante of the events of the cloister as well as the emotions of her heart.

The sensation experienced on entering for the first time the parlor of a Carmelite Convent, is something peculiar. It comes in the nature of a surprise, almost a shock, not to be able to see any one, only to hear beyond the grill a voice proceeding from behind a double veil,—a mysterious voice which salutes you, which speaks to you, which you would almost believe belongs to another world, and which alone reveals to you the presence denied to your sight. It is a little in this way that Mother Julie reveals herself in her letters. One does not see her face, but her voice is clear and distinct, indicating what manner of soul

is behind it. It is the echo of a spirit that has been transfigured by the love of God, that has buried its family affections in that holy abyss, without having in the least forgotten them. All those whom she has left for Jesus Christ—first her mother, then her godmother, to whom she writes; then the sisters, brothers, sisters and brothers-in-law of the beloved godmother; Monsieur and Madame de Espaiug; their brother, the Abbé d'Espaiug, canon of the College of Saint Pierre de Lille; the Baron and Baroness Haudion, members of an ancient family of Brabant and Hainaut; Monsieur and Madame de Palmes, Monsieur and Madame de Maulde—are names that recur again and again in the letters of Julienne, as they do in her prayers; for there is not a day on which she does not recommend these loved ones to God. Thus are the litanies of her earthly friends united to the litanies of her heavenly patrons.

Here is the first letter. It bears the date October 27, 1764.

“Do not believe, my dear godmother, that I shall ever neglect to pray for you, and all those in whom you are interested. However miserable and unworthy my prayers may be, I take so much pleasure in everything concerning you, that I could never forget them. You must know, besides, that the more I pray, the more I wish to do so. Sometimes I remain in the choir from midday to six o'clock in the evening—when we go to the refectory—without being satisfied. That, dear godmother, is what constitutes the sweetness and happiness of our life. And thus it is that, though there be considerable labor, there is no less prayer; in other words, the life of a Carmelite should be a continual prayer. I have a temptation to give you some little details of that life, in order that you may be enabled to judge how delightful it is.”

That which she calls a delightful life would seem horrible to a woman of the world,—rising at four or five in the morning, interminable prayers, incessant

psalmodies, four hours of prayer in the morning and four in the evening, seclusion, silence!

“Ah,” she exclaims, “they say it is silence which is most difficult, the greatest penance for women to practise! But I assure you it is a calumny; for nothing pleases us so well as to be alone with the only Being who can entirely and completely satisfy us. What is the sweetest pleasure which worldlings know and desire? It is to converse *tete-a-tete* with some one they love.”

And then she goes on to relate how that selfsame pleasure is hers, and that of her companions; how they are conscious of no joy more exquisite than that of conversation with God, recommending again and again their loved ones to His mercy and care; and then, when the list is completed, renewing it from the beginning. She adds that there is no sadness or moroseness at Carmel. They have their one hour of recreation, when they laugh and enjoy themselves like children; while even this respite from prayer is frequently spent in congratulating themselves on the sweetness of the life they have chosen.

There is a letter dated February 19, 1765, on the eve of Lent, which is a period of great mortification among the Carmelites; during this time they are not permitted to write even to their families. But it is also a time of divine propitiation; and, her requests on her lips and in her heart, Julienne throws herself at the feet of our Blessed Lord, keeping close to Him in the desert during those forty penitential days, in order that after the tragedy of the Passion is completed, and the glory of the Resurrection accomplished, she and her loved ones may be sharers in His joyful Easter.

In spite of her cheerful temperament, her dauntless spirit which no mortifications or penitences could break, her brave and prayerful soul, turning everything into an occasion for merit, endeavoring to draw everybody to the love of God, Julienne was a martyr to bodily ills. From her

infancy she had been subject to violent headaches, which increased with age and became almost unendurable; but it was only by the pallor and languid expression of her countenance that those with whom she lived ever became aware that she was suffering from one of her paroxysms of pain. If questioned, she would reply simply that she did not feel very well; and never, even by so much as lifting her hand to her head, would she endeavor to alleviate the anguish of her pains. Instead of complaining, she tried to soothe her suffering by being more gay than usual, or by diverting her mind, as in the following instance. She writes to her confidante:

"Thus, on one of my bad days, in order to charm away the cruel pangs that held me in their grasp, I bethought me of making some little verses. I send you the result, feeling that it will amuse you for a few moments. Here it is, dear godmother:

"Upon my shoulders rests a cross:
How thankful should I be!
It is a burthen sweet and light
For a poor wretch like me.

"For all the world I would not change
This blest estate of mine,
Or Heaven's banner e'er forsake,
Led by our King Divine.

"O feeble heart, be true, be strong,
Thy courage now employ!
Help Jesus lift His heavy cross,
And thou shalt share His joy."

The Convent of Saint Denis was the poorest Carmelite monastery in France. It could hardly support its twenty-seven religious, who were from time to time obliged to curtail the expenses of living, and subsist on less than their rule, in its severity, really allowed them. The young Irishwomen, richer in virtue than in money, were among the most hopeful and bravest of the community. Mother Saint Alexis, feeling that some extraordinary help must be forthcoming to enable them to live, placed her children under the special protection of their Blessed Queen, vowing at the same time to erect a little oratory in the garden, if their prayers should be heard.

She begged that the all-powerful Virgin Mother would save them from the tyranny of debt by sending them a postulant whose fortune would assure the future of the poverty-stricken house. "But, Mother," exclaimed a young novice, "what postulant who would come to us could ever bring so large a portion? For that we would need a Princess of France." The innocent soul was speaking better than she knew: the Princess was already marked out for Carmel of Saint Denis.

Meanwhile, though prayers were redoubled, their resources grew less; creditors became impatient, the law menaced, the community was almost in despair. In spite of all their efforts and privations, the prospect grew more and more gloomy. It was proposed to unite with some other community, as the only means of salvation from the demands of their creditors. But Julienne (now Mother Julie) never gave up hope; she recommended more fervent prayer, and novenas to the Immaculate Heart of Mary were again begun. It needed a special act of God to save Carmel of Saint Denis, and when the time came He was ready. On the day that the last novena was finished—February 16, 1770,—the King accorded permission to Madame Louise to become a Carmelite religious; and the Princess of France, wishing to have poverty for her portion, chose to seek it in the House of Saint Denis.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE object of all virtues is to bring us into union with God, in which alone is laid up all the happiness that can be enjoyed in this world. Now, in what does this union properly consist? In nothing save a perfect conformity and resemblance between our will and the will of God, so that these two wills are absolutely alike,—there is nothing in one repugnant to the other; all that one wishes and loves the other wishes and loves; whatever pleases or displeases one, pleases or displeases the other.—*St. John of the Cross.*

Miss Olivia's Temptation.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

COUNTESS MARIE VON OLDENBURG flitted lightly among the *chiffons* and *frou-frous* which lay scattered in wanton contempt upon the floor of the little bedroom where she was making a proud pretence of packing the necessaries for a short journey. Her companion, Miss Olivia Fischer, looked on rather helplessly at the performance. She had often enough packed her own modest wardrobe on those occasions when she had gone out to earn the necessary bread among strangers; but such packing had been of the facile and compressible kind, and she stood bewildered before the dainty *lingerie* and exotic confections of her more fortunate friend. Her bewilderment was the greater as during the months of their acquaintanceship the Countess had dressed with a simplicity which Miss Olivia had falsely attributed to the poverty so often known in aristocratic circles.

How well she remembered the evening when the Countess had first knocked at her door, looking so frail and white, with the shadows of past weeping still round her transparent blue eyes!

"I hear you have a flat to let. May I see it? I have come to this little spot just to get away from the world,—just to rest and to think."

Such had been her first words; and Miss Olivia had with pride showed her the sunny little flat, which looked out over the endless Alps and the winding waters of the Adige,—the poor little flat whose long need of a tenant had well-nigh brought the wolf to Miss Olivia's door.

"Do you think it will suit?" she had asked timidly, dreading disappointment. "If you need rest, you will find it here; there will be little to disturb you but the clanging of our church bells."

"Yes, I know,—the beautiful bells! I heard the great bell of your cathedral

once, when I was a child, booming out so grand and solemn; it called me back to-day, like a mother calling her weary child to rest on her bosom. Yes, in the shadow of the church I can rest. I shall be pleased to take your flat."

And Miss Olivia had smiled the smile of relief which comes with the assurance of the day's wherewithal. She flushed with pleasure when she took the card from her visitor, and read, below the coronet which surmounted it, the name "Marie von Oldenburg."

From that hour Miss Olivia was the Countess' devoted slave. She wondered not a little at the life which the latter led; at the long hours she spent in the little Franciscan church by the river; at her simple life, her still more simple dress, her absolute seclusion among her books and music, and the loneliness of her existence, upon whose quiet no one ever intruded. It was all a mystery to Miss Olivia, and one she attributed to every possible reason but the right one—namely, that this fair-haired, blue-eyed girl was sick to death of the world and all that it could offer, and would have fled it altogether but for the husband to whom she was still bound, though but in name. Of personal matters the Countess never spoke; otherwise she treated Miss Olivia rather as a sister than as a friend.

Olivia Fischer was an intelligent, well-educated woman, tactful, and full of the resources gained by long acquaintance with persons of every rank. She was also, as became her calling, a model of every virtue, pious with that piety which is supposed to be solid because of its lack of sentiment; a slave to duty, whose calls she obeyed with a promptitude which left her small room for self-accusation.

Still in the early thirties, and well preserved for her age, Miss Olivia hoped to reap the reward of her virtue in the possession of a rich husband, who could supply her with all those adjuncts of existence which she desired with the ardor of one who had never possessed them.

But the Countess did not stop to analyze all these traits of Olivia's character. Her warm heart went out to the elder woman, whose lot had been a hard one, and whose efforts were certainly praiseworthy; and, out of the treasures of her generous nature, Countess Marie sought to engraft on the colder heart of this woman, whose path had crossed her own, something of the warm, sunny piety which was all her own life held of happiness.

But now, alas! their friendship was to be abruptly terminated; for the Countess had been summoned to the bedside of her mother, and had to leave at once the sunny little solitude where she had found peace and comparative content.

"Do help me, Olivia dear! I am such a fool at packing, and I haven't the least idea what I shall want,—no, not those laces and evening things. Just one evening dress. Here, this black one will do."

Miss Olivia began to fold it up. But her eyes wandered covetously to the dainty confections which lay strewn about; and she could not help wondering how she, Olivia Fischer, would look if arrayed in such bewitching guise.

"But why will you not take these pretty things with you? It must surely be a pleasure to wear such beautiful clothes."

"No, I shall not want them. It was a mistake that they were sent here, and I should not find it the least pleasure to wear them; they remind me of days and things which I desire to forget."

"But in themselves they are a pleasure. Surely there was a time when you cared for them."

"Oh, every girl fresh from the school-room likes smart frocks and jewels! But the novelty soon wears off, and then one knows them to be things which leave only bitterness in the mouth."

"Perhaps you had trouble when you were very young?"

"No, not when I was so very young," answered the Countess, sadly; "but I never cared for the artificial things of society. Sometimes when I came back

from a ball I used to throw off my ball-dress, and, to the horror of my maid, instead of going to bed, I would dress for the morning, and as soon as it was light go out into the cool, fresh air, where everything was real and great and full of God. My soul used to be so sick with the scent of ballrooms that I could not recover unless I got near to the altar, or out alone with Nature."

"What a funny girl you must have been!" said Miss Olivia. "Of course I like going to church and thinking of God, just because it's right and brings a sort of peace; but when I want to be happy I think of the great, bright world, and society, and theatres, and pretty clothes, and admiration. It seems to me that if I could only have enough of these things I should never feel *ennui*."

Poor Miss Olivia! Her nature had been starved of all that it had coveted; and religion did not satisfy her, because it had never entered by the door of her heart.

"Oh, you would find that everything in the world must cause us *ennui* except God! People seek God and try to go to Him, because it seems right and a safe policy; but they do not find Him in that way. When they go to Him because they simply can not live without Him, then I think they *always* find Him. But we are too serious. I used to like some of the things of the bright world, as you call it,—hunting and shooting (though I'm not sure that it's right to kill God's creatures), and everything out in the fresh, open air."

They resumed their packing.

"Just put all those things back in the drawers," said the Countess; "and I think you had better keep this in your own room," she added, taking out a leather case and handing it to Miss Olivia. "All my jewels are in this case, but they will be safe in your keeping. I have a reason for not taking them with me."

"May I see them?" asked Miss Olivia.

"Why, yes, of course," answered the Countess, opening the box with a little gold key which hung on her watch chain.

Her companion started when she saw the contents of the case. Lying deep one over another were strings of pearls, little coronets of brilliants, and bracelets set with many gems; while in the small compartments of the lid were ranged rings such as any woman might envy,—opal and pearl, sapphire and amethyst, ruby and emerald. And yet Miss Olivia had never seen any other ornament on the slim white fingers of the Countess than a plain gold marriage ring. How could it be that the owner of all this wealth had been content to live in those simple rooms and be ministered to by one humble servant! Here surely was a mystery, and one of which the clue was difficult to find.

"They are certainly pretty," said the Countess, smiling at Olivia's admiration. Then she locked the box again and confided it to the safe-keeping of her friend.

A few days later Olivia Fischer stood alone in her room. She occupied, with her sister, the lower part of the house, the upper flat of which she had let to the Countess. That flat she had just closed, and it looked dismal enough, robbed of its fair occupant, and with all its green jealousies closed against the sunshine; but the Countess' possessions still remained there as a guarantee that she would come back some day to her dear little solitude among the hills.

It was hardly an hour since she had driven to the station, and the warmth of her kiss was still on Miss Olivia's cheek as the latter stood now alone in her own room. The leather case containing the jewels lay before her, and she stood contemplating it as one in a dream.

"Oh, the irony of Fate!" mused Miss Olivia. "I have never known or tasted the bright things of life. I have seen them from a distance but to covet them. I have ever had to fight against my desires, for God's law forbids us to desire the goods of others. But why should others have what is always denied to me? I have had to work, often for a mere pittance; I have had to bear the contempt of my

employers, because they were rich and I was poor; I have had to bear with their anger and slights, because I was virtuous and they were not; I have had to toil early and late, often to know hunger and weariness, still oftener trouble and bitterness of heart; and yet I have tried to bear these things for God's sake. And God,—what has He done for me? He has left me alone, unprotected, dependent on my own efforts even for the bread to sustain life. I have cultivated every talent He has given me; I have raised myself above my circumstances and surroundings; I have made myself the equal of those whose advantages I envy,—and for what? To go down into the valley of years, toiling, dependent, virtuous, never having known the delirium of one day's unstinted pleasure."

Olivia looked eagerly toward the box.

"Poor little Contessa! she was kind to me certainly. But what does she know of life? She is tired of the things of the world because she has been sated with them. It is easy to despise dress and jewels when we have once had our fill of them. It is easy enough to think lightly of pleasure and admiration when we have once really enjoyed them. It is easy to give our hearts to God when we are weary of the world. But when one has never tasted the cup of pleasure and one's whole nature is thirsting for it—"

Miss Olivia hesitated a moment, her eyes riveted on the jewel case; she then tried to force a pair of scissors under the lid. The scissors snapped at the points, but the lid did not yield. Good Heavens! what had she done? She must open it now, in any case, if only to repair the damage. She fetched some tools, and at last, with trembling fingers, opened the jewel box. With glistening eyes she looked a moment at its contents; then, locking the door, she sat down to the undisturbed contemplation of her treasure. One by one she took out tenderly the sparkling bracelets and clasped them on her arms, which were still plump and fair; one by

one she took out the jewelled coronets and laid them on her dark hair, which was still lustrous and abundant; one by one she placed the rings on her fingers, and admired her hands, which were still white and shapely, though they had borne the brunt of toil. And as she looked at these glittering gems, this calm, well-regulated, self-suppressed woman desired the baubles with all the passion of her heart.

When her sister came home that evening, she found Olivia much excited, and hastily packing her belongings for a journey. Her explanation was ready, and seemed plausible enough.

"I have had a letter from that agency to which I applied in London. Some Lady C— wants a governess at once. The chance is too good to lose, and I must start immediately."

The next morning found her already on the road. From the window of her railway carriage she might have seen the sun rising over the mountains which encircled her childhood's home; but the eyes of her mind were fixed on the treasure which was carefully packed away in the little valise by her side. She might have heard the morning bells calling her to the peace of the sanctuary: she heard but the voices of the world calling her fiercely, and the small, stifled voice of conscience ringing as a distant knell in her heart.

Olivia Fischer, like everyone who has had to face the hard facts of life, knew her way about, and she was not many days in London before she had converted the larger portion of the Countess' jewels into hard cash. It represented a sum beyond her desires for the moment, and she threw herself with zest into the possibilities of pleasure which it afforded her. To do her justice, she never regarded her act as an actual theft. It was the chance of her life,—a chance which she felt sure would result in a favorable settlement; and then there would be no difficulty in restoring the jewels to their owner, who would never know the part they had played in the life of her friend.

She certainly made the most of her opportunities; and it would have been hard to recognize Olivia Fischer, the self-contained, shabbily-dressed, hard-working spinster, in the fashionable woman whose dress called for comment in Bond Street, and whose jewels attracted many a glance at the opera.

From London she passed to Paris. But, alas! the sum which had at first seemed so large was fast diminishing, and she had not as yet attained the desired goal. She comforted herself in thinking that at least she had tasted something of life; she had known the pleasure of an hour and a day; and, though such pleasure often left bitterness in the after-taste, it was something to have experienced it.

Returning one night from the theatre, Miss Olivia heard a girl's voice singing in the street. The words of the song made her heart throb within her breast; for it was a song of her country,—a song that in her childhood she had heard among her native mountains,—a song which recalled all the innocence of her girlhood and all the tenderness of a mother's love. How far had she not travelled from those days, and the vows which she had then registered in Heaven!

A moment later she saw the singer,—a Tyrolean maiden in the national dress of her valley; and the girl's voice trembled sadly enough as she jodded the familiar mountain cry.

Miss Olivia sprang from her fiacre and addressed the girl in a dialect well known to them both. Tears of gratitude sprang to the child's eyes; and, as she accepted the money which Olivia pressed upon her, she called the blessings of Heaven's Queen upon the giver. It was a call of grace to an erring sister.

Half suffocated with conflicting emotions, Olivia passed on. She saw a door standing open near her,—the door of a church; and, raising the heavy curtain, she entered into the atmosphere of silence and prayer. It was the first time since

she had left her native land that she had dared to enter the Sacred Presence, and it was the voice of a fellow-countrywoman which had called her thither.

The altar was ablaze with lights, though the hour was near midnight; and it was a strange surprise to find here, in the midst of the wicked and pleasure-loving city, a few silent worshipers holding a midnight guard of honor round the Throne. As Olivia raised her eyes to the altar, it was as if the eye of the All Holy had pierced her soul. She fain would have torn away the stolen jewels which seemed to burn her very flesh; she would gladly have thrown them before the altar, and confessed her guilt aloud, to be free from the intolerable burthen which pressed upon her soul.

As these thoughts were passing through her mind, and scalding tears of remorse were rising to her eyes, a lady passed down the aisle of the church. She wore the deepest mourning, but the long crape veil did not altogether hide the blonde hair, nor did the mourning altogether disguise the fair, soft features so well known to Miss Olivia. She was puzzled, it is true; for on the familiar face was written some heavenly secret of which she did not possess the key, and for a moment she doubted if the vision was one of flesh and blood.

But there was no mistake: it was really the Countess, and she had recognized Miss Olivia. In passing she whispered:

"I shall not disturb you now, but come and see me to-morrow." And then, after a slight hesitation, she gave her an address.

Miss Olivia had gathered her opera wrap closer round her throat, and she dared not answer a word. She remained rooted to her prie-dieu, not able to pray, and with no thought but that of her theft. Yet, though she knew it not, the saving waters of grace were pouring down on her soul as gentle rain upon an arid land, and the hour of her awakening was at hand.

When at last she rose and went into the night, her eyes were moist with tears, and the seeds of repentance were sown in her

heart. She walked still, it is true, as one in darkness; but on one point she saw clearly: she would see Countess Marie von Oldenburg on the morrow.

Miss Olivia rang with a trembling hand the bell of the house which the Countess had indicated as her residence. The door opened by itself, and with hesitation she entered the courtyard. Here a second door opened, though no servant was visible; a voice called to her to lay her card on a shelf which turned on a pivot. Then at last she realized that she was in one of the mysterious Carmels which lie hidden in the heart of the gay city. But had she not made some mistake? What could the Countess be doing in such a place?

As directed, she entered into a parlor, and the mystery was soon solved. The black curtains behind the grill were withdrawn, and there, beside a closely veiled figure, stood the Countess, but in the white cap of a postulant, which she had received a few hours before. She smiled such a sunny smile, though her face was pale, and bore traces of recent weeping.

"I was so afraid you would not come, Olivia," she said, "and I wanted so much to see you! Are you surprised to find me here? I have come home at last."

"But are you going to stay here?" asked Miss Olivia, somewhat confused.

"Does the grill frighten you? It is not so dreadful,—is it, Mother?" she said, turning to her companion. "If the world knew how happy you are here behind the grill, it would storm your doors to get in."

"God grant that you may find true happiness here, my child," said the nun! "But I must leave you now to talk freely."

When she was gone, Miss Olivia fell on her knees.

"I can't stay here!" she stammered. "I'm not worthy to be in your presence. I have an awful confession to make."

"Get up,—get up, for Heaven's sake!" said the Countess. "You have no confession to make to me. I shall tell you all about myself, and then you will tell me your troubles."

Miss Olivia rose reluctantly, and the Countess continued:

"First of all, my name is not Marie von Oldenburg,—that was my mother's name. My husband was the Count d'Este. You have surely heard of him?"—she paused. "The name was painful to me, and I wished to remain unknown. If you have read the papers lately, you know that he was killed in a duel a month ago. That is why I am here to-day." She paused again, and trembled a little. "I ought never to have married, for all my desire was after God. But it was a brilliant match, and my mother wished it. I was an innocent girl, and I consented. What I suffered God only knows. But He has brought me to peace at last,"—she tried to smile in spite of the rising tears. "Some of those jewels which I left with you are part of the famous D'Este treasure, but they were hateful to me."

Miss Olivia fell on her knees and interrupted her:

"And I have stolen the jewels!"

The Countess drew back a moment, but she did not seem to understand. When at last the meaning of Olivia's words dawned upon her, she said softly:

"If you have done so, you must have been sorely tempted. They were enough to bring a curse."

"No, no!" sobbed Miss Olivia; and, forgetting all her previous reticence—forgetting everything but the impressions of the night before,—she poured into the Countess' ears the whole story of her temptation and its consequences.

"And the pleasures which you found,—did they satisfy you?" asked her friend.

"At first I thought they did, but afterward I felt dissatisfied and weary. You were right when you said that everything must eventually weary us except God. And now I have sinned against Him for such a little gain!"

"But His arms are stretched out to receive you with more love than ever," answered her companion, and her clear blue eyes rested with motherly ten-

derness on the prostrate form of the elder woman.

"But you, Contessa,—can you forgive me?"

"*I!* Yes, of course I can forgive you. But for this grill, I should take you in my arms and show you how entirely I forgive you."

"You are a saint!" murmured Miss Olivia.

"Oh, dear, no! I know that I should do the same if I were tempted. And so little a thing as to pardon the faults of others is but a small price to pay for God's peace. The jewels are my own property, but I care nothing for them. I intended giving them to the altar. If our dear Lord is deprived of some of that wealth, He will have your heart instead. Is it not so?"

These words were the last drop in the saving cup of grace. Olivia answered simply, but with earnestness:

"It is so, and the jewels will be restored."

"That is your affair with God," replied the Countess. "No human being will ever know what has passed between us. And now, my sister, let your heart be comforted. You will find what I have found; and, believe me, neither the world nor the things of the world can give us that peace."

The Countess had spoken truly: Miss Olivia was to find that peace at last. From the convent parlor she passed to the confessional, from the confessional to a life of incessant labor until she had paid to the last farthing her debt to the Countess.

The jewels were restored to the sanctuary, and Olivia's heart was restored to its Lord. Her fall had been her redemption; it had awakened her soul once and forever to the vanities of the world. It was under the poor garb of a Sister of Charity that Miss Olivia was henceforth to be known; and it was in the night watches of the hospital or among the dwellings of the poor that she was to find the riches and joy of which her heart had been so long in search.

The Seasonal Fasts.

WHILE the term "Ember Days" is familiar enough to all adult Catholics, and is, for practical purposes, sufficiently understood by them, the general reader's knowledge of the real significance of the term and of its connotation in the mind of the Church is apt to be somewhat imperfect. One mistake, altogether natural to most people not especially versed in etymology, is to consider that there must be some connection, direct or indirect, between "Ember" as applied to these seasonal fast-days and "embers" in the sense of ashes. The mistake is all the more natural as there undoubtedly is a Biblical connotation of "sackcloth and ashes" attached to words denoting penance. That no such connection really exists, however, is clear enough, both from the Latin phrase, *Quatuor tempora* (the four times or seasons), of which "Ember days" is now, as "Quarter tenses" used to be, the English equivalent; and from the old Anglo-Saxon term *ymbren*, meaning a circuit, a regular (annual, quarterly, etc.,) course. The "Ember" in the liturgical term is merely the modern form of the ancient *ymbren*, and takes all its significance from the fact that these days of fasting recur in each quarter of the year.

This quarterly recurrence of special fast-days is of great antiquity, dating from the early ages of the Church. Mgr. Gaume points out that the Synagogue itself offers us traces of it, as can be seen in this passage from the Prophet Zacharias: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: The fast of the fourth month, and the fast of the fifth, and the fast of the seventh, and the fast of the tenth shall be to the house of Juda joy and gladness and great solemnities: only love ye truth and peace" (viii, 19). Pope St. Leo the Great (440-61) not only testifies to the observance of the Ember Days in his time, but ascribes to such observance an Apostolic

origin. The practice of keeping these seasonal fasts was introduced into England by St. Augustine, into Germany by St. Boniface; and, generally, into each separate Catholic country by its first apostle.

At first the weeks in which the Ember Days occur were not definitely fixed. Then, for several centuries, the three days' fast concluded on the first Saturday of March, the second Saturday of June, the third Saturday of September, and the fourth Saturday of December,—or, rather, the Saturday immediately preceding Christmas. One disadvantage of this arrangement was that, the Ember Days being fixed and a number of liturgical feasts being movable, it occasionally happened that feasts and fasts synchronized. The spring Ember Days occurred now before, now after, the beginning of Lent; and the summer ones sometimes during Eastertide and sometimes after Pentecost. In 1073, however, Gregory VII. decreed that the summer Ember Days should be observed during the octave of Pentecost, or Whitsunday, and those of the spring during the first week of Lent. Similar regulations fixed with still greater exactness the fasts for autumn and winter. As enjoined at present, then, the Ember Days are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent; after Whitsunday; after September 14, Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross; and after December 13, St. Lucy's Day.

Any one familiar with the Roman Martyrology, or with the "Lessons" of the Breviary, knows how frequently there occurs, in the biographical sketches of the canonized Popes, the statement: "In the month of December he ordained . . . priests." From the time of Pope Gelasius (492-96), indeed, the ordinations of the clergy have taken place, as a rule, only on the Saturdays of the Ember weeks; and in Rome itself the principal ordinations of the year were held during the Advent Ember Days. It is for this reason that we still find in the Epistle of the Mass for the following Sunday a

eology of the grandeur of the priesthood.

If we ask what was the specific purpose for which the Church instituted these special quarterly fast-days, we are told that her purpose was fourfold. In the first place, she desires her children to ask God's pardon for the sins committed during the season just elapsed, and to offer effective penance therefor. In the second, she wishes us to join prayer with fasting, and to thank God for all the favors received from Him during the same period. Then, anxious that those admitted to her sanctuary shall be fully fitted for their sublime vocation, she would have the faithful draw down on her ordinations the abundant graces of the Holy Ghost. And, finally, she would have all her children take measures to spend in a more Christian manner than has been their custom the new season that is dawning upon them.

In connection with this last-mentioned point, it will be useful to quote here what St. Leo says of the characteristic note of Ember Days. "What is there," he asks, "more effectual than fasting to disarm the enemy of salvation, to subdue the passions, to resist the seductions of vice? Fasting is the food of virtue. It inspires good thoughts and holy desires. It silences the carnal appetite and renovates the spiritual man. But as the vigor of the soul is not maintained by fasting alone, we must, in order to please God, accompany it with works of charity; all that we retrench from sensuality must be given to virtue. Thus shall our abstinence become the support of the poor."

It is a common doctrine of the saints that one of the principal means of leading a good and exemplary life is modesty and custody of the eyes. For, as there is nothing so adapted to preserve devotion in a soul, and to cause compunction and edification in others, as this modesty, so there is nothing which so much exposes a person to relaxation and scandals as its opposite.—*Rodriguez.*

Much in a Name.

THERE are few subjects having to do with the spiritual side of life, or growth in holiness, about which men indulge in so much sophistical argument as about exterior mortification. If, as Shakespeare assures us, "the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape," never perhaps does he exert that power more effectively than when he persuades the comfort-loving, sensual, natural man that mortification of the senses is akin to folly, that fasting is suicidal, and harsh penances inflicted upon the body are merely the fanatical excesses of perverted piety. No sane expounder of the spiritual life denies that moderation in all things is a virtue, and that mortification may be, and occasionally is, excessive; but it will hardly be asserted that voluntary suffering, or self-denial as to bodily comforts, is so common in our day and generation that the average Christian needs to be warned against it.

The fact is that the spirit of the present age is so prevailingly easy-going, not to say luxury-loving, that most of us may profitably reflect on these wise words of St. Vincent de Paul: "Whoever makes little account of exterior mortifications, alleging that the interior are more perfect, shows clearly that he is not mortified at all, either exteriorly or interiorly." It is somewhat curious to note, in this connection, how great a difference a mere change of the name given to a practice will effect in the world's comments thereon. Let a man, for the sake of his spiritual well-being fast daily and fatigue his limbs with unwonted activity, and he will be censured as foolishly imprudent, or, very possibly, as mentally unsound. Let him eat just as little and undergo fully as much fatigue, but call his fasting dieting, and his fatiguing exertions physical training undertaken for the benefit of his bodily health, and the wiseacres of the world will applaud his resolution and his common-sense.

Notes and Remarks.

A striking symbol of the voice of the poor and humble and suffering ones of earth—a voice ever raised to God, in whom is their firmest hope and their truest consolation,—is quoted by Mr. Reginald Balfour in the current *Dublin Review*, from M. René Bazin's latest volume, "Questions Littéraires et Sociales":

One of my friends having made an ascent in a balloon at eleven o'clock at night, I asked him what had impressed him most strongly. "The moment when the balloon began to rise?"—"No," he said.—"The town with its lights all merging in each other, and becoming like golden powder or a section of the Milky Way?"—"Again, No."—"What, then?"—"The strongest impression I received," said my friend, "was that of the swiftness with which the noises of earth dwindle and fade. At 400 yards above the earth we scarcely heard the voices of men, or the roar of trains along the railway. At 700 yards the silence is complete; the ear can distinguish only one song, and that rises perhaps as far as the stars."—"What song is that?" I asked.—"The song of the grasshoppers hidden in the grass!"

Have we not here a symbol? Does not this song of the grasshoppers figure the voice of the poor and humble, which alone penetrates the night of heaven, which alone mounts on high to reach One who pities and can do justice to starved souls crying aloud amid the restlessness and trouble of the world? I am persuaded that one day, which the youngest among us will assuredly see, there will begin an epoch of restoration. I am persuaded that the youngest of us will witness that marvel—the reconstruction of Christian France. It is already in preparation, one might almost say begun, as the flower is begun in the seed which the earth still covers, but which begins already to put forth a shoot.

It is to the high credit of M. Bazin, a writer of singular distinction and charm, that his books are well calculated to encourage a return to those Christian traditions which constituted the harmony and amenity of French life in the ages of vital Christianity.

dealing with the position of the Church in the Empire of the Rising Sun, during and since the Russo-Japanese War. A new era seems to have begun for Catholicity in Japan. The Church, according to another missionary, is now the object of universal attention. Glancing at the future, Father Cettour says: "With regard to the future religious destiny of the country, everything leads us to foresee that this war will lead to good results. It has shown the people what it needs. Sorrow and suffering have made them serious, and caused them to reflect, so they have turned their minds to religious questions to quite an extent."

We learn from the *Annals* that the Catholic hierarchy in Japan at the present moment is composed of an archbishop (at Tokio), three bishops (at Nagasaki, Osaka, and Hakodate), and a prefect apostolic (in the island of Shikok). The first four—Mgrs. Mugabure, Cousin, Chatron, and Berlioz—belong to the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris; the fifth—Rev. Father Alvarez—is a Dominican.

The greatness of President Lincoln is shown in many pages of Dr. James Kendall Hosmer's recent work, "The Appeal to Arms," a history of the Civil War from before the battle of Bull Run up to and including the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The special feature of the book is its striking delineation of the leading men on either side. The figure of Lincoln towers above them all; but his superior qualities of mind and heart are nowhere better illustrated than in his relations with Stanton, the famous Secretary of War. Stanton was the tyrant of the time, and had the reputation with soldiers and civilians of being overbearing, wrathful, vituperative, heartless, and cynical. In moments of anger he would go so far as to abuse even the President, calling him an imbecile, an ape, a gorilla—"the English language has no words more contemptuous than those poured out by Stanton upon Lincoln

To the current *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* the Rev. Father Cettour, P. F. M., contributes an interesting letter

in public and private." His personal force was such as to terrorize all but the strongest. He seemed to have no conception of the animosity which he inspired, or was utterly indifferent to it. Lincoln bore with him, because he knew him to be incorruptible, intensely patriotic, of unflinching courage, and no respecter of persons, and because he was convinced of his special fitness for the important office which he held. In reality, Lincoln was the stronger of the two men. Though seeming to be dominated by his overbearing Secretary of War, he was ever the master. "Mr. President," Stanton would say, "I refuse to execute this order." And Lincoln, without betraying the slightest resentment, indignation, or arrogance, would answer: "Well, Mr. Secretary, I reckon it will have to be done." And done it always was in the end.

In the magnanimity, gentleness, patience, humility, and unselfishness of Abraham Lincoln there is a rebuke for many a proud man who, "dressed in a little brief authority, . . . plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep."

While M. Combes, in criticising in the *Nouvelle Presse Libre*, the recent action and present attitude of the Clemenceau Government, is of course playing politics, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity with which he exposes his own project for the thorough separation of Church and State,—in other words, the dechristianizing of France by means of the school. "It is necessary," he writes, "that with its integral instruction the school shall everywhere take the place of the Church. It is the school that has rendered possible—and, as we have seen, without disturbing the indifference of the masses—the separation of the churches from the State. The school has been for the past twenty-five years battering down all over the land the legends of religion. It has established on their ruins the solid edifice of the principles of reason and of scientific discoveries. It has only to pursue its work on a still vaster

scale. The dispersion of the religious Orders, the suppression of the teaching Congregations, the disappearance of all official religion, have levelled the road in front of it, and no obstacle can any longer arrest its progress. Let us multiply the schools with increasing profusion in the cities, the working centres, the country districts. Our future of moral progress and intellectual development is dependent thereon. Already three-quarters, four-fifths of the nation, and perhaps a still larger proportion, have stripped off their old beliefs as a garment too small for their age. They have deliberately attached themselves to independence of thought. They are the overwhelming majority; and the Church, deprived now of her oldtime powerful means of action, will vainly strive to bring them back to her service."

This is frank enough in all conscience. Frenchmen need not doubt the tactics likely to be employed by M. Combes should he return to power. Fortunately, however, the pitiful renegade has no prestige as a prophet; and if he lives for another decade he is likely to see "three-fourths, four-fifths, and perhaps a still larger proportion" of his fellow-countrymen loyal adherents of the Holy See and good practical Catholics.

The death of Count John A. Creighton from pneumonia on the 7th inst. emphasizes the thought we had in mind when commenting, only three months ago, on the splendid tribute of esteem and affection paid to him on the occasion of his birthday by all classes of Omaha's citizens. 'Surely such a tribute is worth more than the sterile satisfaction of knowing that at one's death the world will comment for a day or two on the fact that one had amassed two or three or a dozen millions.' A Catholic philanthropist, the deceased gentleman evidently regarded his great wealth as in some sense a trust, the duties of which it behooved himself personally to discharge during life. Accordingly, his benefactions were many and great. Apart from his

magnificent gifts to Creighton University and innumerable minor charities, he donated a quarter of a million dollars for the establishment of St. Joseph's Hospital, built St. John's Church, founded a medical college, and endowed the Convent of Poor Clares at Omaha, disbursing in all not less than three million dollars. In that other world which religion makes so tangible, we may hope that Count Creighton already realizes the truth that we *have* only what we gave from supernatural motives.

The sudden and unexpected death of the Rt. Rev. William Stang, first Bishop of Fall River, Massachusetts—the result of a surgical operation from which no ill effects had been apprehended—is a loss to the Church which is greatly deplored by all who knew the deceased prelate intimately, and are familiar with the peculiar condition of the diocese which he so ably ruled. A model priest, pious and prudent, learned and zealous, he was an admirable choice for the new See of Fall River, to which it was hoped he would be spared for many years. Mgr. Stang was a native of Germany, where he made his preparatory studies, and an alumnus of the University of Louvain. For several years he was vice-rector of the American College there. After coming to the United States, he entered heart and soul into the mission work for non-Catholics. His writings alone will form a solid monument to his memory.
R. I. P.

Father Searle, Superior-General of the Paulists, is both an astronomer and a theologian. In both capacities he is peculiarly fitted to give to Catholics the answer to the question which forms the title to his latest contribution to the *Catholic World*, "Is the Planet Mars Inhabited?" The paper is a review of Professor Percival Lowell's new book, "Mars and Its Canals." Those particularly interested in the question will find the whole article illuminative and convincing, while

the average reader of our columns will be satisfied with the statement that Father Searle is not a convert to the opinion of the Professor—that Mars *is* inhabited, and with this supplementary paragraph of the article mentioned:

We wish to say, in conclusion, that if any one thinks or hopes, by such theories as this of Professor Lowell, to make a difficulty for religion, he is much mistaken. There is no evidence to show that the Professor has such a thought or hope; but there is no doubt that many have. It is well, therefore, to understand that there is really nothing subversive to religion in the idea of the inhabitation of Mars or any other planet by intelligent beings. Intelligent beings may well exist without their having any share in the immortality for good or evil promised to us, or in any supernatural gifts whatever. As far as Redemption is concerned, the angels themselves have no share in that: Christ's Blood was not shed for them. Let there be inhabitants in Mars or elsewhere; it does not touch on Christianity at all.

Dr. C. M. Woodward, the retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered some weeks ago at Columbia University an important address on "Science in Education." One of the statements made therein has given considerable satisfaction to some and notable umbrage to others of those engaged, or genuinely interested, in the work of higher education. Dr. Woodward declared very positively that the elective system in undergraduate work is almost entirely a mistake. The *Messenger*, whose editor is thoroughly in accord with the enunciator of this view, comments on it in an editorial under the heading, "The Passing of the Elective System," in the course of which it says:

The many expressions of dissatisfaction with the elective system which we have quoted at various times in these columns, all tend to show that what was hailed as a great advance in educational methods about twenty years ago, and which for a time seemed to be so essential to real educational progress that all who did not join enthusiastically in the movement in its favor came to be considered as hopelessly backward, now proves to have been a serious blunder, which has been discovered, however, only at the cost of unfortunate interfering with

the educational development of several generations of American undergraduate students. It is evident therefrom that conservatism in education is an extremely valuable state of mind. What our forefathers have learned is too precious to be thrown away or have its effectiveness impaired by the passing fad of educational theorists. Fortunately, our Catholic schools were saved from this mistake by their conservatism, though this did not save them from the accusation of being old fogies in educational matters.

It would be attributing undue importance, perhaps, to the utterances of either Dr. Woodward or the *Messenger* to consider the foregoing as the last word on the subject of elective studies; but it is well for the advocates of that system to know that its wisdom is neither self-evident nor universally admitted. With regard to educational systems, as well as to words, Pope's rule is probably a good one:

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

In the "Question Box" of our antipodal contemporary, the *Austral Light*, January issue, some excellent suggestions are given relative to the use of flowers for altar decorations. A goodly number of our readers, we think, will be interested in this advice:

Do not arrange flowers for altar decoration as for table adornment. On the altar they are to be viewed, not from above or on all sides, but mostly from below and from a distance. Therefore, build them up in front of a background of foliage, as you see in the branches of artificial flowers prepared for use on altars.—Do not use feathery grasses and dry stems where there is any danger of a flaring candle flame reaching them.—Do not use vases of such a shape as to be easily upset. Often during the Devotion of the Forty Hours I have seen clean altar-cloths spoiled through neglect of care in the selection and filling of vases. A good plan is to put an inch or more of shot in the bottom of all glass and china vases, to steady them.

The frequency—if only comparative—by which we read of disastrous fires in Catholic churches, originating, as a rule, from the defective arrangement of candles, draperies, etc., emphasizes the necessity of additional care in all decorative schemes

for the altar; and our contemporary's hints will be found valuable in ensuring safety as well as enhancing artistic effect.

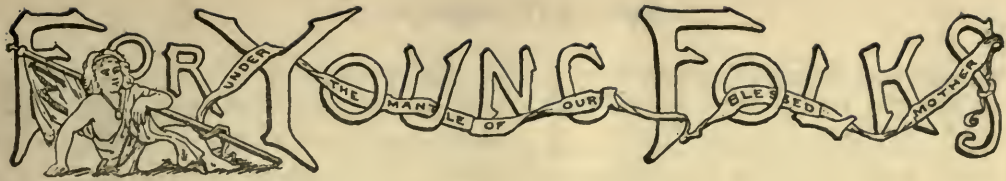
To an interesting contribution appearing in *Church Music*, Mr. Wm. F. Markoe appends a set of rules for a Catholic choir. The reproduction of seven or eight of them will be a service to a good many of our readers, lay as well as clerical:

To sing in the church for the honor and glory of God and the edification of the faithful, and not merely from motives of vanity or personal gratification.—To observe the utmost decorum in church, and abstain from all unnecessary talking and moving about.—To be regular and punctual in attendance at all church services in which the choir is to take part, and at all regular and special rehearsals throughout the year.—To give close attention to the instructions of the director, and obey his wishes in everything pertaining to the progress and success of the choir.—To occupy the places and accept the parts assigned by the director, cheerfully and without murmuring.—Strangers must not be invited to sing or brought into the choir gallery without first obtaining the consent of the director.—One or more members appointed by the director shall act as librarians, distributing and collecting the music, noting absences, helping to preserve order and discipline, and assisting the choir-master in any other way possible.—To insure God's blessing on the work of the choir, rehearsals shall be opened with prayer.

The only improvement we suggest in these rules is an amendment to the last one, to the effect that after "opened" there be inserted the words "and closed."

Our Government finds it no easy matter to collect statistics of divorce, as by far the greater number of States—nine out of all the States and Territories—do not publish divorce statistics. Only eleven State Constitutions treat the subject of marriage at all. It is estimated, however, that during the last twenty years there have been no fewer than 500,000 divorces, and that 1,500,000 children have seen their homes broken up. Remedial legislation of some sort is a recognized necessity, though the enactment of uniform divorce laws may have to be indefinitely delayed.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Grace in Disgrace.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

SIX shoe buttons and a laugh surely never before shaped events so strangely as they did one afternoon at the physical culture lesson in the Convent of the Holy Eucharist. During the march around the assembly hall with which the exercises always began, Margaret Baker pointed in distress to the shoe on her right foot. Grace Lawrence, who was next in the line, observed that a button was missing.

"Just came off," whispered Margaret; "and if we have to cut up the usual capers, the rest will come too."

"That's the way with cloth tops," agreed Grace, "when they fit so closely as yours."

The "capers" fulfilled Margaret's worst fears. Around and around the girls followed their teacher, Mrs. Fletcher, their toes aching from the "catstep," the "circular motion of the foot," and the "military walk"; and when finally the agony was over, and the girls stood awaiting their foils for the fencing drill, Margaret reported:

"Five gone and the next is loose!"

Sister Miriam, the class teacher, looking up from the papers she was correcting in the corner, flashed a look of horror at the gaping shoe, and the victim's face grew crimson.

"Margaret needn't mind. She can explain it easily enough, for it wasn't her fault," said Alice Wheeler.

Alice was a newcomer, whose extremely high-pitched voice had been a great trial to the girls during her first appearance in the class the week before. Two or three confused giggles had greeted some remark she had made, whereat Mrs. Fletcher grew very angry, and afterward warned the class—exclusive of Alice—that she would

dismiss any one from the room who ever repeated the unkindness.

They received their foils from the girl who distributed them, and awaited Mrs. Fletcher's commands:

"Even numbers advance and face the odd numbers. Miss Baker, you are 'one.'" "One," repeated Margaret.

"Two," followed Grace. She came forward, turned and surveyed poor Margaret from her troubled face to the trembling sixth button. She was determined to see it follow the rest. "Let us practise a little," she proposed. "Lunge!"

Margaret lunged, the button rolled away, and then came the laugh. But Grace never knew that Alice had squeaked out "Three!" in her shrillest treble, until Mrs. Fletcher said:

"Miss Lawrence, have you forgotten my displeasure of last week? You may remain outside until the lesson is over."

Again Sister Miriam was horrified. Still, she could not forget her particular aversion—waste of time.

"Get your arithmetic, Grace," she said, "and work on those new problems. You may stay in the small reception room."

Grace felt that she was disgraced for life. Punishment was not new to her; quite often she had to pay a penalty for her high spirits. To-day, however, it was different.

"Blaming me for something I wouldn't dream of doing!" she exclaimed to Louise Roberts, a girl from an upper class, who was passing through the corridor just as Grace, book in hand, was entering upon her captivity a few moments later. "Now, what do you think of that? And I have to spend almost an hour in this poky place doing detestable problems until she is ready with her lecture!"

"Well, what is the use of worrying over it?" responded Louise. "She will cool down when she hears of her mistake."

"Well, what is the use of worrying over it?" responded Louise. "She will cool down when she hears of her mistake."

"Well, what is the use of worrying over it?" responded Louise. "She will cool down when she hears of her mistake."

"Don't care if she does. I shall not mind a word she says this whole year."

"Then you may prepare to find yourself in many a pickle, honey. My advice is to heap coals of fire on her head—that is, do something really kind for her,—and you will be chuckling for the rest of the term."

"Hm!" began Grace, angrily—but she stopped suddenly in confusion. Somehow her eyes had dwelt for a moment upon the sweet face of Our Lady's statue in a corner of the room. The wave of resentment at once rolled back, and she could scarcely recall her words. "O dear! I'm out of sorts, anyway, since this morning! You know my Aunt Mary? Well, the doctor has ordered her to Europe; and to-day I heard that my cousin Lydia is going with her, when I had set my heart on going, myself."

"Poor dear!" said Louise. "Well, don't borrow trouble. They haven't sailed yet. I must be off to my music lesson now, or Sister Regina will have scouts out looking for me."

Grace, with a sigh, turned into the room. Except the entrance into the long corridor that led to the street door, it had no opening into the assembly hall, and Mrs. Fletcher was privileged to leave her hat and coat there while she gave her lesson.

"It's funny!" exclaimed Grace to herself, as she removed the things from the small centre table which she meant to use as a desk. "If we don't put away every scrap of our belongings, there is no end of trouble; but these—dear me! did something fall? Yes, a pocket-book, and such a pretty one! Money in it, too; for I can feel it. Well, I shall put it on top of the coat here on this chair, for I don't know where it was tucked away before."

She was soon engrossed with her work, and even the sound of the door-bell did not withdraw her attention. The only distraction came later in a voice from the doorway:

"Still out of sorts?"

"I want to be, but somehow I can not, with that reminder," answered Grace,

looking at the oratory in the corner. "Is Sister Miriam still in the assembly hall? I have finished this case in arithmetic, and I don't understand the next."

"No," answered Louise. "She went up to take our class until Mrs. Fletcher dismisses yours. Sister Dionysia went out with Sister Annette, you know."

"Well, I'm too lazy to travel to the top floor, but you're such a darling I am sure you will ask her—"

"Excuse me! Do you think I could speak to Sister Antoinette?"

Both girls were startled, for neither had noticed the man who now addressed them standing in the hall. Louise recovered first and answered:

"There is no nun of that name here; but perhaps you mean the superioress, Sister Annette."

"Yes, Miss, I guess I do."

"Well, she is not in just now, but I can easily find out if she will be back soon."

The man, at Grace's bidding, seated himself in the chair she had just vacated; and she, at the foot of the stairs, awaited the reappearance of Louise. It was some time before the whisper came floating down:

"He may as well wait, for Sister Annette will soon—return."

Grace was rather surprised when she turned to deliver the message to see Mrs. Fletcher's hat on the floor, though she had placed it securely on top of the coat.

"I guess I'll be moving along, then," answered the man, clumsily picking up the hat. "No, you needn't say I was here,—I can come in again."

Suddenly Grace remembered the pocket-book. It was nowhere to be seen! She heard, as if in a dream, the street door close; then, awaking to the necessity of action, she nervously shook out the garments and thoroughly searched the floor, but in vain.

She opened the door leading to the assembly hall.

"Mrs. Fletcher!" she called.

"I have not forgotten about you, my dear! I shall see you afterward."

"But I have something to tell you."

"It will keep, I am sure. You must not disturb us now."

Grace was more resentful than ever she had been in her life before; but again that sweet sculptured face in the corner niche raised her thoughts above her anger.

"Dear Lady," she whispered, "if I didn't know that you are really looking at me just as your statue is, I declare I should hate that mean thing out there. Now, what shall I do? Let her money go or—why, here is a chance for the coals of fire! Mercy me, but I'll burn her head off with them! I will get her pocket-book back!"

And, without a thought of the trouble her disappearance would cause, she slipped out the door and ran breathlessly down the street. At the corner she stopped, looked south and then north. Yes, there he was hurrying along two blocks above!

"I'm a goose, I suppose, to be out on this busy avenue with no hat or coat, on a day that is not any too warm," she said to herself. "Besides, he may walk miles and miles and I would never be bold enough to speak to him. Dear me! what *shall* I do?"

Block after block was passed, and still the man walked on. Only once did he pause, and, leaning against the railing which fenced a vacant plot of ground, he seemed to throw something away. When Grace reached the spot, a moment's search revealed what it was; for almost hidden among the dying weeds was the pocket-book, empty.

"Now, the next question is, hadn't I better tell a policeman?" reasoned Grace.

It was not at all pleasant to think of creating a disturbance; even if such a thing would help her to regain the money.

"Of course if he is really a thief he ought to be punished; but he doesn't seem to be so bad. Maybe he is in great want, and it was a temptation he could not resist. Oh, if somebody would help him now, perhaps he would never be

dishonest again! There must be some way,—dear Lord, let me find it."

Prayer, fervent and trusting, is the golden key which unlocks God's mercy, and Grace's heartfelt plea was not to remain unanswered.

The handsome Church of the Sacred Heart stood on the next corner; and the little girl, intently watching, saw the man, as he passed, reverently doff his hat as a tribute to the August Presence within.

"Now," she cried, "there's some good in him if he remembered to do that!"

Through the ground glass of the vestibule doors, she saw the glow of many lights; and all at once she remembered having heard her Aunt Mary, who attended the church, say that the Forty Hours' Devotion was to be held there.

"I shall just slip in for a minute," she whispered, "with my handkerchief over my head, since I haven't a hat."

In one of the pews was Aunt Mary, but Grace did not confide in her; for that aristocratic and rather narrow-minded lady's lack of feeling for the unfortunate was well known among her relatives.

"Don't talk to me about charitable work!" she often said. "I am too nervous to engage in helping a shiftless set that don't want work, even though they play upon one's sympathy by asking for it. Doleful tales give me the blues, and I won't listen to them."

Grace descended the broad steps and continued her quest, which was nearing its end. On the very next block, outside a row of wretched-looking houses, a little girl of nine or ten, leading by the hand a baby brother, ran smiling up to the man, who greeted both children affectionately. It was without doubt the most thrilling moment she had ever known when she saw him take from his pocket what she supposed must be the stolen money and give it to the little girl. Her eyes followed the children, who continued on their way down the avenue; and when next she looked for the man he had disappeared.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.—A VISIT TO THE CONVENT.

Before taking leave of his new friends, the Chevalier had urgently begged of Mrs. Redmond to permit the boys to pay him a visit during the Christmas holidays at his manor in the country. The mother had given a conditional consent, anxious to assure herself concerning the Chevalier; and the boys were already beginning to look forward with the greatest delight to their projected expedition to the country. Therefore Mrs. Redmond determined to make one of her periodical visits to their aged relative at the Convent of the Congregation. She wanted to have a chat with her concerning the singular, if attractive, personage who had so unexpectedly come into their lives.

Hugh and Mary accompanied her, and they threaded their way through that narrow and antique street named after the Precursor, and affording a continual view of the frozen river at its foot. Having passed in through the old-fashioned entrance in the wall of gray, time-worn stone, they found themselves at a small wicket door, whereat they rang. The panel was drawn aside by a smiling, fresh-faced Sister, who at once admitted the visitors, greeted them cordially, and went off in search of Mother St. Martin.

They found themselves in a room perfectly familiar to them, and to many other Montrealers as well, with its low, oldtime windows, its snow-white floor decorated with strips of bright-colored rag carpet, and its mottoes, terse and striking sayings, upon the wall. That ancient mother-house was a very model of primeval conventual simplicity, and a relic of the days when the savages were a constant menace to the inhabitants of the town.

Mary and Amelia were tolerably familiar with the place, as they went every morning

to the day-school adjoining. But to the boys it was always captivating by its strangeness, and its being so different from any other place they knew. After a brief delay, a small, aged and somewhat bent religious appeared, attired in the long black skirt and veil, relieved by the white kerchief and the pointed cornette. Her movements were singularly alert, her eyes dark and piercing, her smile lighting up the whole face. The best argument for a religious vocation is very often the countenance of some old nun, who has fought the good fight and whose labors are nearing their close.

She greeted them with cheerful warmth, though her voice was broken by age; and, seating herself in a rush-bottomed chair, she began to inquire about every member of the family, and to display the liveliest interest in their concerns. At last the subject of the new acquaintance was broached.

"The Chevalier de Montreuil!" cried the nun, with interest. "Is he, then, living still? And does he still hear on stormy days the guns of the *Auguste*, and compare himself to its last survivors?"

"Yes! yes!" responded the mother and children in one breath. "That is certainly he."

"And he remembers all about the window," added Hugh; for he still had this subject uppermost in his mind.

"The window!" said the nun, puzzled for a moment. Then she cried quickly: "Oh, to be sure, the De Villebon window! I thought it was forgotten by this time. We used to question him about it."

"And what did he say?" queried the boy, eagerly.

"He always laughed and said: 'That secret will be found out sometime, perhaps, by my descendants.' He was very erratic that Louis de Villebon, too. He was always doing something to astonish the town, and he was the very prince of jesters."

"The Chevalier is his cousin, is he not?" asked Mrs. Redmond.

"Yes; and he has his own peculiarities,

but he is a holy man. Up to the last I heard of him he was devoting his whole time to the poor and to improving the condition of his tenantry."

Mrs. Redmond breathed a sigh of relief.

"Then I may have no hesitation in allowing the boys to visit him in the country?"

"Not the least; it will do them good every way, and they will enjoy it thoroughly. I was out there once at the seigniorship when I was a young girl. That's long ago enough, children. I can see that this little mouse, Mary, is thinking that I never could have been young."

Mary blushed and hung her head; for she had actually been thinking something of the sort.

The old nun chuckled her under the chin, however, while she continued:

"It was in the year of my profession, when I got this cross" (she pointed to the silver cross upon her breast). "Yes, this very cross, Mary,—the most precious thing I ever got. ' Well, I was going to say that it was in that year Mr. de Villebon died, and my brother bought the house. And a nice house it was; we all admired it so much when we used to visit there.'"

"So you entered the convent before Mr. de Villebon died?" Mrs. Redmond inquired.

"Oh, yes! But I remember very well the excitement there was amongst a good many people, thinking that the secret of the house—if there was one—and about the window would be found out. Not only was no secret discovered, but Mr. de Villebon's will could never be found, though he was known to have made and signed one. Many people thought that he had hidden it in the secret room, which they believed to exist, for one of his fantastic jests."

"Wouldn't it be strange if it were ever found?" observed Mrs. Redmond.

"Yes, dear, it would, after all these years," answered Mother St. Martin.

Hugh had been drinking in every word of this discourse with the deepest interest,

and still pondered, gazing with fascination at the white cornette and stiff white piece, in which the nun settled her chin once in a while, and whence her kindly face looked out with such benevolence.

"But I am not going to let the Chevalier do all the entertaining for these little people about the holiday time," continued the nun; "and I think it is only fair the girls should have an outing too. As soon as the river is hard frozen, I'm going over to the Nun's Island on some business for Mother Superior, and I'll get her permission to take the whole four."

Hugh almost shouted for joy, and Mary's face beamed. She had often heard the boarders speak of an expedition to the Nun's Island as one of the delights of convent life.

"Oh, that will be splendid, *ma tante!*" she cried. And, plucking at the nun's skirts and playing with her beads, she begged to know when they could go.

Mother St. Martin could not, however, name the day just then, but she promised to let them know in time.

"We have so much to look forward to!" cried Hugh. "Papa's coming home, and the visit to the manor, and now this!"

While they were still speaking, the bell of Notre Dame, instantaneously answered by those within the convent, rang out the Angelus. They all knelt down, while the venerable religious recited the familiar prayer. As soon as this was finished, Mrs. Redmond said:

"Now we must not keep you a moment longer; for that means dinner time."

In bidding them good-bye and sending kindly greetings to all the family, Mother St. Martin promised that she would call in the sleigh, on whatever day might be appointed, about nine in the morning, so that they should have a long day.

After the Redmonds got home that day, Hugh went out at once to take another look at the window, as if he expected that it might have moved away. But there it was as conspicuous as ever, shining in the sun, which was now growing very

winty. Patrick came along, while he was standing thus, to ask at what he was staring.

"At the window, of course," Hugh said, as if that were the only thought that could possibly be in his mind.

"Oh, then," cried Patrick, "put it out of your thoughts, if it's any notion you have of climbing up there again!"

"No," answered Hugh, resolutely. "I gave you my word that I wouldn't climb upon the roof. But I was thinking that if you could get me a long enough ladder, I might try to look in the window without any dangèr."

Patrick burst out laughing as he looked at the boy, who was a great favorite of his.

"Well, you do beat Banagher, Master Hugh," he said, "when you get a thing into your head! Of course I might borrow a ladder, but I don't think it would be safe for you going up so high. Your head might get dizzy, and what good would it do? Don't you think it was ever tried before?"

"It *was* tried before many and many's the time," said a voice behind them.

They both started; but it was only Patrick's father, who lived in a little house close by, and who often came up to see his son. There he stood, leaning on his stick, his brass buttons shining more brightly than ever.

"To be sure it was tried. I mind me well when your papa and his brother, the Captain, got a ladder and went up there; that wasn't the time the Captain broke his leg, but another. And the Chevalier that was here the other day climbed up there, and had like to break his neck."

"Didn't any one ever succeed in finding out anything?" asked Hugh.

"Deed and they didn't; and bedad, Master Hugh, if I was you I'd let it alone. There's neither luck nor grace in meddling with that same window."

Hugh, however, remained unconvinced, and persuaded Patrick to borrow a ladder for him next morning, provided Mrs. Redmond would consent.

"I'm going to tell my mother this time," Hugh said.

"Indeed and you are," answered Patrick, "before I stir hand or foot to get you a ladder."

"She won't object," said Hugh, confidently. "Anyone can go up a ladder."

And, in fact, the permission was accorded by the mother, though with much reluctance. She felt that it was almost necessary for the quieting of Hugh's mind, for he would never settle down to his studies nor be at rest until he had made this effort.

"Since he has got this unfortunate idea into his mind," she said to Patrick, "I suppose I must give him permission. We have to let boys take some risk."

"That's true for you, ma'am," assented Patrick.

"My heart is often in my mouth when I watch them, and particularly Hugh," sighed the mother. "And, O Patrick, will you go up with him to see that he doesn't fall?"

"Never fear, ma'am!" cried the faithful fellow. "There'll be no danger of his falling when I go up behind him; and it will satisfy him, perhaps, for good and all."

And so it was settled, and the projected trial arranged for the following morning.

(To be continued.)

A Word with a Changed Meaning.

To call a man who sells small quantities of sugar and flour a "grocer" is, strictly speaking, an error. There is really no such thing as a retail grocer; for the word was originally *grosser*, and meant one who sold in gross, or at wholesale. Our ancestors talked about "grossers" of fish and "grossers" of wine. In the days of Edward III., "spicer" was the word for grocer. But it happened once that the Grossers' company sold so much spice that the terms became confused; hence our modern word "grocer" for one who sells spices, and similar things.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The first book in which printed musical notes are found is "Collectorium super Magnificat." It was printed at Esslingen, Wurttemberg, in the year 1473.

—The archives of old Montreal and of contemporary Montreal, four hundred and fifty volumes, containing the history of two hundred and sixty years, have been placed in a vault of Notre Dame Church specially constructed for their preservation.

—From Messrs. Browne & Nolan we have received Part I. of "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction," an announcement of which recently appeared in these columns. In material, arrangement, typography, and general appearance, this first instalment of the work is entirely satisfactory.

—An important work, soon to be issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., is a translation, from the German of P. Anselm Schott, O. S. B., of "The Roman Missal, with Liturgical Explanations." The wonder is that this excellent book, so well known to educated Catholics in Germany, should not have been translated into English long ago.

—A translation, by Mrs. Philip Gibbs, of the late Dr. Lapponi's study of hypnotism is among Messrs. Chapman & Hall's new books—"Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." By Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, Chief Physician to their Holinesses Leo XIII. and Pius X., Professor of Antliropology in the Academy of Rome.

—A handsome set, in seven volumes, large octavo, of Bishop England's works, for the moderate price of \$21.00, is now available,—or rather *will* be available if Catholic libraries, educational institutions, priests, and laymen promptly place their orders with the Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio, to whom the Buffalo Catholic Pub. Co. has turned over the meritorious project of reprinting a very treasury of American Catholic literature,—the complete works of Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston.

—One of the best known of the many books written by the famous Mgr. Ségur is the "Short and Confident Answers to the Most Widespread Objections against Our Religion." More than a hundred editions of this work have been published in France, and translations of it have appeared in different Continental languages. A new English translation, by M. V. B., has been brought out by the Society

of the Divine Word, Techny, Illinois, under the title "Answers to Objections against the Catholic Religion." An excellent book for general reading, as well as for consultation when plausible objections are put to the ordinary Catholic.

—Some years ago, at the suggestion, we believe, of Leo XIII., the Paris *Univers* absorbed *Le Monde*, the object being to create one strong paper out of two necessarily weak ones,—the former being an advocate of the Papal policy of rallying to the Republic; the latter, an organ of the old régime. Another step in the right direction is the *Univers'* recent absorption of *Verité Francaise*, a Royalist journal. As the staffs of both papers have combined forces, French Catholics will now have an organ of which they may be proud.

—The Catholic Educational Association has printed in neat pamphlet form an address read at the last annual meeting by the Rev. James Conway, S. J. Discussing "The Need of Higher Catholic Education for the Catholic Body," the author has these strong words to say of what, we very much fear, constitutes the bulk of modern literature:

The natural action of such literature is to sully, infect, and utterly to corrupt Catholic feeling and principles. It will not necessarily render the Catholic mind non-Catholic, but it will unsettle it and send it adrift. It will wear out or pluck away its truths without putting others in their place. It will relax and, in a word, deaden the whole spiritual man. In the garb of oldtime Protestantism, of disguised infidelity, or, more frequently still, in the form of an imposing and fashionable rationalism, it inculcates a complete license of thought, irreverence of intellect, mental pride, impatience of authority, and an independence and flippancy of judgment in things the most sacred and august. And what is even more deplorable is that this poisonous literature almost imperceptibly invades the minds and hearts of our Catholic readers by its tenderness, its delicacy, its sensitiveness, its refinement, its gentleness of manner, its charming address, its plausible reasoning, and its highly embellished style.

—Astronomical science in particular has sustained a great loss by the death of Miss Agnes Mary Clerke, which occurred last month in London. Besides "Problems in Astrophysics," "The System of the Stars," "Modern Cosmogonies," "A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century," "The Herschels and Modern Astronomy," "Familiar Studies in Homer"—all books of recognized ability,—she wrote frequent contributions to a number of scientific periodicals. She made observations on behalf of the British Government at the Cape of Good Hope Observatory in 1888, and five years later received the Actonian Prize of

one hundred guineas for her services to astronomy. In 1903 the Royal Astronomical Society elected her one of their few honorary members. Miss Clerke was a native of Ireland and a convert to the Church. She was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends in all walks of life. *R. I. P.*

—An anecdote which, unlike most others, is both new and good, is contained in the recently-published correspondence of "Owen Meredith" (Lord Lytton). "I have just heard a good mot—it is more than a mot—of Mr. Bancroft the American historian, who is now United States Minister at Berlin. Loftus (our Ambassador there) thought, I suppose, that the Yankee was a fair, and would be an easy, butt for the shafts of his peculiarly refined wit; so he attacks him, before a hundred listeners, on some public occasion, with, '... Mr. Bancroft, why don't you Yankees send your representatives to court like Christians, in a proper uniform, instead of turning them out all dressed in black, like so many undertakers?' Whereto Bancroft replies: 'Really, Lord Augustus, I am surprised that you, as Ambassador of the Queen of England, and with those keen powers of penetration for which you are so generally distinguished, should have failed to perceive that we could not be more appropriately dressed than we are—at European courts, where what we represent is the burial of Monarchy.'"

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' price generally include postage.

- "Memoriale Rituum." 30 cts., net.
 "Commune Sanctorum." Vatican Edition. 75 cts.
 "An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent.'" John J. Toohey, S. J. \$1.30.
 "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs." James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. 75 cts.
 "Lectures: Controversial and Devotional." Father Malachy, C. P. 90 cts., net.
 "The Witch of Ridingdale." Father Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "Ridingdale Flower Show." The same. 85 cts.

- "Lectures on the Holy Eucharist." Rev Charles Coupe, S. J. \$1.25, net.
 "Tooraladdy." Julia C. Walsh. 45 cts.
 "Songs for Schools." C. H. Farnsworth. 60 cts., net.
 "Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth." Eleanor C. Donnelly. 50 cts.
 "Charlie Chittywick." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. William Stang, D. D., Bishop of Fall River; Rev. Robert McKeown, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. James Murphy, archdiocese of Oregon; and Rev. John Carr, diocese of Hartford.

Brother Joseph Gramlich, C. P.

Sister Mary of St. Matthew, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Aloisia, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Charles Sydel, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Angelina Crawford, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Daniel Flanagan, S. Bethlehem, Pa.; Mr. C. A. Lucas, Iowa City, Iowa; Mr. Henry Skelly, Wilmore, Pa.; Mr. Robert Stevenson and Mrs. Anna Friedel, Cleveland, Ohio; Count John Creighton, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Bernard Coll and Mr. T. C. Clark, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Charles Carr, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. David Lane, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Coffay, Dr. Thomas Bergen, and Mr. Thomas Donahue, Utica, N. Y.; Capt. James Lambert, Natchez, Miss.; Mrs. J. J. Mulhall, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. C. Cook, Butler, Pa.; Mr. John Cotter, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. M. J. Mahony, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Elizabeth Bockeris, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Bridget Mulledy, Cumberland, Md.; Mr. Vincenzo Barba, Middletown, Conn.; Mrs. Joanna Barron, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Catherine McCullagh, New York; Mr. James Walsh, W. Lynn, Mass.; and Mr. William Walling, Allegheny, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For two poor missionaries:

Child of Mary, \$2; E. T. S., \$1; B. J. Macklin \$6.65.

The leper priest of Mandalay:

E. T. S., \$1; Friends, \$2; Mrs. C. S. M., \$2; Mrs. M. B., \$3.

Two Chinese missions:

M. J. Walsh, \$6.

The needy mission at Kumbhakonam.

C. D., \$1; F. H., \$5.50.



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

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

A Lenten Thought.

BY ISABEL M. MELICK.

Hæc omnia propter me.

ALL this for me,—the thorns and nails,
The vinegar and gall?
No wonder that my spirit fails
To comprehend it all.

I pass within that darkened veil,
And there, O Lord, I see
Thy bleeding brow, Thy face so pale,—
All wounded—and for *me!*

And tremblingly I ask: "O why—
Why dost Thou suffer so?"
How meekly comes the faint reply:
"That you my love may know;

"That you may take your daily cross
And bear it after Me,
And gladly suffer pain and loss
With Me on Calvary."

All this for *me?* Shall I not give
Myself—yea, all I own,—
My highest, purest joy to live
For Thee, and Thee alone?

Plain Chant, the True Music of the Church.

BY THE VERY REV. GILBERT FRANÇAIS, C. S. C.

PLAIN CHANT is the true music of the Church. It is the musical expression, as adequate as possible, of the religious, Christian, Catholic soul. Religious sentiment is found in the depths of all souls; but it should, and in fact does, take a special character in the soul that knows, receives, practises, and loves the divine teachings of Christ. And this special character becomes still broader and deeper when this religious and Christian soul is, moreover, Catholic; for it then possesses the pure, integral, traditional, living Christianity,—the only form of Christianity that is genuine and true.

This religious sentiment in the soul that thus obeys the noblest instincts of its nature, and that is even carried beyond itself by the mysterious impulses of grace, is nothing else than the love which draws it to God, its beginning and its end; the love which believes, fears, respects, admires, contemplates, abases itself, adores, supplicates, hopes, struggles, complains, sighs, suffers, rejoices, exults, praises, sings, aspires to Heaven. In other terms, this sentiment is, in the Catholic soul, what it believes, what it hopes, what it loves, what it fears, what it combats, what it wills, what it asks. In yet another phrasing, it is its faith, its hope, its charity, its virtues; it is God present within it, perceptible to each of its faculties, to its whole being.

THERE is nothing capricious about religion. We do not get the soul in different ways, under different laws, from those in which we get the body and the mind. If a man does not exercise his arms, he gets no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul,—no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth.—*Henry Drummond.*

Vigorous and abundant sap can not be confined to the pith of the tree: it pierces the bark and expresses itself in the form of leaves and flowers and fruit, all of them in harmony with the nature of the tree that produces them. So has it been with the pure, beautiful, lively, and vigorous sentiment of which we have been speaking. It was impossible for it not to express itself mysteriously; and, as a matter of fact, it has translated itself in every sense, and after a fashion peculiarly its own—a manner born of itself, of its blood, of its soul, of its life, one may say,—a fashion and a manner unique in their duration as in their origin.

There is no genealogy truer or more authentic than this: from Catholic dogma, pre-eminently a generant dogma, resting on Christ, the unique corner-stone, has sprung Catholic morality as a flower from its stalk. From Catholic dogma and morals has been born the liturgy, with the doctrinal piety of its prayer and the splendor of its ceremonies. From Catholic dogma and morals and liturgy have issued, spontaneously as it were, Catholic cathedrals, with their admirable architecture, so devotional and so potent in seizing the Cross of Christ to elevate and sustain it high in air visible to all; with their sculpture and painting, that have found in the depths of the human soul, divinely redeemed, an expression unknown to paganism, and have stamped it on the countenance of Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother, as on His angels and His saints; with the symbolism of their collective magnificence, as of their innumerable and exquisite details in which the Redeemer is never lost to view.

There is, then, a Catholic dogma, a Catholic code of morals, a Catholic liturgy, a Catholic architecture, a Catholic sculpture and painting, a Catholic symbolism,—incomparable means which, reposing on Christ, preserve and express His divine life among us here below. It would be passing strange if there were not also a Catholic music. The arts encourage one

another, because they complement and perfect one another with their respective methods of expression. On the other hand, the human soul, regenerated and superabounding with the life of Christ, has not been changed in its nature, but only elevated, ennobled, and enriched. It was to be expected, then, that it would give itself full play and reveal itself in the plenitude of its natural and supernatural powers. This is precisely what has occurred, and the Church accordingly has its distinctive music.

This music, sublime creation following so many other sublime creations, sprang from the same source as they—the Heart of Christ. Nothing more natural than that it should be in perfect accord with dogma, since it had to express it in song; with morals, since it had to praise the infinite perfections of God and the virtues of Christ and His saints; with the liturgy, since it had to magnify the voice of prayer and time the movements of the ceremonies; with architecture, sculpture, and painting, since it had to fill immense vaults thronged with statues and pictures; with all that marvellous symbolism, in short, which makes of each of our churches a cross with its victim,—the feet being the entrance; the arms, the transepts; the head, the whole apse; while the heart, as living as it is hidden, palpitates verily and indeed in the Tabernacle.

Such is the origin, such the lineage of Plain Chant. It is altogether noble, worthy, holy, and divine. Nothing further is needed in order to secure for it evermore our most respectful appreciation. From another viewpoint, this origin is luminously instructive, and at once indicates to us what should be the special and essential character of this church music.

How sing the sacred dogmas of the Church otherwise than with a voice grave, simple modulated, and recollected? These dogmas treat of God, of the Most Holy Trinity, of the creation of angels and men; of the Incarnation of the Word, of His life and works and death among us;

of the Church which He founded as the transmitter to us of His benefits; of the saints who continue His life; of death, of an eternity in suffering, of an eternity in bliss. Is there anything wider or deeper than this majestic aggregate of salutary truths? Now, what is deep flows slowly. The largest rivers seem almost motionless, so quietly and solemnly does their imposing mass of waters move onward to the ocean. Even so should mount toward Heaven the sublime music of the Church singing immutable dogmas, with the deliberation of profound recollection, in tones simple, strong, pure, and devoid of all pretentious sonorousness; with the tranquil conviction of faith, with the clear serenity of hope, with the virile tenderness of charity, with a unity ever varied, and a variety ever one. Given its august mission, thus should it have been with Plain Chant. And thus it has been.

Like everything else that springs from the profoundest depths of the soul and is destined to endure, it has been elaborated slowly. It is the work of all Catholic centuries and generations, from the era of the Catacombs down to our own day. It is the soul—or, better, the voice of the soul—of our fathers, brothers, teachers, of all our ancestors in the faith. Fervent monks, anchorites withdrawn from the world, bishops and doctors divinely enlightened, Popes filled with apostolic zeal, pious and learned laymen, the saints of God,—all these have had a part in preparing for us this sacred treasure. It was on their knees, doubtless, in the solitude of their cell, at the foot of the crucifix, with souls all steeped in the atmosphere of prayer and pious emotion, that they discovered the secret of those melodies, so suitable that they seem like the glorious vestment of the sacred words they translate, so penetrating that they go at once and without effort to our very heart, so simple that they appear almost our ordinary language, so sweet that they elevate and encompass our prayer without ever disturbing it.

As soon as, from time to time, these melodies appeared, the faithful accepted them with enthusiasm and sang them with loving faith. The music passed from church to church, from province to province, from country to country; and then, tested thus victoriously, received the stamp of the Church's approbation.

Being thus enriched from century to century, the collection of these sacred melodies comes to us as a precious portion of our inheritance. It is divided into two principal parts: the Gradual and the Vespéral. The Gradual contains the chants which have to do with Holy Mass: the Introit, the *Kyrie Eleison*, the *Gloria*, the *Credo*, the Offertory, the *Sanctus*, the *Agnus Dei*, the Communion, the *Ite Missa Est*, with the sequences, etc. In the Vespéral are found the chants having to do with Vespers and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, antiphons, psalms, hymns, etc.

In both the Gradual and Vespéral there are what are called the Proper of Time and the Proper of Saints. The Proper of Time is nothing else than the sidereal year itself, divided, conformably to the custom of the ages, with regard to Christ, the true centre of time and of the world. Thus we have Advent, or the expectation of Christ,—*Christus heri*; Christmas, or His coming upon earth; the ever-blessed days of His life, His death, His Resurrection and His Ascension among us,—*Christus hodie*; and Pentecost, or His reign here below, the prelude or preparation for His eternal reign in heaven,—*Christus et in sæcula*.

The Proper of Saints is still the life of Christ which is prolonged and completed in the lives of His faithful, and peculiarly so in the lives of His saints. Therein, interspersed among the immortal anniversaries of Our Lord, we meet with the feast-days of those great and greatly privileged souls whom grace invited and conducted to the most intimate sacrifices, the most sublime renunciations, the most heroic virtues. When we praise the Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins, on

their respective festivals, and all the elect on the admirable Feast of All Saints, it is Christ, always Christ, whom we praise.

Such are the eternal truths which Plain Chant translates with truly marvellous fidelity into its particular musical language. After rendering them once in their collective magnificence during the course of a year, she recommences them a second, a third time, and over and over again, without ever tiring. In reality, when the elect finally enter into the splendors of heaven, they will hear these same truths sung, but sung with a power, a joy, a love, a suavity, a majesty, and a plenitude of which we can form no conception. What admirable unity and equally admirable variety, like the unity and variety of dogma itself!

Where Plain Chant has disappeared, or has survived only in some shreds and patches, there has followed in Catholic solemnities a void which other music has sought in vain to fill. Despite the pretended superiority of its means, this other music has ventured to attempt only the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, the *Credo*, the *Sanctus*, and the *Agnus Dei*. High Mass has suffered the curtailing of the Introit, the Gradual, the sequences, the Offertory, and the Communion; and Vespers have been shorn of their antiphons, their hymns, and their commemorations.

In a word, with the disappearance of Plain Chant, there have gone also, unnoticed by the pious faithful, just those portions of our great Offices in which the Church expresses her tenderest piety, her deepest love, and her most interior life. And since therein was found what may be termed the most delicate essence of the Church's thought and feeling, there, too, appeared the most naively, delicately, and effectively expressive music of the pious souls who had undertaken to translate it. We have accordingly lost a most exquisite something, both of substance and of form. It is an immense loss, and one that has left us permanently poor; for nothing has sufficed to fill the void.

But if it is true to say that nothing is really destroyed save what is advantageously replaced, then we may be sure that Plain Chant is not destroyed, but has preserved its fullest life; that it is merely dethroned and in exile, with a surety of soon reappearing and reigning once more. Does any one, indeed, seriously believe that it has been replaced by the music we hear in the majority of our churches? It would be a strange illusion. In the first place, as has been said already, this usurping music has never dared to occupy itself with the Introits, the sequences, the antiphons, hymns, etc. It has feared to be crushed by the weight of the subject-matter itself and by the patent superiority of the old masters. Confining ourselves, however, to the consideration of the more general religious themes which it has treated, we assert that this music in question, be it the work of Mozart, Haydn, Niedermeyer, Gounod, or Cesar Franck, has never reached the depth or the simplicity or the devotional spirit or the pious charm of Plain Chant.

It needed all the profound and Catholic genius of a Mozart to venture placing another musical *Dies Iræ* alongside of the *Dies Iræ* of our ancestors. He did venture, and he produced an incontestable masterpiece; yet one need not hesitate in maintaining that his work is inferior to the old funeral melody, which still remains unrivalled. Rossini also, in his *Stabat*, achieved a genuine success which nobody will dispute; yet the palm rests with our old-time version of the *Stabat*, and never will any style of music by means of a few simple notes succeed, as it has done, in sighing out a profound lament. These musicians would not have been more successful in vying with our *Te Deum*, our *Lauda Sion*, our *Veni Creator*, - or our hymns to the Blessed Sacrament.

In the last analysis, indeed, they have not been more successful in their treatment of the *Gloria*, the *Credo*, or the *Sanctus*. For that matter, they themselves, with the sincerity and ingenuousness proper to

true genius, acknowledge that, to produce the same religious effects, they would have to approach Plain Chant, and approach it so closely that their own music would no longer be distinguishable therefrom. Rossini was congratulated, after the execution of his *Stabat*, on having written a fine page of religious music. "Religious music?" he replied. "I didn't know that I had written any." He had intended writing a musical composition, and had succeeded in writing a beautiful one; but he knew that truly religious music has another character, and springs from a source still higher than that of art pure and simple.

Gounod did not think otherwise. Learning one day that, in a "Little Seminary" near by, the students had long been drilled by a skilful priest in the rendering of Plain Chant, and that their singing was notably good, he attended Mass the following Sunday in the Seminary chapel. It was an ordinary Sunday—the festival of a Confessor Pontiff,—consequently no special preparation, apart from the usual practice, had been made. All the students, divided into two choirs, sang with their habitual *ensemble*, measured cadence, and spirited movement; and the great artist was deeply touched and delighted. In tones that left no doubt as to his sincerity, he declared that he would give all his music to have composed the Plain Chant to which he had been listening.

Even uneducated people, when they hear the melodies of Plain Chant religiously interpreted, are of the opinion of the masters. At a concert given one day in the vast hall of the Trocadero, Paris, a certain number on the programme was announced as a "Church March." This selection, admirably arranged for the harp, was rendered by ten lady players of that instrument, to the skilfully modulated accompaniment of the immense organ. Throughout its performance the audience was spontaneously recollected; but at the conclusion the applause was enthusiastic, and the selection had to be repeated

a second and a third time. The march was a bit of Plain Chant well understood and well interpreted; it was the familiar hymn *Iste Confessor*.

If such is the opinion of the great masters, and if even *their* best religious music is inferior to that of our Gradual and Vespers, what shall be thought, what said of the ordinary, commonplace, trifling, and occasionally vulgar music heard in the greater number of our churches as a substitute for our old-time Plain Chant? This quasi-worldly and variegated music, with its double and triple fugues, its insipid repetitions, its renewals without rhyme or reason, its inexplicable haltings midway in the sense and even in words, its far-fetched effects, its artifices of every sort, its extravagant vocalization, is the direct opposite of the regular, unified, simple, sober, broad, and strong music of other days,—that which alone is the congruous expression of the eternal Catholic truths. It turns both mind and heart aside from pious thoughts to become engrossed with itself. Instead of aiding prayer, it troubles and arrests it; it invites, not to recollection, but to distractions and mental divagation.

Its manner of expressing our divine faith, hope, and charity resembles that in which, through its operas, melodramas, and songs, it expresses worldly passions. Such music is in flagrant contradiction, not only to the sublime truths which it pretends to translate, but to everything in our churches,—to columns, statues, stained-glass windows, bells, altar, pulpit, and the eloquent gravity of the liturgical ceremonies. It is in contradiction to the voice of the priest, who, by force of circumstance, has had to preserve Plain Chant for the intoning of the *Gloria* and the *Credo*, for wishing peace to his people, for giving his voice to theirs in a sublime dialogue; for offering to God, in the name of all, the praises of the Preface and the petitions of the *Pater Noster*. It is in contradiction with the very organ which accompanies it in its fantastic caprices,

and which appears to regret lending to such devices its grave co-operation.

By what mystery has this counterfeit of religious music succeeded in usurping the place of Plain Chant, the only genuine Catholic religious music that has ever appeared in the history of the Church? How comes it that little by little Plain Chant has lost its true place in the Old World, and almost lost any place whatever in the New? The reasons for this decadence on the other side of the Atlantic, and this quasi-disappearance on this side, are of more than one kind. The spirit of the age counts for much in the transformation. So many new things have been discovered in the way of travelling more comfortably and rapidly, of communicating instantaneously with those at a distance, of providing light and heat, of making war, etc., etc., that our generation, rather proud of itself, seems to belong to another world than the old, and to forget a little disdainfully the work of the generations that have passed away.

On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that Religion no longer enjoys the great social prestige that once was hers; or that, alongside of the preoccupation to which piety formerly gave rise, there have developed the most absorbing pre-occupations of independence, of wealth of comfort, and of pleasure, that are leading us no one knows whither. It must be added that in our days impiety is organized for its fight with Catholicity in a manner more serried, methodical, and effective than was practicable in the past. Finally, the relations of courteous tolerance existing, the world over, between Catholicity and Protestantism, naturally exercises a reciprocal influence; and, while Catholic doctrine in its essence has suffered nothing therefrom, some exterior concessions have doubtless been made. In such a whirl of life, in such an environment, and exposed to such conditions, Plain Chant, with its simple and divine grandeur, could with difficulty hold its place of honor.

Coming from the past, and a distant past, and bearing upon it the stamp of the Middle Ages, it was fated to suffer this partial eclipse at the present day. It is written, however, that what is true will eventually be recognized as right; and that what is beautiful remains beautiful despite the shadow of clouds that pass. The Sovereign Pontiff Pius X., who has undertaken to "restore all things in Christ," lost no time in turning his attention to Plain Chant. He has ordained that it be put back in its proper place; for, in the course of his long sacerdotal career, he has time and again been the sorrowful witness of the disorder and tumultuous noise of incongruous voices in our churches during the august Sacrifice of the Mass and in the midst of our most imposing ceremonies.

Finally—and why not acknowledge it since it is true?—this Plain Chant has been so badly understood and so imperfectly interpreted that it has been rendered unrecognizable. Plain Chant is grave, is serious; but whence came the impression that it is a species of music which drags along slowly, monotonously, and without life, and in which all one's breath must be expended on one note before the voice may go to a second? Those who have thought, talked, and acted in accordance with any such idea have been maligning the cause of Plain Chant in pure ignorance. They might as well advocate a style of walking in which one foot should be poised in the air for six deliberately counted seconds before the other is put in motion. It would be ridiculous and fatiguing, abnormal and impossible. True Plain Chant is something entirely different. While its pace is not a running one, its gait is quick; it is varied without losing itself in vain caprices; it is uniform without being monotonous; it is expressive without ceasing to be reserved; in a word, it is beautiful with the beauty of youthful verve, solid maturity, and imposing majesty.

Submissive and well-advised children of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, let us not hesi-

tate to render him in this matter prompt obedience. Along the way which he commands us to take, we shall find a source of higher and supernatural life. Everything is possible and very easy in the faithful carrying out of his orders; it is necessary only to put one's hands forthwith to the task. Let us devote to the true understanding and the rendering of Plain Chant—the real music of the Church, our own music—the same good-will, time, and talent that we have hitherto devoted to the comprehension and execution of secular music, and we shall be very speedily and very abundantly rewarded. We shall have recovered a precious inheritance, a treasure of genuine masterpieces—masterpieces by the score and hundred,—bequeathed to us by pious ancestors, but by us unpriized and disregarded.

The Catholic faithful will recognize the reality of religion in these centuried chants, will rejoice in the recognition and be the better therefor. They will instinctively remember these divine melodies; and, from singing them in the church with their neighbors, they will come to sing them at their hearth, at the forge, in the workshop, in the fields. Our separated Protestant brethren, too, will become conscious that there is among us a new force, and one that is strangely attractive. After all, it will only be the voice of their own ancestors,—theirs as well as ours. God's grace makes use sometimes of very ordinary circumstances for flooding souls with the light of which they have need. Who knows but that these chants, all impregnated with a Catholicity so ancient and so pure, may be the means by which many a non-Catholic will be led to feel, see, love, and follow the truth into its one real home on earth—the bosom of the Holy, Roman, Catholic, Apostolic Church!

POWER, however energetically wielded, without beneficence, is fatal to its possessor and its subjects; and knowledge without goodness is but the incarnate principle of evil.—*Smiles.*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

IX.

MR. CHETWODE'S prediction about the weather was fulfilled. It was raining the next morning; and it continued to rain all day, all night, and all the next day,—not very hard, but steadily.

As the evening of the second day began to close in, Mr. Chetwode and Mildred stood at a window which overlooked the winding course of the river about half a mile away, and glanced anxiously out across the drenched landscape. Immediately before them was the lawn, spreading smooth and green for some little distance; then came the flower garden and shrubbery,—a mass of luxuriant growth. Beyond that at one side was visible a clay road leading down the hill to the edge of the stream (which at this point was fordable, except when at very high-water mark), and stretching on from the opposite bank in a curving line for more than a mile, disappearing at last behind a wooded hill. It was not raining just then, but there was every indication in the appearance of the clouds that it would soon begin again; and Mr. Chetwode shook his head bodingly.

"If it keeps on at this rate much longer, the crops are ruined," he remarked with his usual cheerful prognosis of future events.

"The river is not much out of its banks," said Mildred. "I don't think we shall have a flood. But I am afraid it will be too high for fording. I can see that it is rising. I wish Sam would come."

"I wish he would," echoed Mr. Chetwode.

The eyes of both were fixed on the road at that point where it emerged from behind the distant hill. They were looking for the messenger who had been sent to the post office, six miles away, and whose return was due by this time.

"He may have gone round by the bridge," Mr. Chetwode observed. "I told him that if he found the least difficulty in

getting over the ford, to return that way."

"He had no difficulty in getting over: I watched him," said Mildred. "But that was several hours ago. The river is higher now than it was then. And it is harder crossing this way, you know; the bank shelves so on this side. Really, Uncle Romuald, I am beginning to feel a little uneasy."

"That is quite needless, my dear. It is time that Sam was back, and I want my newspapers; but I am not uneasy. He knows the ford so well,—and so does Arran. He rode Arran, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then you may set your mind at rest. There is no danger even if he returns by the ford. But his staying so long makes me think he is coming the other way."

So saying, Mr. Chetwode adjusted his crutches, made his way laboriously across the room, and took up the book he had been reading when Mildred had summoned him to the window to look at the river.

She remained standing where he left her, watching the road with a troubled expression of countenance. She was not the least timid, but thought it wrong for any one to rush into danger foolhardily, as she was afraid Sam might now do. And she did not at all like the looks of the river. It was rising, rising rapidly, she was sure. The longer she looked, the more she became convinced that it would be madness for any man or horse, however well they knew the ford, to go into that strong current. And when presently she saw a horse come into view round the hillside, she exclaimed in consternation:

"There he is! It will not do for him to attempt to cross! O Uncle Romuald, I am sure he will be drowned if he goes in!"

Mr. Chetwode smiled and sighed resignedly, lifted the crutches he had put down so short a time before, hobbled once more across the floor to the window, gave one glance at the river and one at the indistinct object on the road a mile away, and said as he went back to his seat:

"I don't think there would be any

danger in his crossing, but it is best to run no risk. Will you go, my dear,—I'm sorry I can't see to it myself—and send Tadd down to the river to stop him if he attempts to cross, and tell him to go round by the bridge?"

Mildred went with alacrity; and having summoned the servant—a gray-haired, very dignified-looking old colored man—and given Mr. Chetwode's message to him, added on her own account an exhortation to haste.

"Go at once, Uncle Tadd," she said impatiently, as he began to empty the ashes from the pipe he had just taken from his mouth, preparatory, she feared, to filling and lighting it again before starting on his errand. "Sam may get to the river and plunge in, while you stand there wasting time."

Tadd turned to obey orders, but he shook his head disapprovingly.

"Ther ain't no reason in the world why Sam mightn't come acrost, instid o' goin' all the way round," he said as he walked away.

"An' that's jis what Sam's gwine to do," said Aunt Molly, the cook, who had come out of the kitchen and drawn near to Mildred when she heard her speaking so eagerly. She was Tadd's wife and Sam's mother, and consequently an interested party in the question under discussion.

"When he's told not to do it!—that Uncle Romuald says he mustn't!" said Mildred.

"Sam can be deaf when he's a-mind to," replied Sam's mother, with a chuckle. "He'll say he couldn't make out what his daddy holloed to him. I know Sam. He's a-comin' acrost that river,—you mark my words, Miss Mildred."

"I'll go myself and stop him," said Mildred, with sudden resolution.

"Lawd bless the child, she dunno what she's talkin' about!" exclaimed Aunt Molly, lifting her spread hands in horror. "Why, it's—"

Mildred was already hurrying round the house in the direction of the shrub-

bery, through which she would have to pass to get to the river-bank; and the old servant, after staring at her retreating figure for an instant in dumb consternation, was struck by a bright thought, and bundled herself off into the house at a quicker pace than could have been looked for in one of her weight. She was squat and rotund in figure, with a broad, beaming black face, and round eyes and flat nose to match. With her husband, her son Sam,* and her daughter Cornelia, she had remained faithful, through the changed times, to her mistress, Mr. Chetwode, the children, Arran (a favorite horse belonging to Mildred's eldest brother), and Ravenswold. She and her old Tadd, as she was in the habit of calling her husband, were the care-takers—in their own opinion the proprietors—of the house and the horse.

She made good time on the errand she was bent upon, and overtook Mildred just as the latter, having crossed the lawn, stood hesitating a moment—a little staggered at the looks of the path through the garden and shrubbery which lay between her and the gate that gave egress to the road leading to the river. Cold water is a wonderful agent in the repression of impulse; and, sobered somewhat by the wet feet and head and damp garments which her walk over the soaked lawn and under the showering trees had already given her, Miss Sterndale was inclined to feel that she was acting rather foolishly in taking such a walk. For she scarcely thought that Sam, under the pretence his mother had suggested, would disobey Mr. Chetwode's orders. As she saw how the path before her was overgrown with weeds and narrowed by dripping boughs of encroaching bushes, she almost decided to return to the house. But some influence urged her to go on; and at this instant Aunt Molly came panting to her side with a pair of walking shoes, a shawl and a hat.

"Put on these, Miss Mildred, if you will go!" she cried almost inarticulately, for she was out of breath. "I'm afear'd you'll

ketch your death o' cold gittin' so wet."

"Thank you,—thank you!" said Mildred. "There's not the least danger of my taking cold. But I'm very glad you brought the shoes. I can hardly walk in these slippers."

She took the shawl, and put it Spanish fashion over her head like a hood, while Aunt Molly was manipulating her feet, and lamenting the condition of the pretty brown slippers which, soaked as they were, would never be fit to look at again, she pronounced.

"Never mind that!" cried Mildred. "Quick—quick! There—that'll do!" And she was off, making her way laboriously but rapidly through the wet grass and between the water-laden foliage that caused her progress to be difficult as well as disagreeable. But she came to the gate at last, and after a hard tug at it succeeded in getting it open and passing through.

She was in the road now; and, glancing down across a luxuriant corn-field lying in a gradual slope between the elevation where she stood and the river, had a good view of the stream, which, red and turbid, looked more dangerous the more nearly she approached it. She was glad she had come. Sam was headstrong, she knew; and he might justify Aunt Molly's prediction, if his father only was there to deliver in a half-hearted manner the message sent. Quickening her steps, she almost ran the rest of the way.

The road wound slantingly round the hill, which here jutted up steeply, and the ford was not in sight until a sharp turn led to an abrupt descent to it. Just as she came to this turn she heard a shout from the other side of the river,—but not in Sam's voice, she thought. Looking across, she perceived that, instead of the single horseman she expected to see, a buggy with two horses and two men in it was standing on the river-bank.

"Helloa!" one of the men called in a strong, harsh voice.

"Helloa!" answered Uncle Tadd in response.

"Is this ford safe?" asked the other.

"Tell him no, it is not safe,—not to think of crossing!" cried Mildred, coming hastily to the old man's side.

Uncle Tadd obeyed, his voice involuntarily taking the emphatic tone in which she had spoken; and they saw that the buggy was being turned round, when a horseman rode up from behind. It was Sam, and the occupants of the buggy immediately accosted him. From the pantomime which followed, it was evident he was telling the travellers that he was about to cross and would guide them.

"Call to him,—order him to go back!" Mildred exclaimed; and Uncle Tadd, who by this time was quite of her opinion about the river, with thorough good will shouted several times over what he had been told to say. But Sam paid not the slightest attention. Ignoring the now vociferous commands of his father, he rode forward into the rushing, swirling water, the buggy following.

Evening was closing rapidly by this time, but there was still light enough for Mildred to see that the water came up to the saddle-girths as soon as the horse was fairly in the river; and she knew that to be much the shallowest part of the ford. For an instant she felt faint and her sight grew dim. But only for an instant.

"Hush!" she said to Uncle Tadd, who was still shouting desperately.

Putting her hand on his shoulder, she gave a spring and stood upright on a large, flat stone by which they were standing. The next minute her voice rang clear and resonant above the roar of the river.

"Sam!" she called. "Go back!—go back!"

Sam started as if he had been shot, jerking the rein of the horse so violently as almost to take the animal off his feet. Mildred's voice had sounded to herself and Uncle Tadd strange and unfamiliar, so loud and peremptory was the tone. But Sam recognized it, and the command it conveyed restored his reeling senses and steadied his quivering nerves. He had by

no means comprehended the danger he was going into, until he found himself in the stream, and felt his horse swaying to the swift, eddying current. It was a moment of terrible awakening to him, followed by a sense of horror and despair. He was just losing his head utterly, growing blind and giddy, when that saving voice aroused him and told him what to do. Yes, he would go back if he could. But he was bewildered, and was turning the horse in the wrong direction, when once more a voice came to him over the water:

"Give Arran his head!"

It was the hoarse shout of Uncle Tadd this time; and mechanically Sam obeyed, relaxing the rein sufficiently for the horse to feel himself free, and turn up stream instead of down.

The two breathless spectators stood and watched in the growing obscurity the desperate struggle which their gallant Arran was making for his own life and that of his rider. They could see a dim object battling against the current,—an object that became more and more indistinct until at last it was lost entirely to their straining eyes, and they were suddenly conscious that a drizzling rain had set in. But they remained perfectly silent and still,—Mildred standing on the rock she had mounted, like a statue on its pedestal; the old servant as motionless beside her.

They did not ask themselves what they were waiting for, but they waited. And at last, after a time which measured by minutes would not have been considerable, but which seemed long to them, they heard Sam's voice, sounding far away, but distinctly.

"We're out! We're safe!" he said.

"Thank God!" they cried simultaneously; and then Uncle Tadd began: "Lawd a-mercy—"

But Mildred stopped him.

"The men in the buggy?" she said. "Ask if they are safe too?"

"Yes, they're out too," came the welcome reply.

Julienne MacMahon.

II.

ON Wednesday in Holy Week, April 11, 1770, Madame Louise of France, the youngest daughter of Louis XV., having asked that a carriage be placed at her disposal, quitted Versailles at seven o'clock in the morning, very simply, without lackeys or outside escort of any kind; clad in a plain silk gown, a black mantle, and little rose-colored hood. After a fresh relay of horses, she reached Carmel of Saint Denis at two in the afternoon, without creating any surprise among the good religious, accustomed as they were at all times to expect the daughters of the King, who were in the habit of coming to pray at the monastery, before the tomb of their sainted mother, Maria Leczinska.

Madame Louise begged the ladies of her household who had accompanied her, as also her equerry, to await her outside. She then repaired to the chapel, where the Sisters were at prayer, in which the Princess joined, kneeling on the bare ground. When the exercises were finished, the Abbé Bertin, Counsellor of State, asked an audience with the superior, informing her that the royal visitor had, with the consent of her father, decided to become a Carmelite, and had chosen to cast her lot with Carmel of Saint Denis.

Surprised and grateful, the prioress and her assistants at once sought the illustrious postulant, still kneeling in the choir. Having saluted her respectfully, they conducted her to the community, who were awaiting her in silence. The Princess at once threw herself upon her knees before them, humbly requesting that they receive her as a novice. Assent being given, she embraced each one; and they, in turn, welcomed her in the same manner. The new postulant received the name of Thérèse de Saint Augustin; and, following the usage of Carmel, she was assigned to the care of a religious whose duty was to direct her first steps in the new and

severe life she had chosen. The religious, as we have stated, was Julienne MacMahon, Mother Julie of Jesus.

Thus Julienne became the "Angel" of the Princess. She was prepared for this charge by the long exercise of admirable and heroic virtues, which did not permit her to look upon Carmel in any other light than as a place for the cultivation of perfection the most profound, and mortifications the most severe. Madame Louise at once appreciated the excellence of the choice which had been made in her regard. At her first interview with the new novice, Mother Julie said:

"Madame, you must understand that this is a place of extraordinary sacrifices, and that for every step you take you will have to offer one anew. You will, I am confident, accept them all, and edify us greatly by your docility in accommodating yourself to the great contrast existing between the mortifications of Carmel and the life of ease you have left behind. Believe me, Madame, there is no such thing as being a half-Carmelite."

Whether Mother Julie had a doubt as to the whole-hearted purpose of the royal aspirant, attributing her intention, it may be, to a sudden capricious attraction for the conventual life; or whether she wished to try the humility of the Princess by thus enjoining her, or whether it was her own single-mindedness and simplicity of soul which moved her to such directness of address, we have now no means of knowing. From our acquaintance with her character, however, we may judge that the advice was given in good faith, without verbiage or circumlocution, as she would have proffered it to the daughter of the most humble peasant who had turned her footsteps toward Carmel in order to do good to her fellowmen and save her own soul. Madame Louise received the counsel with the humility and generosity which were her principal characteristics. Smiling, she replied:

"Well, with the help of God I hope to become a Carmelite through and through."

The letters of Mother Julie now begin

to abound with allusions to her who had been placed in her particular care. The great events seem to have been the visits of royalty to the new Carmelite Princess. On Holy Thursday came the sisters of Madame; the next day her three nephews: the Dauphin, the Count of Provence, and the Count of Artois. On the 4th of May Louis XV. made his first visit. But let us have the recital of Mère Julie:

"Our august Princess continues very well. Her fervor is wonderful. It is not easy to curb her activity. But, as she is extremely obedient, it will not be so difficult to control her energy in the service of God. The King has been here three times. The first time, the day of the review, he was extremely sad. One could see what the interview cost him. But as soon as he saw the happiness of the Princess, after having passed some time in her company, his mood seemed to change, and he went through the house with an air of satisfaction which it was pleasant to see. He came again about twelve days later, on his way to meet Madame la Dauphine [Marie Antoinette], whose marriage was celebrated on the 16th of May. He was accompanied by the Dauphin and the Princesses. He went all through the house, even into the kitchen, taking interest in everything. . . .

"An unusual thing has just occurred; it is that the King has dined outside our enclosure, with our superior, all the royal family, and the lord and ladies of the court. Later, the King again went through the house, accompanied by four of the religious—our Reverend Mother, Mother Eleanor, the Mistress of Novices, and myself for the fourth. Madame Louise always wishes me to be of the party. While going through the monastery, the King stopped suddenly to inquire the family names of the religious who accompanied him. When he found they were all of Irish origin, he said, laughingly: 'Well, well, I have an Irish guard here!'

"Two days later the royal family returned with Madame la Dauphine [Marie

Antoinette], who is truly charming,—good-looking, with a fine figure and excellent carriage, and an air of sweetness which must conciliate all hearts, if one should judge by the Carmelites of Saint Denis. The King presented her to the assembled community. She asked permission of her aunt to return, and the august postulant replied that she would be welcome whenever she came. That seemed to give her much pleasure. You inquire of me, in your last letter, if Monsieur le Dauphin is particularly attached to Madame Louise. I asked her about it; she replied that she was exceptionally fond of him. Madame Victoire seems also to be devoted to him. She has recommended him to our fervent prayers, to the end that, as he will some day be his own master, virtue may be his portion, and thus ensure him glory and happiness. He seems to like us very much."

In another letter Mère Julie writes, alluding to the Princess:

"We are all in admiration of her conduct. She is humility itself. Virtue is her greatest delight. Every day she rejoices to have escaped from the noise and confusion of the court; she pities those who still dwell there, and considers herself the happiest of creatures. I have seen her with my own eyes kiss again and again the poor bits of furniture devoted to her use, with an affection which transports me, and causes me to believe that her vocation is most sincere, and a special gift of God."

The relatives of Mère Julie, taking their cue from the predilection of the Princess Royal for that religious, began to think, or feigned to think, her so important a personage that they hesitated to pay their former accustomed visits to the monastery. Julie, whose heart had lost nothing of its warmth or impetuosity through her long seclusion in Carmel, writes to her "Marraine" with regard to this as follows:

"Imagine, my dear godmother, that your brothers and relations, not forgetting Monsieur and Madame d'Espaiug, are

become fearful that privileges and honors may have so changed me that they hesitate to come to see me as of yore! Oh, how ridiculous that is! A Carmelite infatuated and dazzled by earthly honors! It is something inconceivable. What honor can be greater than the one she already possesses: that of being the spouse of the King of kings? I have that advantage; there is nothing in the whole world to be compared to it. Is it pride on my part to tell you that those so-called honors smother instead of elating me?"

On the 8th of August, Mère Julie writes: "Our pious Princess increases every day in fervor and joy, awaiting the 10th of next month with a holy impatience; her pleasure at the prospect of being invested with our poor habit can be seen on her countenance. I assure you that we all desire it as much as she does. Her health is most excellent. My mother will give you the detail of the beautiful ceremony." (The mother of Julienne was then sojourning at the monastery.) "Madame la Dauphine will give the veil to our incomparable Princess; and she, in turn will present it, five days later, to one of our postulants—Mademoiselle de Beaujen."

In another letter Mère Julie gives an amusing instance of the humility and inexperience of the Princess. She writes:

"Madame rejoices in the observance of all our rules; she is full of zeal and love for them. The other day she had her turn at washing dishes, and during the progress of her labors she took a very dirty black kettle and plunged it into the water where the china was being washed. Some one, seeing her do this, cried out aloud. And the Princess, aware that she had committed some fault, at once took the dirty pot from the water. I happened to pass at this moment and said to her: 'Madame, were you intending to wash the outside of the kettle?'—'Yes,' she replied. 'I thought it ought to be as clean outside as inside.'—'Give it up, Madame,' said I; 'otherwise it will never be finished,

no matter how long you remain here. It is an iron pot, naturally black, which no amount of washing would ever make bright.' Gayly laughing at this, she looked at her hands, which were in such a state as you can hardly imagine."

In the following letter, Mère Julie described the ceremony of investiture. She was doubly happy on this occasion, because her mother was present.

"My mother," she writes, "charges me to send you this little account of the ceremony, which you are no doubt awaiting anxiously to receive. It took place last Thursday, as you already know, at half-past three in the afternoon. The Princess, beautifully attired, went to meet Madame la Dauphine in the outer court, embracing her with transports of joy and affection. The Dauphine then conducted her and her train to our chapel. They both knelt on the same carpet. The ceremony began with a very forceful sermon, which moved everybody to tears, except the august victim, who remained firm as a rock during it all. After this she was led to the entrance of the cloister, where we received her. As the great door was thrown open, we intoned the hymn *O Gloriosa Domina* in our Carmelite chant. The Princess entered. She was presented with a large crucifix; and when she rose again to her feet, she turned toward the assembly she had left and made a profound curtsy. Madame la Dauphine, followed by her household and that of Madame Louise, entered, and the doors were closed. We all returned in procession to the choir, Madame Louise at the head, with an air of joy and triumph which excited the admiration of all the spectators, and drew tears from their eyes.

"Madame la Dauphine, who was at the right of Madame Louise, and our Reverend Mother at the left, conducted the Princess to the large grill. There she fell on her knees, and Monseigneur the Nuncio, who officiated in the name of the Pope, asked her the usual questions. To the first she replied that she asked the mercy

of God, the poverty of the Order, and the companionship of the Sisters. . . . The others, regarding the motives of her vocation, she answered with equal satisfaction.

"Then she was conducted to another room, close to the choir, accompanied by the Dauphine, who passed her the new garments, weeping bitterly as she did so. I assisted in undressing and reclothing our illustrious novice, who returned to the choir radiantly happy, proud of her Carmelite robes. You may judge of the impression her changed appearance made on all the spectators. Those who were not already in tears now shed them freely. She was not even then completely clothed, as she had not yet put on the cincture, which is of leather, the scapular, the white mantle, and the large white veil. The Dauphiness wept all the time she was receiving these, putting her handkerchief to her mouth to stifle her sobs. When all was finished, the Princess prostrated herself in the form of a cross, on a large woolen carpet covered with flowers. She remained there motionless while certain prayers were being said. Then our Reverend Mother sprinkled her with holy water. After this she rose, came and embraced us all, and so ended this touching ceremony."

Mère Julie goes on to relate how the generosity of the King furnished the Carmelites with a generous feast of fish, pastry, confections, and excellent wines, all of which they could not consume, and which soon tired their stomachs, unaccustomed as they were to luxurious viands; so that they returned with satisfaction to their usual plain fare.

The mother of Mère Julie was also the recipient of the royal favor. "Madame Louise," she writes, "is transported with joy at the reception of our holy habit. My mother had the honor of conversing with her this morning at the grill. She will tell you all about it when you see her."

In order to please her beloved "Angel," and to show her appreciation of her devotion and kindness, the Princess presented

Madame MacMahon with eight hundred livres,—insisting, however, that the gift should not be made public.

This kind thoughtfulness deeply touched the heart of the good religious, and caused her mother to return with a lighter heart to her home in Flanders.

On the 27th of November, 1773, Madame Louise—Mother Thérèse de Saint Augustin—having been unanimously elected prioress of the monastery, made it one of her first duties to reappoint her beloved Julie to be mistress of novices. Carmel of Saint Denis continued to flourish under the government of the new superior. She invited Madame MacMahon to make her home at Saint Denis, where she died at a very advanced age.

But the time of suffering had already begun for the heroic Mère Julie. It is strange that having had all her life long a great dread of cancer, she should have been attacked by that incurable malady. For a long time only her superior was aware of her complaint, but at last it could no longer be concealed. She suffered intensely, but with the greatest patience. On one occasion Marie Antoinette (now Queen of France), accompanied by Madame Elizabeth, paid her a visit. After they had left her cell, they exclaimed at the marvellous heroism which could endure such agony without complaining.

The greatest sacrifice which God required of her was the parting with her cherished friend, Mother Thérèse, whose own soul was equally pierced with sorrow. After her death, Madame Louise was inconsolable. Several days later she wrote as follows to a Carmelite of the Rue de Grenelle: "Ah, my dear Mother, you speak of my sorrow! It is so deep as to be inexpressible. I can imagine her in heaven, but I can not see her on earth. She is all my thoughts from morning till night. Three years of suffering without a sign of impatience; two months and a half of frightful anguish, and never a complaint,—always this constant repetition: 'My God, my all! my portion for

eternity! My mother for fifteen years, my friend always, my confidante in everything! How could I console myself if God were not my Father!"

Another letter says:

"My sweetest consolation is to weep at the feet of Our Lord. But I fear that I barely touch the borders of submission; as yet it is all I can do. I hope that Mother Julie will help me to be more resigned. Before dying she told me, with a firmness that I shall never forget, that it had cost her a difficult half hour to give me up, but that at last she had accomplished it. It will take the rest of my life to do the same in her regard."

Two years afterward, on December 23, 1787, Madame Louise of France followed her "Angel" to Paradise. The bodies of the two friends were reunited in death, as they had been in life. They were interred side by side in the vaults of Carmel. There they remained until the inhuman fury of the Revolutionists dragged them from the tomb and threw them into a ditch with the bodies of many others.

Almost on the eve of her death, December 21, 1787, the daughter of France had written to her brother, Louis XVI., a note addressed as follows: "To my King and nephew, to be given him after my death." She reminded him that only the Church is immortal. She told him that with her last sigh she was able to say: "I did not know how sweet it is to die!" And thus she showed the son of Saint Louis, whose own day was fast approaching, how to meet the cruel death which awaited him,—how "to ascend to heaven."

(The End.)

Life and Lent.

EVEN if life were—as surely 'tis not—

Just a long Lent, with of joy ne'er a jot,
Still 'twould be wisdom to welcome the gloom,
Presage of bliss from the Eastertide tomb.

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

The Wrong House.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

DENIS O'MEARA turned from the perusal of his notes as his friend Patrick Hagan burst into an ante-room of the lecture hall wherein Denis was to discourse a quarter of an hour later on the Architecture and Art of Early Christian Ireland.

"Look here, old fellow!" Hagan said, "I'm awfully sorry. My wife's mother has been taken suddenly ill and we are obliged to go north to-night. I'll return by first train to-morrow. Here is the latch-key. Your room is first floor on landing, and a 'snack' is left ready in the dining room. We had to take the servant on account of the youngster. The grandmother wishes to see him. Number thirty-three, Bedford Square, you remember! I'll be back to-morrow. Make yourself comfortable. Hope the lecture goes off all right. The cab is waiting."

Before Denis could make any reply, his friend was out of the room. It was he who had arranged that Denis should lecture to the Irish men and women of the big northern manufacturing town where Hagan was sub-editor of a daily paper. Previous to Hagan's marriage and his settlement in Macclesford, he and Denis had occupied the same rooms in London, and shared each other's good and ill fortune. Hagan in his migration northward had prospered, while Denis had begun to feel that he was never likely to make much headway as a journalist. He was a singularly friendless young man. His mother had died while he was young, and his father had moved about from place to place, making a precarious livelihood by his pen for himself and his son till he, too, died.

Denis managed to please both himself and his audience by his lecture. It was followed by a supper; so that, by the time he reached the eminently respectable

square wherein his friend's abode was situated, most of the houses were in darkness.

"The people here evidently go early to bed," Denis said to himself as he walked along. "Let me see,—yes, this is thirty-five."

The latch-key moved readily, and the young man found himself in a dark hall. He struck a match and saw a door on each hand. He opened one.

"Ah, the dining room!" he said, and applied a match to the gas, then divested himself of hat and overcoat, and looked round him.

A cloth was spread on the centre table, and on it were laid a loaf, some butter and cheese, and a pitcher of milk.

"Hem!" Denis coughed, meditatively. "Mrs. Hagan is evidently an economical person."

He sat down, nibbled a little cheese, took a glass of milk, and then lit a cigar and poked the fire to a brighter blaze. The room was plainly furnished, and in one corner was a safe of old-fashioned make.

"Patrick, perhaps, keeps his manuscripts therein," Denis said to himself. "I wonder has he abandoned the idea of writing the novel which was to set the world on fire? What dreams we dreamt in the old days!"

His cigar finished, Denis extinguished the gas, and ascended the stairs. His bedroom was by no means luxuriously furnished; but Denis was not accustomed to more than ordinarily comfortable quarters, and was not above fifteen minutes in bed till he was sound asleep. He was roused by a sound in the room underneath.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, when he became conscious of where he was, and heard the unmistakable sound of feet in the apartment below. "Burglars! I must not allow Patrick to be robbed, though I feel sure there isn't much to carry away."

The young man rose, hastily donned his clothes, and in stockinged feet noiselessly descended. A gleam of light showed underneath the door of the room where

he had supped. He turned the handle cautiously and gazed into the apartment. The gas was burning, and Denis saw a man bent over the safe, which he had evidently succeeded in opening. A canvas bag lay by his side, and into this the man was thrusting various articles of silver. So engrossed was he in his occupation, or so free from any fear of detection, that he did not change his attitude as Denis pushed the door wide open. He gained his feet, however, and had stretched forth his hand to secure the pistol which lay on the centre table, when Denis had him by the throat.

The burglar was the heavier and stronger man of the two; but Denis had been an accomplished wrestler in his younger days, and as the two men struggled through the room, upsetting chairs and footstools, the advantage was with the Irishman. He had succeeded in tripping up his antagonist when an elderly lady, wearing a huge nightcap and a very fantastic colored dressing gown, appeared at the door of the room. In her wake were two terrified maid-servants, who at once began screaming.

"Stop that noise!" the old lady commanded, and brandished a poker. "One of you, or both of you, run for a policeman at once."

The maids both made for the hall door, and the lady came forward into the room. Denis looked up and inwardly wondered who the lady might be.

"I found *him* at the safe," he said.

"I see," the lady remarked, and lifted the pistol. "Now, my man," (to the other) "don't move. I recognize you. You're my late cook's brother, Mark Simson."

Mark Simson began to plead. He had been hard up, and only wanted a few things. The lady interrupted him by addressing Denis.

"And you, young man,—how did you get into the house?"

"With the aid of a latch-key, of course," Denis said. "I had just fallen asleep—"

"Where?" the lady demanded.

"In the room above," Denis replied.

"And what, may I ask, brought you there?" the old lady demanded.

The probability of a mistake occurred to Denis.

"My friend, Mr. Hagan, gave me the latch-key. I was to spend the night with him—"

"Oh, I see!" the lady interrupted. "But you are in the wrong house."

"The wrong house!" Denis repeated, half forgetting his captive.

"Don't move, Simson!" the old lady counselled,— "don't move! The police are coming now. Yes, young man, you're in thirty-five; Mr. Hagan lives at thirty-three."

"Oh!" Denis began to apologize.

"You needn't; your mistake has been lucky for me," the lady said. "I'm a heavy sleeper. Here are the police!"

In a few minutes Simson was led away between two burly officers, and one of the servants was engaged in relighting the fire. Denis was about to withdraw to the next house.

"No, no, young man!" the lady of the house protested. "By the way, what is your name? Mine is Summers,—Miss Martha Summers."

"Summers!" Denis repeated. "Oh!"

"And your name?"

"Denis O'Meara."

"Of London?"

Denis bowed.

"Then I suppose you're the literary young man with whom my niece, Cecilia Summers, fancies herself in love?"

Denis smiled.

"I suppose I am. But Cecilia—Mr. Summers, I mean,—refuses to allow any engagement between his daughter and myself. Indeed, I am afraid he disapproves of me altogether."

Miss Summers sniffed contemptuously.

"I never had any great opinion of my brother's wisdom. Well, we'll have some refreshment presently. You didn't fare very luxuriously at that table, Mr. O'Meara, I'm afraid."

Half an hour later Denis and his hostess were seated at a dainty repast. At its conclusion Miss Summers remarked:

"I believe Cecilia has made no mistake. She is a good girl, as girls go nowadays, and she cares for you. I'm rather fond of her, and you have done me a great service to-night. Besides, I don't mind saying I like the look of you, Mr. O'Meara."

Denis bowed modestly in appreciation of the compliment.

"And my brother isn't altogether a fool. I'll write to him to-morrow and tell him I approve of Cecilia's choice. He may grumble, but—well, he'll give in! I'm a wealthy woman, you see, and he won't quarrel long with Martha Summers."

Miss Summers kept her word, and a few months later journeyed to London in order to be present at the marriage of her favorite niece to Mr. Denis O'Meara.

A Familiar Psalm.

OF all the hundred and fifty psalms, not one perhaps is more familiar, at least in its Latin version, to Catholics the world over than is the forty-second, in which, as the Douay Bible tells us, "the prophet aspireth after the temple and altar of God." This familiarity is due, of course, to the fact that the psalm in question has been incorporated into the liturgy of the Church, and forms indeed the introduction to the most solemn, as well as the most common, of all liturgical functions—the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass.

While the *Judica me, Deus*, however, is quite familiar to the faithful, old and young, possibly neither class have very often reflected on its genuine import or on its significance as a constituent portion of the Ordinary of the Mass. The psalm in reality expresses the sentiments which ought to animate both priest and people at the beginning of the august Sacrifice of the Altar. The first verse reminds us that we should fear the judgments of God, and

contains a prayer that we be considered apart from people that are impious; besides implying that we should be, so far as human frailty permits, pure and spotless in God's sight,—“Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy; deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man.” In the second verse, the question asked imports sorrow for past negligences and a sense of our unworthiness,—“For Thou, O God, art my strength. Why hast Thou cast me off? And why do I go sorrowful whilst the enemy afflicteth me?” Verse the third is a prayer for divine light that will enable us to distinguish truth from vanity, and to pursue truth so that we may worthily offer, as if on the Hill of Calvary, the Holy Sacrifice of the Cross,—“Send forth Thy light and Thy truth: they have conducted me and brought me unto Thy holy hill, and into Thy tabernacles.”

Et introibo ad altare Dei, the fourth verse, is that which constitutes the special congruity of the psalm as the introduction of the Mass, and hence it is used also as the antiphon,—“And I will go unto the altar of my God: to God who giveth joy to my youth.” While, at the beginning of the next verse, we should excite ourselves to feelings of joy, that sentiment may well change at the sight of our manifold imperfections,—“To Thee, O God my God, I will give praise upon the harp. Why art thou sad, O my soul? And why dost thou disquiet me?” Finally, the concluding verse, *Spera in Deo*, inculcates the salutary lesson that, notwithstanding all our faults, the immense work accomplished for our pardon and reconciliation by the Sacrifice at whose renewal we are assisting, should inspire us with perfect confidence,—“Hope in God, for I will still give praise to Him: the salvation of my countenance, and my God.”

I LOVE agitation when there is cause for it; the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city saves them from being burned in their beds.—*Burke*.

Little Mortifications.

IN an age when exemptions from the Lenten fast, and even from Lenten abstinence, are becoming so multiplied as almost to suggest that the Church's general law on the subject is “more honored in the breach than the observance,” it is imperative that Christians should be reminded of the ever-binding obligation to do penance, from which there is no exemption. In connection with this subject, the following words of the Blessed Curé d'Ars are suggestive:

How I love those little mortifications that are seen by nobody,—rising a quarter of an hour sooner than usual, or getting up during the night to pray for a few minutes! But how many there are who, when they awake, think only of getting to sleep again!

One may abstain, when cold, from warming oneself; if one is uncomfortably seated, one may refrain from seeking an easier chair; if one is walking through a fruit garden, one may deprive oneself of the pleasure of eating an apple, a peach, or pear. In doing housework, one may refrain from eating the tempting morsels one comes across. We may shun looking at something which, on account of its novelty, attracts all eyes, especially in city streets.

Another excellent thing is to give up our will. The life of a poor servant-girl who has no other will than that of her employers, may, if she knows how to profit by this renunciation, be as agreeable to God as a nun who is always face to face with her rule.

Even in the world, there is always an occasion to give up our own will: in refraining from a visit that would give pleasure, in performing a charitable work that bores, in going to bed a few minutes later, in getting up a few minutes earlier, in giving the preference to that one of two things which pleases us the less, and so on indefinitely.

Notes and Remarks.

In the Lenten Preface, the Church reminds the whole world of truths sadly diminished among men, as the Scripture expresses it. 'Fasting represses the vicious inclinations of the flesh, it elevates the soul, it gives vigor to virtue, and leads to victory.' How well these truths were comprehended by the masters of the spiritual life! To the question as to what is the spirit contrary to the gift of intelligence—that is, according to Suarez, a certain aptitude for explaining to one's self and others the sense of revealed truths,—St. Antoninus replies: "'Tis the spirit of gluttony. Indulgence of the appetite for food, when carried to any excess whatever, causes the life of the senses to predominate over the life of the spirit, the body over the mind. The more delicately one eats the less sensibly one thinks." "Nothing," says St. John Chrysostom, "is more pernicious than gluttony, and nothing more ignominious. It renders the mind obtuse and gross, and the heart sensual; it blinds the understanding, preventing it from seeing clearly."

The assertion is often made that until the time of Luther hymns in the vernacular were unknown in German churches, and that the spread of the Reformation was largely due to the impulse then first given to religious music. How erroneous these notions are is shown by Dr. Joseph Mantuani in a learned work ("Geschichte der Musik in Wien") lately published in Vienna. He makes mention of many old German hymns which were sung in churches; and states, citing authorities, that the Passion and Easter plays, which were established at an early date, though first of all written in Latin, were afterward partly, and finally entirely, in German, thus becoming the property of the people. "From the tenth century to the thirteenth, the Church preserved what was best of old music: hence it is there one expects to find the

remains of ancient music, and a fresh blossoming of it." Various regulations concerning the singing at St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, founded in the twelfth century, show the importance attached to the service of song. Without knowledge of music no one was eligible for the priesthood. Dr. Mantuani describes the steps by which the people everywhere were gradually enabled to take part in religious services; and tells how secular songs in which Latin and German words were intermixed helped to break down the barrier between the classical and vernacular language. The truth is that music played a large part in the life of the German people centuries before the birth of Luther.

The recuperating, renovating force of the Church is the despair of her opponents and the admiration of her members in every age. Many a time during the last nineteen hundred years the world has witnessed what seemed to be the destruction of the Bark of Peter. The enemies of the Christian name exulted, and its faint-hearted followers were filled with consternation, forgetful alike of the divine promise and the divine presence. At the moment when the powers of hell had all but triumphed, suddenly the storm was stilled, and the destruction averted. History is ever repeating itself. *Cette éternelle recommencence* (This Church which is everlastingly recommencing), M. Jules Ferry is reported to have said of her—in irritation, no doubt, but with a correct appreciation of the law of her being. Concluding an article on the French persecution, a writer in the *Month* comments on M. Ferry's words as follows:

Nature, when some of her fairest scenes are stripped by hurricane or scorched by fire, begins at once to reclothe them first with a few humble shoots or grasses, presently with a richer vestment of shrubs and saplings, and at length with such a profusion of spreading trees and flowery banks as restores to them all their former beauty. And so the Church of God, when some social convulsion or fiery persecution has stripped her of her fair shrines of worship, destroyed her institutions, and broken up her organizations,

never abandons as hopeless the sacred task for which she was placed on earth, but patiently sets to work to build up and re-form afresh; and never loses heart, even when the prospect of further and worse disasters is looming in front of her; but, trusting in the Providence of her Divine Head, is assured that in one way or another, according as it shall please Him, she will be enabled to maintain her life, and carry on her ministrations—even into centuries when her persecutors of the moment, like those of former generations, with all their hostile schemes and institutions, shall have passed out of existence and perhaps out of memory. And it is just through this indefectibility of her life, which is most conspicuous in the times of her sharpest trials, that, in spite of misconception, in spite of misrepresentation, in spite of the scandals in which her unworthy sons involve her, she succeeds in convincing so many serious minds that the stamp of eternity is upon her, and she is not of this world.

Never, certainly not in recent times, has there been a nobler witness to the unity of the Church than the stand made by the hierarchy, clergy, and laity of France on the side of the Vicar of Christ in his defence of religious liberty. In the midst of so much that is harrowing in the present persecution, it is inspiring to witness the loyal devotion of French Catholics. If Pius X. has had much to suffer during his short reign, there has been much also to afford him consolation. The spectacle of the bishops of France joining hands with the Vicar of Christ in a unity which is worthy of the most glorious traditions of the Church will inspire the pens of many future historians; and their admiring readers will recall, if not reminded of, that promise of Him with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

Prior to the assembling of the Peace Congress at The Hague during the coming summer, a preliminary American Congress is to be held in New York in April, its purpose being to promote the development and expression of American public sentiment in support of the important subjects which have been suggested for the program of the second Hague conference. These

subjects, as we learn from the American Peace Society, are: (1) a general treaty of obligatory arbitration; (2) a periodic world-congress or assembly; (3) the limitation of armaments; (4) the examination, before hostilities are begun, of all contested issues by an impartial commission of inquiry; (5) the immunity from capture of all unoffending private property at sea in time of war.

Among the speakers announced for the opening meeting of the New York conference are Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Potter, and the venerable Edward Everett Hale.

The impostor calling himself "Archbishop" Vilatte, and the abettors of his attempt to found a national church in France, receive no encouragement from the *Chicago Israelite*, which declares that the experience of the last few decades has shown that modern Catholics either cling to the Church very closely or drift away from religion entirely. Schisms among them are short-lived anywhere. "The Independent Polish Catholic Church of America had no more success than the 'Old Catholic Church' founded after the declaration of the dogma of Infallibility in 1870, although it had the material support of Bismarck and the moral support of such great scholars as Döllinger and Von Schulte."

We were not mistaken in declaring that there would be a prompt and generous response to the appeal for the creation of a fund to defray the expenses of the Filipino students, to be sent to this country next year. Indeed, no sooner was the plan suggested than the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Oechtering, of the diocese of Fort Wayne, always a zealous friend and generous supporter of foreign missions, offered to contribute \$25 annually. Another large-hearted priest, who, though poor, like the majority of his parishioners, manages to contribute to every charity, has just sent us a check for \$10 "to begin or increase the Filipino student fund." He says: "We

can all afford to do something." It is to be hoped that a great many others will do all they can afford for so deserving a cause. Still another priest, whose rule of life would seem to be never to miss an occasion of giving—he has dropped many a generous alms into our Contribution Box,—writes: "Let me know when the Filipino student fund is started. I want to contribute to it." As a number of other readers of THE AVE MARIA have written to the same effect, we have decided to start the fund at once. The urgency of it has already been explained, and one of our correspondents gives excellent reasons for avoiding delay in such matters. He writes:

We are all too indifferent and ungenerous, not giving near what we might and should for mission work. A person reads an appeal for some deserving cause, and says to himself, "Yes, I will give something to that"; but fails to do so at once, and in the end neglects his intention altogether. Or he may resolve to give a certain sum, but waits a day or more, and then reduces the amount. Giving quickly means giving twice, because on first impulse one is apt to give twice as much. I think we should act promptly in these matters, making our offering as soon as we read the appeal; then we could not recall our good resolution or change the amount of our contribution.

This is eminently practical. Henceforth we must pass round the Contribution Box more regularly. Its position in THE AVE MARIA ought to suggest offerings in the name of departed relatives and friends, for the charities recommended.

The Hon. A. Leo Knott, professor of Constitutional International Law at Baltimore, contributes to the *Catholic Mirror* a scholarly and convincing paper on the illegality of France's spoliation of ecclesiastical property. Mr. Knott cites opinions of Chief Justice Marshall and Justice Story on questions of similar import that came up years ago in United States courts, and concludes his article with this statement:

It will thus be seen that on this great question of the indefeasible rights of property, and the incompetency either of the King or the Legislature to annul them, and also corporate franchises when once granted, there is no differ-

ence between the Common Law of England and this country and the Civil Law prevailing in France. Both of these systems of jurisprudence therefore condemn and reprobate the flagrant violations of these rights now being perpetrated by the French Chambers in their war against Christianity and the Church of France.

The French Government is perpetrating high-handed robbery, pure and simple.

With the approval of Archbishop Williams, the Board of Government of the C. T. A. Union of Boston have sent a letter to the pastors of the various parishes of the archdiocese, with a view to secure, if possible, a larger representation of the parish societies in the Union. It appears that there are a considerable number of Total Abstinence societies which are not affiliated with the Union; and, in some parishes, no Total Abstinence society exists. The objects and efforts of the C. T. A. Union have received the heartiest approval of the last three Sovereign Pontiffs. Pius X., in a letter written last summer to Bishop Canevin, the President of the Union, says: "It is our hope that, by conferring such abundant favors, not only bishops, priests and men of religious Orders, but also the rest of the faithful, may resolve to bear witness to their regard for the Union and become members of it." Our own bishops assembled in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, approved and highly recommended the practice of total abstinence as a remedy for the great evil of drunkenness; and, speaking of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union and the Society of the Sacred Thirst, declared: "We also extend to them the assurance of our good will; and, in order that they may flourish, we recommend them to the paternal care of all our priests."

So long as the drink evil continues to attract the attention of the sociologist and the legislator, there is room for a Total Abstinence society in every parish in the country. The trend of public opinion in business and professional circles has done much within the past three or four decades

to diminish the heavy drinking of other days, and the treatment of inebriety as a disease has undoubtedly "reformed" many who were on the down grade to the drunkard's grave; but prevention is a thousand times better than cure, and 'tis incomparably easier to forestall the drinking habit in a hundred boys than to effect the return, from even moderate drinking to total abstinence, of a single man.

One good effect of the persecution in France has been to break down the social barriers existing among men of good will and to promote the spirit of fraternal charity. Not only are political preferences being ignored, but religious differences also are disregarded in the combat against the common enemy. It is realized that the aim of the Government is to destroy Christianity in France, and that to defeat this purpose the union of all conservative forces becomes a necessity. The duty of promoting this unity is thus pointed out to French Catholics by M. René Bazin:

We ought not, of course, to love error, but we ought to admire the good faith of the mistaken, and pity the unhappy condition of the legions of our countrymen who are irreligious only because the truth has had no part in their education and has scarcely a chance of entering their lives. Let us have no leagues of hate, but rather alliances formed without compromise of principle. We ought, for example, to be grateful to those French Protestants who, being truly religious, perceived that at this crisis in the renaissance of paganism it is the very idea of God, the common idea and bond of all Christians, which is attacked. We ought to rejoice that a common danger and the natural generosity of the religious spirit should have given us for allies in this matter so many of "our separated brethren."

The London *Saturday Review's* statement that the English papers permitted their readers to see the religious crisis in France "through Jewish spectacles" was so true that it hurt, and considerable correspondence relative to the fairness or partiality of the Hebrew purveyors of French news has resulted. One gentleman, writing over a French name from Paris,

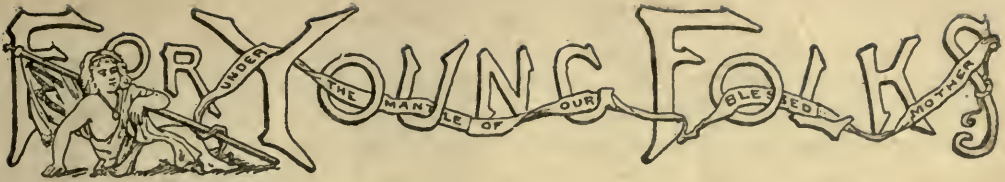
and professing to be a Catholic, deprecates the reflection on the Jewish writers, and incidentally grieves over the injudicious action of the Sovereign Pontiff in this whole matter of Church and State separation. "We Catholics," he sapiently observes, "while praying for the conversion of the Government, may well pray for the conversion of the Pope!"

Just how genuine a Catholic this anti-Papal, pro-Jewish correspondent happens to be, is made manifest by his statement as to Church precepts and the penalties incurred for non-observance thereof. He says: "The Church commands its adherents to attend Mass every Sunday under pain of excommunication, and to fast every Friday under pain of mortal sin." It was probably through inadvertence that he did not add that the Church punishes habitual neglect to bless one's self before and after meals with exclusion from the Sacraments while living and deprivation of Christian burial when life is over.

As effective a simile as we have noticed in a long while is the following, in which Mr. W. H. Mallock, in a recent lecture, illustrates the mental condition of the great body of Socialists:

They are like men travelling on a road rough, hilly and dangerous, which interposes many difficulties between them and the point they desire to reach, and who, impatient of these difficulties, propose, instead of improving the road, to take a short cut across a quicksand. They never pause to inquire whether it would not engulf the pedestrian. It is not the road, therefore it must be better than the road. Such is their simple logic. What Socialism is in detail, as a constructive scheme, they make no attempt to investigate. They allow it to impress their imagination like a building seen in a dream; but they never inquire, as practical builders are bound to do, whether or not such a building is a structural possibility. They never consider in detail the principles of its structure at all.

Mr. Mallock's lectures in New York on the whole subject of Socialism contain much that is new and very much that is good.



A Hard Road.

BY E. BECK.

OH, the road that leads to that city fair
Called Success is a weary way;
For it upward winds like a tortuous stair,
Past the meads and valleys gay;
And many a wayfarer turns aside
To rest 'mid the blooming flowers
And the pleasant shade of the branches wide
In the golden morning hours.

The road lies bare to the sunshine fierce,
And bare to the storms that blow,
And plenteous thorns are there to pierce
The feet that o'er it go.
Some faint, some fail, some the journey rue,
And only a few still press
O'er the road of Perseverance to
The city of Success.

Grace in Disgrace.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

II.

A MOMENT or so later, the children, whom the man had stopped to greet, reached the spot where Grace was standing. The little boy was dimpling with happiness as his sister said:

"O Frankie darling, we have such a good papa!"

"Tan oo go?" the baby voice asked.

"Yes, I can go; and I was silly to cry all last night when I might have known papa would find a way. This very moment I shall buy my dress and veil and gloves. Isn't it dreadful to think that I must get a dress? But of course the old one is too worn-out. I know if mamma had been well she would have made the new one. Dear mamma! I am

so glad she feels better this afternoon. If she is able to stay alone, papa may come to-morrow morning. If he does, I shall be the happiest one in the whole procession."

Grace understood at once. The little girl meant the procession that was part of the closing ceremonies of the Forty Hours' Devotion; and probably her keen disappointment at the thought of not taking part had driven the father to seek some means by which she might realize her wish.

"But he needn't have taken *that* way," sighed Grace. "The Sisters would have arranged it for her, if he had waited to tell them, as I suppose he intended to do. That must have been what brought him to the convent."

She stood stupidly outside as the two children entered a dry-goods store to make their purchases, and sighed deeply as she saw a crisp bill pass into a stout and beaming German's hand, and thence to his till beneath the counter. With the precious articles guarded from all possible mishap, the little shopper came forth again, and made the baby's dimples deeper than ever by saying:

"Now we shall have some candy. Oh, yes! papa said so; for he has more money besides this. Which kind will you take? The peppermint tastes awfully good, but I think the lemon lasts longer."

Discouraged, Grace then retraced her steps, and it was a tired pair of feet that ascended the convent stoop at the end of her journey.

"Well, upon my word!" cried Margaret Baker. "Here she comes as calmly as you please, and we with our hair turned gray in a single day thinking she was kidnapped!"

"Where is she,—where?" implored two weeping figures.

One was Louise Roberts, who, firmly believing in the kidnapping herself, had convinced everyone else of its truth. The other was Carrie, the maid whose duty it was to answer the door bell. She was crushed beneath the blame that had fallen on her.

"He was a ghost,—that's what he was!" she sobbed. "Is it me that would let a strange man in, and me that careful!"

"Don't cry," advised Sister Miriam. "If you answered the bell only once—when little Ethel Carey's maid came for her, then he must have slipped in when they opened the door to go out."

It was long past the hour of dismissal, but Grace's classmates had awaited, with Mrs. Fletcher and the nuns, some news of the missing girl. They all listened eagerly to the account of her wanderings; and, in the joy at her return, even Sister Annette, strict disciplinarian though she was, forgot to reprove her for having left the school without permission.

Mrs. Fletcher, who had learned of her mistake, blamed the undeserved punishment she had inflicted as the cause of all the trouble; and showed her regret very nobly by making light of her own loss, and emphasizing only the gratitude she felt toward Grace. In spite of what she said, however, the girls knew that the privation of the ten dollars which the purse had contained was by no means a slight one.

When her friends had gone home, Grace presented her problem to Sister Miriam, whose wise counsel and ready sympathy had smoothed away so many of the perplexities of her girls.

"You are right, dear, in thinking that a little help now might prevent this man's falling into dishonest habits," she said. "Kindness, wisely offered, of course does more to make people lead good lives than anything else. That was our dear Lord's principle when He was on earth, you know; and we must never lose an opportunity of imitating Him in it. This man may be discouraged in his efforts to find employment; if so, work can be obtained for him,

and then we can expect him to restore Mrs. Fletcher's money. First of all, we must know who he is, and that we can easily learn if his little girl is in the instruction class at the church. Sister Annette has charge of that, you know."

"Will she be there to-morrow morning?" asked Grace.

"Yes."

"Well, I can point out the little girl, then."

It was not a difficult task to find the child next day; for among all the radiant faces framed in snowy veils, the glow of her eyes and the brightness of her smile seemed to mark her "the happiest of all."

At the first note of the organ the processionists moved slowly upstairs, whither Grace, having spoken to Sister Annette, soon followed.

The stained glass of the windows softened the morning sunshine, with its many hues, and spread a rainbow canopy over the hundreds who knelt in reverent attitude before the Royal Presence there enthroned. Beyond was a scene of glory,—the marble altar, with its myriad lights, and its masses of flowers that were exquisite indeed, but scarcely as dear to the Heart of the King as the sweet voices of the children who sang the different parts of the Mass.

Grace was transfixed with the beauty of it all; and, hoping that the man had fulfilled his little girl's desire of seeing him present among the adorers, she begged contrition for him and courage to resist the temptations that beset him in his hardships.

At length the beautiful ceremonies were over; and Grace, on reaching the vestibule, came face to face with Aunt Mary.

"Not at school, child? What's the matter?" said that blunt lady. "Did you ever see so many people? Dr. Albans would expire if he saw me in such a crowd with the sort of heart I have; but somehow I can not resist the Forty Hours' Devotion. The one thing to which I do object is the way the most wretched specimens of humanity force their way

into one's private pew, with their vulgar ways of showing their emotions. There was a man beside me and he set my nerves on edge with his continual snivelling. There he is now,—the offensive creature!"

"There?" exclaimed Grace. "Oh, then he came! I'm so glad! Why, Aunt Mary, I know him!"

"Indeed? Quite an aristocratic acquaintance, I'm sure! If I am not mistaken, he is the same man who came to my door yesterday, with a face as long as your arm, asking for work. I am too much inclined to melancholy myself to have people like him around me. No doubt he would have plundered the house, anyway, if I had let him in."

"O Aunt Mary, couldn't you have inquired about him? I think if somebody had given him work it would have saved him from disgrace. You will think so, too, when you hear this." And sympathetic Grace related her story.

"And that is the sort of person I'm to worry my poor brains about!" commented her aunt when the tale was told. "Indeed I shall always felicitate myself over my narrow escape. Your mother ought to know better than to let you run the streets reforming robbers and vagabonds. Enough of that subject, child!"

That evening the eccentric lady who, in spite of her faults, was sincerely devoted to our Blessed Mother, and would not retire without having said the Rosary, discovered the loss of her beads. Suspecting that they had dropped from her in the church, she went at once to search for them. They proved to have fallen beneath the kneeling bench; and, having recovered them, she remained to pray. It was not a confessional night, and the sound of a confessional slide made her turn in surprise.

"That man again!" she thought, recognizing the penitent who was emerging from the box. "Not content with annoying me this morning, he must come as a distraction into my prayers." And she began the second decade over again.

But her eyes travelled back to the still

form kneeling before the Tabernacle. It was not a distraction, had she known it, but the grace of God illumining her soul.

"Why, what is the matter with me?" she said. "Instead of my prayers, it is that little witch's words that are filling my thoughts. Kindness helps people to lead good lives, and we must never lose an opportunity of practising it,—that's what one of the Sisters told her. Come! Why should a woman of my age mind what a child says?"

The man rose to go, and had walked to the vestibule when a whispered, "Pardon me!" made him turn to see a dignified lady who continued,

"Have you found employment? I think you called at my house the other morning, but I—well, I didn't wish to be disturbed."

"No, ma'am, I haven't," replied the man.

"What is your trade?"

"I'm a carpenter, ma'am; but the strike is on and I have to depend on odd jobs."

"Well, you may call to-morrow morning,—here's my card. It so happens that there is some repairing for you to do."

Twenty-four hours later the former invalid was wondering what had become of her "nerves." Before two weeks had elapsed she wrote a letter to Grace's father which ran:

DEAR EDWARD:—With your permission, I would like to have Grace to dinner this evening. There is a little matter about which I wish to consult her. You will be surprised to learn that I have postponed my European trip, for my physician declares there is no longer need of it. My health is better than it has been for years, but I do not owe my recovery to any medicine. I have simply come to realize that there are other people in the world besides

Your affectionate sister,

MARY.

That evening held a series of surprises for Grace. To begin with, her aunt greeted her so cordially that the little girl's timidity at once vanished, and she chatted away about school events as freely as if she were with her mother.

"And what *do* you suppose, Aunt Mary!" she concluded. "Yesterday Sister Annette received an envelope containing ten dollars. There was no name attached, but written roughly on a slip of paper was: 'Here is the money I took. Please forward.' So, you see, that man was not so bad, after all. Do you know, Aunt Mary, he found employment the very day after we saw him? Sister Annette heard so after she had secured something for him to do."

"That part of the story belongs to me, Grace," said her aunt, proceeding to tell of that evening in the dim, quiet church when the man had sought pardon for his sin. "Just in those few moments as he knelt there at the altar rail," she went on, "I realized that for years I have been making a mistake,—forever searching for the faults of others, and closing my eyes to the possibility of good. And, bless my soul, I think the evil is all in my own mind! One little act of good will—though a poor one it was—has cleared my vision. Now it is plain to me that even in the creature who seems utterly worthless we can find some little virtue, if only we look for it; and that he deserves kindness for one reason at least—because God made him. Now as to my plans. Father Hughes and I have talked them over, and we have found a great many ways in which I can be of use to those less fortunate than myself. So my winter will be busy, and, for the first time in many years, happy. In the spring, please God, I will go to Europe. Here is the 'little matter' I want to settle to-night. Do you think the physician who helped me to discover so valuable a remedy would consider a summer abroad a sufficient fee?"

Grace looked up, wondering, at her aunt's smiling face; then a light flashed upon her.

"A summer abroad for me?" she asked.

The proposition was too bewildering to be calmly answered. Visions of future pleasures gave way to remembrances of

the scenes of the past two weeks. Step by step she traced her story to its beginning.

"O Aunt Mary," she exclaimed at last, "I never, never, never can thank *you* as I should! But, thinking of how all this came about, I feel as if just out of gratitude I ought to keep Margaret Baker's shoe buttons in order all the rest of my life."

(The End.)

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.—A TRIAL AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Fortunately, the next day was a half-holiday at school, and, according to Hugh's directions, Patrick had the ladder all ready when the boy returned at noon-day. It was a thrilling moment. Mrs. Redmond stationed herself at a window, where she could command a view of the ascent. She was not without a ripple of excitement, so contagious is enthusiasm. She began to remember how, through all these years, the window had been regarded as an object of bewildering mystery, of captivating interest. She recalled, as she stood there, all that she had heard about it, and wondered if any of it were fact, or if it were all fancy. It is true that her husband, with resolute good sense, had put the subject away from him as soon as he reached maturity.

"If there be really a mystery connected with the window," he had said, "and if it be anything more than a vagary of the architect, the secret is buried these many years in the grave of its eccentric designer."

True, he usually went on to admit how in his young days he had been as keen as any one in pursuing these investigations. Mrs. Redmond's attention had of late been attracted to the subject by its evident interest for the Chevalier, and by something in his manner which, despite his laughing allusions to the prevalent belief, showed that he considered it

not entirely groundless. Therefore it was that, curiously blended with her anxiety for the climber's safety, there was some impatience on the part of Hugh's mother to know the result of the investigations.

She began to be almost terrified by the possibilities, and felt tempted to call Hugh down and instruct Patrick to remove the ladder. Being a brave woman, however, and accustomed in the course of years to control her emotions of one kind or another, and to confront perilous situations, she overcame her inclinations and waited quietly. She felt convinced that if she had forbidden this experiment, or prevented its completion, Hugh would be bitterly disappointed and remain troubled and unsettled. She had, however, warned him before he had attempted the ascent that there could be but little hope of making any fresh discovery in so obvious and simple a fashion, and in a path which must have been frequently followed:

"For," as she said, "you have been told by Patrick's father and by the Chevalier, and I have heard your father say more than once that every effort has been made in succeeding generations to solve the mystery."

Having thus forewarned the boy, she now waited with what fortitude she could command, watching Hugh's upward progress, step by step, with Patrick close behind, and below an eager group, consisting of Arthur, the two little girls, Margaret and Catherine. All eyes gazed upward in fascinated attention.

Almost every one, from youth to age, remembers those moments of intense, thrilling interest, when, from one cause or another, the whole household was astir; when a spell seemed to be cast over everything, and all thoughts, all eyes, all ears were turned in a particular direction.

The sunlight fell in long, slanting beams that day; the air was crisp and sharp, with a promise of early snow. Up went Hugh from one rung of the ladder to the other, attended by faithful Patrick. The little fellow was fairly trembling with

eagerness, though a sudden panic seemed to seize him as he drew near the goal of his desires. He was conscious of that same uncanny feeling which he had before experienced on approaching the shining panes of the window. He could have sworn, so strong is the power of imagination, that a cold, icy breath was blown upon him from some mysterious interior, and he momentarily expected that a hand would be outstretched to push him away. It is possible that, but for the proximity of Patrick, he would even then have turned away; and no doubt it was precisely this feeling which had caused many to fail in the attempt. Hugh was, however, a brave, resolute young fellow, and he had a pride of his own, which would not suffer him to admit to his attendant and to those below that he had flinched in the supreme moment.

"Steady now, Master Hugh!" cried Patrick, as the two neared the top.

Mrs. Redmond below, covering her eyes and shuddering, breathed a fervent prayer for her adventurous son; and Arthur, seeing his brother upon that "bad eminence," felt a touch of the dizziness which he had experienced upon the previous memorable day.

Hugh, having reached the top of the ladder, drew a long breath. All was silent up there. No fluttering pigeons now to affright him, since they had been driven by the cold into the safe shelter of the dove-cote. There was the window, cased in tin, close beside the boy. Its panes, which looked fairly clean from below, were thickly coated with dust and wreathed round with cobwebs. Again Hugh's resolution failed him. He could not for the moment make up his mind to stretch out his hand and touch the window, yet neither would he basely desert the quest, and go down to confess his failure.

"Steady now, Master Hugh!" said Patrick again, though it was quite evident that the man's deep tones were faltering, and that he, too, felt nervous. "We must see what's behind that dust."

Into Hugh's over-excited mind flashed various instances which his mother had told him of courage and daring. He remembered some of his favorite heroes, and he felt that, in imitation of their fearlessness, it was incumbent upon him now to stretch forth his hand and touch the pane. Two or three times he made the attempt, and two or three times he withdrew, as if some mysterious force were baffling his efforts and weakening his will. That sensation of chill terror was in his veins. The window, he thought, must be something portentous, weird, and unholy; and his own curiosity concerning it intrusive and baleful.

At last he raised his hand and made the Sign of the Cross, and, grasping his pocket-handkerchief securely, leaned forward and wiped a whole pane clear of its thick mantle of dust. He breathed more freely after that was done; his hand had not withered, he had not fallen,—nothing, in fact, had occurred. He gave the glass another and more resolute wipe; and then, with quickly beating heart, drew closer to the window. Patrick, holding him very tight, from a lower rung of the ladder, strove to peer over the boy's shoulder. As he approached nearer and nearer, Hugh's straining eyes gazed at the pane, which seemed to stare back at him again with sinister blankness. He moistened his dry lips, he clung convulsively to the ladder and pressed his face at last to the glass. For a moment's breathless pause, and then another, he looked and looked.

"What is it you see, Master Hugh? For the love of Heaven tell me!" said Patrick, in a voice husky with emotion, the while he felt the boy trembling and shivering in his grasp.

Hugh, without replying, continued to stare and stare, until at last he answered Patrick's query in a low and almost unintelligible tone.

"Let us go down, Patrick," he said, half sobbing; and Patrick, nothing loath, began the descent.

The young man often declared after-

ward that he would not have gone through again what he did during those two or three moments upon the ladder for anything in the world. He could never describe his sensations, but only gasp and shiver at any allusion to the subject; while Hugh always said:

"Oh, it was awful, awful! I often dream of it at night."

Yet when Patrick asked that breathless question which Hugh took so long to answer, the latter's reply was:

"I see nothing,—nothing at all, Patrick."

He meant, of course, to say nothing exciting, nothing unusual,—nothing that could repay him for the adventure. For Hugh really saw what was likewise, at last, visible to his attendant—a wall of solid masonry.

"It's just the wall of the house!" whispered Patrick.

"Just the wall of the house!" echoed Hugh.

"The window's only stuck up there for ornament," added Patrick.

And they both continued to stare, as if their eyes could pierce the thickness and discover something beyond. To Hugh it seemed an inexpressible, heartrending disappointment that there should be no room, no mystery,—nothing singular about this window, which, as his father had supposed, was a mere vagary of the architect. Patrick shared to a great degree in this sentiment. He had felt a certain pride in the fact that this window lent an unusual character to the house, and the idea had appealed to that love of the marvellous, that quest after mystery, which seems inseparable from the human heart, and which is one of those chords to which it inevitably responds.

Hugh, as he afterward described, had felt a strong inclination to break that mocking pane, and to thrust his hand fiercely against that wall, which actually stood there, in its horrible, prosaic and commonplace reality. Sober, second thought had, however restrained him. His father would be very much annoyed

at the wanton breaking of a pane, which would have to be replaced. There was nothing for it but to go down again, sadly, carefully, and without appeal. Hugh's downcast, crestfallen countenance told its own tale to the little group, who stood below in anxious expectancy, and still more to Mrs. Redmond. She took herself to task for the beating of her heart and the quickening of her pulses, as she went forward to meet the unsuccessful adventurer.

All other feelings were, however, lost in sympathy at sight of Hugh's woe-begone countenance, as he sprang toward her with a pitiful cry, and tears—actual tears—for the first time since boyhood, streamed down his cheeks.

"O mother, there's nothing there but a wall!"

"Oh, you poor fellow!" cried Mrs. Redmond, with prompt sympathy, catching him in her arms; while she felt his chest heaving convulsively, and the quick sobs, which he strove to repress, rising one after another into his throat. She knew—as who that has reached maturity does not?—how quickly the disappointments of life must succeed each other, the golden hope fade into greyness, the mirage of enchantment sink into Time's sea. Her heart fairly bled for the boy; she knew that his was a nature to feel disappointments keenly.

"Oh, poor Hugh,—poor Hugh!" she said. Then, after allowing him to sob out his grief a little longer, she raised his head and held him at arm's-length. "Hugh," she exclaimed, "here is the time to be brave, to show your mettle! How shall you ever get through life, little man, if you give way at every disappointment?"

"But I was so sure!" Hugh said, pitifully, his tear-stained face still working in effort to control his emotion.

"O my darling boy!" the mother said. "We are all so sure of many things at the beginning. Try to be brave. Try to make the sacrifice of all you hoped and dreamed, and it will be of greater advan-

tage to you than anything you could possibly have discovered."

Hugh had by this time grown calmer. His mother's courageous words and the assurance of her sympathy were as a strong arm to hold him up. Meanwhile the other children drew near with anxious inquiries.

Arthur had been almost as much interested in the matter as Hugh himself, though less prone to display enthusiasm, and debarred from any attempt at climbing from the dizziness which still came over him at times. His disappointment at the tidings which Hugh had to impart was almost as keen as that of his brother, but it was manifested in another manner.

"Putting that old window up there for nothing!" cried he, in great indignation. "The man that did it must have been crazy."

Suddenly Hugh burst out laughing through his tears.

"It was a splendid joke, mother," he said, "to keep people guessing all these years."

"Very probably the builder never thought of it at all," Mrs. Redmond suggested; "but just put the window there to finish off his work."

"Louis de Villebon thought of it," said Hugh, with decision. "Most likely he did it for a joke."

"He must have been as mad as a March hare," grumbled Arthur.

"I'll tell you what I think," declared Hugh, emphatically. "The reason no one ever knew about it before—I mean about the wall being there—was that no one ever looked."

"And that's the God's truth, ma'am!" added Patrick, who had drawn near. "There wasn't a haporth to see through the glass but a stone wall."

The attention of the group was here diverted by a cry of alarm from the house. Margaret, who had felt deeply disappointed at the result of the investigations, had retired to the house, where she was greeted by a strong smell of burning. Entering the

parlor, she found the pipes between there and the dining room, connected with the big, dumb stove, red-hot and emitting sparks. Mrs. Redmond rushed in, followed by the children and Patrick. They found the whole house permeated with the odor of burning soot, and Hugh always afterward associated that odor with the disappointment of the day.

For the next few moments everybody's attention was absorbed with putting on wet blankets, and deluging the pipes with coarse salt; while even after they had returned to their normal hue, the liveliest apprehension prevailed that the woodwork might have somewhere taken fire.

"I always place our house under our Blessed Lady's protection," said Mrs. Redmond; "and I do not think she will let anything so dreadful happen."

When every precaution had been taken, and all possible search pursued, Margaret and Catherine went back to the kitchen, and the boys presently followed. There sat Patrick's father, leaning on his stick and shaking his silvered head.

"What did I tell you, Master Hugh?" he cried out. "Didn't I bid you lave that unlucky window alone?"

"Yes," admitted Hugh, "you did."

"For never did any one go next or nigh it, without something happening. It's the mercy of God that your papa's house wasn't burned over your heads, and him away beyond the water."

"O father!" expostulated Patrick, "how could the window have anything to do with the pipes getting overheated? Sure it's as plain as day that we put on too much fire, trying to heat up the house. And there's not a thing up there but the frame of window and a stone wall inside."

But Patrick's father would not be convinced. His generation had believed that the window led into a mysterious room, and that some occult influence prevented search and punished the daring investigator. And as his generation believed, he would continue to believe unto the end. Now, this credulity on his part gave Hugh

and Arthur a spark of hope. If Patrick's father supposed that that window was different from other windows, there was always the possibility that he might be right. So they went back into the sitting-room, much cheered and encouraged. Then, as the darkness fell, the mother gathered her little flock about her for a twilight talk, which they much enjoyed. And she called upon Catherine to bring up a plate of freshly cooked crullers, called in that time and place "bungs." Thickly powdered with white sugar, they were a most tempting dainty, and materially contributed to the mother's plan of lightening the disappointment of the afternoon.

(To be continued.)

Old-Time Problems.

Students in the time of Aldhelm, the seventh century, must have had a hard time with arithmetic; for figures were not used then, and all sums had to be worked out with the seven Roman letters employed as numerals. But the teachers of the little Anglo-Saxons tried to make the problems interesting, as the following examples will show:

"The swallow once invited the snail to dinner; he lived just a league from the spot, and he travelled at the rate of one inch a day. How long was it before the snail dined?"

"An old man met a little boy. 'Good-day, my son!' he said. 'May you live as long as you have lived and as much longer, and thrice as long as all that put together; and then, if God give you one more year, you will be just a century old.' How old was the boy?"

THE phrase "Holding a candle to you" is supposed to have originated in the custom, formerly observed by wealthy masters, of having a servant hold a candle when they wished to read after going to bed,—the small light-stand not having been invented.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—An English version of Father Hartmann Gisar's learned "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages" is announced by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

—Late issues of the London Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets include "More Chinese Tales," by Alice Dease; and "Max and his Brothers," an interesting German story by C. M. Bearne.

—"Corolla Sancti Edmundi," which is among the new publications of Mr. Murray, is described by the *Athenæum* as an attempt to examine and arrange scientifically the legends of St. Edmund, king and martyr. The volume will include much from hitherto unpublished MSS., and a preface by Lord Francis Hervey.

—Recent publications of Messrs. Gibbings & Co. include reprints of two translations which have long been scarce and much wanted—"The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments," by Durandus, Bishop of Mende; and "Symbolism; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings," by John Adam Moehler, D. D. This is the most profound work on the philosophy of Divinity which our time has produced, according to Cardinal Wiseman.

—"The Fair Wife," by Thomas Clery Gaffney (The Druery Bookshop, Chicago), bound in white and gold, would make a suitable gift for a bride; and, if she followed even half the counsel so freely given, it would prove a wedding-gift to the husband as well. The lessons inculcated are in letters from the writer to his sister, and cover the points expounded in the Scriptural portrayal of the Valiant Woman. The teacher in this case was thoroughly in earnest both as to his subject and his responsibility as mentor and guide. The book is not priced.

—The album presented to Pius X. by the Catholics of Brazil, to express their appreciation of the honor conferred upon their country by the elevation of the Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro to the Sacred Purple, is said to be "probably the most costly book in existence." Its covers are pure gold, encrusted with precious stones. It has a medallion portrait of the Pope surrounded by ninety diamonds of the purest water. The Papal monogram is wrought in diamonds and emeralds. In the album is contained a map of Brazil, and the various provinces are picked out in differently colored stones. A large blue diamond marks out Rio de Janeiro.

The gift has thus the value of an exquisite work of art, over and above the immense intrinsic worth of its adornment. Most of all to the heart of Pius X. will be its value as the expression of filial homage from his children in the great South American Republic.

—Many notable improvements have been made in *Espana y America* since its first appearance, four years ago. It has increased in size from sixty-four to ninety-six pages, and now covers a wide range of subjects—religious, scientific, social, artistic, and literary. The social and political problems at present agitating the Spanish nations are very fully dealt with. *Espana y America* is published by the Augustinian missionaries of the Philippines, Asia, and America, and may be had through any of their houses.

—"Selections from Newman" (Maynard, Merrill & Co.) is appropriately introduced by a biographical sketch and appreciations of the great English prose-master. The selections, which include extracts from his historical, literary and educational writings, are as representative as selections can be; and the notes are no doubt suitable for the general student. To Mr. Lewis E. Gates, who first edited a student's edition of selections from Newman's writings, do we owe it that the great Cardinal is on the list of books recommended in college courses; and we are glad that publishers are both creating and supplying a demand for such reading.

—Charles H. A. Esling, I. L. D., news of whose death at Stuttgart, Germany, recently reached this country, was an American Catholic layman of exceptional intellectual endowments and of notable activity in the service of the Church. A prominent delegate to the lay Catholic congresses held in Baltimore and Chicago, he had previously, in 1877, represented the Archbishop of Baltimore and American Catholics generally at the Golden Jubilee of Pius IX. A native of Philadelphia, and until a few years ago a resident of that city, Mr. Esling was prominently identified with several organizations of national importance; among others, with the American Catholic Historical Society,—of which, indeed, he was one of the founders. *R. I. P.*

—The Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D. D., has had published a new and revised edition of his "Mary in the Gospels," a series of seventeen lectures on the history of our Blessed Lady as recorded by the Evangelists. The volume

will probably impress the majority of our readers as practically a new book, since its first edition bears the date of 1866. Nothing that has occurred during the intervening forty years, however, has lessened the force of the author's arguments, or the fulness and clarity of the exposition which he gives of the Scriptural difficulties surrounding the question of Mary's relative obscurity or prominence in the New Testament. We cordially recommend the work to all lovers of our Blessed Lady. Burns & Oates, and Benziger Bros.

—The most ancient bound books in the library of the British Museum are the following four: the manuscript of St. Cuthbert's Gospels, written between 698–720; it is bound in velvet intermixed with silver, and has a broad silver border; both the centre and border are inlaid with gems.—A copy of the Latin Gospels, written in the beginning of the ninth century; the binding is coeval or nearly so; it consists of thick oaken covers plated in silver and set with gems; on one side is embossed the figure of our Saviour, with the symbols of the Evangelists in the corners, and on the other side is the Agnus Dei.—Another copy of the Latin Gospels of the tenth century, in ancient metallic binding, ornamented with crystals.—A Latin Psalter, with the canticles, litany and Office for the Dead, written and illuminated about the year 1140; the covers are of carved ivory, set with turquoises; on one side are represented some events in the life of David; on the other, illustrations of the Seven Works of Mercy.

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' price generally includes postage.

- "Selections from Newman." 40 cts.
 "Mary in the Gospels." Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D. D. \$1.25, net.
 "Memoriale Rituum." 30 cts., net.
 "An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent.'" John J. Toohey, S. J. \$1.30.

- "Commune Sanctorum." Vatican Edition. 75 cts.
 "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs." James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. 75 cts.
 "Lectures: Controversial and Devotional." Father Malachy, C. P. 90 cts., net.
 "The Witch of Ridingdale." Father Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "Ridingdale Flower Show." The same. 85 cts.
 "Lectures on the Holy Eucharist." Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J. \$1.25, net.
 "Tooraladdy." Julia C. Walsh. 45 cts.
 "Songs for Schools." C. H. Farnsworth. 60 cts., net.
 "Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth." Eleanor C. Donnelly. 50 cts.
 "Charlie Chittywick." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "Five O'clock Stories." A Religious of the Holy Child. 75 cts.
 "Jack." By the same. 45 cts.
 "The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi." \$1, net.
 "The Bishop Spalding Year-Book." Maple Leaf Series. \$1.25.
 "The Early Scottish Church." Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. \$1.60.
 "Canzoni." T. A. Daly. \$1.
 "The Voyage of the Pax." Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Edmund Pennington, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Joseph Bureau, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. M. J. Byrnes, S. J.

Mr. Louis Frigon, of Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Louisa Rasche, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Delaney, Marcus, Iowa; Mr. Francis Grant and Mr. John Broder, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Austin Grady, Phœbus, Va.; Mrs. Thomas Cordiell, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Hanora Sweeney, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. J. Ballman, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. John Wagner, St. Peter, Minn.; Miss Anna Slater, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Charles Esling, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Kuhn, Miss Katherine McBride, and Miss Jane McGough, Latrobe, Pa.; Miss Annie Reess, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mary Plummer and Mrs. Bridget Cudmore, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Ernst Krembs, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss B. E. Meagher, New Bedford, Mass.; and Mr. Charles Piquette, Detroit, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 2, 1907.

NO. 9.

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

The Weeping Willow.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

A German legend has it that the rods with which our Blessed Lord was scourged were of willow.

WEeping Willow! Weeping Willow!
Wherefore thus in silent sorrow
Bowest thou thy graceful head,
Ever weeping o'er the dead?
Wherefore not in summer air,
When the breeze is fresh and fair,
Rearest thou thy graceful form?
Wherefore ever thus forlorn?

Weeping Willow is my name,—
It is well;
Full of sorrow is the tale
Which I tell.
Mourning still and ever mourning
Must I be;
Christ hath spoken: "Gentle Willow,
Weep for Me!"
Woe is me! that fatal day
Wicked men
In the blood of Christ the Saviour
Steeped my stem.
And His blood which then I shed,
'Gainst my will,
Bends my branches as they shoot,
Downwards still,
For the crime which I deplore
Evermore!

IN the end, each one has but himself.
And if God be not in that self, he is poor
and wretched, though he possess a universe;
for with a few spadefuls of earth on his
head it will be all over forever.

—Bishop Spalding.

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

II.—THE ENCROACHMENTS OF THE WORLD.



IF all created things, there is nothing on earth so precious or so admirable as the human soul, illuminated and elevated by divine grace. Its intrinsic value is so immense that words fail us when we attempt to describe it. No object that this world contains can bear any comparison with it. The entire wealth of the material universe, even if multiplied over and over a thousand times, could not purchase it. It surpasses, by an immeasurable distance, all that fancy can paint or imagination picture or mind conceive. Its unparalleled beauty, which is nothing less than the reflected beauty of the uncreated, ever-blessed Trinity, draws down the love and complacency of God Himself, and fills His heart with ineffable tenderness and affection. Indeed, for the sake of winning it and repurchasing it after it was lost, He did what He did for no other,—no, not even for the Cherubim or the Seraphim. He came down from heaven, clothed Himself with our nature, and ransomed the soul of man by paying an infinite price—the price of His own Most Precious Blood.*

While wayfarers in this world, we walk by faith alone,† and dwell in darkness and in the shadow of death, so that we can not

* Rom., v 9.

† II Cor., v. 7.

gaze upon the beauty of the invisible spirit within us, made to the image and likeness of the uncreated beauty of the Deity, and actually sharing, in some mysterious way, in the divine nature. *Divinæ naturæ particeps*. * It is only by the exercise of divine faith that we come to form a proper estimate of the dignity of our own soul when clothed with grace. It is faith only that enables us to accept the astounding fact that it possesses a beauty beyond all created beauties, an excellence beyond all created excellences, and a splendor beyond all created splendors; and, further, that it is destined, if only it be faithful and persevering, not only to sit with God upon His throne amid the undreamed glories of the heavenly palace, but even to add something to its ravishing loveliness.

But, alas! how few there are who at all realize their own spiritual pre-eminence, or who even, strange to say, deem it worth persevering! Alas! how many show themselves utterly unconcerned about it, and ready foolishly to barter it away for the merest trifle, and to forfeit all for the satisfaction of some unclean pleasure or the indulgence of some base passion! "When man was in honor, he did not understand: he hath been compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them." †

But, gentle reader, if *we* are foolish and inappreciative, there are others who are wise enough to recognize the treasure that we carry "in earthen vessels." Satan and the other fallen angels are fully conscious of the peerless value of even the least soul, made to God's image and redeemed by His death. Those keen, penetrating intelligences, unhampered by the trammels of flesh, see, as no man living can possibly see, its dignity and unapproachable excellence; and, since they are consumed by an insatiable jealousy of us, and an implacable hatred of God, they watch every opportunity to rob us of our prize, and Him of our allegiance.

This is no idle fancy, no nightmare born of a diseased imagination, but a solemn

truth attested by divine revelation. The Holy Spirit of God assures us, of what some of us seem strangely unconscious—namely, that we are living and moving in the very midst of powerful and hostile forces, and ever surrounded by sleepless enemies who are on our trail night and day, plotting our downfall, and laying snares to entrap the presumptuous and the unwary. "The devil goeth about," fierce and menacing and pitiless, "as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." *

It is by reason of his rage and anger and power that the Apostle compares him to a lion; yet, inasmuch as he is invisible and impervious to the senses, we may surely say that the devil is a greater menace to our spiritual life than even the most ferocious beast of the forest is to our physical life. A visible enemy we may more easily guard against; a visible enemy we watch and avoid; a visible enemy we may elude and escape from. But who will deliver us from the hosts of evil spirits who haunt us at every step, and whose cunning is surpassed only by their malice? I say "hosts," and I say so advisedly, since their "name is legion." Are we not expressly warned by St. Paul that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places"? †

These alarming words are inspired by God, the Eternal Truth. Then we may well ask ourselves to what purpose are they uttered. Why does God strike this note of warning? Is it, perchance, that we should pay no heed? No. It is that we should grow more and more sensible of our peril, and that we should be persuaded to watch and pray lest we be seduced. In a word, it is that we should realize our position, and set a guard on every avenue by which the enemy may gain an entry into our hearts; that we should tread the slippery path of life with

* II St. Peter, i, 4.

† Ps. xlvi, 21

* I St. Peter, v, 8.

† Eph., vi, 12.

the utmost caution and circumspection, and, as St. Paul says, "take unto ourselves the armor of God, that we may be able to resist."

Satan is a consummate general. He has at his command an immense force, which he marshals with wondrous skill; and, as a consequence, the injury he inflicts on souls is prodigious. His stratagems are various and subtle; and, unless we can detect them, we run a serious risk of falling into his toils. There is one stratagem which, at first glance, seems so harmless and so innocent that it excites no apprehension, and disarms even the most suspicious. The cruel hook is so cleverly hidden beneath the bait that we can scarcely be persuaded that it is there, until at last, like the unwary fish, we are caught.

To realize this we had better compare the devil's tactics with those of an ordinary general who has made up his mind to get possession of some important fortress. He may adopt one of two courses. He may, of course, bombard it, undermine its foundations, and blow it to pieces, and so force an entry; or he may follow a totally opposite plan,—that is to say, he may decide to reduce it to submission, without firing so much as one shot, or exploding so much as a single mine. He simply surrounds it with his army, closes up every channel by which provisions can enter, and cuts off all the necessities of life. The result is the garrison is obliged to capitulate. This second scheme will be found quite as effective as the first. For the absence of food will soon make itself felt. Weakness and disease and discontent will become rife among the soldiers defending the fortress, until, seeing themselves reduced to the last extremity, and face to face with death, they will surrender to the victorious general. Thus, without striking a blow or firing a gun, the end is obtained.

By similar means the devil strives to enter into possession of our souls. They are the important fortresses against which he directs his attacks. Assisted and abetted

by his able lieutenants, the Flesh and the World, he is ever seeking to reduce them to captivity. How? Not always by assaulting the citadel of our soul directly. Not by drawing us into the immediate commission of some grievous sin, or deadly crime crying to Heaven for vengeance; but simply by quietly and gradually cutting off our spiritual supplies, and withholding from us all access to the ordinary channels of divine grace, such as prayer and the sacraments and other spiritual aids. And in this he is often, alas! only too successful.

For observe: as the body of man is not self-supporting, so neither is the soul. As the body depends upon many external conditions for its general health and well-being, so is it with the soul. The body needs food, drink, clothing, shelter, air, light, and sleep. These things are not merely desirable: they are essential. Without their aid the body can not continue to live. Should an assassin desire to destroy my bodily life, there is no need for him to thrust a dagger into my heart; he need not approach me or touch a hair of my head. All that he need do is to cut off my supplies. If only he can deprive me of food or of drink or of air or of sleep, his victory is complete. Death will follow with absolute certainty.

The same truth holds good of the life of the soul. "Not in bread alone does man live,"* says the Holy Spirit. No; for man has a spiritual as well as a corporal life, and he requires a supersubstantial bread to maintain it in health. He must have leisure for communion with God, for prayer, for the reception of the sacraments, and for much else. Indeed, prayer is to the soul what food is to the body. Deprive it of that, and it must needs languish and perish. The sacraments are likewise necessary, being the special channels of divine grace and favor, instituted by God to bring strength and vigor to our souls. In addition to these there are many other sources of grace, only less important than the above, such

* St. Matt., iv, 4.

as meditation and reflection on the eternal truths, spiritual reading, examination of conscience, and so forth.

These duties, daily attended to, soon create what I may describe as a certain atmosphere most favorable for the development of piety and holiness. It is an atmosphere in which the soul expands and develops, and produces choice fruits of virtue, as do plants in a tropical climate. It breathes more freely and grows strong and stately and robust in so suitable an environment. Consider, for example, the advantages of spiritual reading, in which we are brought, as it were, face to face with the noblest and most heavenly-minded of all ages. As we study the acts of the martyrs and contemplate the heroism of the saints, we are stirred by their noble example, encouraged by their dauntless fortitude, and set all on fire by their splendid loyalty to God and their unwavering devotion to His Church. As we go on from page to page, and indeed long after we have finished our reading and laid the book aside, we feel as though we were really living and moving among God's saints, sharing their society and enjoying their conversation; and we gain strength of soul and of character by their very nearness and companionship. In short, the soul stands in need of a great many helps and encouragements for the full development and perfect attainment of its spiritual health.

Consequently, if it is really to enjoy any degree of vigor, it must secure leisure and opportunity to utilize and turn to account the various means that God has so lovingly destined for the purpose. Time is essential; it can not be dispensed with on any pretext whatsoever; nothing else can take its place. But the devil has to be reckoned with; and he clearly sees that to ruin our souls, one of the surest means is to starve them out. And, since the world at the present day may be relied upon to second his perfidious efforts, and render them effectual, this is the means he is mostly inclined to make use

of. It best suits the exigencies of the period in which our lot is cast. The reason is obvious.

In former days men enjoyed much more leisure than they do now. The course of human life flowed by more evenly and calmly. Populations were smaller, and men were more widely separated one from the other. The means of travelling were poor and slow; hence people stayed much at home, and seldom strayed beyond the limits of their own village. They were far simpler in their tastes; few could read, and the daily paper with all its sensational news was unknown. Both men and women were content with homely pastimes and rural games and simple amusements, and led an uneventful existence. They scarcely troubled themselves about the world at large, or looked beyond their own immediate circle.

Now all this has changed. To-day we have vaster populations than we know what to do with, and congested districts where men stand perpetually in each other's way; and, while they demand and indeed seem to require much more than formerly, the means of subsistence are not so easily obtainable. It is a very hard struggle to make ends meet. There is a fierce and bitter contest going on, so that the day of twenty-four hours is found all too short. Men in this twentieth century live in a perpetual rush, in a fever of excitement, and in a ceaseless whirl of business. They can not spare a moment, but must be ever with the harness on their backs. The result is that, not having time for everything, they are disposed to allow the world and worldly interests to encroach more and more upon their thoughts and minds, till at last the supreme interests of their souls are thrust aside, or compelled to sit and wait like beggars in the antechamber of their brain, till temporal business has been attended to and dispatched, which often means till the soul itself languishes from neglect and privation.

Satan watches the course of events with

diabolical satisfaction, and recognizes in the modern world a valuable ally. He is the astute general bent upon reducing our soul to captivity. Well does he know the value of prayer and the sacraments, and the other means of grace. It is his purpose, therefore, to deprive us of such helps, to hinder us from making use of them, to keep them well out of our reach, and literally to destroy our spiritual life by starvation. What does it signify to him whether we perish everlastingly through yielding to some sudden and violent assault, or through a gradual process of exhaustion and starvation? Nothing whatever.

Such, then, is the end in view. And how is Satan going to realize it? What are the means? He calls into his service the aid of the world, with all its modern requirements and exactions; and the world undertakes, slowly perhaps, but surely, to close in upon us and absorb us. Its aim and object, let us speak plainly, is to gain complete control over the whole of our time,—to possess it entirely, and to claim every hour for itself. It enters into a man's heart, and will acknowledge no rival. It says: "You are all mine; your interests, your ambitions, your desires are mine; your talents and your gifts and your fortune must be placed at my service and employed as I suggest." The world may not suggest anything evil in itself. True; and in this especially the danger really lies. For if it did, our suspicions would be aroused; we should be put on the defensive, and might resist and overcome. But it counsels no crime, it proposes no direct sin. In fact, this is in no sense requisite for the devil's purpose. It is enough if he can only keep us so occupied and absorbed in anything whatsoever as to exclude God and spiritual things from our thoughts, and gradually deprive us of our spiritual life by shutting out all that is essential to its support and well-being. Our hearts and minds are too circumscribed to take in everything; and to fill them up to the very brim with the world is

the same thing as to empty them entirely of God.

It is the hurry and bustle of the present age, and the continuous and ever-increasing demands made upon our limited time, that constitute a very real and a very pressing spiritual danger. Our life is such a round of work and worry if we are poor, and of pleasure and dissipation if we are rich, that it often happens that no sufficient margin is reserved for the necessary exercises of devotion. In a word, the claims of this world allow no place for the claims of the next, and jostle them out as unwarrantable intruders.

Call to mind the hours consumed in dressing and undressing, and in the personal care and adornment of the corruptible body; consider the breakfasts and luncheons and five-o'clock teas, and the interminable dinners and late suppers; count the hours spent in paying unnecessary visits and making afternoon calls; note the chatter and gossip, and the idle, if not ill-natured, talk that runs away with quite an appreciable fraction of our brief life. Then there are operas, and theatres, and concerts, and pantomimes, and small dances, and great balls, and political reunions, and fashionable parties, and literary gatherings, and *conversaciones*, and "At homes." And in the midst of this whirl of worldliness and dissipation what becomes of our spiritual interests? They are forgotten, lost sight of, neglected.

If a few minutes' lull comes to us in the midst of this bustle and excitement, it is immediately filled up; for "we must just peep into the last batch of books from the Times Library," or take a hurried glance over the evening paper and see how Lady This or Lord That has been distinguishing herself or himself in the law courts for embezzlement or breach of promise. And so, in one way or another, every moment is crammed full. And though, as each day flies by, we are not conscious of having done anything radically wrong and sinful, yet our soul grows gradually but unmistakably weaker and feebler, beca it is

slowly starving, starving, starving. With the Royal Prophet, we might well cry out in tones of agony, did we realize our state: "My heart is withered, because I forgot to eat my bread." *

There is no doubt that the Evil One carefully studies our inclinations and passions, our preferences and tendencies, our likes and dislikes, in order that he may craftily enlist them all in his service; for it is according to the art of war for a commander to make everything, if possible even the very elements, fight on his side. Perhaps he perceives that we are much interested in politics. It matters not a straw whether we be Liberal or Conservative, Home Rulers or Radicals, Socialists, Democrats or Republicans. If only he can prevail upon us to become absorbed by some political aim, to live for it, to dream of it by night, to work for it by day, and to sacrifice even our religious interests for it, the devil's end is gained. Provided only that we are complacent enough to allow him to strangle us, he is quite willing to accommodate us by employing a silken cord instead of a hempen one.

Observe, the whole danger consists in becoming engrossed. What the particular nature of the object that engrosses us may be, matters little or nothing. It may, of course, be something distinctly harmful or objectionable in itself, such as gambling, horse-racing, betting, card-playing, drinking and carousing; but this is by no means necessary. In fact, the devil far oftener beguiles us by something quite innocent or even praiseworthy, such as our professional duties, or the inordinate love of books, even serious books, or study or literature. Or it may even be art or music or science or stock-broking or farming or athletics, or anything else *carried to excess*, provided only that it fills our time and thoughts to the exclusion of spiritual things.

This is by no means a fanciful case. Such innocuous occupations not unfrequently become a regular passion, and take complete possession of the mind, and

swallow up all our leisure. The interest becomes so keen and uncontrollable that at last we sacrifice our duties to God in order more fully to indulge our favorite amusement or occupation, and to gain additional time. It is allowed to encroach more and more upon the hours set aside for prayer and other religious exercises. Everything must yield to its imperious demands. It crushes out or thrusts to one side first one spiritual duty, then another. It rises like a tide, and spreads over our whole life, and swamps everything.

Perhaps my remarks, so far, may seem applicable only to the wealthy and the prosperous; but they are in reality quite as applicable to the poor and the indigent, who are obliged to toil for their daily bread. Yes, their danger also is that of being absorbed by the world around them, though it is in a somewhat different manner. With the working classes, it is not pleasure and dissipation and amusement, but rather the unfortunate conditions of their state, and the enormous demands made upon them by the peculiar nature of their trade or business. We know, alas! all too well the keen rivalry that now exists among the members of every craft, and the severe struggle for existence, together with the long hours, and overwork, and the accompanying sense of weariness and depression, not to speak of actual despair, that takes hold of many of our less fortunate brethren.

This incessant work, work, work, morning, noon, and night, puts a terrible strain upon the body and upon the mind. This continuous hand-to-hand wrestling with famine and want, this perpetual effort to keep the wolf from the door, carried on without rest or hope of better things, year in and year out, is a horrible obstacle to piety and holiness. The very condition of such a life so rivets the attention upon present necessities as to divert it almost entirely from those of the future. It not only shuts out all thoughts of another world, but often seems to render men

* Ps. ci, 5.

physically unfit to perform their religious duties in this.

How many a poor, hard-working man retires to rest on a Saturday night so utterly weary and worn, and so completely broken down and exhausted by his week's slaving in factory, mine or coal-pit, that on Sunday morning he feels physically unable to rise and assist at Mass and attend to the services of his Church! How many are so pressed by poverty and driven on by competition that they will work all Sunday as well as weekdays, as their only chance of keeping pace with their competitors! The absorption of the entire man by the world is one of the greatest curses of the age in which our lot is cast, and one of the hardest problems to solve. Who shall say how many thousands in this way have ceased altogether to frequent the services of the Church, and have become wholly lost to the Faith!

It has been shown that within five or six miles of Charing Cross, in London, there are literally hundreds of thousands of persons who never cross the threshold of any church, who never practise any form of religion, who never bow the head or bend the knee in prayer to their Creator and Redeemer, and who, to all practical purposes, are as pagan as the South Sea Islanders or the heathen Chinese. They are bound hand and foot in the deadly grasp of the powers of the world.

We are not excusing their irreligion and their indifference: we are merely, in part, accounting for it, and pointing to one among many circumstances which help to bring it about. There is no harm, certainly, in a man making shoes and boots, or suits of clothes, or driving an omnibus, or keeping an eating-house, and so forth. But if competition be so keen and the struggle so close that he is induced to carry on his trade, not only on all the weekdays but on Sundays too, then his soul is in the position of the fortress surrounded by the enemy, and God alone can save him. If the making of boots or clothes, or any other manufactured article,

is to absorb him, fill his time, occupy his thoughts, and drive out all that is noblest and best and most spiritual and Godlike in his nature, converting him into a mere machine, it becomes a curse and a snare and a source of very real and grave danger. The devil has reduced *that* soul, at all events; and desperate is its lot.

We, gentle reader, are probably living in easier circumstances; and yet, even without the same excuses and violent temptations, we too may be in some danger of allowing the world to gain too great a dominion over our hearts and over our thoughts and over our time. The process by which the world gradually insinuates itself and enters into possession is generally slow and cautious. It makes its advance by certain regular stages. Take, for instance, our prayers morning and evening. At the outset of our career, we begin by saying them with much attention, fervor, and earnestness, realizing that we are indeed addressing an infinite and omnipotent Being, the all-pure, the all-wise, upon whose favor we are entirely dependent. But that was when we had more leisure. Now our day has grown so full! We are living in a whirlwind of excitement and anxiety and stress of mind. Our prayers partake of the general speed and bustle and restlessness of our day. They are said—if said at all—hurriedly, distractedly, and with our mind on something else. We bring no devotion, no unction to these holy exercises. The next step is to shorten them. We content ourselves with a Sign of the Cross and a few muttered aspirations. Too probably we arrive at last at a point at which we think we may dispense with them altogether.

And what has been said of our morning and night prayers may be applied, in a greater or lesser degree, to all other important means of divine grace, such as confession, Communion, Mass, sermons, examination of conscience, spiritual reading, and the rest.

We have no time! No time for the one

thing necessary! Life is hurrying us on too rapidly. The world is too much with us, and the whole of our conscious existence is taken up with transitory and earthly affairs. We have not a moment to give to God, not a moment to devote to the vital and eternal interests of our souls, because the whole of our life is already consecrated to the service of the world. Thus the enemy starves us out and reduces us to captivity.

Eternity is looming in the distance. But we have no time to prepare for it. Heaven with its vistas of supreme delights and its endless joys, and hell with its quenchless flames and its excruciating agonies, are before us. Toward the one or the other of these two eternities we are hastening with inconceivable speed, but we are too busy even to inquire which of the two it is! Before many more seasons have run their course, we shall find ourselves standing in presence of the Great White Throne, and listening to the voice of the Judge of the living and the dead as He questions us upon our life and conduct. Yes, we know that this hour is approaching, we are fully aware of it; yet we pay no heed. We are too much taken up with the trivialities of the present moment to trouble ourselves about eternal issues. O heedless and foolish, why do you allow the devil to drive you blindfolded to destruction? Well may the inspired writer exclaim: "With desolation is all the land made desolate, because there is none that considereth in the heart."*

Perhaps Dives, the rich man of the Gospel narrative, may be taken as a type of many a wealthy man living at the present day. His sin, it must be remembered, was neither murder nor theft nor blasphemy, nor anything else calculated to excite horror and indignation in good men. It seems to have consisted simply and solely in making himself his own centre. He did not abuse or murmur against God: He just ignored Him; he found no room for Him in his daily routine of pleasure

and business, and lived without Him. We are told that this rich man was clothed in purple and fine linen; but that is no crime. We are also informed that he feasted sumptuously every day; but no one will have the hardihood to affirm that it is, in itself, a grievous sin, deserving of eternal damnation, to sit down to a good dinner. No: his fault, according to the view of the great commentators, was that he lived without God. The world and its vanities filled his heart and his mind. Its pleasures and its interests, its dinners and its banquets, its parties and its social duties, so possessed and occupied his thoughts that there was no place left for God and spiritual things.

Observe, it was not that he went out of his way to insult or to outrage God, or to deny His authority and dominion; not at all. He simply closed his eyes to the spiritual world altogether, and took no notice of it; treated it, in fact, as though it had no objective reality. To him, in short, the invisible was not only invisible, it was non-existent. The result was he lost his soul, which could not live while cut off from all the sources of spiritual life. God rejected him, and condemned him to be cast out of His presence into the exterior darkness. As he had refused to give God any share in his temporal life and thought in this world, so God refused to give him any share in His eternal life in the next world. And thus will He act with all who wilfully exclude Him from their lives.

We may reasonably hope, dear readers, that there are not many amongst ourselves who have allowed things to go so far as Dives did. But are there not some of us who are at least travelling in the same direction? Let us look into our own hearts and consider whether the world is not getting some little hold upon us. Weigh well its influence, and beware lest it be growing too strong. See if it is not, at all events, beginning to engross, if not all, at least too considerable a share of our daily thoughts, and leading us to abandon

* Jer., xii, 11.

many a holy practice, many a helpful devotion. It may be urged that our duties are manifold and important, that our position is one of exceptional trust and grave responsibility, and that a great number of obligations press upon us. True. Yet, notwithstanding this, we are bound to remember that God must always be given the first place in our hearts. His claims must take precedence of all others. If it is impossible to crowd into our day all that we should wish, we are bound to prefer eternal interests to those of time, and the service of God to the service of the world. "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."*

In this, we may learn a valuable lesson from the saints. Many of them were very much occupied, and had innumerable duties to perform; they were statesmen, kings, bishops, Popes. But we shall find that, however much engaged in affairs of Church or of State, they never allowed their duties toward their neighbor or toward their country to encroach unduly upon their duties toward God nor upon the hours allotted to prayer.

Take such instances as those of St. Pius V., St. Louis of France, and St. Charles Borromeo. Here we have a Pope, a King, and a great Bishop of an important diocese; each, therefore, a very busy man. If business could ever excuse the neglect of prayer, surely a Pope might hold himself excused. Consider his position, his relationship with every part of the world, his solicitude for all the churches; the constant appeals coming to him from every quarter; the thousands of archbishops, bishops, patriarchs, and delegates and officials, who must see him and take counsel with him; and the endless audiences he must give to all sorts and conditions of men. Who amongst us, gentle reader, is so much occupied as he?

Or take King Louis of France, ruling over a mighty nation and full of anxiety for the welfare of his people. Think of

the demands made upon his time, by sovereigns, ministers, deputies from foreign courts, and others! He has scarcely one moment he can call his own. Like St. Charles, his office places him in an altogether exceptional position of activity and mental strain. Yet these three great saints spent many hours each day in close communion with God. Or if, on occasion, the day proved too inconveniently full, they would borrow some hours from the night, so anxious were they to secure light and refreshment to their souls. They, at least, knew how to seek first the kingdom of God. Nay, more: they realized that even worldly duties will receive no blessing from God if He is neglected that they may be accomplished. So, every four and twenty hours, for some considerable interval, they shut out the world and its cares and troubles, that they might give up their whole hearts to God and to the contemplation of divine things.

Dear readers, the end is approaching; and well-nigh closed is the brief, brawling day of our earthly existence, with its noisy phantoms, as Carlyle expresses it, its poor paper crowns, tinsel-gilt; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is upon us. The eternal gates fly open, and we are drawn in—to heaven or else to hell,—it remains for us to decide which it is to be. May He who is to judge us help us to realize our responsibility, and to realize it before it is too late!

God's Gardens.

BY ROBERT COX STUMP.

☉ OR sanctity to bloom,
 Is needed little room;
 The smallest planted field
 Can goodly harvest yield;
 A hermit's cell austere,
 Soul-lilies white may rear,
 And peaceful convent-closes
 Be gardens of God's roses

* St. Matt., vi, 33.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.*

BY X. LAWSON.

X.

ABSENCE of mind is not a desirable characteristic, being often as inconvenient and uncomfortable to the individual afflicted with it as it generally is to all who have the misfortune to be associated with that individual. But it is not without some compensating advantages. It exempts its victim from many small annoyances to which people with senses always alert are inevitably exposed; and it has in its very nature two qualities, passivity and obtuseness to its surroundings, which admirably conduce to serenity of soul.

Mr. Chetwode, though unconsciously, was in the full enjoyment of these advantages—his whole attention absorbed in the book he was reading,—when, almost half an hour after speeding Mildred on her way to the river, Aunt Molly appeared and placed a lighted lamp on the table at his elbow. He liked his lamp lighted early; and Aunt Molly was always very careful of his comfort, in this particular especially. But she was not quite so disinterested this evening as usual in her consideration for his eyesight. Of an eminently sympathetic and demonstrative nature, it was an uncontrollable impulse with her whenever she “had anything on her mind,” as she expressed it, to give those around her the opportunity of sharing her

pleasure or her pain, as the case might be. On the present occasion she was beginning to be a little uneasy herself about Sam; and as Mr. Chetwode was the only human being within speaking distance to her at the moment, she felt the absolute necessity of utilizing that gentleman as an auditor, notwithstanding that she knew how hard it was to gain his attention. But by patience and perseverance she finally succeeded in rousing him to a comprehension of what she was saying.

“Mildred gone down to the river!” he exclaimed, when at last she had gained his ear. “Why, what folly! What did she go for?”

He did not wait to listen to the voluble explanation given; but, rising, propelled himself to the door that opened upon the piazza from which the best view of the river-bank was to be obtained, and looked forth—only to see the dim outline of the scene before him blotted out by a rapidly increasing shower of rain.

“What folly!” he repeated almost impatiently. “She had already sent Tadd, you say?”

“Yes, sir. But she thought Sam mightn’t mind what his daddy said about crossin’—” She paused, listened an instant, and added in a tone of great relief: “There they is now! I hear Miss Mildred laughin’—thanks to the Lawd!”

As she spoke two figures were indistinctly visible approaching through the rain: Mildred half running, with her head bent down and her face protected by the shawl which was folded closely around her;

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—AS Mrs. Sterndale, her daughter Mildred, and their relative, Mr. Chetwode, who lives with them, sit at breakfast one June morning, Mr. Chetwode receives a telegram summoning him to the bedside of a sick friend. His friend dies, leaving his daughter Sydney, a girl of sixteen, and his ward, Lett Hereford, to the guardianship of Mr. Chetwode, who takes them home with him to Mrs. Sterndale, and the next day leaves Estonville—the town in which they live,—going to the country to attend to business. Shortly after he left, the fiancé of Sydney, a Mr. De Wolff, presents himself, and is received very coldly by

Miss Hereford,—Sydney being too ill to see him. He expresses his intention to remain in the town until Sydney is able to see him. Lett tells Mrs. Sterndale that Sydney had been engaged to her cousin, and had jilted him to engage herself to this man, greatly to the displeasure of her grandmother, with whom she then lived, and her father. Several weeks later, the cousin also arrives; and Lett was looking anxiously for Mr. Chetwode to return home and deal as guardian with these men—when his return is postponed by his having sprained his ankle. Mildred goes to stay with him at their country home where he is.

and Uncle Tadd shambling heavily but quickly behind.

Mildred made directly for the piazza, calling to her companion when she came to the foot of the steps:

"Come in this way, Uncle Tadd!"

But, muttering that he was about as wet now as he could get, the old man kept on his way around the house through the pelting downpour, while she mounted the steps with a sound of swish, swish at every movement of her dripping drapery, and a gay laugh at the expression of the two countenances that greeted her.

"Really, my dear Mildred," began Mr. Chetwode in a grave tone; but he stopped there, unable to resist the contagion of her laugh, there was such a ring of enjoyment in it.

"Don't say a word, Uncle Romuald, until you hear what I have to say. You will not feel inclined to scold me then, I assure you."

And forthwith she plunged into an account of Sam's hairbreadth escape, Aunt Molly standing by with horror-expanded eyes and open mouth, and a running commentary under her breath of "To be sure!—to be sure! If his daddy don't give Sam a good beatin', I'll do it myself!"—until Mr. Chetwode cut the narrative short.

"Go and change your dress, my dear, before you take cold," he said. "Don't stay to talk now. Get your wet things off as quickly as possible."

"I'm afraid you may have to wait some time yet for your mail," she said, as she went into the house. "It is raining in torrents where Sam is. The worst of the cloud is on the other side of the river. He will have to stop a while somewhere."

"I hope he will have the sense to stop for the night at Belton's," Mr. Chetwode remarked.

But Sam, who was not specially endowed with discretion, did no such thing. He found himself compelled to seek shelter during the continuance of the heavy rain that followed almost immediately after he

got out of the river. But as soon as the violence of the shower was over, he started on his way again, and presented himself in the kitchen, drenched and guilty-looking, just as his parents, having finished their supper, were smoking sociably together over the fire which was seldom suffered to die out in the kitchen fireplace.

It was well for him that he had not arrived until this auspicious time. Uncle Tadd and his wife, who were strictly conservative in all their opinions, had brought up their children in the wholesome principles of the old time,—prompt obedience on pain of prompt discipline. And though Sam, now a man in size at least, had begun to manifest to his mother's perception an inclination to take his own way when he could, he had never made that fact patent to the slower faculties of his father until this afternoon. The remedy was obvious, the old man thought. Sam had not had a thrashing for a long time, and needed one, and should have one, he said to himself as he trudged up from the river through the rain.

But the "something hot" which Aunt Molly had thoughtfully provided for him, a good supper and his pipe, wrought a change in his mood. He looked with more indulgence on the offender and his escapade, and contented himself with a sharp reprimand and warning; while Aunt Molly's maternal solicitude at his soaked and famished condition dissipated on the instant the indignation she had felt. She bade him change his clothes, while she took the mail-bag into the house, returning in haste with beaming face to give him his supper. And as he ate she sat by, her elbows resting on the table and her chin supported by the palms of her chubby black hands, listening and questioning; enjoying equally his appetite and conversation. He always had a budget of news for her of one kind or another when he had been to town for the mail; but this time he brought an item of information which she carried immediately to the ear of Miss Mildred.

They had not received much of a mail that evening; and Mildred, who was at the piano when it was brought in, after reading a letter and glancing at a newspaper or two, had returned to the instrument. She was an accomplished musician; and when she and Mr. Chetwode were at Ravenswold together, she generally spent the evening practising either on the piano or violin; while he, reading or writing, was conscious of her performance, even when she was merely running scales or exercises, only as an agreeable accompaniment to whatever he was doing.

Mildred, absorbed in her notes, was almost startled by the sudden question at her elbow:

"Miss Mildred, you seed them folks in the buggy this evenin' at the river, didn't you?"

"Yes: I saw a buggy with two men in it, and that they followed Sam a little way into the river. They got out, surely? He said they had."

"Oh, yes, they got out! And Sam says one of 'em's a priest."

"A priest! Is Sam sure of it?" she asked eagerly.

"The colored man that was drivin' him told Sam so while they was stoppin' under the shed at Mr. Belton's, waitin' for the rain to be over. The priest he got out and went in the house and asked whether he could stay there all night, and they said he could."

"And he's there now?"

"Yes'm. I knowed you'd want to know about it, so I come straight in to tell you."

"Yes, yes; I'm very glad you did. And Sam is sure it is a priest?"

"That's what the colored man told him."

"O Uncle Romuald," cried Mildred in great excitement, remorselessly tearing his attention from his newspaper, "do you hear what Aunt Molly says?—that one of the people in that buggy I saw at the river is a priest."

"Well, my dear, it is not impossible," he replied.

"But just think!" she exclaimed. "If

he had not been turned back—if he had tried to cross the river!"

"He might have lost his life. It was very fortunate for him that you went to look after Sam."

Mildred did not speak, but she thought that she would never as long as she lived cease to thank God for the inspiration which had taken her to the river so opportunely, to save not only Sam but also two other lives, and one of them such a life as this!

"He is at Mr. Belton's to-night," she resumed. "O Uncle Romuald, I should so like to see him! Don't you think that if you were to write a note asking him to come to see you—explaining that you can not go to him on account of your ankle,—don't you think he would come?"

Mr. Chetwode's mouth twitched, but he maintained a show of gravity as he replied:

"I think it would be taking a liberty, my dear. And I am sure he would not accept the invitation of a stranger, whose acquaintance he has no reason to suppose desirable."

"You could tell him why you invite him: that your niece is a Catholic and wishes very much to see a priest."

"But, my dear," said Mr. Chetwode, "how can you be sure that this is really a priest? He may be an impostor. It is never safe to take into familiar association a stranger about whom one knows nothing."

"An impostor! What an idea! What earthly reason could he have for trying to deceive the Beltons, for instance, who are not Catholics and would take no interest in his pretensions?"

"Probably such an idea would not have occurred to me if I had not just seen here"—he touched the newspaper in his hand—"a warning to Catholics that there is such a man going about, and that he is so plausible as to have imposed on a number of people."

Mildred was silent a moment.

"I think I should know at a glance whether he was genuine or not," she said then. "I am sure I should. There is

something absolutely unmistakable in the appearance of a priest. Though, alas! I have never known one personally, I have seen them often enough to recognize that peculiar look—the sacerdotal look, Lett calls it—which belongs to the priesthood.”

Mr. Chetwode smiled. He did not share her own confidence in her physiognomical acumen. But he said kindly:

“I am very sorry, my dear, that you can't have the gratification of meeting this man, if he is a priest. But under the circumstances, I don't see—”

“But I do!” she exclaimed, her face brightening with a sudden thought. “If it clears off in the morning, I will ride over and see whether Mrs. Belton has those peafowl feathers yet that she promised to get for me. Now, please don't object, Uncle Romuald! You know I was wishing for those feathers this afternoon, and regretting that I had not told Sam to call and ask about them as he went by the Beltons' to-day. I will ride over early enough to see the priest before he leaves; and if I feel certain that he is a priest, I will try to persuade him to come and spend a few days with us.”

“It is not very likely to clear off soon,” Mr. Chetwode began; but Mildred interposed, reminding him that it was he who had said he thought it would.

“Well, we shall see,” he observed with a smile, and went back to his newspaper.

The sun was about half an hour high the next morning when Mildred started on her errand. The sky was clear, the birds were rejoicing, the air was full of fragrance, above and around it was an ideal June morning. But the roads were horrible.

Mildred ploughed courageously through mud and water for half a mile or so, but was then about to acknowledge to herself that she was beaten, that it was really impossible to go on, when she was startled by an exclamation from Sam, who was riding in front to pick the way for her.

“There he comes now'm—the priest!” he hastened to announce; and looking ahead, Mildred saw a buggy toiling

slowly toward them. She moved to the side of the road and waited.

“Yes, that is a priest,” she decided, though she could not see his face, which was bent down over a book he held open. He was reading his Office, notwithstanding the jolting which must have made it both difficult and uncomfortable.

When they were nearly abreast of where she had halted, the driver of the buggy, at a sign from Sam, stopped his horses; and then the priest lifted his head.

Could she believe her good fortune? Mildred asked herself at sight of his face. It was the mission priest who lived in a town not far from Estonville. He had been pointed out to her once at a distance on a railroad car, and she now recognized him at a glance.

The priest, looking up from his Breviary, saw a beautiful girl in a dark riding-habit, mounted on an Arab-looking chestnut horse, the two figures showing in strong relief against the dusky shade of the forest behind them, with gleams of golden light flickering over them, as the sun shot his early rays through the boughs and foliage around.

Mildred's face was absolutely radiant, as she remained silent and motionless for a moment, gazing at him with a surprise and pleasure amounting to emotion. But the pause was so brief that, before there was time for him to lift his hat in response to her direct gaze, she had made her horse cross the small sea of mud and water that surrounded the buggy, and, halting within a few paces of it, said with a little laugh:

“I have come to arrest you, Father Kenyon. Do you yield yourself my prisoner?”

Father Kenyon's grave face, which had before worn a look of interest slightly qualified by surprise, took a rather curious expression at this address. But he smiled, and answered in the same tone:

“Show me your warrant, if you please. I must know on what authority you propose to restrain my liberty, before I can surrender it.”

"In the name of Charity," she said.

And now the brilliant eyes lost their laughing light, and the gay voice became serious, as, after telling him her name, she explained in few words that she had chanced to hear that he was at Mr. Belton's house the night before, and had taken this early ride in the hope of meeting him and persuading him to spend a few days with her uncle and herself at their country home near by.

The Father listened with the kindest attention; and when she concluded with the eager entreaty, "You will come home with me, Father, and give us a day or two at least?" it was with unfeigned regret that he said:

"My dear young lady, nothing would give me more pleasure than to accept your very kind invitation, if it were possible. But I am going on an urgent sick call, to a place about twenty miles from here, and dare not delay my journey an hour."

Her disappointment was keen; but as she left the splashing vicinity of the two sturdy horses that were drawing the buggy now in motion again, she almost forgot this disappointment in thought of the drive before him.

"What a tiresome journey you will have, over such roads as this!" she said. "Is Beechwood the nearest point by rail from which you can get there?"

"The nearest point, I find."

He went on to say that he had never been to the place or seen the people, but had been summoned by telegraph the day before, and had hoped when he started to have been with them by this time.

"But it has been a chapter of accidents with me," he continued, with a half smile. "I packed my valise and hurried to the station as soon as I received the telegram, expecting to catch the morning train, for which, unfortunately, I was just an instant too late. It moved off as I stepped on the platform. I was obliged to take the accommodation car attached to the freight train, which did not leave for several hours, and travels slowly, you

know. This made it late in the afternoon before I reached Beechwood, and then I had difficulty in obtaining a conveyance to go twenty-five miles in such weather. When at last I succeeded in getting this buggy, we misunderstood the directions about the route, and took the right instead of the left hand road at the fork, some distance beyond the house at which I spent the night. We went as far as the river, and were about to attempt the ford, but were warned in time that it was dangerous, and turned back."

"I saw you," said Mildred. "There is the culprit"—she pointed to Sam plodding some distance in front now—"who so nearly led you into great danger by his rashness."

"Oh!" said the priest, with a quick flash of intelligence in his velvet dark eyes, as they followed her motion, and he saw the servant whom he had not particularly observed before. "I comprehend. It was you who turned me back."

"His father and myself. We were afraid he would attempt to cross, and I was sure the ford was not safe. So we were waiting on the opposite bank to forbid his risking it."

"I think I have to thank you, then, under God, for the preservation of my life," said the Father, with a very grateful look and accent.

"We have to thank God for having delivered you from a great danger," she replied. Then, as if to change the subject, she inquired: "You will return this way?"

"Yes. And I trust I shall not be delayed long, as I am due at one of my most distant missions next Sunday."

"But this is only Tuesday," said Mildred. "Can you not call, at least, as you pass us on your way back?"

"I will if I possibly can," he assured her. "At all events, I promise you that, no extraordinary accident occurring to prevent, we shall meet again soon. All other considerations apart, I shall not forget the debt of gratitude I owe you."

"Thank you, thank you!" she said warmly. "Here is Ravenswold."

Father Kenyon, looking to the right, saw a large gray house with a tall portico in front, and a double piazza running the whole length of the side presented to view. It stood about twenty yards back from the road, and was embowered in trees of all kinds and shapes.

"I wish you could come in and see my uncle," said Mildred when they were at the gate. "As this is not possible, I must be satisfied with your promise to stop as you return. I am so very glad to have made your acquaintance, Father. Good bye!"

She rode close to the buggy, and extended her hand.

"God bless you, my child!" the priest responded, shaking it cordially. "I have good reason to be glad to have made your acquaintance."

(To be continued.)

In Masquerade.

BY MARY CROSS.

IT was a tall tenement in a busy Glasgow street, commanding a view of fields that had once been green, but now, abandoned to the carpet-beater, represented only a dusty wilderness. A thin, elderly, shabby-genteel lady was toiling up the staircase, when a door opened sharply, and a florid countenance emerged, its owner hurling at the ascending figure the pious supposition:

"When the Lord said we was to love oor neighbors as oorselves, He surely didna mean them as 'll no' sweep the stair in their turn!"

The lady paused to answer, rather nervously:

"If you are speaking to me, I really don't understand you."

"It pays no' to understand sometimes," retorted the other; and, in the midst of a ruffled stream of eloquence, a bright-eyed, bright-faced young woman appeared, glancing from the irate housewife to the other, whose face wore a half-startled, half-scornful expression.

"You are Miss Gray, our new neighbor, aren't you?" she asked pleasantly; adding, as the other person retreated with a swift and disturbing consciousness of tousled hair, apron torn, and soiled hands, in sharp contrast with the girl's dainty neatness: "Don't mind poor Mrs. Wilson. With seven sickly children and a very disobedient husband, she'd die of suppressed emotion if she could not relieve her feelings by rebuking some one."

"It is all very strange to me," said Miss Gray; her hand trembled so that she could not unlock her door, and the girl did it for her. "Thank you! Do you also live in this building?"

"Yes: in the flat just over yours. There are only two of us. My name is Keith—Mrs. Keith. I shall be glad to be of any service to you at any time."

That was the beginning of Mrs. Keith's acquaintance with the old maid who had just come to lodge in the tenement, and had already earned the reputation of being very proud and distant. She had no intercourse with her neighbors, and kept her landlady at arm's-length. A story that she had seen better days, and was living on the remnant of a fortune, found acceptance, and was considered to explain much: Out of her busy life, Cicely Keith spared many minutes to brighten and cheer the old maid's lonely path; and Miss Gray always welcomed her, though she did not return the visits, excusing herself on various grounds.

One morning Miss Gray turned from an abstracted contemplation of the dingy street to admit Cicely, and greeted her with:

"I am so glad to see you! I was just thinking about you."

"Well, I want to give you an opportunity of proving that mind can triumph over matter, Miss Gray, by telling me how to renovate my voile gown so that it may be fit to wear at Lady Clydesdale's reception to-morrow. I have to describe the costumes worn at it for the *Woman's Weekly*, and I can't appear exactly in sackcloth

and ashes. You are so clever at suggesting improvements in dress that I thought it best to ask your advice, especially as I haven't a farthing to spend on the gown."

"Hm! Is it the only one you have?" asked Miss Gray, doubtful of the possibilities of the well-worn voile.

"Dear me, no! I have a white silk, a mauve chiffon, and a pink muslin, but they have been pronounced unfit for publication. You don't understand? My dear Miss Gray, if circumstances compel me to walk in mean attire, that is no reason why my heroines should, and so I bestowed the loveliest raiment I could imagine on my latest creation. She, poor dear—and they—are lying folded in brown paper on my desk, with the publisher's verdict, 'Not suitable,' writ large upon them."

Miss Gray shot a keen glance at the 'thin red line' along her friend's eyelids.

"I am sorry for your disappointment," she said kindly; "but some one else will accept the story, no doubt. How is Mr. Keith this morning? Still improving?"

"No," replied Cicely, her lip quivering,—she held a corner of it between her teeth for a minute or two. "I am talking against tears, not time, Miss Gray. I mustn't break down; but if I stop to think, I shall. Harry is so low and weak this morning that I doubt if there has ever been any real improvement at all."

"I had no idea he was seriously ill; you never said so!" exclaimed Miss Gray, almost reproachfully. "Wasn't it influenza that ailed him?"

"Yes, and he has recovered from it to some extent, but he is not regaining strength. He can't sleep or eat, and the doctor says he will not until he has had change of air. I had been hoping to receive sufficient money for that rejected story to take him away. Somehow my work has not been satisfactory of late, doubtless because I am too anxious about him to concentrate my energies and my thoughts on it; as a consequence I fail when success means more than it ever did."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner how you

are worried, and how weak he is?" Miss Gray asked, locking her hands together.

"I dislike troubling others with my troubles, but to-day I did feel the need of some one to speak to. I think that you have known sorrow, and therefore can sympathize with me in mine. I must not give way before Harry. The doctor looked so grave this morning when he asked, 'Can't you really get him away from here?' And there on my desk lay the answer—a rejected MS."

"Have you thought of anything that could be done?" asked Miss Gray, after a pause.

"I've almost resolved to pocket my pride, and appeal to Harry's aunt, who, unfortunately, is estranged from him."

"Could she help you?"

"If she would. She is very wealthy, and he is her only living relative. It is rather a sad little story. She adopted him and brought him up as her heir. She was very proud and fond of him, and intended him to marry an heiress and enter Parliament. He married me in direct opposition to her, and she has never forgiven him."

"Why does she dislike you so much?" asked Miss Gray.

"There was no actual personal feeling in the matter," said Cicely. "She and I had never met; but she had an old-fashioned prejudice against women writers, and thought that Harry might have done better than marry one. To her I was only, as she told him, a penniless nobody, who married him in expectation of getting her money, and she cast him off altogether. My relatives were displeased with me for marrying a man who had nothing of his own, not even a profession; so that it has been a case of Harry and me against the world."

"The aunt is a selfish, heartless, unjust old creature!" said Miss Gray, vehemently.

"Please don't say that. May not I seem heartless and selfish in her eyes? After all, Harry's marriage was a bitter blow to her; she could not know that I loved him for himself only, and would

have married him had he been a pauper instead of the reputed heir of the rich Miss King of Mansewood. Harry wasn't a bit used to roughing it; but we were happy as the day is long, able to laugh at our compulsory economies, without a grief except the estrangement from our friends, until Harry's illness and its attendant worries began. All the time I have been asking Our Lady to say to her Son, as she did of old, 'They have no wine'; and I must wait patiently for her answer."

Miss Gray pushed back her chair, her lips in a grim, determined line.

"Miss King of Mansewood, indeed!" she said contemptuously. "Well, before this day is over she shall have heard a piece of my mind! I will go to her and tell her what her plain duty is."

"Oh, no, you must not indeed!" cried Cicely, round-eyed with consternation.

"I will! I know all I want to know about her,—enough to enable me to deal with her as she deserves."

"Dear Miss Gray, surely you will not betray my confidence?" pleaded Cicely. "You really have no right to make use of what I have told you. It was not my intention to cause you to think ill of Miss King. You must not intrude on her."

"I will make her admit that she is ashamed of herself before the day is over," persisted the old maid.

"You will only add to my distress if you attempt it," said Cicely; "and Harry will be terribly grieved. When all is said and done, she took care of him when there was no one else to do it, and she is entitled to gratitude and consideration on that account, and no one has any right to reproach her. Can't you see that she would resent, and justly, a stranger's interference? Do promise me that you will not go to her!"

"I will think about it," was the utmost concession the girl could obtain, and she went away discomfited and harassed.

Later she heard Miss Gray go out, and devoutly hoped that it was only on some household errand.

Harry, pale and languid, noted the unusual shadow on her face, and held out a wasted hand to her.

"Darling girl, what care and anxiety I have brought upon you!" he said sadly; and then she soothed and comforted him with that cheerfulness which is part of the fortitude of patience.

Toward evening he fell asleep. The stillness of the room seemed to magnify external sounds,—the roll of vehicles, voices, laughter, busy feet, all the stir and bustle of city streets. Then came an imperious ring,—a ring that sent a sort of shock through Cicely, and brought to her eyes a look of dismay, almost of fear. Was it possible? Had Miss Gray really carried out her indiscreet intention? She opened the door with a sick dread upon her, before her eyes a white mist, through which she dimly discerned a figure in costly furs, with a gleam of gold at throat and wrist; an embroidered veil obscured the features.

"Miss King?" Cicely gasped, scarcely able to articulate; and feathery plumes were inclined in a stately affirmative.

Cicely stood aside and permitted the visitor to enter. What would Harry say? Would he think that she had complained or grown tired of nursing him, weary of the struggle? Her neighbor had meant well, but what harm might she not have done? Tears blinded her, but Miss King swept to the little bedroom without a word. The unusual sounds had wakened the sleeper. He raised his head, so that the light fell on his attenuated features and over-large eyes.

"Aunt Marion!"

He forgot the estrangement, the unkindness, every bitter word, and held out his hands to her in whom a thousand claims to love and gratitude met, and were recognized and expressed in his action and his utterance of her name.

"My boy,—my own boy!" she sobbed, remembering only that she had held him as an infant in her arms, that he had filled her empty heart and life; and she cried over him, smoothed his hair, shook

his pillow, tucked in the bedclothes as if he were still the little child cast orphaned upon her care. "You have been ill indeed," she said huskily, stroking his thin hand.

"Oh, it isn't much,—only a cold; but somehow I don't seem to throw it off as I should. It—it is good of you to come to see me."

"I am alone in my old age, Harry. I want you more than ever. Why should we be longer apart?"

He looked steadfastly at her.

"Won't you speak to my wife, Aunt Marion,—to my dear, brave, true wife, toiling late and early, always helping others, with none to help her; I, helpless, not the lightest or least of her cares? Won't you speak kindly to her for my sake, dear?"

"I'll speak to her—somehow—for her own, if you will call her."

As Cicely entered, Miss King turned to her, and the young wife started and recoiled.

"Miss Gray was right," said the old lady, slowly and distinctly. "I am ashamed of myself. I have been so for a long time, but I was too stubborn to admit it."

"But—but you are Miss Gray!" faltered Cicely.

"That was my *alias*, my *nom-de-plume*,—my what you will. Harry, I am supposed to have been enjoying a Continental tour; in reality I have been living beside you for a few months, masquerading as a spinster in genteel poverty. I wanted to see for myself what you had made of your life, and for what kind of a wife you had given up so much. Heaven knows I have learned a few lessons!"

She took the girl's flushed and quivering face between her hands and kissed it.

"My Cicely,—my sweet little friend!" she said. "Come to me,—come home from worries and anxieties and squalid surroundings. Be a daughter to me, as Harry will be my son, and forgive me all the past injustice."

Thus did Our Lady of the Marriage-Feast answer Cicely's prayers and reward her unselfish kindness.

Through the "Hail Mary."

AT Cracow, in Poland, in 1901, a sinner lay dying. He had been a great criminal, having spent his life in terrible evil-doing, even, it was said, to the shedding of human blood. Nevertheless, though about to meet his God, and seemingly well aware of it, he persistently refused to prepare himself.

Many pious persons were praying for him; several priests had tried to gain access to him; but, calling them "a pestiferous race," he had given orders that not one of them should be allowed to enter his room. However, a member of a religious community, who had been at college with him, determined, if possible, to save the soul of his former comrade, and contrived to evade the command, on the plea of old-time friendship.

As soon as he saw the sick man, the priest was convinced that to endeavor to reason with him would avail nothing. Therefore, with a resolution born of necessity as well as piety, the priest took the easiest and, in his opinion, the most efficacious means of softening the heart of the reprobate. He fell on his knees beside the bed and began to recite aloud the "Hail Mary." He was answered by a blasphemy. He continued, however, to repeat the prayer; and the invalid, too weak for further remonstrance, resigned himself to listen to it. After some time the dying man opened his eyes and said, in a voice weak but perfectly rational: "I would like to make my confession." The priest, though overjoyed, was much surprised. Great as had been his faith and confidence in the Mother of God, he was not prepared for so sudden a change. The sick man repeated his request, which was immediately complied with.

After his confession, he asked the priest to open a drawer in his table. There, among his papers, he directed him where to find a small picture of the Blessed Virgin.

"It is a souvenir of my mother," said the contrite sinner. "She gave it to me, enjoining me never to part with it. In order to please her, I took it from her dear hands. I have often been on the point of destroying it when sorting my papers, but could never bring myself to do so."

He took the picture, pressed it to his bosom, and then kissed it fervently, tears streaming from his eyes. He received the Viaticum with joy and fervor, and shortly went to behold the vision of Her who has been so justly called the Refuge of Sinners.

Tributes to the Catechism.

THE famous—or infamous—Diderot, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious hatred of religion, really esteemed it, and could not refrain from glorifying it. This is clear from an incident related by M. Bauzée, of the French Academy:

"I went one day to Diderot's home to chat with him about certain special articles that he wished me to contribute to the Encyclopedia. Entering his study without ceremony, I found him teaching the Catechism to his daughter. Having dismissed the child at the end of the lesson, he laughed at my surprise. 'Why, after all,' he said, 'what better foundation can I give to my daughter's education in order to make her what she should be—a respectful and gentle daughter, and, later on, a worthy wife and good mother? Is there, at bottom—since we are forced to acknowledge it,—any morality to compare with that inculcated by religion, any that reposes on such powerful motives?'"

A similar tribute was paid by that arch-infidel, Voltaire himself. A lawyer of Besançon introducing his son to the Philosopher of Ferney, assured him that the young man had read all his works. "You would have done better," replied Voltaire, "if you had taught him the Catechism."

A Practical Question.

THE unusual amount of space devoted to reports of a revolting criminal trial by the daily press of the country has revived the practical question as to whether it is advisable to furnish to the average newspaper anything calculated to secure its admission to homes from which it might otherwise be excluded, or where, instead of being read, it would merely be glanced at. The question is a large as well as a practical one. It is argued that if daily papers exploit evil, they should be utilized as much as possible for the exploitation also of whatever is counter-acting. On the other hand, it is contended that no one reads newspapers for the sake of edification, that the majority of them are sicklied over with what is calculated to stain the mind and sully the heart, that anything of an elevating or virtue-promoting character in the columns of a daily paper is like a satchet in the midst of a dung heap.

"Anything to make the paper sell," is the motto of most men engaged in the business—it used to be called the profession—of journalism. Virtue and vice are the same in the eyes of the average newspaper man. The notion that he gives space to religious news for the sake of edifying his readers is as absurd as the idea that he publishes criminal reports in order to scandalize them. His aim is simply to excite their interest, and, as a rule, he is quite indifferent as to the means by which this end is accomplished. Sermons or scandals, religious news or records of ruffianism, are quite the same. This being the case, it would seem to be the better plan to withhold from all but the most reputable journals anything likely to give them a standing which they do not deserve. As to the advisability of giving Sunday sermons to the secular papers, we are in agreement with the Rev. Father Moran, of the diocese of Cleveland, who says, writing in the *Catholic Universe*:

Really, they seem to be out of place in the company they are forced to keep. The other side to our objection is that to be in demand they must be sensational. A plain exposition of Catholic doctrine, for instance, is not wanted. A Catholic priest who sought notoriety might be in the paper every Monday morning, only let him be sensational enough. Our clergy have very properly refused to lend themselves to such exploitation. We hope it will not be inferred that clergymen, Catholic or otherwise, who have given sermons to the press have done so from unworthy motives. They have thought, undoubtedly, that this was a means of advancing certain views; but, until the daily newspapers are conducted on a different basis, it is our opinion that clergymen will be on the safe side in refusing sermons.

And in refusing interviews also, especially to yellow journals. A bit of personal experience may serve as a hint to "eminent ecclesiastics," who sometimes fall victims to the wiles of the seductive reporter. We remember expostulating once with a young Catholic about his reading one of the yellowest of yellow journals, when he rather effectively spiked our guns by showing us in the latest issue of the vulgar sheet in his hand an interview with a distinguished clergyman, who had unwittingly consented to express his views on a question of public interest, for the benefit of an editor who deserves to be held in contempt. The youth evidently considered that interview equivalent to an approval of his favorite paper. It was not easy to convince him of his error, that the best of newspapers are not to be taken too seriously, and yellow journals not to be countenanced at all.

The inconsistency of inveighing against sensational journalism and then encouraging it by subscriptions, advertisements, and especially by contributions of reading matter, must be plain to the dullest. But we should reproach ourselves with something more than inconsistency. Our encouragement is proof that our condemnation is insincere. Not until the evil wrought by ribald newspapers is more fully realized and more sincerely detested will there be any denunciation of them which their owners can not afford to ignore.

Notes and Remarks.

There are surprises and shocks in store for the least impressionable reader of the article by Monsignor Vaughan which appears in the present issue of THE AVE MARIA. It is an unusually long article for us to publish, but its force would be lessened by division; and there is not a single paragraph that we would willingly omit. The spiritual dangers of our time have never been more strikingly pointed out than in this series of soliloquies, if such we may call them. The unrealized but very real peril to our souls arising from the requirements and exactions of modern life—the hurry and bustle of the age, and the continuous and ever-increasing demands upon our limited time—is the subject of the present monologue. Monsignor Vaughan shows how generally and how completely the command, "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and His justice;" is now ignored. "Toward the one or the other of the two eternities we are hastening with inconceivable speed, but we are too busy even to inquire which of the two it is!" There is a whole sermon, and a most impressive one, in the short passage referring to Dives, who is taken as a type of weak-kneed, invertebrate Christians, so many of whom, if not already in his condition, are at least tending toward it. We esteem it a high privilege to publish such reading as this, and it is an inexpressible satisfaction to think of all the good that may be effected by its means.

"The Cost of Crime in the United States" is the title of an exceedingly interesting article by the Rev. John J. Munro, chaplain to the Prison Evangelistic Society of New York, which appears in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Munro has gone into numerous details of expenditure both by States and the National Government in order to arrive at the conclusions with which he startles his readers. He estimates the total expenditure for religious and humanitarian work in the

United States during 1906 at \$549,000,000. As against this, the total cost of crime reached the incredible sum of \$1,076,327,605.99. In other words, according to Mr. Munro, we spend upward of \$500,000,000 a year more on crime than we do on all spiritual, ecclesiastical, physical, humanitarian, educational, and healing agencies put together! At the present moment nearly twenty-five per cent of the \$130,000,000 and more raised by taxation for the running expenses of the city of Greater New York in the present year is to be spent in the repression and correction of crime!

Mr. Munro's article is said to be the product of a great deal of research, and the statement is entirely credible. It is difficult to understand how he managed to acquire certain of his data, there being no official statement of many expenditures for the prevention of crime and the apprehension of criminals. His figures, however, are sufficiently astounding as they stand. Taxpayers as well as moralists, educators, sociologists, and statesmen should be interested in them.

The old adage that one story's good till another is told is being again exemplified in the matter of the Holy House of Loreto. Chevalier's recent book, discrediting the translation of the Holy House, and pronouncing the tradition, believed in for centuries by all pious Catholics from Popes to peasants, to be a mere legend, has been hailed by many, not to say all, the higher critics as unanswerable. The thing was settled, the myth of the Holy House had to go. The end, however, is not yet. Chevalier's main argument centred round the late origin of the story as we have it to-day. While the miraculous translation is supposed to have taken place at the close of the thirteenth century, he says, the first documentary account of it is that given by Teramano in the middle of the fifteenth; the whole century and a half between these dates furnishes no record of the miraculous occurrence, and there was ample time and easy opportunity

for the legend to grow up in the interval. "But shortly after the publication of Chevalier's book," comments *Rome*, "the papers contained an announcement that a fresco had just been found at Gubbio which belonged to the early part of the fourteenth century, and which was clearly meant to be a description of the translation. Then Mgr. Faloci-Pulignani wrote a letter saying that the fresco had not been recently 'discovered,' but was well known. . . . Next the fresco was cleaned, and yesterday we had an opportunity of seeing it. There is no longer any possibility of mistake: the Gubbio fresco does represent the miraculous translation of the Holy House, and it knocks the ground completely from Chevalier's erudite proofs as to the late origin of the story. The fresco was known commonly to exist at the end of the fourteenth century; and its style is, according to so competent an art critic as Corrado Ricci, of the early part of the same century. It constitutes, therefore, an authentic record of belief in the story almost contemporaneous with the miraculous occurrence."

The latest pronouncement on the matter to come to our notice is one which we have much pleasure in reproducing. It is from Mgr. Batandier, Consulter of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and appears in *Etudes Ecclesiastiques*:

When the adversaries have exhausted all the shafts in their quivers, the Sacred Congregation will come on the scene and decide the question. It will then know all the arguments which can be brought against the miracle of the translation, and it has already found enough in its archives to supply the victorious answer.

The Catholics of Germany are still rejoicing over the triumph—it was against fearful odds—of the Centre Party in the recent electoral conflict. All the political parties increased their vote, but the Centre made the largest gain, and will return with an addition of some four votes to its total in the last Reichstag. The Socialists, on the contrary, have lost seats, notwithstanding the increase in the number of

their voters. The triumph of the Centre Party, in spite of the strong opposition of the Government, is attributed to perfect organization and prudent leadership. As usual, bitter and unjust charges are made against the "Clericals" by the organs of opposing parties; but it is generally admitted that the consolidation and conduct of the Centre are magnificent.

Sir William Hingston, who died last week in Montreal, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, besides being a physician and surgeon of world-wide reputation, and the author of several works highly valued by the medical profession, was a public-spirited citizen, deeply interested in everything relating to his native land and the country of his fathers, a tender and generous friend of the poor, and a benefactor to the city of Montreal (of which he was several times chosen mayor) and for many years one of its most prominent and picturesque figures. A knight without fear or reproach, ever ready to champion the cause of morality and the Church, Sir William Hingston fully merited the affectionate regard of his friends, and the universal respect in which he was held by all classes of citizens. *R. I. P.*

Most persons whose sense of justice causes them to insist upon hearing both sides of a question before making up their minds upon it, must have felt that something remained to be told regarding the unpleasantness between Admiral Davis and the Governor of Jamaica. There *was* something, and it turns out that no blame can be attached to the Governor. The circumstances of the withdrawal of our sailors are thus explained by Mr. Thomas Greenwood, M. P., who happened to be at Kingston during the earthquake:

While the Governor was lying down the American Admiral asked if his help was needed. This request was not communicated to the Governor, but consent to land an armed force was given by a subordinate official. That official acted with the best intentions, but certainly without due discretion. It must never be forgotten

that the whole black population of Jamaica abhor the Americans and the American flag, because they stand for everything that is most wretched in the history of the African race. To consent to land armed American sailors would have been most provocative. That should not have been done when the whole population, both white and black, was in a state of abject frenzy. More than that, there was never for a single moment any violence or tendency to crime. . . . As to the tone and diction of the Governor's letter to the American Admiral, I can say only this, that the Governor would be the last man to cause offence; and the puerile criticism of the terms of the letter under the frightful conditions then existing is simply the latest case of the criticism of the strong men in the firing line by the fool in the armchair at home.

A similar case is the destruction of the *Maine*, for which the majority of our people will have it that the Spanish Government was responsible; forgetting that the wreck still lies in the harbor of Havana, and that the accusation against Spain has never been proven. "Do Americans realize," writes a correspondent of the *New York Sun*, "that it is the conviction of most Cubans, and of most of the foreign visitors to Havana, that the United States Government is afraid to remove the wreck for fear of being compelled to admit that the ship was blown up from the inside?"

"Remember the *Maine!*" was a familiar outcry in the United States a few years ago. "Forget it!" is now the whispered counsel of wise ones, who know how the reputation of certain distinguished Americans would suffer should it ever be shown that the Spanish Government had nothing whatever to do with the destruction of that famous warship.

We have been singularly impressed of recent weeks by the ever-growing volume of cumulative evidence establishing the remarkable affection and esteem entertained by all classes of people for the late Archbishop Montgomery, on whose lamented death we commented at the time of its occurrence. Seldom, if ever, within our recollection, has so much of eulogy been printed, after his death, about any

man concerning whom during his lifetime the papers had printed so little. Evidently, newspaper fame, or notoriety, "being in the public eye," etc., is no safe criterion of a man's real worth or merit, of his intellectual stature or the magnitude of his work. Three months ago, the average American, not a dweller on the Pacific slope, if asked to name the most prominent score of residents in San Francisco, would never have thought of including in his list the Coadjutor-Archbishop of that city; yet the current issue of *Out West* merely echoes the daily and weekly press of the State in saying: "There is probably no other man in California whose death would leave so deep a sorrow upon the State, and a sense of loss so keen among so many good citizens of so many kinds as George Montgomery, Archbishop-Coadjutor of San Francisco."

An interesting story concerning Sir Edward Elgar and Wolstenholme, the blind organist, is related by an English clergyman. Sir Edward once happened to hear Wolstenholme, then a mere boy, playing the organ in a church. He questioned him, and the boy confessed that his great desire was to become a doctor of music, but he could not see to write the examination papers; whereupon the composer induced the authorities to permit him to act as amanuensis to the blind organist. Sir Edward went with Wolstenholme to Oxford for the various examinations, read over the questions, and wrote the answers at Wolstenholme's dictation. His confidence in the organist was rewarded, as Wolstenholme was the first blind person to obtain the degree of "Mus. Doc." at Oxford.

Apropos of a statement in *Demain*, to the effect that the clerical impostor Vilatte "was consecrated by the Jansenist bishop of Utrecht," a correspondent at Bâle writes to the journal in question, denying the statement, and quoting the text of a declaration made by the Old-Catholic

bishops assembled at Otten in September, 1904. In this declaration the Old-Catholic prelates repudiate any connection or affiliation whatever with "M. Vilatte, who calls himself archbishop and primate; Count Donkin, who claims to be Vescovo [Bishop] Titolare della Santa Croce in Antiochia and Apostolic Vicar of the Independent Catholic Church of Southern Switzerland; M. Paul Miraglia, self-styled bishop of the Independent Church of Italy; M. Kaminski, who proclaims himself bishop of Buffalo, etc." Vilatte, in particular, is merely an adventurous mountebank who has made a living by exploiting the ecclesiastical grievances of any cluster of disgruntled Catholics foolish enough to credit his fantastic claims to the slightest standing as an ecclesiastic.

"When I was in France a few months ago," says Archbishop Farley, "I learned from unimpeachable authority that a single piece of [church] property in Paris was sold for 15,000,000 francs, and that the entire proceeds went into the pockets of a few men. This is the secret of the entire question. It is simply highway robbery."

The spoils promised to the robbers explain, no doubt, the adherence of so many deputies to the governmental policy; but the *real* secret of the entire question of rabid anti-clericalism in France goes deeper than mere cupidity. At bottom it is sheer, diabolical hatred of all religion,—the very spirit of that Antichrist whom St. Paul styles "the son of perdition, who raises himself above all that is called God."

Apropos of a recent note in which we quoted one of our missionaries on proposed Chinese legislation against the opium habit, there is some interest in the statement of a Singapore paper that there has recently been discovered a forest-creeper whose leaves produce a decoction which cures smokers of the opium habit. There is an antecedent probability that alongside the poison, nature supplies the requisite antidote; so we shall not be surprised

to learn that the alleged cure is really an effective one. Should it prove to be such, there is room for a considerable importation of the creeper leaves in question into this country. The increasing ravages of the opium habit, in a variety of forms, throughout the land is a sad tale known fully only to the medical fraternity, and more particularly to the directors of sanitariums and insane asylums.

If Mark Twain had not forfeited all right to be taken seriously, his new book dealing with Christian Science would undoubtedly command more attention from Christians and scientists than as yet they have given it. The purpose of the work is a very serious one; but its chief interest is in the author's characterization of Madame Eddy, who is certainly a woman of remarkable ability. Mr. Clemens thus summarizes the qualities of which, in his opinion, the head and founder of Christian Science is possessed:

A clear head for business, and a phenomenally long one; clear understanding of business situations; accuracy in estimating the opportunities they offer; intelligence in planning a business move; firmness in sticking to it after it has been decided upon; extraordinary daring, indestructible persistency, devouring ambition, limitless selfishness; a knowledge of the weaknesses and poverties and docilities of human nature, and how to turn them to account, which has never been surpassed, if ever equalled; and—necessarily—the foundation-stone of Mrs. Eddy's character is a never-wavering confidence in herself.

While condemning Spiritualism, in those of its phases and manifestations which are obviously not the outcome of human trickery and fraud, as being pure diabolism, we have often stated that its undeniable marvels are so far useful that they constitute a complete overthrow of the materialist position—i. e., that there is no such thing as the supernatural. Dr. Lapponi, the late eminent physician of Pope Pius X., emphasized the same point. As quoted by a writer in the Parisian *Liberté*, and re-quoted by the *Literary Digest*, the Italian

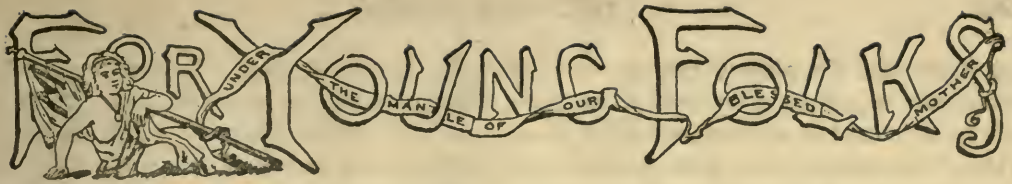
Doctor stated that "Spiritualism teaches us, as plainly as we can desire, the reality of that supernatural world of which rationalism and materialism earnestly, but vainly, strain every nerve to prove the non-existence."

Another point made by Dr. Lapponi will commend itself to all who have any knowledge of the subject: "It is, moreover, found that those who most assiduously ridicule or discredit Spiritualism [supernaturalism] when in its fairest and noblest form it makes a part of religion, are among the first to acknowledge its claims when it manifests itself in its basest and most abject form under the direction of an ordinary medium."

We believe that one of the inquiries still frequently, not to say invariably, found in the "Question Box" at missions to non-Catholics is, "Why are Catholics forbidden to read the Scriptures?" Perhaps as good an answer as could be made to any one asking the question in good faith would be simply to read to him this extract from a letter recently sent by Pius X. to Cardinal Cassetta, Honorary President of the Society of St. Jerome,—the preliminary information being given that the purpose of the Society is the diffusion of the Gospels:

We who, when Patriarch of Venice, blessed the pious Society of St. Jerome and formed good wishes for it, looking at it now after a few years from the Supreme Chair of the Church, find satisfaction in seeing how it has made so much progress in a short time, and has been the instrument of so many signal advantages. . .

Be it yours, then, Venerable Brother, to promote by the prestige of your authority and by the wisdom of your counsels the growth of a work which We have so much at heart; and it is for the members to continue to devote themselves to this work as they have been doing,—that is, with the greatest diligence and the noblest enthusiasm. From the moment when We proposed to ourselves to restore everything in Christ Jesus, We could desire nothing better than the introduction amongst the faithful of the custom of reading the Holy Gospels, not merely often but daily, as their reading shows and makes known clearly in what way the desired revival can and should be attained.



Last Night.

THE stars were shining in my room
And flooding it with light,
And so when I was through my Beads,
I said: "Dear Stars, good-night!"
And then I had a lovely dream;
For hanging way up high,
I saw the stars in rosaries
All round the arching sky.
I'm sure there were a thousand there,
Bright rosaries of gold,—
Great star-beads strung on chains of light,
For angel hands to hold.
But when I woke the stars were gone
From out the arching blue;
And yet I wonder if my dream
Was, after all, not true?

C.

The Secret of an Old House.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.—PLEASANT EXCITEMENT.

THE first of some pleasant events to which the young people had to look forward was the return of their father from his long trip beyond seas. And this came to pass upon one stormy night, when the snow was drifting down in great blizzards from the mountain, making the old house a delightful contrast. It looked particularly warm and cozy, with suggestions of comfort which had been the affair of generations, and that indefinable atmosphere of home that

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The Redmond family, consisting of the father, mother, two little girls and two boys—Arthur and Hugh, the latter of whom is a particularly stirring, adventurous lad,—inhabit the old house, which is of irregular size and shape, surrounded by gardens. A distinguishing fea-

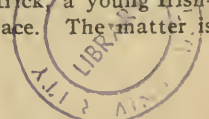
ture is a dormer-window in the tin roof, discovered by the children, as it has been by a past generation of children, to be "one too many." Hugh narrowly escapes being killed, climbing over the roof in an attempt to investigate. He is saved by Arthur and Patrick, a young Irishman employed about the place. The matter is

belongs to only some dwellings. It was alight from garret to cellar, bedecked with holly and Christmas greens for the approaching festival.
Mrs. Redmond had been busy all day, with her faithful lieutenant, Margaret, getting things into apple-pie order. The mistress had been in and out of the kitchen half a dozen times, conferring with Catherine, who was diligently preparing "the master's" favorite dishes, and doing her utmost to have everything as he liked it. As Catherine had considerable culinary skill, the result was all that could be desired. Patrick went down to the station with the sleigh, so that he might look after the luggage and greet Mr. Redmond on his arrival. A pleasant, hearty excitement reigned throughout the house,—such excitement as made the life of that household a joy to everyone within its circle.

They all assembled in the hall, watching the clock with eager eyes, and certain that the train must be late. At last there was the sound of sleigh-bells stopping at the door, and a great stamping of feet and shaking off of snow. There was no necessity to ring the bell: the door was thrown wide, and there was papa himself, in his fur-trimmed coat, cap and gauntlets, still frosted with snow, and looking like an impersonation of Santa Claus.

It was quite late in the evening when the trunks were opened, and especially that familiar sole-leather trunk which had so often figured upon these occasions. Late as it was, even little Amelia stayed up, rubbing sleepy eyes and wondering what there was for her. The happy

ure is a dormer-window in the tin roof, discovered by the children, as it has been by a past generation of children, to be "one too many." Hugh narrowly escapes being killed, climbing over the roof in an attempt to investigate. He is saved by Arthur and Patrick, a young Irishman employed about the place. The matter is



moment finally arrived when papa undid the straps, and took the key from his pocket. Then the lid was opened. Oh, what wonderful things were disclosed! It would be impossible to enumerate now the variety of toys and other presents which came out from that apparently inexhaustible receptacle. Some of the toys were of that shape and kind forgotten almost in this generation, others were almost precisely the same as those which delight the boys and girls of to-day. Needless to say that Mrs. Redmond was not forgotten; that Margaret and Catherine were remembered, as well as Patrick and his old father.

It was after the children had all gone to bed, delighted with their gifts—which were, of course, suited to their respective ages and tastes—that Mr. Redmond lighted his meerschaum and sat down to enjoy a chat with his wife. And the latter, in the course of conversation, mentioned the curious incident of the arrival of the Chevalier.

“The Chevalier de Montreuil!” cried Mr. Redmond. “Is it possible the old fellow is still alive, and is still wearing the costume of a ‘last survivor’?”

“So you know all about him, too?” said Mrs. Redmond. “It is strange that I should never have heard of him.”

“He belongs to a generation flourishing before you came to Montreal, my dear,” he answered. “I remember very well, when I was a youngster, he used to come to my father’s house. I often saw him, too, walking arm in arm with De Villebon on St. James’ Street. He must be very old, for I never remember him really young.”

“He looks old,” assented Mrs. Redmond; “though at first sight it was impossible to form any idea of his age.”

kept secret from Mrs. Redmond, whose husband is absent, until Arthur is taken ill from the shock. Patrick’s father, old Mr. Brennan, is an object of great interest to the children, and supplies links with the past. An amateur circus is held in the barn, during the progress whereof there appears a new acquaintance, the Chevalier de Montreuil, a kinsman of the former proprietor

She then went on to tell of the invitation the Chevalier had extended to the boys to spend some days at the manor. Mr. Redmond expressed himself as much gratified at the prospect of this visit for the boys, knowing by past experience that they would find it most enjoyable. The wife touched, lastly, upon the affair of the window, concealing nothing of what had occurred upon that first day when both Hugh and Arthur had been in imminent danger of losing their lives. Mr. Redmond looked very grave as he listened, though he agreed that Hugh had been sufficiently punished. He promised that, if he ever alluded to the subject, it would be merely to caution the reckless explorer against repeating so dangerous an experiment. He also heard of the boy’s latest venture, his glowing enthusiasm—and his bitter disappointment at finding nothing more than a stone wall.

“So he really had the pluck to look!” exclaimed Mr. Redmond, deeply interested. “That is more than my poor brother or I ever had the courage to do.”

“And you really climbed up there,” laughed Mrs. Redmond, “as Patrick’s father said?”

“Yes, yes,” admitted her husband. “I must confess that we did then exactly what Hugh has been doing a quarter of a century later.”

“But,” questioned Mrs. Redmond, in half jest, whole earnest, “I suppose there is nothing in all these stories about a mysterious room, and that the supposed mystery is only a delusion?”

To her surprise, her husband did not answer immediately. He bent down, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and at last he said slowly:

“I am not so sure of that. I am not

of the house, Louis de Villebon. Hugh makes another attempt, under Patrick’s direction, and with his mother’s consent, to look in the window, and is grievously disappointed. The children visit a relative, Mother St. Martin, at the Congregation Convent, and are taken by her on an expedition to the Nun’s Island. She gives them some information about the old house.

at all convinced that some secret place of hiding, or apartment of some sort, does not exist."

"Why, what would be the object of such concealment?" Mrs. Redmond objected. "Why should there be any mystery at all?"

"You ask that, my dear, because you didn't know De Villebon," answered her husband. "He was the most eccentric of mortals; and, of course, it may have been part of his eccentricity to hint at a mystery which did not exist. The Chevalier always seemed to believe that there *was* a secret about the house, and others believed it too."

"Including Patrick's father," smiled Mrs. Redmond.

"And," exclaimed her husband, with some warmth, "Patrick's father had the best opportunity of knowing what was going on. He was employed about the place in De Villebon's time, as well as in my father's. However, it is better to let things remain as they are, in so far as Hugh is concerned. He will never keep his mind on his lessons if that idea takes possession of his brain."

"Arthur is very much taken with the idea, too," declared Mrs. Redmond.

"Even our serious Arthur!" said the father. "And *I* know what a fascination the idea has. So it is all the better that they have satisfied themselves for the present that the window is only a superfluous ornament."

And thus the matter rested for the time being, and the parents made what efforts they could to divert the boys' attention from that too-engrossing subject. Unhappily, the other and more important incidents of the story will prevent any detailed mention of the preparations for Christmas that year, and its due celebration which occupied all those days. Mrs. Redmond, Margaret and Catherine were all absorbed in the manufacturing of mincemeat, plum pudding, and fruit cake, with the stoning of raisins, the washing of currants, the chopping of candied peel.

Mary and Amelia and even the boys were permitted to assist in these, and other domestic rites, which presently sent the most delightful of odors into every corner of the house. The hanging of stockings was a great event, and the stealthy creeping upstairs of a supposed Santa Claus to fill them, just as the great bell of Notre Dame, called the Bourdon, sounded forth from its deep metal throat, in concert with the smaller bells, the summons to midnight Mass.

It was on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28, that Mother St. Martin carried out her promise of calling for the children to take them with her to the Nun's Island. It was a clear, cold, and altogether typical Canadian day, with a sky of brightest blue, and golden lights lingering around the horizon. The snow, thickly massed, lay clear and crisp on the streets, and the mountain had put on its brilliant white covering. The trees, out-lined against the sky, were coated with ice and adorned with feathery wreaths of snow.

Boys and girls alike, clad in blanket coats, girdled around with woolen sashes, were impervious to the cold; their cheeks glowed crimson red, their eyes shone, their youthful blood danced merrily through their veins. The old nun, wrapped up till nothing could be distinguished but her eyes, sat in the sleigh, well covered up with buffalo robes. The children bundled in, the driver cracked his whip, and off they went, the sleigh-bells jingling merrily in the frosty air. They drove straight down through the narrow, old-time streets to the river's edge. There it lay, the St. Lawrence, "tight locked in the grip of the frost," hard bound with many a foot of solid ice. The driver, without the slightest hesitation, went down on to the shining surface, and followed the well-defined path over the river. They passed other vehicles on the way, exchanging the merriest of greetings. Some of these vehicles contained *habitants*, or farmers, coming in to the market with produce; for at that early hour in the morning there were not so

many mere pleasure-seekers as later in the day.

On and on went the sleigh, under the arches of the great bridge, until at last it reached that little spot on the icy waste which in summer was altogether surrounded by water. There stood an ancient farmhouse, the door of which was thrown wide open by a Sister, who saluted Mother St. Martin and greeted the children cordially. She ushered them into an immense kitchen, where a blazing fire was the pleasantest of sights, and, unwrapping the children from their furs, caused them to partake of a steaming cup of coffee,—the delicious *café-au-lait*, in which convents excel.

Then they went out to explore that ice-bound domain, the stables, wherein the fowls and animals were warm-housed. They occupied themselves tumbling about in the deep snow, Hugh and Arthur constructing a snow-house, and a snow-man with a pipe in his mouth and coals for eyes, to the great amusement of the Sisters.

At half-past eleven the bell rang for the early convent dinner. Hugh declared that he was ravenous, and headed the procession to the house, Arthur and the little girls following more slowly. They enjoyed the warm soup and the savory ragout, and the thick, clotted cream, with abundance of grated maple sugar. After dinner they all assembled about the hearth, upon which roared a great open fire. Mother St. Martin began to tell them and the Sisters of the house, four in number, who gathered around, various anecdotes and incidents from the rich store of her experience. These included reminiscences of the Chevalier and his kinsman, De Villebon; and these again led to the fascinating subject of the window.

"Oh, my dears!" said the venerable religious, "I could tell you so many stories about that identical window, and all the guesses and the ventures and the bets that used to be made concerning it. But no one ever knew the truth, except Monsieur de Villebon himself."

"Did you know him, too?" Hugh asked with something like awe; while Arthur looked the interest which he was less quick to put into words.

"To be sure I knew him well," Mother St. Martin answered. "Just the year before I asked my entrance to the novitiate I went out with my brother—your grandfather, children,—to visit at the Chevalier's Manor, where you boys are going next week; and Monsieur de Villebon was there. If I remember right, he was living there just then; for it was after he had sold the old house. There was a great deal of laughing and jesting and plying him with questions about the window. One afternoon, I remember, I was sitting, reading in the octagon room, which you'll see very soon, when in came Monsieur de Villebon. He stood looking at me a moment, and then said: 'Ah, little Nonette'—he always called me that,—'little Nonette, when I die, there will be many things found out; but, perhaps, not at once. I have made a will and hidden it away, where it shall not be found too easily. It is a game of hide-and-seek, which he who finds the oaken box will win.'"

"What was the oaken box?" asked Hugh, with sparkling eyes.

"I have often wondered myself what it could be," answered the nun, thoughtfully, "and where it is. Perhaps all that was only one of his jokes, though; for poor De Villebon—Lord have mercy on his soul!—was a great jester. He didn't say another word, anyway, but turned and walked about the room, laughing and chuckling to himself. And from that day to this no trace of any oaken box has been discovered."

The other Sisters were almost as much interested as the children in this curious link in that chain of narrative which had mystified at least two generations. Sitting round the fire, they made various conjectures as to the possible meaning of that half-century-old enigma. And so the brightness of the afternoon began to fade, and warned Mother St. Martin that she

must prepare to take her charges home again. They all went into the tiny chapel for a few moments, and said their prayers, and noted the quaint ornaments upon the altar. Then, taking leave of their hospitable entertainers, the children and their venerable relative set out upon their return homeward, just as the crimson glow in the western sky proclaimed that the sun was near its setting, and the lights of the city gleamed out over the smooth shining surface of the frozen river.

And when the boys repeated that long-past conversation of Mother St. Martin with De Villebon to their parents during the evening, the latter exchanged significant glances. Mr. Redmond, in particular, pondered deeply over the possible whereabouts of the oaken box—if any such thing existed,—and wondered whether or not it really contained the solution of a mystery.

(To be continued.)

Wonders of the Fence Corner.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

To the observant, Nature presents some of her most fascinating problems just at the time when most of you imagine there is nothing interesting to be seen in the woods and fields. Suppose some bright, crisp February afternoon you wrap up warmly and take a walk through the fields to the nearest woods. Isn't the air invigorating, and doesn't the snow crunch and crackle under your feet in the most enchanting fashion? Its glitter and sparkle may be hard on your eyes and you may have to wear smoked glasses; but, for my part, I don't know many more interesting or delightful days than those brilliant, crisp ones of January and February.

When you come to that corner in the zigzag rail-fence, you must look about a bit closely. Did you ever stop to think about the lives of the worms and caterpillars which are so numerous in summer?

We are obliged to kill them, to be sure: otherwise we shouldn't have any vegetables or flowers; but they're intensely interesting, just the same. What becomes of those which escape our vigilance in summer? Suppose they eat and eat all the leaves they have a mind to in some out-of-the-way corner, what happens in winter, when there are no more leaves to eat? Perhaps, if your eyes are sharp, you may find out something about it among the shrubs in this neglected corner of the fence.

Do you see those queer little bags securely fastened to the branches? And here and there under the rails you may find some tiny *papier mâché* or plaster boxes. These are the winter homes of some of the summer worms,—homes which they themselves have constructed, and furnished with the daintiest silk hangings, finer than the most expensive silk your mother or sister ever found in the shops.

The caterpillar from which the "vice-roy" butterfly develops makes its home by eating away the leaf, preferably the leaf of the willow or poplar, until only a small portion remains. This it rolls into a tube just large enough for its body. The silk lining is woven about the stem of the leaf in the neatest kind of a band. After he has made his winter home snug and comfortable, he backs out, and keeps on eating as long as any leaves remain in his neighborhood. If the thermometer happens to drop after dark, as it usually does late in the season, he occupies his house at night, backing out again when the sun is high enough to have warmed things up.

Do you remember that furry brown and black caterpillar,—the one that gathers himself into a little round fur ball when you touch him, instead of scurrying out of your way or fighting back? I am sure you must have seen him going in a great hurry across the path. I know I have, dozens of him, making queer diagonal trails in the white dust of the macadam-

roads. I have often wondered where he was going, and why he was in such a hurry. You'd think he had a great deal of the most important business on hand. But when you come to know him, you find he's much like the people who are always rushing here and there and never get anything done. Other quiet, unobtrusive worms make their silk gowms and stow themselves snugly in their odd little hammocks long before zero weather starts in. Not so Mr. Brown-and-Black. He hustles madly across the path, and then dawdles on the other side until the thermometer threatens him with pneumonia. After that he takes half the hint, and curls himself up in a warm spot in the corner of a fence or under a wooden sidewalk, and goes to sleep. In the early spring, when most of the chrysalis forms are opening, he turns over, stretches a bit, and then weaves himself a rather loose cocoon, lining it with the brown and black hairs from his body.

It will require persistent watching to catch one of these tiny workers in the act of making his house, but the sequel of the story is much easier to observe. Suppose you take home a few of the cocoons you find in the fence corner and attached to the trees. Put them in a large pasteboard box, arranging a bed of dried leaves on the bottom; cover the top with a wire-netting. Keep it in a warm place, and by and by, if you watch closely, you will see the awakening of the grub to an entirely different life from the one in which he went to sleep. If you find a cocoon which is already empty, you may pour boiling water on it and see the silk threads unravel. It is really, truly silk thread made from the caterpillar's body, just as the silkworm makes the silk of commerce which we weave into cloth. You will find the cocoon made in three layers,—the outer one a weather-proof covering, then a coarse inner lining, and the soft delicate silk. You will also find the summer clothes which the worm discarded before he went to sleep for the winter.

It is all very wonderful, isn't it? The caterpillar seems to have a sort of triple existence. First it is a tiny egg laid by a beautiful butterfly or moth. The eggs are laid in places where certain kinds of food are most plentiful. You have noticed the little white butterfly which is so partial to young cabbage plants, haven't you? After a while the eggs turn into soft green worms, so near the color of the surrounding leaves you have difficulty in detecting them. They spend their days in eating and growing until late in the Fall. Then they begin to get drowsy, and presently they weave these queer cocoons for themselves. Having finished this part of their life-work, they crawl into their little bags or boxes and go to sleep. And while they sleep another change is taking place. When the spring days grow bright and warm, the cocoon bursts open, and, instead of the rather ugly, repulsive-looking, crawling worm you saw go in, a beautiful, dainty creature with gauzy wings steps forth, pauses lightly for a moment, blinking in the bright sunshine, and then soars airily out of sight. Then the circle begins all over again,—the egg, the worm, the butterfly.

The Floor of the Desert.

The northern part of the Colorado Desert is completely covered with pebbles, lying so close together that they give the effect of a mosaic floor. They are formed of exquisite materials, such as carnelian, agate, garnets, and quartz; and are so highly polished by the action of the shifting sand upon their surface that they look fit for a jeweller's window. Most of them are perfect spheres which reflect the sun's rays; and as their fine lustre makes them act as mirrors, the effect is wonderful beyond description. This strange desert floor is thought to be the cause of the mirage which often lures men to destruction by showing them phantom pictures of lakes and running water.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Our Faith," by Cecil Lyburn, is a paper-covered booklet of one hundred and six pages, published by the English C. T. S. It discusses four principal matters: The Main Point [the Church], The Real Presence, Confession, and Infallibility. Doctrinal for the most part, the author is incidentally polemical, and the little work is well worth reading.

—Many diverting bits, too clever to be altogether forgotten, are included in "My Uncommonplace Book," a little volume by C. T. Campion, just published by Sherratt & Hughes. A quatrain about the umbrella by the Anglican Bishop Creighton may be new to some readers:

The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust feller;
But more upon the just, because
The unjust takes the just's umbrella.

—New editions of two works by Dr. Döllinger which have long been out of print in English have just been issued by Gibbings & Co.: "The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ. An Introduction to the History of Christianity"; and "The First Age of Christianity and the Church." The latter work, which is a sequel to the former one, is a history of the first seventy years of the Christian era.

—The story of St. Agnes never loses its charm for Catholic readers. Hence we welcome the interesting, though brief, account of this heroine of the early Church, by Dom A. Smith, C. S. L. The preface, by Dom Higgins, C. S. L., emphasizes the universality of suffering and persecution; and shows that personal sanctification, the welfare of society, and the advancement of true civilization must be the object of all Christian endeavor. The full-page illustrations of St. Agnes and St. Emerentiana are at least striking. Published by R. & T. Washbourne.

—We are gratified to note that "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress," which on its appearance attracted much appreciative notice, is already in its second edition. It is a soul-history that must appeal to all who know or have known such doubts and difficulties as the author graphically describes. Father Bowden's "Introduction" really introduces; and once the story is begun, there is no getting away from it until one has followed the searcher after truth into "the light of perfect day." Those who have always been of the household of the Faith have much to learn from these pages; and from the soul-travail of this "Modern Pilgrim" there

should come to them a higher appreciation of their too-often lightly regarded birthright. Burns & Oates, publishers.

—"In the Devil's Alley," by Miss M. C. Quinlan (Burns & Oates), is a series of sketches taken from life in a certain slum district of London. The author has had personal experience with many such characters as are met with in her book. This experience, which extended over a number of years, lends importance to scenes that of themselves are deeply interesting. We might say that the most general impression produced in reading these pathetic incidents is this: where faith in God is strong all is well. The illustrations are realistic, and strike one as being quite appropriate.

—It is regrettable that, when Father Northcote, O. S. M., decided to bring out, under the title "The Way of Truth," a new and enlarged edition of his little book, "Via Veritatis," he did not think it worth while to add an index of its interesting and valuable contents. The fact that the volume is paper-covered and contains only one hundred and fifty or sixty pages, is not a valid excuse for this defect. Any work on religion—if worth printing at all—is worth nowadays being supplied with an adequate index. Even without one, however, "The Way of Truth" is very good, and will well repay perusal. The English C. T. S.

—In an appreciative article on the Catholic Encyclopedia (the first volume of which is announced for early publication), contributed to the London *Catholic Times* by Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, reference is made to Death's thinning the ranks of the proposed contributors to that work. "Thus, to take recent losses, Mr. Charles Devas was to have contributed articles on questions of political economy; and M. Ferdinand Brunetière, of the French Academy, had promised articles on French subjects. Miss Agnes Clerke, our Catholic lady astronomer, whose recent death has called forth so many tributes to her services to science, is another loss; but her first article, on 'Astronomy,' was completed, and will appear in the first volume of the Encyclopedia."

—"The Gate of Death" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) purports to be a diary; but it is a diary only in that the reflections of which it consists bear special dates from June 16 to October 14 of one year. It is an intimate revelation of a man's thoughts on the gravest of subjects, and is published anonymously, though rumor associates

the name of the author of "The Upton Letters" with this thought-record. The writer introduces himself at the moment when the physician attending him in a serious illness following an accident declares that there is no reason why he should not be restored to his normal health. He then tells us of his thoughts and surmises, his hopes and fears, his beliefs and his doubts, through the days and weeks and months of convalescence. Those who come into the valley of the shadow think deeply, but it does not follow that their thoughts on the great mysteries of death and futurity are more worthy of acceptance than are the thoughts of men who in the sunlight of health and strength turn the full powers of mind and heart on the same problems. The author's conclusions—where he states conclusions—on memory and on miracles are not convincing; indeed, we are not sure that mere speculations, such as we have in "The Gate of Death," are really helpful in any way, though the writer's charm of style and the human interest attaching to the questions which he considers give the book a certain literary value. There is a striking description of a dream wherein his soul, separated from the body, sees that body borne to its last resting-place; and one recalls at once "The Dream of Gerontius," both because of the resemblance and the difference in the two pictures.

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' price generally includes postage.

- "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress." \$1.60, net.
 "Life of St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr." Dom A. Smith, C. S. L. 60 cts., net.
 "The Way of Truth." Father Northcote, O. S. M. 40 cts.
 "In the Devil's Alley." M. C. Quinlan. 75 cts.
 "Selections from Newman." 40 cts.
 "Mary in the Gospels." Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D. D. \$1.25, net.
 "Memoriale Rituum." 30 cts., net.

- "An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent.'" John J. Toohey, S. J. \$1.30.
 "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs." James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. 75 cts.
 "Lectures: Controversial and Devotional." Father Malachy, C. P. 90 cts., net.
 "The Witch of Ridingdale." Father Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Frederick Peppersack, of the diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Bonaventure De Goey, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Robert Kiernan, diocese of Altoona; and Rev. Philip Hughes, C. P.

Mother M. Scholastica and Sister Maria Gertrude, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister Mary Anne, Institute of the Blessed Virgin; and Sister Victoria, Poor Handmaids of Christ.

Mr. Henry Schmidt, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. John Davis, Evansville, Ind.; Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, Sr., Medina, N. Y.; Mrs. Joseph Arvey, Green Bay, Wis.; Mr. Francis Dwyer, Halifax, Canada; Mr. Patrick McKeever, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Ward, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Anna McCormick and Mr. Robert Duddleston, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. M. R. Otto, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Patrick O'Keefe, La Salle, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Lemman, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Annie Connolly, Coney Island, N. Y.; Miss Mary Ray and Mr. Michael Delahaunty, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Adam Hoover, Newry, Pa.; Mrs. M. W. Brennan, Utica, N. Y.; Mr. August Depp, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Delia Madden, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Elizabeth Palmer, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. D. B. Collins, St. John, N. B., Canada; Mrs. Mary Hubbard, Tiffin, Ohio; Mrs. Timothy Lyons, Brookline, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Gunning, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mary McCloskey, Central Falls, R. I.; Mrs. W. J. Meyer, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Charles Drewry, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. John Cassidy and Mr. Patrick Coughlin, Arlington, Ill.; Mrs. Pauline Nock, Canton, Ohio; and Mrs. Carmel Leone, Hartford, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Filipino Student Fund:

Right Rev. Monsig. Oechtering, \$25; Rev. M. A. L., \$10; J. M. D., \$1; Rev. T. F., \$15.

For the Seminary at Harar, E. Africa:

M. J. Walsh, \$3.

Sister M. Claver, Kisoubo Hospital, Uganda:

M. J. Walsh, \$5; A. G. S., \$10.



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 9, 1907.

NO. 10.

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

The Spirit of Voltaire.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

“**T**READ down the lily, sneer at all who trust
In Christ the God!” Thus spoke the pale
Voltaire,

Who could the soul of Beauty soil and tear,
And poison her to death; and from his dust,
His venom still destroys. Believe we must

That France—the true, the faithful and the fair,
Whose sons love Beauty, and with old Greeks
share

A tempered fineness,—like the fool, will swear
Christ does not live? No! Fling out Roland’s
song,

Recall the cry of Charles, the mighty one,—
The prayer of her who saved, through
glorious trance,

Her native land;—behold the dazzling throng
Of Frenchmen in the blazon of God’s Son!

The Heart of Christ is in the heart of France.

Winter Rest.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



ALL the way from Boston to
Berkshire I seemed to be in a
kind of dream,—a frosted dream,
for it was mid-winter, but in
which I was nevertheless extremely com-
fortable. What is more beautiful than the
New England landscape in mid-winter,
unless it be that same landscape in the
pale green robe of budding spring, or the
torrid beauty of summer, or the glory of
autumn, that tarnishes, alas! all too soon?

I think the chief pleasure of my outing

lay in the fact that I was going into the
vast silence of the Berkshire Hills, there
to lodge for a season in a house of perfect
rest, and to have for my guide, philosopher
and friend the resident priest, who was none
other than a dear pupil, for some time a
member of my class in English literature,
at the Catholic University of America.

The Rev. E. A. C., of North Adams, and
I had long looked forward to this reunion.
During the years in which he had been a
seminarian at the Grand Seminary of
Montreal, his letters had been filled with
dreams of the day when he, a priest on
his mission, should be able to offer me the
hospitality of his house and home. At
last the hour had come, and now I was on
my way to Greylock Rest, on the hill slope
above Adams, Massachusetts, where he—
it was his first appointment—was per-
forming the sacred functions of his holy
ministry. I was happy, for our dream
was about to be fulfilled.

No wonder I had grown weary of Cam-
bridge, of its intense respectability, its
unvarying monotony. Even the Harvard
athletes who ran, breathless, through the
streets at intervals, clad in such light
garments as were more suitable to the
summer zephyr than the blasts below zero,
could not once startle me. The bell of the
milk sleigh—it must have been a cow
bell—I could hear for half an hour on its
way through Brottlet Street at an unseemly
hour in the morning, and there was no
sleep for me after that; so I was glad when
I took train for the Berkshire Hills, and
found myself scurrying through a lone,
white land, where everybody seemed to

have been snowed under, and there was no noise at all except that which we made in ploughing our way through the snow-banks that walled us on either side as high as the car windows.

On my safe arrival, there he stood, the Reverend Father, at the station in North Adams, muffled to the tips of his ears, and looking wondrous happy and content. After our brief embrace, he hurried me to a trolley car that ran down the valley to the little town of Adams, at the far end of it. Then we climbed a hill that was surely the hill of difficulties, it was so slippery and so hard to climb; and at last, in the midst of an avalanche that looked as if it might slide down onto the roofs of the village at any moment and bury them out of sight,—there I beheld the most beautiful of country-seats, looking as private as possible—and this was Greylock Rest.

Then I began to wonder at its privacy, for it bore not the slightest resemblance to any public institution whatever. I wondered in my surprise and delight why all public institutions, all retreats are not built to resemble homes rather than prisons or houses of detention. Surely a patient's recovery would be easier, quicker, and more natural in a building that breathed the atmosphere of home and all its comforts.

It seems that Greylock Rest was once the home of a wealthy manufacturer of Adams, Massachusetts; and that he lived in it long enough to plant his orchards and gardens, and furnish the house delightfully and beautify the grounds. Summer on that breezy slope must have been ideal; for the little town of Adams lay quite below it, in the valley, and the view from any part of the grounds was ideal. Alas! he paid the debt of nature; and his widow, finding the once happy associations of the place now painful, offered the property for sale. It was purchased by the Bishop, placed in the hands of the Sisters of Providence, and the new life at the Rest began as naturally as if there had been no change in the domestic economy under that sheltering roof.

We turned off from the main road when we were higher than the village spires. A deep cut in the snowdrifts led across what must have been in summer a broad lawn. In the centre of it, under sheltering trees, now looking like frameworks of wire, was built a beautiful grotto of stone, and within it stood a statue of our Blessed Lady of Lourdes veiled with a veil of misty snow. Yet the vision seemed to give a kind of preternatural warmth to the place; and the young Father told me of the ineffable beauty of that shrine in the summertime, when it was the favorite resort of all those who had come to Greylock Rest in search of peace.

Greylock Rest is a mansion of many nooks and corners. Delightful windows cling upon its walls like orioles' nests. Some of them bulge as if they had aspired to be conservatories, and then, on second thought, had resolved themselves into cosy corners,—and such wonderfully cosy corners as one would have to search a long time for to find again. There were gables galore, and verandas, and chimneys like minarets; and from the picturesque exterior no one could possibly imagine what the interior was like.

The little Father and I entered a reception room that might have comforted the heart of any lady in the land. The beautiful staircase went winding up to the floor above, but stopped long enough on the way to leave space for a window of exquisitely tinted glass, that brought involuntarily to the lips a whispered *Ave Maria*. The chambers above were so delightfully arranged that the house seemed a house and a home for people in perfect health, and not for those who are ailing. Again and again I said: "Let all resorts for those who are seeking health be pictures of health and happiness, and every nook and corner of them shed comfort and cheer." And yet while I said this the thought came to me that if all the refuges of the sick and the sorrowing were made an ideal home for them, perhaps some of them, possibly most of them, would rather stay there than get

well and go back into the commonplace world of work and worry.

Greylock Rest is a Catholic Home such as every Catholic home should be. In the first place, upon crossing the threshold you know it is Catholic and that it could be nothing else save Catholic. Your eyes immediately fall upon the appealing crucifix. I do not know why it is that the crucifix does not fill me with horror and dismay. It is the image of agony unspeakable; it is not physical agony alone that is depicted there, but mental and spiritual torture such as mere mortals can have no conception of. I have seen Spanish and Mexican crucifixes where realism had been carried to a revolting degree; the figure of our Redeemer upon the cross was literally reeking with blood; it was the blood of the scourging that preceded the crucifixion. Such crucifixes do not appeal to me: they repel me. In my crucifix, which seems to me the most beautiful thing in the world, I see only the all-glorious sacrifice—the most tender and the most touching and the most wonderful in the world's history. I would have it of ivory upon ebony, the work of devout hands that have passed half a lifetime in the cloister perfecting this most perfect symbol of the most perfect sacrifice that the human heart is capable of responding to.

Throughout the house there were fine copies of the pious works of the old masters. Nearly every corner was a little shrine, and nearly every one in the house had a chosen resort; and surely it is natural that every one, according to one's sentiment, one's temperament, should have a preference.

My room in Greylock Rest was as if it had been especially designed for me. A great double window opened upon the valley below, where the town of Adams nestled in the snow. Huge factory buildings were lighted in the early twilight; for it was quite dark long before the day's work was over. I used to sit by that window and watch for the hour of closing, and see the lights in the thousand windows

suddenly go out in darkness, and knew that the hundreds of factory hands were then streaming through the streets on their way to their little cottages or tenement houses.

Just beyond the village towered Mount Greylock, the highest point of land in Massachusetts. From the airy outlook on its peak, one may see on a clear day a little silver thread glistening in the dim distance. It is the Hudson River, miles and miles away. And from that height one may count many a tiny village and larger town, and command the finest view in that part of New England. It is a wondrous drive to the top of old Greylock. One seems to be climbing from one world to another; there is so complete a change in the landscape and the atmosphere, and in even the mode of life; for those mountaineers seem to live a life quite unlike the ordinary routine of life in a factory town. I know that the half-wild, half-tamed family that lived in the house on the top of Greylock did not seem to belong to our part of the world at all. They probably do not see many strangers on the heights, because the Berkshire Hills are threaded through and through with delightful roads that are as rustic and picturesque as if they were country byways, and yet are constantly running in and out of beautiful villages, and passing palatial villas where millionaires hold forth for a few weeks in the heat of the summer or the splendor of the autumn.

From the brow of Greylock one may look down upon the land where Nathaniel Hawthorne lived for a season; where Oliver Wendell Holmes once lived; where William Cullen Bryant passed his early years, and where he wrote his "Thanatopsis" while he was still a boy. There also lived the Sedgwicks, who were a typical literary family; and Fanny Kemble Butler, the actress, who wrote many readable books; and Herman Melville, who, in his "Omoo" and "Typee" and "Mardi," has added more romance to the South Seas than any one else, save only

Robinson Crusoe himself. Out of these peaceful hills he ran away to sea when whaling was the wildest sport on land or water (he pictures it at its best in "Moby Dick"), and when men-of-war were as unlike our modern iron-clads as possible. Such as they were, you will find them in Melville's "White Jacket"; and the merchant service of fifty years ago he depicts in his "Redburn." Sitting by my northern window, and looking out from my warm and cosy chamber upon that wintry landscape, I thought of Herman Melville and the years of his adventurous youth he passed in those sunny tropic seas. Perhaps no two natures could be more unlike than the romantic and adventurous Melville and the sedate and pensive Byrant, yet the same glorious hills surrounded them and the same delicious air nourished them. It is true that in later years Melville settled down and became something of a rustic; he even published a volume of verse, his muse having been stirred to song by the spirit of our Civil War.

My eastern window looked down the depth of the valley to the larger town of North Adams, at the far end of it. At night it glowed like a smouldering bed of coals. A trolley line connects the two Adamses; and occasionally during the winter, when the drifts are highest and the winds are wildest, a car full of passengers will be snow-bound—the drifts often curve over the roof of the car,—and just before my arrival, a late car was stalled in mid valley, and the passengers were held prisoners until they could be dug out by a rescue party after daybreak the next morning.

The little Father and I were in a wing of the house. I was given a seat at his table in his private dining-room. My orders were to place myself in his charge and rest. It seemed to me that I had never known such rest before. I had books to read, and to lay aside the moment I became weary of them. I had the two views of the valley to choose from, so long as it was

daylight. I was glad to waken in time to see the crystal-clear and icy-cold day break, and watch the sunshine touch with fire the fringe of icicles beneath the eaves. The little Father was constantly looking in upon me, or I upon him. We had much to talk of, and often we reviewed our life at the Catholic University, and that other inner life of which he knew something,—my life at the Bungalow in Washington, where for six radiant years I led the ideal bachelor life—if I may venture to suggest that such a life may be made ideal.

It was the little Father's duty to see that I took the fresh air daily, and surely never air was fresher than that we took together. We were upon the hill slope. With a good start, we might have slid into the heart of the town. But O the climb homeward, when three backsliding steps were not quite so good as one on dry land! And how the nipping air pinched the rims of our ears, and strung my mustache with crystal beads, and made my fingers and toes numb, so that we were glad to quicken our customary round and get home again!

I shall never forget one night when the storm king was enthroned upon the summit of Greylock, threatening us with dire destruction. The wind had been increasing all the dreary afternoon; at intervals the house quivered; the windows were rattling in their frames, though we had tried to wedge them into silence. We chatted until bedtime, and then unwillingly I sought my pillow. Perhaps I dozed, but not for long. Gusts of wind struck us with such force that it seemed as if the roof must be torn from above us. The building swayed as if it were at the mercy of an earthquake. Sometimes the blast would move off a sheaf of icicles and dash them furiously against the side of the house, where they would crumble and rasp as if they were being ground into powder. When these fragments were hurled upon a window like giant hail, I felt that the glass must be crushed in and the room wrecked.

It was while I was sitting up in bed with fear and trembling, ready to spring to a

place of shelter in case of necessity, that the door was opened softly and the little Father entered. He must have seen the terror in my face, for he at once blessed me and comforted me with soothing words. I was assured that such tempests were not at all uncommon, and that they soon spent their fury. They who lived in the valley, and were familiar with them, thought nothing of them. Then he took a leaf from the blessed palm above the bed and burned it. O the mystery and the power of faith! He sat by my bedside for a little while, and I fell asleep like a very child.

How different were the nights that came later,—nights when the sky was as crystal and the moon of dazzling brilliancy! The crust of the snow was frozen so that it would bear one's weight. It shone in the moonlight like a sheet of burnished silver. There seems to be something mystical in the beauty of such a night. It hides much, but it reveals something one does not see in the daytime; and what one sees is almost like a revelation,—the sharp shadows of houses and trees so distinctly outlined upon the glistening surface of the snow; the flight of a squirrel or of a rabbit, like a darting shadow; the wondrous stillness, broken now and then—or set to momentary music—by the airy jingle of dancing sleigh-bells. How sweetly shrill all the voices of the night ring down the wintry vale, so near and yet so far,—that is just how and where they sound! They are elfin voices of a winter night; it is almost impossible to locate them.

While the little Father and I were sitting by his window one moonlight night, looking up the hill slope above the Rest, the sheeted snow like a huge silver shield resting against the hilltop, suddenly we saw a dark object shoot swiftly across the icy snow-field. It was too large for any animal familiar to us about the place; it was too small for a bird. What could it be? It had disappeared beyond a snow-drift; but presently it reappeared, and toiled painfully up the hill slope till it looked quite small in the distance. Then

it turned and started again. It seemed to soar like an eagle just above the shining surface of the snow,—or did it dive from that airy height on invisible wings and alight in the snowdrift far below, only slowly to reascend and plunge anew into airy space? We heard a ripple of light laughter, muffled but merry enough, and then we made a discovery. The house was still. There was no one visible without, save the shadowy form skimmed from the hilltop to the deep drift down by the orchard. And who were these taking their innocent pastime by the light of the moon, just before night prayers? The quiet Sisters, who all day went noiselessly about the house upon their endless round of duties. A breath of fresh air before sleep,—that was all.

I wonder if I am unappreciative? I have sleighed in every manner of sleigh conceivable, and yet I am not happy on runners or skates or snow-shoes or any kind of slippery thing. You may have seen, in the spectacular productions of the theatre, a tempest-tossed bit of scaffolding representing a ship wallowing in the midst of canvas waves, which in theatrical parlance we call a "property" sea. Well, sleighing, even the best of it, seems to me very much like boating on a property sea.

The most precious room in Greylock Rest was, of course, the chapel. Is there anything more comforting than a private oratory, especially when it is the constant resort of seven Sisters in a house of rest, and where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered daily by the resident chaplain? It seemed to be always summer there, no matter how rudely the gales may have beat upon that house. When my hour of departure drew near, it began to seem strange to return to a home where there was no oratory, and where, outside of my own chamber, there was no crucifix, or statue of the Madonna or saint, or holy picture.

I had found rest at Greylock,—the kind of rest that everyone should seek and find at intervals. Such an experience is really a retreat for the body as well as for

the soul. Only in this way, it seems to me, can one really recover one's self. In the world but not of it, is easily said; try to accomplish it and see how difficult it is, unless your surroundings are suitable, or the very atmosphere you breathe is calculated to help you accomplish the end desired. In the world but not of it,—that was my happy state at Greylock Rest. And how long did it last? I will not ask how long could it last. Probably every change of climate had some slight noticeable effect upon it or me. The heat and cold, the fair wind or foul, the tempest and sunshine, moonlight and the starless night, have all more or less effect upon our spiritual and temporal health. Temperature alone, when one takes it into consideration, seriously concerns our bodily and even mental welfare.

For years I had been played upon by my Lord Hamlet's "airs from heaven or blasts from hell," and I had learned to respond to their influence as perceptibly and almost as acutely as the Eolian harp. The extremes of heat and cold were beginning to wear upon me. For a long time my friends in California had been urging me to return to the home of my childhood, with its best advertised climate in the world. It had occurred to me that it might be worth my while to revisit the "Golden West"—I had almost outgrown it,—and see if somewhere along the balmy shores of the Pacific I could not find a nook or corner where I might fit in and peradventure renew my youth. The way had been made straight for me, and I was to enjoy the companionship of a dear and long-time friend all the way from Boston to San Francisco.

While I was still at Greylock Rest a letter arrived that had been industriously seeking me. It had thrice been remailed from addresses that had become obsolete. The wonder is that this letter had not found premature burial in the Dead Letter Office. It was an invitation, if you please, to join my fellow-members of the Veteran Guard of the Bohemian Club of San Fran-

cisco, California, on the occasion of their next annual banquet in memory of the "days of old, the days of gold," etc. I looked at the date of the banquet, and counted the days on my fingers. I found that if I posted a letter by the mail that was to start for the West within two hours, and if the train was not blockaded on its way, and if I placed a "special delivery" postmark on the letter, and the special delivery postman ran for his life to the restaurant where the dinner was appointed,—my letter would be delivered in season to be read on that occasion over the walnuts and the wine.

On the instant I wrote as follows:

IN THE WHITE SHADOW OF MT. GREYLOCK.
BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.

BROTHER VETERANS:—A glad message from dear old San Francisco has hunted me down, and where, think you? In Little Switzerland. It is heavenly here just now, and here I am having my last bout with winter.

Greylock, the highest point of land in Massachusetts, is frosted to the tip; and from my broad double window I look upon it and think of the summer land beyond,—the land I hope to enter and call "home" once more, sometime in the coming April.

Look across your flower-laden banquet-board, my brothers, and listen for a moment. Here there is rosy snow at sunrise among the baby Alpine peaks; and violet snow at sunset in the silver vales; and there is snow upon snow everywhere,—snow as fine as flour and as dry as bone-dust, so that you can not make a snowball of it.

Out of the "Great White Silence" I greet you with a tropical Aloha, that need not be put upon the ice to keep forever. Fire and frost are as one to the touch, but, oh, the difference to me!

A health to you, my brothers! Please God, a little while and I shall see you, and it shall be with us as if we had never said good-bye.

Affectionately and fraternally,

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!

Six weeks later I was in California, and all that was left to me of that winter rest among the hills of Berkshire was an abiding memory and a tall and very slender bisque statuette of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, so exquisitely modelled and so gracefully poised it seems almost to be floating in the air above its delicate pedestal. It is a perpetual reminder of San Sulpice in Paris, whence it originally came; but it is also a souvenir of the gentle Sisters of Providence at Greylock Rest, who gave it to me when I bade them all farewell.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XI.

"GOOD-MORNING, Uncle Romuald! I have seen him,—I have seen him!" was Mildred's triumphant greeting to Mr. Chetwode, when that gentleman entered the breakfast room more than two hours after her return from her very early ride. "How is your ankle this morning? Really better? I am so glad. And who do you think he turns out to be?"

While assisting to establish the hurt member on its bed of cushions, she gave a brief account of her morning's adventure.

"Well, my dear, I hope you are satisfied," said Mr. Chetwode, as he unfolded his napkin.

"I hope you are not dissatisfied?" she asked.

"On the contrary, very glad that you will be gratified in the wish you have so long entertained," he answered, with his genial smile;—"that is, if he is the right man. Who does he turn out to be, as you express it?"

"Father Kenyon, the mission priest at Burnley. So you see there's not the least danger of his being an impostor."

"Did he tell you he lives at Burnley?"

"No: I recognized him. Don't you

remember my telling you last spring of having seen a priest on the train one day, and hearing a gentleman who was talking to him call him Father Kenyon? I happened to know that to be the name of the priest at Burnley."

"And this is the man?"

"Yes. The moment I saw his face I knew him, though I had not thought of him before. You will like him, Uncle Romuald."

"Perhaps."

"I know you will," said Mildred. "You never persist in a prejudice after you see that it is unjust."

"You don't mean to accuse me of being addicted to prejudice, or likely to be prejudiced against your priest, my dear?"

"Just a little inclined that way, or you would not doubt my judgment when I say you will like him. I know your likes and dislikes, don't I?"

"Generally speaking," he admitted.

Mr. Chetwode had never, except on two occasions, had the slightest personal association with a priest. And on both those occasions—the deaths of his two friends, Mildred's father and Major Carrington—his mind was so busy with other things as to make him not only indifferent to his usual intellectual amusement of character-reading, but perfectly unobservant of all ordinary matters around him: in a state of profound absent-mindedness, that is. He had given scarcely a glance, and certainly not a thought beyond the mere conventional recognition of their presence, to the priests he then met. He was conscious now of a sentiment something between mild disinclination and faint curiosity at the prospect of seeing Mildred's expected guest. But as soon as he did see him, the first impression was one of surprise and pleasure.

Father Kenyon having said that he would return as soon as he possibly could, Mildred watched eagerly for him all the afternoon of the following day; and as it drew toward sunset he drove up to the gate. But his first words after receiving her cordial greeting and welcome were an

apology for his inability to delay long enough even to enter the house.

"If it had been in my power to do so, I should have made a very early start this morning, on purpose to gain time for my promised visit to you," he said, as he paused on the portico where she met him. "But I was unavoidably detained until nearly noon. The good people of the house where I was have not seen a priest for a long time, and gave me a good deal to do. In addition to all the confessions—they are a large family,—one of their children, and an adult convert whom they have had under instruction, were to be baptized, and they had invited a dozen or more of their neighbors to witness the ceremony. These people were late in coming; and, as the Mass as well as the baptisms were delayed in this way, it was almost twelve o'clock before I started. So you see," he added pleasantly, "that it is not my fault but misfortune that I keep my promise to the letter only."

"But why, may I ask?" said Mildred, looking blankly disappointed. "You said you must be at one of your distant missions next Sunday, and it is early in the week yet. If you could stay even until to-morrow—"

"I wish I could," he answered with evident sincerity. "You do not regret the mischances that prevent it more than I do myself. But I engaged the services of the man who is driving me until this evening only; the owner of the buggy wants to use it himself to-morrow. Now I must say good-bye. I hope you will not forget your own promise to come over to Burnley to Mass."

"I shall not forget," she replied. "But, oh, I am so sorry, Father, that you can not stay! Come in just a moment. I will not ask you to sit down even. But pray come in and shake hands with my uncle. He is not a Catholic, and—I had so much hoped—"

She was leading the way to the sitting-room as she spoke, and did not finish her sentence. But Father Kenyon understood as well as if she had said so that it was

even more for her uncle's sake than for her own she wished him to stay.

"There is no necessity for your going yourself because you can not detain the buggy," said Mr. Chetwode, when he heard Father Kenyon's explanation. "If you will discharge the man and gratify us by remaining, I can send you to Beechwood to meet the train at any time you please."

The priest accepted this invitation at once, without the slightest hesitation; and half an hour afterward, while the sun was still above the horizon, he descended from his room, and found Mildred waiting for him at the foot of the stairs.

"This way, Father!" she said, and conducted him into what was called the west piazza, where Mr. Chetwode, with his foot-rest and crutches, was already established.

As the priest emerged from the threshold of the corridor into the broad outdoor light, the eyes of himself and Mr. Chetwode met while they exchanged salutations.

"A gentleman of the old *régime*," thought Father Kenyon.

"A man of ability and culture," Mr. Chetwode remarked to himself.

He was interested at once in the man; and his gaze lingered, as it could with impunity, to observe the details of feature, form, air, and manner; for the glance of the priest, though exceedingly direct and penetrating, was quick and soon withdrawn. Though a secular, there was much of the habit of the cloister about him: a slight droop of the brow forward, with that modest and recollected look upon the ground peculiar to the religious.

His appearance was remarkable in one respect only—that it conveyed an impression of extraordinary vigor and vitality. Physical strength, intellectual acuteness, and moral force, seemed very equally balanced in the *ensemble*. The well-shaped head, covered by short waves of soft black hair, though not disproportionately large, had a certain massiveness of appearance, caused by the form of the forehead, which was broad, strongly marked, and had straight, heavy black brows. The features

were rather rugged, the lower part of the clean-shaven face resembling cut granite both in mould and color, but changing gradually on the cheeks until the upper part was of a pale olive tint. The brown eyes, shadowed by intensely black lashes, were beautiful,—large, full, very deep-set under the overhanging brows, with a velvety softness and yet a wonderful power of expression. His figure was above the middle height, a little too broad-shouldered and deep-chested for elegance of proportion; but the hands and feet, unusually small and symmetrical, redeemed it from any approach to either heaviness or angularity. His dress had that perfection of toilet art which all sensible people, who understand and appreciate without unduly overrating the value and necessity of "appearances" in this world, take trouble to cultivate, but which it is not within the ability of everyone to acquire. It was at once so faultless and so unobtrusive as to be taken in by the eye under the general sense "well-dressed," without calling the attention to any single detail.

He stood a tall black figure, with an expression of quiet brightness on his face, looking over the sunset scene before him, while remarking its beauty.

"Yes, it is a lovely view," said Mildred. "But I often wish that there was a range of mountains in the distance,—faint blue peaks rising against that ocean of gold. I should think it perfect then."

"I like it better as it is," he said. "The distance melts so softly into the horizon that the eye and the thoughts pass beyond into the infinitude of space, without the suggestion of bounds and barriers which even the most beautiful of azure heights must give."

"That is what Uncle Romuald always says!" Mildred exclaimed, with a pleased smile. "But do sit down, Father. You haven't told me yet about your sick call: how you found the poor man who was so ill. I hope he didn't die."

"No, he didn't die. I found him very much as I expected,—not ill at all when I

arrived," answered the Father, in a tone of perfect good humor.

"And he sent for you all that way for nothing!" cried Mildred. "Under false pretences!"

"He thought himself very ill when he sent. He had a severe sore throat, and was sure that it was quinsy, and that he would die."

Tea being just then announced, no more was said on the subject. Father Kenyon rose at once to assist Mr. Chetwode with his crutches, and walked with protecting care beside him to the dining-room. The good-natured cynic found it necessary to readjust his ideas of clerical capabilities and possibilities, as he talked with this adherent of the faith he had been accustomed to consider the sole survival in the nineteenth century of medieval credulity and bigotry. Particularly was he surprised to find that religion was not to be the topic of discourse; that, on the contrary, the priest avoided everything connected with the subject, though Mildred made several attempts to draw him into it. Answering her question or remark briefly, he would with great tact manage to veer immediately in another direction. The news of the day from earth and sea, the latest discoveries of science, the wide world of art,—he touched and glided over each with the consummate skill of a born conversationist, charming alike both his hearers.

And he was charmed himself; as, far from monopolizing the conversation, he made it an exchange of ideas, principally with Mr. Chetwode. In his present life of mission priest, it was not his good fortune to meet often a mind so companionable to his own as that of his new acquaintance. When at a late hour they separated for the night, it was with a mutual sense of respect and admiration that, on the part of Mr. Chetwode at least, was unusual.

"You will no doubt go to confession and Communion?" Father Kenyon said to Mildred as they were discussing the arrangements for his Mass in the morning,

after leaving Mr. Chetwode still sitting in the moonlight on the piazza.

"I should like to—oh, so very much!" she replied. "But I am afraid I am not sufficiently prepared, Father. I have never yet made my First Communion. And, though I have been trying with the help of a friend to prepare, I think I ought to receive some further instruction from you to-morrow. Then if you can not stay to say Mass the next day, I will go over to Burnley soon."

"Certainly, if you prefer it," he answered very kindly. "Now tell me what time will be most convenient for the Mass, on account of your breakfast hour."

"We will not wait for my uncle," Mildred said, as she entered the breakfast room after Mass, followed by Father Kenyon.

"This reminds me of my mother's breakfast table," said the Father, glancing over the well-spread board with a smile that had a little sadness in it.

"We are very old-fashioned," answered Mildred, "particularly at Ravenswold. Uncle Tadd and Aunt Molly are old family servants who have never left mamma. And Aunt Molly keeps up the old way of cooking, which we all like."

"The parents, I suppose, of my friend of the ford here?" Father Kenyon said, with one of his bright looks toward the servant who was just entering with a fresh relay for the table, and smiled broadly at his new name.

"Yes; and, as you saw at Mass, they are Catholics; though"—her face here took a very grave look—"it is long since they have had the opportunity to approach the Sacraments."

She seemed to check herself as she was about to go on, and, turning to the boy, said:

"See if your Mas'r Romuald doesn't want you now, Sam. When I can speak to you, Father, without fear of interruption," she resumed as Sam left the room, "I will explain about these servants, and about my own ignorance and seeming indifference. As Uncle Romuald will be

down in a few minutes, I will not begin the subject now."

"Speak at your convenience, my child," said the priest.

"Thank you, Father! I feel it such a blessing that you are so near us. Burnley is only three hours by rail from Estonville. It will be easy for us to see you at any time."

"When I'm there," he remarked. "But, strictly speaking, Burnley is more my headquarters than place of residence. Most of my time is spent on the missions. I can always be communicated with through Burnley, however; and I am always there, except in case of accidental absence, on the first Sunday of every month."

"Not on other Sundays?"

"Rarely,—not unless for some special reason I exchange Sundays between two missions. I sometimes do that."

Here the thump, thump of Mr. Chetwode's crutches announced his approach.

"You are becoming accustomed to your crutches, Uncle Romuald," Mildred said, when he was settled at table. "You use them with more ease than you did at first."

"I don't find much difference," he answered. "They are such a nuisance that I shall be very glad when I can dispense with them. Not but that they are a great convenience at present," he added, with an apologetic glance toward them as if in deprecation of his preceding remark.

"I hope they accept your *amende*," said Mildred, with a smile. "Father, let me give you some-hot coffee."

"Thank you, no," was the reply. "I seldom take more than one cup. But I appreciate such coffee as this, and enjoy it." He was sipping it slowly.

Mr. Chetwode had already discovered that he was capable of appreciating a good many things that are caviare to more than the vulgar, while at the same time it was evident that he held these things altogether apart from the serious objects of life. Sitting together on the piazza for a morning smoke after breakfast, the two men, so

unlike in most respects, and yet with certain similarities of nature which created an intuitive sympathy between them, began to study each other deliberately, as the evening before they had made an instant gauge of external characteristics; and it was an entertainment so much to Mr. Chetwode's taste that he was conscious of a sense of regret when Mildred joined them, and the conversation was brought down to the commonplace by her recurring to the subject of the priest's mission work.

"It must be very tiresome to be travelling about so continually," she said, and repeated to Mr. Chetwode what Father Kenyon had mentioned of his manner of life.

"Never in one place for a week at a time!" said Mr. Chetwode, in a tone so indicative of his opinion of such a life—movement being to him abhorrent—that the priest's dark eyes gleamed with amusement.

"I have five churches to attend to," he said in reply, "to four of which, in rotation, I give four Sundays of the month, each having its regular date, so that the people know exactly when to expect me. The intervening fifth Sundays belong to the fifth church; and, then, there are several congregations that have as yet no churches, but meet at the house of one of their number when I have time to pay them a visit occasionally during weekdays; and, still again, families here and there whom I am obliged to visit even yet more occasionally, as they could not otherwise see a priest from year's end to year's end; being too poor to leave their homes. So you see I have not much time to stay in one place."

"I hope," said Mr. Chetwode, dryly, "that you have not a great many sick-calls?"

Father Kenyon laughed as he replied:

"Nothing is more common with us mission priests than sick-calls such as the one I have just come from attending. They are the most onerous of our duties, often involving much inconvenience to our

people as well as ourselves, in taking us away from our regular engagements. But," he added with recovered seriousness, "there is nothing more important; they take precedence of every other immediate duty. And I have frequently found occasion to rejoice that they had occurred,—as, for instance, in the present case. I should not have had the pleasure of meeting you, just now at least, but for my fortunate encounter with your servant and his prompt report of having seen me."

"It might have been a very unfortunate encounter to you," said Mr. Chetwode, "if this little girl had not been on the lookout and averted the danger."

"It was inexcusable of Sam to be so rash," said Mildred. "But I think it will be a lesson to him for life."

"It will be a lesson to me," Father Kenyon said. "I ought to have known better, after the warning the elder man had-given. But Sam assured me so positively that he was perfectly familiar with the ford and had crossed it but a few hours before. I was exceedingly anxious to get on as quickly as possible, not knowing but that the man who sent for me was really dying. Still I might have remembered that it is not long since a friend of mine, a priest in a neighboring State, lost his life just in this way—by attempting to cross a swollen stream while on an errand like my own."

"A very irrational errand," was Mr. Chetwode's mental comment; and perhaps he might have suggested this (though in less curt phrase) if the priest had not risen with his last words, saying:

"Now I must ask you to excuse me, as I have my Office to read. But," he turned to Mildred, "it will not occupy me long this morning, and I shall then be at your service, my child."

With a courteous inclination of the head, he left them; and they soon heard his sentinel-like tread on the piazza above them, as he walked to and fro saying his Office.

Passing Away.

BY MARIA D. F. LAWLER.

THE world and its pleasures are passing away;
Time and its treasures are passing away.

When joys are the sweetest,
The moments are fleetest,

Swiftly and silently passing away

The flowers that charm us are passing away,—
In the dawn of their loveliness, passing away;

The brightest, the rarest,
The sweetest, the fairest,

Bloom a while on our pathway ere passing away.

The young and the lovely are passing away,—
In their morning of gladness, passing away;

Though their beauty enralls us,
The sad truth appalls us,

That all is delusion,—they are passing away.

Like the flowers they bloom, like the flowers
decay;

Like the mists, our ambitions will vanish away.

Still we plan and we worry,
We fret and we flurry,

Unheeding the while we are passing away.

Then prize not the things that are passing away;
They lure and deceive us, their end is decay.

They sparkle and glitter,
But our future embitter,

When we find our hearts' idols are nothing but
clay.

Like the echo they mock, like mirage they deceive,
While around us a web of enchantment they
weave.

And we dance and we sing,
And we laugh and we play,

Forgetting the while time is passing away.

O treasures immortal, that pass not away,
May our souls cling to you on their heavenward
way!

While we pray without ceasing,
With fervor increasing,

God's love and His friendship to gain while we
may.

Because of a Sacrifice.

BY BEN HURST.

THE child was in her arms, still tired
and scared, but glad to be enfolded in
that reassuring clasp after its recent terror.
She could not yet banish from her mind
the horrible scene of the accident,—the
sudden plunge, the glimpse of a struggling
form, one small hand, then the other
battling with the sea, a tiny head tossed
on the waves, and then sinking—sinking—
with a weight she felt, for it drew on her
heart-strings. With a repetition of that
intense agony, she chafed once more at
the restraining hold of those around her;
yearned once more to plunge in and share
destruction, since help she could not give;
and caught again in ecstasy the vision of
the man, like a strong young god, that
cleft his way to the fateful spot, found and
brought back her treasure.

In a rush of joyful thanksgiving, she
bent over to press her lips once more to
the pale face pillowed on her arm, while
her eyes sought the rescuer among the
crowd of strollers on the pier. From time
to time he turned and glanced upward
to where she sat, with her charge, on the
sun-bathed terrace. She smiled or gave a
friendly nod, and in her heart she blessed
him, and blessed the God that sent him
in the hour of need.

With the new aureole that in her mind
surrounded the courtly, cultured man of
the world, their most congenial companion
in this quiet sea resort, there was entwined
a deeper shade of undefined regret for the
something dark and impenetrable that
baffled her in his otherwise attractive
nature. The clear-cut features seemed
meet for a cowl, so loftily spiritual and
concentrated the expression; but there
were moments when the deep-set eyes
reflected nought, and in response to a stray
remark gave—a perfect blank. A vague,
non-committing smile, that disclosed the
abnormally large parting between two
front teeth, was often resorted to in lieu

It is faith in something, and enthusiasm
for something, that makes a life worth
looking at.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

of a word of disparagement when certain topics were broached; but she felt the hidden opposition, repressed in order not to grate on the boys' enthusiasm or inbred convictions.

"He is not of our faith," she remembered; "but what a dear, good fellow he is! A reproach to ourselves."

Bernard had fallen asleep. The soft haze of evening began to pervade the atmosphere. The passers-by smiled sympathetically at the unwonted sight of the ten-year-old boy cuddled in his mother's lap. Many had been witnesses of the accident; everybody knew of his escape. The elder brother came and bent over the sleeping figure.

"We won't wake him, mother," he said; "but we'll take him in, for you must be tired."

She shook her head, but just then Bernard awoke.

"They'll teach me to reef, set, splice, and knot!" he muttered drowsily, as he sat up.

"Do you still want to be a seaman?" asked Frank, laughing.

"Of course I do! I'll never fall off a ship again. When my hands are bigger, I'll climb up the mast as easy as on the poles in the college playground. You won't forbid me to try again, mother, will you?"

The mother looked sorrowfully at the sailing ship below.

"No, dear," she said. "I can not shut you away from all the perils of life, nor all its duties and enjoyments. I can only inculcate prudence and ask God to take care of you."

"And may Uncle Hugh be always at hand!" cried Frank, as their friend came up the steps.

"How is our patient?" he asked. "It was emotion that wore him out rather than fatigue. After all, he did not have a dip of any duration. Only the dip was unexpected,—eh, Bernard?"

"He is none the worse," said the mother, looking the thanks she forbore to repeat.

The bell for Benediction reached them

faintly through the trees of the intervening park. Mother and sons turned to walk in its direction, and the young Doctor accompanied them part of the way. But as they neared the church door he went into a side alley, and Bernard paused reluctantly to look after his friend.

"Why doesn't he come with us, mother?" he asked.

"I don't know, dear," she answered. "It is no business of ours; but we, at all events, could not miss our thanksgiving to-day."

"It *would* be mean if we did!" said the boy. "But, mother, I've thanked God over and over already."

"I'm sure you have," she assented. "You are my own good boy!"

Later in the evening, as she sat watching the elder boy put the other through his gymnastics as usual before retiring to rest, Dr. Sidgwick joined her.

"They seem as fit as ever," she said,— "and as gay."

"Yes; but Frank is too studious, too grave for his age," was the answer. "He takes too serious a view of life."

"Can one do that?" she asked. "He thinks of embracing a serious career."

"It is a pity you encourage him to be a priest," he said. "He is talented, and there is so much to be done in the world."

"But is not the cause of religion the first?" she asked in astonishment. "To me it is the only thing that really matters. Tell me, to what church do you belong, that you speak so?"

"To none," he answered slowly.

"But I do not understand," she said. "Surely you must worship your Creator? I deprecate parade as much as any one, but why shirk the public profession of acknowledgment for what one owes?"

"I was afraid it would come to this some day," he said, with a smile. "For some time past you have been seeking for a clue to the creed of Frank's and Bernard's friend. Now I must tell you, at the risk of your estranging us, that I am not a Christian."

She drew a deep breath and was silent.

"Your own belief," he went on, "is so closely interwoven with your daily life that one knocks up against it all day long; yet I have never allowed myself to remark on your practices, nor even to criticise that very complicated service to which Frank took me one day—the Mass."

"Our souls and our daily needs are complicated," she said quietly.

Every word of the deep, melodious voice sank into her breast like a knife-thrust.

"How could I let the children grow so fond of him?" she thought with anguish, turning instinctively toward them.

The movement did not escape him; for he continued, gently:

"You need not fear. I would not interfere with your teaching, not even when it grates on me most. Ask Frank."

"I do not mistrust your word," she said, with forced cheerfulness. "I acknowledge you surpass me in discretion. But, then, such indifference shows a weak ground. Your directive force is negative. If the deism or agnosticism, or whatever it is to which you adhere, were a real living power, and you its fervent disciple, you would not be quiescent: you would seek to impart it, to spread it over that England whose greatness and culture is your chief desire. You would not wait passively for the chance dissemination of the views you hold best."

"I am tolerant," he said, "of all moderate creeds, and I respect sincerity."

"That is not enough," she retorted. "You should love your own and work for it. That you, so thorough in most things, are lukewarm in this, proves the instability of your belief."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The doctrine of 'Live and let live' does not appeal to you?" he suggested.

"Aye, but you do not even live! You reject what Christ offers—immortality. And what can you expect to accomplish for others with your vague ideals of virtue for its own sake, and charity as a factor

for human progress? What standard will you offer to the world to keep men straight and clean and kind? The beauty of a Japanese or Albanian landscape, on both of which I heard you descant the other day, as an incentive to noble purpose? How futile! How misleading! What have you, in reality, to replace the Perfect Man, our guide, because our God?"

"I can not argue with one so emotional," he said. "You will never convince me, so why should we speak of these things?"

"Because the children love you," she exclaimed passionately, "and because I owe you the life of one; and, knowing you as I do, I must grieve forever."

Frank and Bernard approached, and she turned away to hide her tears.

Hugh Sidgwick was uncomfortable. Why should this ordinary, middle-aged woman feel so deeply the scepticism of a chance acquaintance toward her own traditional myths?

"It may be flattering, but her exaggerated sense of obligation for a service that anybody in my place would have rendered does not give her the right to meddle with my spiritual affairs. Ah, the insidious ambition of Rome! It has infested even these children."

The incriminated propagandists looked anything but preoccupied just then. Flushed and joyous, they sank on the bench, pleasantly fatigued with their exertions, enjoying the superb panorama that changed softly in the dusk, and breathing in the pungent sea air before clambering up to rest.

Next morning Uncle Hugh took the boys to bathe. His duties of physician were nominal only while the trader lay in port. In a few days she would sail, and he would be parted forever from these dear companions; but the solitude of sea and sky drew him with their old fascination, and he would again brood on absorbing metaphysical problems. His medical career was but one phase of a peculiarly active life. Young as he was, he had taken part in a polar expedition, and scaled forbidden

heights in the regions of bleak Thibet. But neither science nor experience had solved for him the riddle of existence. Doubt of man's ultimate destiny hung like a cloud upon his path; and, having met few men of his own calibre, he had among many "friends" but few intimates. Moved by atavism, he had set himself a standard of mediæval chivalry, and centred his life's aim in service to his country, while he yearned unconsciously for a mission non-transient and clearly defined. As for his immediate self, he held his complex nature well in hand. Knowing his own limitations, ever mastering the animal by the mind, he strove by strong will to fashion his soul into the shape coveted as the highest attainable by a finite being.

Frank and Bernard were attracted to the stranger by that quick resourcefulness in ordinary matters that excites confidence in everybody, but boundless admiration and trust in the young. His thoroughness of views, too, inspired respect even when—as Frank felt at times—these were erroneous. The mother watched them now, floating, diving, safe under his strong protection; and sighed to think that, if she were called to leave them, she would in their dearest interests have to renounce the guardianship that tempted her in all other respects as the most precious within her reach. For here was a good man, a gentle, thoughtful, straightforward soul; strangely full of affection for her boys; attracted above all to Bernard, whose strange mixture of Old-World wisdom and modern precocity made his delight. The children loved him, for he entered into their games with a childlike zest that was one of his chief charms; and the mother, at first jealous of the only serious rival that had as yet encroached on her empire, finished by a like subjugation to the superiority of intellect betrayed involuntarily by the newcomer.

And, alas! alas! all this was as an unlit lamp. Nought could be reckoned on, nought could uplift; for the transcendental motive was lacking. Unilluminated

was the life, bounded by the fate of clay. Wherefore had he crossed their path? Was it for everlasting regret?

She went indoors, and began putting the boys' room in order. Listlessly she ranged fishing rods in a corner and stacked books in a pile. Bernard's prayer-book remained in her hands, and, opening of its own accord, showed her a leaf turned down. "Prayer for the conversion of a dear one," she read; and, closing the book sorrowfully, she sank on her knees. "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce," she repeated mechanically, with a vague instinct.

A clatter in the hall brought her to her feet. Here they were, panting, roseate, ecstatic! Uncle Hugh was taking them for an automobile ride in the afternoon. Soon the holidays would be but a memory, and so she would put no bar to enjoyment now.

"Thank Uncle Hugh," she said.

The next time she was alone with Dr. Sidgwick, he remarked:

"That Bernard of yours is a marvellous little boy."

"If I denied it, you would not believe in my sincerity," she laughed. "Of course he is marvellous—and unique. But he is lucky, all the same, to have attracted your attention."

"Do you know what he has been puzzling me with this evening?" he went on. "'In My Father's house are many mansions,' and he wants to discover if he and I are bound for the same. Even Frank was nonplussed. Well, well, well!"

"They have been trained," she said, "to look on this life as a short prelude. Otherwise it would not be worth living. But I wonder Frank was nonplussed."

"Well, he has told me, at all events," said Uncle Hugh, smiling, "that he will say his first Mass for me."

"Did he say that?" she exclaimed, with shining eyes. "Then he is sure of himself! Oh, how much I have to thank you for! The life of one child, and the assurance of the vocation of the other."

"The last, at least, was involuntary," he murmured. "I can not explain why I, of such opposite views, should have an intensifying effect on theirs."

There was silence for a moment, and then her pent-up feelings rushed forth in a torrent of words.

"You say you are not a Christian? Oh, how you err! Not only are you a Christian, but you are one of *us*, in mind and deed. Do you not know that the Church claims as her sons all who lead upright lives, who adore God and seek to know Him? Your best qualities are the outcome of Christian tradition and education, the inheritance of Christian ancestors. That you are blind is all the pity of it."

"I am sorry you should think that I am wilfully so," he said gravely; "but I assure you that I have thought out the question long ago, and sounded the depths of Buddhism and Christianity, to reject both as unnecessary to those who stand on a higher plane of reasoned altruism."

Again her head sank in sinister presentiment.

"It is not anything I could say that would change your views," she observed sadly. "When the light comes, it will come from above. I wish I could say to God what I ought: that I am ready to sacrifice what is dearer than life—to yield up what you have given back to me—if it could bring you into the Fold of Christ."

He drew back, startled, even shocked.

"God grant the dear child a long and happy life!" he exclaimed.

"And a happier hereafter!" she echoed fervently. "Neither my love nor my ambition is bounded by death."

But her words remained in his mind as something monstrous, unnatural. A Spartan mother, forsooth!

The crowd had surged up the aisles, eager to get a glimpse of the young levites, some of whom were, at the close of their ordination, to set forth on distant missions. But the multitude notwithstanding, the

silence of the supernatural brooded in the vast temple in the intervals of the organ's exultant reverberations and the pæans of human voices. Sidgwick held his breath, and wondered which of the prostrate forms before him was the "little Bernard" of twenty years ago, in response to whose invitation he was here. He had something to communicate which he knew would rejoice exceedingly the youth on whose brow shone the halo of fresh priesthood.

But a glimpse of a grey-haired woman crouching in the corner of a bench, half-dissimulated behind a pillar, disconcerted him. Why did she weep so bitterly? Was this the "Spartan mother" whom he saw proudly erect, triumphant and happy, at the consecration of her first-born five years before? Neither she nor Frank—now a successful preacher—had replied other than by a curt "*Deo gratias!*" to the letter in which he acquainted them with his reception into the Church. Bernard had been in retreat preparatory to the sublime act of to-day. How beautiful it was, the *Te Deum* that rushed forth under the arches! Hugh joined in it thankfully, reflecting that the decision which brought him peace was due less to long and earnest reflection than to a strange interior impulse called grace. Again his joy was tempered by the sight of the figure bent low in lonely grief. Half an hour later light broke upon him when he stood face to face with Bernard—for the last time. The ship which was to convey the new missionary to the distant leper settlement would sail in three days.

"And it was needless," faltered the convert, pressing his friend's hands between his own in a paroxysm of love and anguish,—“needless! For without your sacrifice I had also come home to Christ.”

With the restrained rapture of those who have just drunk of the Elixir of Life, Bernard replied:

"O dear Uncle Hugh, do you not realize that it is *because* of what you call my sacrifice that you have come home?"

The Feasibility of Prohibition.

THE perennial discussion as to the comparative effectiveness of prohibition and high license in lessening the drink evil shows no signs of coming to a speedy close. As a rule, too, partisans of each system appear to have lost nothing of the extremism which characterized the earlier conflicts waged around the very vexed and vexatious question. The ardent prohibitionist of to-day is as apt as was the teetotaler of fifty years ago to denounce as enemies of temperance all those who disbelieve in his favorite theory; while among the anti-prohibitionists may be found very sincere friends of total abstinence who regard prohibitive legislation concerning liquor as mere folly, and its advocates as impractical hobby-riders. This being so, considerable interest attaches to a paper contributed to a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. E. N. Bennett, a member of the British House of Commons. This English politician, preparing himself probably for intelligent discussion of the temperance legislation to be introduced into the British Parliament during the current year, has been investigating prohibition in our typical prohibition State—Maine,—and has arrived at some conclusions which will impress moderate men as fairly sane. Mr. Bennett thus briefly sketches the historical aspect of Maine conditions:

For nearly half a century prohibition in Portland had been little else than a name. One Republican sheriff after another had allowed a large number of saloons to remain open and carry on a sale of liquor which was technically illegal. At intervals the keepers of these saloons were summoned before the magistrates and fined; but, owing to the low tone of morality which sometimes seems inseparable from the political life of the United States, the heavy fines inflicted upon the offenders found their way chiefly into the pockets of the sheriffs and their official colleagues. Some five years ago, however, a minister of religion, Mr. Pearson, succeeded to the office of sheriff, and made desperate efforts to enforce the State prohibition law. Raids, fines, and imprisonments were of constant

occurrence; the drink traffic was for the time being apparently suppressed, and to outward view the saloons were closed. But what really happened? A careful investigation conducted by officials revealed the startling fact that during the *régime* of the parson-sheriff drink could be procured in more than four hundred places spread over seventy-two streets in Portland alone.

Mr. Pearson's successor in office, Sheriff Pennell, cordially disliked the hypocrisy of putting the drink traffic out of sight and pretending that it did not exist. In technical violation of the law, he allowed thirty saloon-keepers, among those whose business was "respectfully conducted," to sell liquor in Portland. Violations of the tacit understanding between sheriff and saloon-keepers entailed the payment by the latter of heavy fines.

"The fines so inflicted at more or less regular intervals," says Mr. Bennett, "formed in practice a very considerable sum of money. But the revenue from this informal 'High License' did not, as in the old Republican days, find its way into the pockets of various officials; it was simply placed in the municipal treasury and used for general purposes. Such a system was on the face of it very imperfect; the enraged prohibitionists who denounced Sheriff Pennell as 'violating his oath of office' or 'nullifying the law' were technically justified in their criticisms; and the thought that the public treasury was being enriched from the proceeds of direct illegality was not, even in America, a very comfortable one. Nevertheless, we must remember that the sheriff had to make the most of his material. He had no possible interest in the prosperity of the liquor sellers, upon whom the burden of the High License levy fell quite impartially and quite irrespective of their political views. . . . The Pennell saloons were few in number, quiet, well conducted, and, as a rule, situated in the less prominent parts of the town. They were quite unlike the glittering and attractive gin-palaces often found in communities where High License is the only law. And when any ardent prohibitionist in England is tempted to

condemn Sheriff Pennell's 'pious fraud,' he or she must not forget that under this system the saloons in Portland were reduced to thirty—*i. e.*, *one drinking place to two thousand of the population*,—a condition of things beyond the wildest dreams of any licensing justice in England. The sheriff carried out his scheme with unflinching courage and impartiality; and the whole community of Maine was filled with amazement when, some two years ago, the agent of the Portland Liquor Agency (which was always permitted to sell alcohol for 'medicinal or mechanical purposes') was suddenly arrested on a charge of illegal selling."

Sheriff Pennell, having secured his reelection with an increased majority over his Republican and prohibition opponent, a vigorous attempt was made to outgeneral him in his illegal tactics. Says Mr. Bennett:

A conference of Republicans was held at Augusta, and, as a result of their deliberations, the already overloaded statute-book of Maine (there had been some sixty amendments of the liquor laws since their inception in 1846) was enriched by two fresh ordinances,—the "Sturgis Commission" and the "Oakes Law." The duty imposed upon the commissioners was this: they could enter any county in Maine where the prohibitory law was not adequately enforced, and could take that law out of the sheriff's hands and see to its enforcement themselves, and thus incidentally deprive the delinquent county of such revenues as might accrue from the infliction of fines for the sale of alcohol. The Oakes Law formed a kind of drastic corollary to the Commission; for it decreed various pains and penalties, extending even to imprisonment against any sheriff who neglected his duty of suppressing the liquor traffic.

The third and last act of our liquor drama brings up the story to the present month. The instructions of the Commission and the Oakes Law, though drawn up in general terms, were manifestly directed against Cumberland County. The audacious sheriff, who had successfully defied all the forces of the Republican party, was to be humiliated in his own city, and perhaps punished, into the bargain. But once more the Republicans underrated the extraordinary cleverness and energy of their opponent. Before the Sturgis commissioners could descend upon the offending county and the Oakes Law fall in vengeance upon official

neglect, Sheriff Pennell, with that happy audacity which characterizes the successful leader of men, decreed that "henceforth Cumberland County is to be dry"; and, adds a local newspaper, "the dryness which ensued was the very dryness of Sahara."

And what, asks the English investigator, is the result of this rigorously thorough enforcement of the prohibition law? His answer is from first-hand information:

During the week I was there, no fewer than fifty-eight arrests for intoxication took place; and the average for the year actually amounts to between forty and fifty per week, which, in a population of 60,000, works out for Portland to about forty per 1000 inhabitants per annum—*i. e.*, three times as bad as our worst drinking centres, the seaport towns and mining counties, six times as bad as London, and nine times as bad as our manufacturing towns. According, also, to the last available statistics (1898-1899), the arrests at Bangor number forty-six per thousand, Augusta twenty-nine, Bath thirty-one, Lewiston twenty-nine, while Gardiner reaches the appalling total of sixty-nine per thousand.

It must not be concluded from all this, however, that the *Nineteenth Century* writer is one of the extreme partisans referred to in our initial paragraph. He recognizes the element of good in prohibitive legislation, though he has not been won to the Maine method of dealing with the drink evil. He says further:

On the other hand, I can not help thinking that the benefits secured by the existing law are bought at too heavy a cost. Whatever may be claimed with respect to the better educated classes of society, it seems clear that amongst those members of the community less able to resist temptation, drunkenness is quite as rife in the towns of Maine as in non-prohibition areas. Nor must it be forgotten that any well-to-do citizen of Portland, Lewiston, or Bangor who belongs to a social club can quite easily drink a whisky and soda upon the premises whenever he cares to. And this easy evasion of the spirit of the prohibition ordinance really establishes the evil principle of "One law for the rich and another for the poor."

The moral of the paper would seem to be that, unless the majority of the residents of a city, as well as the majority of the dwellers in that city's State, are zealous prohibitionists, prohibitive legislation is bound to prove nugatory or worse.

Notes and Remarks.

The pastor of a Protestant congregation at Cripple Creek, Colorado, has introduced the free-lunch feature in connection with his church work. All who attend his sermons are provided with free food in the Sunday-school room. It oughtn't to be called "free," though; because, in a way, one pays for the repast by listening to the sermon. In strict justice, we think the meal should be a very substantial one, well cooked and well served, at least one course for each point of the sermon. For the sake of novelty, a New York preacher employed a whistler (!) to enliven the services at his church. We are not informed as to the success of these attractions. It is to be feared that when the novelty wears off, the congregations will silently steal away, like the Arabs in the night. The wonder is that it doesn't occur to ministers who complain of having small and straying flocks to try the effect of the plain and undiluted Gospel. We venture to assert that if such "straight talk" as our readers were treated to last week by Monsignor Vaughan were heard from every pulpit in the land, the churches would soon be filled to overflowing. The trouble is with the preachers and the sermons rather than with the people, who ask their spiritual fathers for food and too often receive only stones and serpents and scorpions.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, takes occasion of his Lenten pastoral letter to make known to the faithful of his diocese that a marked spiritual favor has been conferred upon them by the Holy Father, as a reward for habitual public manifestation of their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and as an encouragement to persevere in it. "On being recently informed by us," says his Grace, "of the edifying practice that has long been widespread amongst the faithful of the diocese, in both town and country, of piously saluting Our Lord in the Blessed

Sacrament by some external sign of reverence when passing a church or oratory in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, his Holiness felt himself moved to express in some special way the satisfaction with which he has heard of this, and his desire to encourage our people to perseverance in so laudable a practice. He has now done so by issuing an extraordinary faculty authorizing us to grant in his name an indulgence of 100 days, to be gained by the faithful of this city or diocese each time that, in passing a church or oratory in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, they manifest their devotion to Our Lord by some external sign of reverence, as it has long been their pious and edifying practice to do."

The pious practice thus warmly approved and indulged by the Sovereign Pontiff is not confined, we are glad to say, to either Dublin or Ireland at large. It prevails in many portions of this country, and still more generally, perhaps, in Canada, notably in the Province of Quebec. The practice, it need not be said, is thoroughly congruous; is, indeed, merely a consistent recognition of the Real Presence on the part of those who profess their belief therein.

In a communication to the *London Universe*, Emily Hickey quotes the following extract from a letter of Lord Leighton's, published in the "Life" by Mrs. Russell Barrington. The young English artist had come under the influence of Steinle, whom he describes as "an intensely fervid Catholic, a man of most striking personality, and of most courtly manners." The letter is dated 1852:

What artist, however uncatholic in his belief, can contemplate those old Gothic churches, with their glorious tabernacles and other ornaments equally beautiful and equally disused, without painfully feeling what an almost deadly blow the Reformation was to High Art, what a powerful incentive it removed irrecoverably? Who, in his heart of hearts, can but dwell with melancholy regret on the times when Art was coupled with belief, and so many divine works were virtually expressions of faith? What a

purifying and ennobling influence was thus exercised over the taste of the artist,—an influence which nothing can replace! This influence was incalculably great. No dwelling was so humble but it owned a crucifix; no artist so poor in capacity but endeavored to produce something not unworthy of his subject. The general *tone* of taste thus produced reacted on everything; witness the most insignificant doorlatch or ornament that remains to us from the Middle Ages. Is it not remarkable that the first artists of the modern day—in the higher walk of Art, I mean—are *Catholics*? Cornelius and Steinle were born in the Church of Rome; Veit and Overbeck went over to it; Pugin, too, our great architect, was converted by his art to the Catholic Faith.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it is a dull instrument in the hands of Gen. H. A. Frederick Seymour, who has just published, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, a book entitled "Saunterings in Spain." His history is unreliable, his descriptions inadequate, and his art criticism unilluminating. Like most Protestant travellers in Spain, he has a fling at the Inquisition, and, as is generally the case, it is a very ridiculous one. Even the *Athenæum* feels obliged to rebuke the General for his excursions into the realm ecclesiastical. "He should have exercised a little more care in enumerating the doctrines for denying which men and women were doomed to death by the Inquisition; we can hardly suppose that, in his calmer moments, he believes that the 'immaculate conception of the Pope' was ever a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church."

If we had an advice to give General Seymour, it would be to stick fast to his sword, and forever discard the pen.

In an article contributed to the *Catholic University Bulletin*, the Rev. James Burns, C. S. C., makes the interesting statement that "the earliest schools within the present limits of the United States were founded by the Franciscans in Florida and New Mexico. In the year 1629, four years before the establishment of the oldest school in the thirteen original colonies,

there were many elementary schools for the natives, scattered through the pueblos of New Mexico; and from the number, character, and distribution of these schools, it is evident that the date for the foundation of the first school there must be set back considerably before the year 1629."

Precise dates can be given for the earliest schools in Old Mexico, where the Franciscans were likewise the pioneer missionaries. The first school—the first in the New World—was founded by Father de Gante in 1524. It was a school for Indians. The first university—the first in America—dates from 1551. The edifice still exists, and is occupied by the National Conservatory of Music.

The Negro Question is ably discussed by Mr. William Dorsey Jelks, ex-Governor of Alabama, in the current *North American Review*. In his opinion, it is an acute question, which, if not settled in the near future, will inevitably lead to a dreadful upheaval. In the State of Alabama alone the Negroes constitute a body of vagrants larger than the army Lee surrendered at Appomattox. "They must reform or go," says Mr. Jelks. In view of the fact that they are so numerous and growing, it seems more likely that the whites will go instead. There should be no delay, therefore, in adopting adequate reform measures. The education of the Negroes, generally speaking, is an admitted failure. Says the ex-Governor:

The education of the Negro has made him a burden, or, to express it differently, far less valuable as a citizen. The farm is the one opening for him, and this, when he has acquired a smattering of letters, he leaves. He congregates in the towns and leads for the most part an idle life, and, in large numbers, a vicious life. Teaching him to read has thus far proven a curse to the material interests of the South, and this beyond the cost of the schools. . . . Books have given us a larger proportion of vagrants, and a larger proportion of thieves as well. The non-producers are all thieves. . . . Our Negro schools have not taught men the love of work, nor do they seem to be impressing upon them respect for the Commandments. . . . It is very plain that the Negro teacher in Alabama is, for the larger

part, totally unfit for the calling. He is doing a destructive work, and taking the State's sacred school money in payment for it. We are thus poisoning the fountain which is to supply our future citizenship! The schools are turning out thieves and vagrants in companies, battalions and armies. The Negro school, still speaking generally, has no influence in making more valuable citizens. On the contrary, there could have been no more of these lawbreakers if there had been no schools among them for forty years! It is perfectly plain that the results prove that the pupils from the vast majority of the Negro schools have been imbued in no wise with a sense of the dignity of labor or the propriety and advantage of obeying divine and human laws.

Mr. Jelks makes no direct plea, of course, for religion in education, but he comes very near doing so. If, as he admits, no school is properly taught from which the children can emerge without respect for the mandates-written in stone on Sinai, and a great many children receive no moral training to speak of at home, it follows that religious education is the crying need of the day. What is true of colored children is true of white children. The conviction that illiteracy is not the greatest of evils is now being forced upon the minds of a great many Americans besides ex-Governor Jelks,—that it is far better to have a citizenship which is honest than one which can read.

We are in receipt of a singularly pathetic letter from a band of exceptionally unfortunate religious, the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, of Baltimore, Maryland. Victims of the anti-religious crusade in France, the exiled nuns found an asylum in this country; and, three years ago, by dint of heroic efforts, succeeded in building a modest wooden convent. A few weeks ago, their little home was entirely destroyed by a fire so fierce and rapid in its onslaught that nothing of the convent's contents could be saved. While we are aware that many worthy causes appeal to the generous charity of our readers, we can not refrain from recommending the piteous condition of these severely tried women to the sym-

pathy of those whose means will permit them to extend a helping hand in rebuilding the Sisters' home. Almsgiving is a good work peculiarly appropriate to the Lenten season; and those who have been dispensed from its more rigorous obligations should feel doubly obliged to give alms at this time.

The following bit of dialogue is recorded in a letter from an Indo-China missionary to our always interesting contemporary, the Lyons *Missions Catholiques*. During a persecution at Thanh Hoa, the Venerable Paul Moi, whose brother and sister are still living, was arrested and brought before the mandarin. The latter, rather attracted by the appearance of the handsome boy (Paul was only eighteen years old), endeavored to make him apostatize, and offered him a bar of silver if he would renounce his faith. "Great mandarin," said Paul, "a bar of silver is not enough."—"Well, I'll make it a bar of gold."—"Not enough yet."—"Why, how much do you want, you young wretch?"—"Great mandarin," was the reply, "if you wish me to apostatize, you must give me enough to buy another soul with." The mandarin was impressed by the answer, but not converted; a few days later, by his orders, Paul was beheaded.

Reprobating the tendency of English newspapers, in the stress of modern competition, to devote more and more energy to catering for the curious and cultivating the sensational, the London *Catholic Times* states that the practice of invading the sacredness of private life is growing. "To the journalists of an older generation," says our contemporary, "private life was sacred ground. Where the requirements of justice or the public interests were not concerned, human frailties were not brought to light. It is a scandal that the good custom should be broken through to feed morbid curiosity and newspaper coffers."

It is a scandal to which, more's the

pity, yellow journalism has pretty well habituated the American public. As for "the requirements of justice" and "the public interests," there is small doubt that both would be better served by the downright suppression of the scandal-mongering journals and the incarceration, for terms notably long, of their proprietors. The unbridled license of some American papers is a stench in the nostrils of self-respecting citizens; and the attempt to identify such license with genuine "liberty of the press" is an insult to the intelligence of even the average schoolboy.

On the occasion of his reception into the French Academy a few weeks ago, Cardinal Mathieu referred to the great work of his predecessor (Cardinal Perraud), "L'Irlande Contemporaine." In that connection the new Academician said:

It is to speak with indulgence to say that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors showed themselves very hard toward Ireland; and her martyred people offered the finest spectacle of moral grandeur to be found in history. Protests were raised even in the ranks of the oppressors. The most disgraceful iniquities were suppressed, and O'Connell broke the yoke which weighed on consciences. God grant that the heroism of that people may serve as example for those who seem destined to suffer the same trials, and that they may not have to wait for their O'Connell during two centuries!

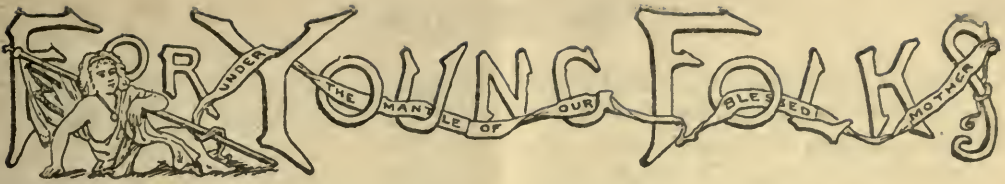
Conditions have radically changed since O'Connell fought the battle of Emancipation. If French Catholics only *will* to do so, they can bury Clemenceau, Briand, Combes, and all that ilk beneath an avalanche of ballots within the next decade.

The London *Tablet* informs any of its readers who may contemplate spending their summer holiday in the Hebrides that a very graphic and interesting account of what may be expected in the way of attractions and discomforts is to be found in "The Outer Isles," by A. Goodrich Freer. "On the one hand, they may count upon being able to read even small print in the summer gloaming up to ten o'clock

at night. But, on the other, whether they will have, during that long summer day, the substantial meals to which southerners attach a certain measure of importance, is far more problematic than most people would care that it should be. In several of the islands there is a Catholic population which has kept the old Faith which their fathers held for more than ten centuries before the Reformation, and their Catholic practices and traditions are sympathetically described by the authoress. Amongst these is the ancient custom according to which the fishermen, before starting northward on the dangerous expedition to the herring fishery, meet together to complete their arrangements, and then they pass into the little grey church, under the shadow of which their plans have been discussed, and there a service is held, praying for a blessing on their undertaking, and concluding with a Gaelic hymn which they and their forefathers have always associated with the occasion, with its burden of—

'Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
The Three in One, be always with us!
On the Sea, when the flood is around us,
O Mother Mary, be with us!'

The venerable Mgr. Fitzgerald, second Bishop of Little Rock, who succumbed to a stroke of paralysis on the 21st ult., had been ordained almost fifty years, and consecrated for a little more than four decades. He was born in Ireland, but came to this country when a mere child. His education was all received here. He had the reputation of being among the most learned members of the American hierarchy, and was conspicuous at the Vatican Council. The entire Catholic population of his diocese at the time he took charge of it was less than 2000 souls, though it then included the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, as well as the entire State of Arkansas. The Catholic population of the diocese of Little Rock at present is about 20,000; that of Oklahoma, which comprises the whole Indian Territory, about 26,000.



Little Jack's Chinaman.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

NE came upon the tent quite unexpectedly. It stood in the midst of a small clearing, at some distance from the rest of the camp, under a solitary cottonwood tree, whose crooked branches enveloped an umbrella-like shade. On the outer edge it was surrounded by brushwood, tarweed and arrowweed bushes hiding it almost completely from view.

Jack lay in his hammock, idly swinging and pretending to read. But the morning was so lovely, the haze over the distant mountain so beautiful, and the atmosphere so conducive to laziness, that the book lay unregarded beside him. His mother came around by the side of the tent with a basket in her hand.

"Jack," she said, "I am going down the valley for some eggs and tomatoes. You won't mind staying alone, will you?"

"Why, mother," answered the boy, laughing, "don't you know I'm company for myself."

"Very well. Don't try to get out of the hammock, will you?"

"I promise, mother," said the boy. "I'm awfully sleepy; maybe you'll find me taking a nap when you get back."

Mrs. Duniston went on her errand, and Jack dozed. He was just falling into a real sleep when he heard a rustle in the bushes. He lifted his head. A pair of bright eyes, set close together in a Mongolian head, confronted him. But Jack was not afraid of Chinamen: he had been used to them as servants all his life.

"Halloo, John!" he said. "Where are you going? Lost your way?"

The Chinaman lifted a warning finger as he answered in a low voice:

"Don't talk loud, ittle boy. Keep small voice. Me not know tent be here. No tell?"

"Tell what?" replied the boy, in the same repressed tone.

Again the Chinaman held up his finger as though listening. Jack could hear the sound of horses' feet approaching. Then he thought he understood. This was a contraband trying to cross from Mexico to the United States. The frontier, or boundary line, was only six miles distant from Agua Caliente. Jack knew little or nothing of the wrongs or rights of it, but his sympathies were always with the oppressed.

"No tell?" asked the Chinaman again.

"No tell," responded Jack promptly.

The Chinaman darted from the shelter of the bushes into the tent, and disappeared under Jack's cot, the figured spread of which he pulled down in front of him so that his legs and feet could not be seen.

"No look in here," he whispered, putting his head from beneath cover. "Look out—on white road."

The boy turned in the hammock, his back to the tent. The striped awning shaded him. It was cool and pleasant in the hammock. He closed his eyes. The horses were very near now. In another moment he could see them trotting along the path which the campers had made going to and from the springs. The wagon-road was not visible from the tent, though it lay not far beyond the thick growth of bushes.

The horses stopped. Jack opened his eyes.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, half sitting up.

"Halloo!" said one of the men,—there were two of them mounted on very fine horses. John had expected to see *rurales* gayly caparisoned; but these were Americans, in Khaki suits.

"Asleep?" queried the other man.

"No," said Jack, though he yawned a little, "I was not asleep."

"Seen any one go down yonder road?" asked the man who had first spoken.

"No," said Jack. "I have been lying here over an hour and no one has gone down the road. Are you looking for—a thief?"

"Well, not exactly a thief, boy. But there's a rascally Chinaman hovering round the last two or three days. He's trying to get over the line."

"I'll bet you a dollar, Fred," said the other, "that he's hiding somewhere in the bushes, and that he'll stay there till night. Then he'll make another try to get over close to the foothills, and into the land of the free."

"Perhaps you're right," said the other. "If so, I propose beating the bushes up and down till dark."

"They're not very thick around here," observed Jack, innocently. "Way up there, beyond the farthest cottonwood, they are awfully dense. He might be there."

"Yes, that's more likely," answered Fred. "But the place is full of rattlesnakes at this season of the year."

"Oh, come on!" said the other. "That's a comfortable tent you have there," he added, looking in.

"Yes," replied the boy, his heart in his mouth. "Mother always makes everything comfortable where she is. We are here because my leg is stiff. I hurt it, and it doesn't get well."

"Are the baths helping it?" asked one of the men, as they prepared to ride away.

"Somewhat, thank you!" answered Jack, with a sigh of relief.

In a moment they were gone,—up the white road, which he knew they would follow to the bushes near the cottonwood, returning on the other side. He waited about five minutes before he spoke. Then he called out in a loud whisper:

"John, they are gone! What are you going to do?"

The Chinaman issued from his hiding-

place. He came on all fours, keeping close to the side of the tent, where he could not be seen.

"Little boy," he said.

"Yes," replied Jack, looking down at him from the hammock.

"Me stay in you tent till night?"

"Where?" asked Jack.

"Under little bed. No make noise,—keep velly still."

"But mother might not like it."

"She not know."

"Not tell mother?"

"No. Maybe afraid,—maybe tell. Keep velly still,—no make noise. In night steal away, when men gone to bed."

"O John, how can I do that?"

"Good little boy no want John allected? Give little bleed, and let lie under bed."

Jack reflected. The man had a pleasant face, he was clean, he was not young, his eyes pleaded.

"Why don't you stay in Mexico?" asked the boy.

"My boy in United States. Go see him, then go home."

"To China?"

"Yes. Can go allee same from Mexico, but want see boy. Can lie under bed till night? No tell?"

"No tell," said Jack, after a moment's thought.

"Give some bleed?"

"I can't move to get you bread. I am lame."

"Yes, hear tell men. Can cure leg."

"You can?"

"Yes. Where you live? What name? Send stuff to cure. Salve in box, velly good. Rub leg with. Where live? What name?"

Jack told him. He took a small book from his pocket and began to write. Then he got on his feet, put his arm about the boy and lifted him from the hammock, saying:

"Please get bleed,—ittle bleed."

A crutch stood near the flap of the tent. Jack leaned upon it, and went back to the *ramada*, where the provisions were kept.

He filled an empty lard pail with bread, cheese, cold ham, and fruit, and gave it to the Chinaman.

"Good boy! Blave boy! no flaid of Chinaman," said the contraband, carefully assisting him to the hammock once more. "How old?" he inquired, when Jack was safely established there again.

"I am nine," said the boy.

"Hope live ninety-nine, hope be lich, hope be stlong man, hope be gheat man—Plesident."

Then he took the tin pail and disappeared under Jack's cot.

When Mrs. Duniston returned, the boy was asleep. But he waked almost immediately, asked her to help him out of the hammock, and followed her persistently about as she prepared dinner.

"I thought we had three loaves of bread Jack," she said, "and here are only two. And I was sure I left several slices of fried ham in the cooler."

Jack said nothing, but he felt guilty. The boy spent a very anxious and uncomfortable afternoon, devising prettexts for keeping his mother outside the tent all the time, even going so far as to ask her to take her nap in the large steamer chair which always stood outside, under the awning, so that she might be near him while he dozed in the hammock.

"Mother, I think I will go to bed early," he said, as soon as it was dark. "I feel a little tired."

"So do I," replied his mother. "My walk tired me."

Mrs. Duniston had been asleep some time when wakeful little Jack felt a motion under his cot, and then a hand on his, clasping it, followed by a glimpse of a man on hands and knees disappearing through the flap of the tent, which Jack had been careful to leave untied. In ten minutes he was in the land of dreams.

The next evening, when Gregorio came over from the Baths to see them for five minutes, Jack asked:

"Gregorio, do many Chinamen try to cross the line?"

"Oh, yes, very many!"

"And do they get over?"

"Sometimes, but often they are caught."

"They pay money for them, don't they?"

"Yes, but I would not want to be the man to take that money. It is the price of blood. If I were to starve, I should not earn money in that way. It is no wonder that Domingo Castro loses his cattle and that his house burns. He takes blood-money; he will not be lucky, and no man will have him for a friend."

"What would you do, mother, if one of them asked you to hide him?" queried Jack.

"Hide him! Here? How could I do it? But I should feel like doing it."

"I am glad!" exclaimed the boy, with a happy, joyous laugh. "I thought you would, mother."

"There was one yesterday," remarked Gregorio; "and he came down here, for I saw him. I suppose he hid in the bushes till the constables were gone, for I saw that they followed after."

"Yes, they came and asked me if he had gone down the road," said Jack.

"Why, you did not say anything about it!" observed Mrs. Duniston.

"It wasn't much," responded Jack. "He hadn't gone down the road though, and I told them so."

"God take care of him and all wanderers!" said the kind-hearted Gregorio, rising to take leave.

Jack and his mother had been home six weeks when a package bearing the Los Angeles postmark came for the boy. Not a scrap of writing accompanied it, but it contained a pair of brass candlesticks with curled-up dragons for stands, and a large box of ointment, which soon made the boy's stiffened limb supple and strong as of old.

"Oh, I am so glad he got safely there!" the boy exclaimed, as his astonished mother watched him unpack the articles, so neatly and carefully done up in perfumed rice paper. And then he told her all that had occurred.

"But why did you keep it a secret from me after the man had gone, Jack?" she inquired, when he had finished.

"Because I wanted to see if he would keep *his* promise, mother," rejoined Jack. "If he hadn't sent the salve, I'd have wondered whether he wasn't a fraud, and I didn't want to think that; and I wouldn't have wanted you to know anything about it then. But he's genuine, isn't he? And I'm *so* glad!"

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.—THE MANOR OF ST. BASIL.

Mr. Redmond himself put Arthur and Hugh on board the train at the Bonsecours Station. Dressed as before, in their cold-defying costumes, and each grasping a valise firmly in his hand, they bade their father good-bye and stepped into the car with a mingled feeling of exultation and trepidation. The locomotive whistled and shrieked, the conductor in stentorian tones called, "All aboard!" and the train began to steam out.

The boys had scarcely ever been away from home before, except in annual visits to the seashore, when the whole family set out together. Therefore they felt some qualms of homesickness, mingled with the joy and excitement of the start. They were going to an unknown place and to the Chevalier, who was certainly peculiar. Presently, however, they reached Point St. Charles, and thundered into the Victoria Bridge, where the "darkness visible" was somewhat appalling. They were conscious of a gasp of relief on emerging again into the light, with the sheen of sun-crested hills in the distance. After that they amused themselves looking out for the various villages, in each of which the parish church, with its shining cross, was the most conspicuous object. At last the long stretch of snow-covered plains brought them, with a great shaking

and jolting, to the wayside station where they were to alight.

Some half a dozen *habitants*, in their coats of frieze and toques on head, stood stamping and beating their arms to keep themselves warm. Amongst them, as the travellers joyfully observed, was Alphonse, whom they greeted effusively. Taking their valises from them, he led them at once to a low sleigh, almost touching the ground. He wrapped them up in a large buffalo robe, talking and laughing all the time. Then, mounting the seat in front and wrapping his knees carefully, he began to drive along the snowy road, still keeping up his friendly conversation with the boys. Hugh responded at once to his overtures, treated the Chevalier's man as an old acquaintance and plied him with eager questions. Arthur, on the other hand, sat comparatively silent, laughing responsively, however, and thoroughly enjoying the novelty of the situation.

On either side of the road were high piles of snow; the fences had disappeared under the recent heavy fall, and there were all sorts of short cuts over the top of them through snow-fields, which in summer were flowering meadows railed off from the highway. Every once in a while, the sleigh came to a *cahot*, or hollow, in the road, and the boys gave a shout of delight, as down the vehicle went with a bang, and up again triumphantly. The horizon was of pale gold, deepening into orange, and the atmosphere so clear that it seemed to stretch into infinite distance. The sky above was opalescent blue, with scarcely a cloud flecking its surface.

A winding avenue, bordered with pines and firs, led them up to the Manor itself, which stood the centre of a scene as beautiful as it was possible to imagine. The slight dampness lingered in the air after the late snowfall, and the rise in the temperature had covered the branches of the trees with feathery wreaths of snow, and the trunks and boughs with glistening hoarfrost. The effect was magical; and thus, surrounded and touched itself by

the same gleaming iridescence, appeared the Manor, square and massive, with broad eaves and walls of thick stone. The lights of the interior and the glow of a fire reflected upon the windows completed the picture.

At the sound of the sleigh-bells the door was thrown open, and the Chevalier appeared upon the threshold, like some personage out of ancient history. The antique costume which he wore fitted to perfection his slender and graceful figure, upon which age had as yet had but little effect.

"Well, well, *mes braves!*" he cried, giving a hand to each. "And here you are! How much am I rejoiced to see you both!"

He led them into the hall, and close to the open fireplace, upon which great logs of maple wood roared and spluttered up the chimney. Touching a bell, his old housekeeper, Nathalie, assisted by a younger woman, who proved to be the wife of Alphonse, appeared with a tray. Upon it were cups and saucers and a colossal chocolate jug filled to the brim with the steaming liquid, a pitcher of cream, and two or three kinds of *galettes*, or fancy cakes, upon the making of which the older woman prided herself.

"After your journey and the long drive in the cold," remarked the Chevalier, "you must be half famished, and we do not take our supper here till seven o'clock. So remember you are no true boys if you can not appreciate these cakes."

Hugh and Arthur, thus encouraged, did full justice to the delightful refectory; and, having warmed themselves thoroughly, were led upstairs to their respective apartments. These were two large rooms adjoining each other; nor were the boys sorry for this latter circumstance. For there was a suspicion of ghostliness in the tall, four-post and curtained bed, the windows, with draperies of faded brocade, and the huge press built into the wall. The furniture had an antique look, and the whole atmosphere might

have been depressing but for the inevitable wood-fire which brightens up so many a Canadian interior.

That arrival heralded one of the most enjoyable weeks that the boys had ever spent, only the main incidents of which can be given in the brief limits of this narrative. Before supper was half finished that evening, they were perfectly at home with the Chevalier, even Arthur talking to him quite freely upon a variety of subjects. He had ever so many things to show them, and even the very rooms which they saw that night had the interest almost of a story.

In addition to the various attractions of the house, however, which it took them sometime to discover, a succession of outdoor attractions was arranged for each day of their stay. Early on the morning following their arrival, they went out with Alphonse to the river close at hand, where for two or three miles at least they could skate over the smooth and solid surface.

The day after that they went forth to a neighboring hill, where there was an ideal toboggan slide. Alphonse was a capital coaster, and took them down in the safest and at the same time the swiftest manner from the very highest point of the eminence to the plain below. The light bark of the toboggan flew downward, in fact, like a streak of lightning, only to be drawn upward again with whoops and halloas, and the exhilarating experiment repeated.

On the third day of their stay, Alphonse took the boys out in a real *habitant* cart, railed up at either side, and with a buffalo robe upon its floor whereon they sat. And so, with much jolting and bumping, which they did not in the least mind, they explored the adjoining country, stopping at some of the farm-houses, to exchange greetings with the cordial and kindly people.

The fourth day of their stay was, however, unpropitious to outdoor expeditions; for the rain began to pour down as it

rarely does in the Canadian mid-winter, and gave promise of a thaw. On that occasion they had to depend upon the house for amusement, and were permitted to roam at will from garret to cellar. They explored the winding staircase, which seemed to them most delightfully mysterious; and they discovered the hiding-place which the squirrels had made under the eaves for nuts, and helped themselves plentifully to the winter stores of the provident little rodents.

They also visited old Nathalie in her kitchen, and she showed them the cedar bins full of good things for her cooking, and let them play about as long as they liked in her subterranean regions. It was upon that rainy day that the incident occurred which rendered forever memorable the visit of the two boys—and especially Hugh, to the Manor of St. Basil. In the afternoon the Chevalier called them into his own special sanctum, whither they had not hitherto penetrated. It was full of the oddest assortment of pipes, tobacco-pouches, guns, fishing-tackle, skates, snowshoes, and other implements of various sports, in which the Chevalier had from time to time indulged. There he had spent many a long, lonely hour amongst the ghosts and shadows of the past. Occasionally, to relieve this loneliness, he called in Alphonse to converse on matters of sport, or to keep him informed as to the current affairs of the village. Sometimes the *curé* of the parish came up to partake of a quiet dinner, or to play a game of chess with his host; or, possibly, the doctor or the notary arrived to cheer the old man in his isolation. And such guests he usually conducted into this particular living room, where he spent so much of his own life. Hitherto it had chanced, however, that the boys had been amusing themselves out doors or roaming about the house; and if they had seen the Chevalier's sanctum at all, it was only in a passing glance.

Upon this rainy afternoon, then, it was quite a novelty to be admitted to this new and interesting part of the household. And

Hugh, whose quick and restless eye had very soon noted all its details, and in particular its peculiar form, of the apartment, suddenly inquired of his host:

"What do you call this room, sir?"

"It has always been called the octagon room," said the Chevalier, wondering somewhat at the question.

"The octagon room!" echoed Hugh; and, somehow, the answer gave him a chill, as he remembered Mother St. Martin's words, and he seemed to recall the various people who had stood therein, and who were either dead and vanished from the scene altogether, or lingering like ghosts in gray and weird old age.

"The octagon room!" he said again, after a pause, during which, as he afterward declared to Arthur, cold shivers seemed to be running up and down his spine. "That is the very room my grand-aunt spoke to us about."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the Chevalier, asking presently in his genial manner: "And who, my dear boy, is your grand-aunt?"

"Mother St. Martin!"

"Mother St. Martin?" repeated the Chevalier, not at first attaching any significance to the name. "A nun, a religious?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hugh. "She said she was visiting here—oh, very long ago!—and she was standing in the octagon room when—"

Hugh stopped uncertainly; for the Chevalier was looking at him with an expression of puzzled inquiry.

"May I ask," the latter said, "what was your relative's name before entering into religion?"

"Her name," answered Hugh promptly, "was Henrietta Redmond."

"Henrietta Redmond!" cried the Chevalier,—"a name I have not heard this thirty odd years. We used to call her the *Nonette*." His face lighted up with pleasurable recollection as he spoke.

"She was my grandfather's sister," added Hugh; "and she said she knew you, sir, very well."

"To be sure she did, my boy."

"And she knew him too," Hugh continued with bated breath, glancing about the room in curious trepidation. "She said he was standing in the octagon room—"

"He—*who?*" asked the Chevalier, hastily. "Monsieur de Villebon."

There was an almost weird silence, while that name seemed to vibrate through the shadows that began to fall. The boys felt half afraid, and involuntarily drew closer together, glancing over their shoulders as if that name might evoke the shade of the man who had borne it in life. Over the Chevalier's face passed a shadow as of deep emotion; though, being turned from the light, the boys could not see it very distinctly.

"And then, my little man?" the Chevalier said in his gentle voice.

"Then he said to her: 'Nonette, it will be all found out when I die, though perhaps not all at once. I have hidden my will where it shall not be found too soon. It is a game of hide-and-seek, which he who finds the oaken box will win.'"

The clear, boyish voice rang out through the stillness of the room, delivering thus a message from one generation to another.

"The oaken box!" repeated the Chevalier, slowly. "I do not know what De Villebon could have meant."

He fell into a deep abstraction, pondering over the matter, and recalling various odds and ends about the house.

"Have you ever seen in your own dwelling," he asked at last, "anything answering to that description?"

Hugh knitted his brows to think, but it was Arthur the practical who answered:

"No, sir, I am sure that there is no oaken box in our house."

"I suppose, then," said the Chevalier, with a sigh, "it was another of his jests."

And suddenly his mood changed, and he laughed his light, rippling laugh.

"Another of his jests," he repeated; "for poor De Villebon's life was one long jest. He was the prince of jokers." His own reasoning did not seem, however, to

convince him; for he continued presently: "And yet I do not know. I can not think, my lads, that he took the *Nonette*—whom he considered a little saint—thus into his confidence for a jest."

The dusk closed around them as they talked. From the broad window they could dimly see that the rain had ceased and had frozen in a glittering, frosty sheet over the snow plains without. Stars began to peep out through the clouds, which still overhung the landscape; the wind whistled loud and shrilly around the ancient house. The Chevalier, with a shiver, rang the bell for lights, and Nathalie appeared at once in answer to his summons. She lit the lamp and drew the heavy curtains to shut out the wintry landscape. The Chevalier, suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, called:

"Nathalie!"

"*Oui, Monsieur le Chevalier.*"

"Your memory stretches back over a long period."

"*Oui, Monsieur le Chevalier.* I am eighty-one in the month of February."

"Did you ever see at any time in this house an oaken box?"

The old woman stopped to ponder over this question, mechanically wiping the chimney of the lamp, which she was just then replacing.

"I never saw any," she began—and the Chevalier's face fell, while Hugh uttered an exclamation of disappointment,—"except," added Nathalie, "that box which Monsieur Louis brought here once."

"Monsieur Louis!" cried the Chevalier, brightening up. "He brought a box here! Why, it is probably the very one. But quick,—quick, my good Nathalie, tell us what it was like. Was it of oak?"

"Well, perhaps," Nathalie answered, "I am not too sure about that. It was so long and so wide."

She indicated the proportions with both hands, and the three eager listeners concluded that the box to which old Nathalie alluded was about a foot in length and a trifle less in width.

"Do you know where that box is now?" the Chevalier asked, bending forward in his eagerness till his hand rested upon the table, whereon stood the lamp, which the old domestic was arranging. Nathalie, standing upon the other side, answered her master with mild surprise:

"No; oh, no! I have never seen the boy since that day."

The Chevalier sank back in his chair, while Nathalie added:

"He showed it to me and he laughed,—M. Louis,—he laughed."

"But he told you nothing more?"

"No, Monsieur le Chevalier,—nothing more. Monsieur Louis loved to laugh. He was always so gay. May the good God rest his soul!"

"Amen," said the Chevalier, reverently bending his head; and Nathalie having left the room, the subject was allowed to drop. The Chevalier fell into a reverie, in fact, which presently ended in a doze. Arthur buried himself in the pages of an interesting book, and Hugh, who was physically unable to keep quiet long, was thus left to his own resources. Now, Hugh, despite his occasional lapses into mischief, was full of gentlemanly feeling, and did not even wish to avail himself of the Chevalier's permission, given at the beginning of that rainy day, to go about everywhere and amuse himself in every possible way.

But he began to look about the room, and to interest himself in the variety of objects which composed that curious medley. He stood still, at last, fascinated, before an odd figure which bore about an equal resemblance to some hideous idol and to Humpty-Dumpty squatted upon his wall. Hugh went into a paroxysm of suppressed laughter at the grotesque appearance of this creature, mounted upon the top of a species of chest, or cabinet, whereof it formed the lid. When Hugh had got tired laughing, he suddenly perceived an inscription, which had hitherto escaped his notice:

"Pull me down and see what I conceal."

Hugh read the words, and looked about the room. There was the Chevalier asleep in his chair, Arthur had his back turned, with head resting on his hands, deep in the pages of a book; whereas the figure upon the box seemed alive and alert. There was a twinkle of grim humor in the eyes that looked into Hugh's own,—a direct and almost weird invitation to obey the written command. He felt as if some occult power were impelling him to the act. Holding his breath, he stood on tiptoe and seized the mandikin by the head, giving a vigorous pull. Perhaps he pulled too roughly. The machinery was rusty, but a cloud of dust flew out; there was a crash, a bang, and down went the mandikin and the chest to the floor, carrying Hugh with them.

Arthur had hard work to save the lamp and the table at which he sat. The Chevalier started to his feet, believing for a few seconds that he heard the guns of the *Auguste*, and quite wandering in his mind. Hugh, arising from amongst the ruins, stood dumfounded. For a time there was silence in the room, broken by the strange, muttering voice of the Chevalier, talking brokenly and with an accent of deep anguish, while Arthur whispered reproachfully:

"O Hugh! What on earth have you done?"

Presently, however, the Chevalier, rallying his scattered senses, came slowly forward.

(To be continued.)

Remarkable Caves.

In the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness there is an extraordinary cavern, or series of caverns, which are lighted entirely by the myriads of glowworms which inhabit them, clinging closely to the sides and roof. What appears to be an underground river a foot and a half in depth covers the floor of these remarkable caves.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—An attractive addition just made to Messrs. Longmans' "Pocket Library" is Newinan's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua."

—Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.'s spring list includes the complete works of Thomas à Kempis, "now for the first time translated into English."

—We note a second edition of Mr. Dudley Baxter's interesting pamphlet, "Walsingham." To those who are unacquainted with the author's historical descriptive sketch of "the national sanctuary of Our Lady's Dowry," we cordially recommend the little work as most edifying reading.

—The undiminished popularity of Longfellow, whose centennial was observed last week, is due to the moral purity and high ethical purpose of his writings even more than to his sweet and delicate art. The author of "Evangeline" was a man among men as well as a poet among poets. Though his gifts were not of the highest order, they seem all the more great because they were never misused. His memory will still be honored when masters like Alfred de Musset are forgotten by all save students of the art of poetry. Longfellow's life was as beautiful as the fairest of his works. An unworthy sentiment never escaped him, nor did a spoken thought that was not pure and wholesome ever pass his lips. His careful revision of "The Golden Legend" is proof of his desire to leave nothing behind him unworthy, as he himself said, of his conscience and teachings.

—Two decades—or, to be exact, twenty-one years—ago Dom Oswald Hunter Blair published [his] interesting work, "The Rule of St. Benedict," the Latin text being furnished with a new English translation, and supplemented with explanatory notes. We are glad to see that the demand for this valuable book has warranted the issuing of a second edition, which is tastefully brought out by Sands & Co. Apart from the interest inherent in the "Holy Rule" as expressing the mind of the great founder and father of Western monachism, it must ever remain a document of prime importance in the eyes of the historical student; for St. Benedict's Rule was unquestionably a powerful instrument in the shaping of European civilization. An excellent book for the devotional perusal of religious, it will be read with lively interest also by the ordinary Catholic as yet unacquainted with the prescriptions laid down more than thirteen hundred years ago for

the guidance of the Monks of the West. The frontispiece is a capital reproduction of an old engraving of St. Benedict, and enhances the value of the volume.

—"The Steps of Life," by Carl Hilty, translated by Melvin Brandon (the Macmillan Co.), is ethical rather than religious, and is written from a non-Catholic viewpoint. In a quiet, meditative style, the author of these "Essays on Happiness" takes up the thread of thought followed in a previous volume, and points out how man's life may be led by gradual steps to happiness. It is seldom one meets so religious a tone in a book of the kind without an admixture of sectarianism. Professor Hilty takes a purely Christian view in treating of the pursuit of happiness; he shows that to be happy one must cast out sin, accept sorrow as a dispensation for the soul's good, have recourse to prayer, recognize the dignity of work, seek to know self, and practise true charity toward one's fellow-men. A high ideal is thus set forth, but there is no doubt that only in this way is true happiness to be found. The Catholic reader, of course, feels the omission of what to him is a very real means to peace of soul—namely, the Sacraments and the comforting and consoling power of the Church.

—A reviewer whose knowledge of French conditions and literature is unrivalled in America has pronounced the Abbé Kornog, a leading character in "Gray Mist," "one of the finest creations ever found in fiction." He is even far more attractive than Ludovic Halévy's Abbé Constantin, according to an anonymous writer in the *North American Review*, who says:

For whereas the latter is a bland and gentle old man, who conveys a greater idea of saintliness than of strength, and whose lines, thanks to his rich American parishioners, are cast in pleasant places, the Curé of Kermarioker [Abbé Kornog] is a forceful and intensely human nature, the keystone of a poverty-stricken community, composed exclusively of peasants and fisherfolk, whose hardships he shares, and whom, in spite of their suspicious, reserved and rebellious character, he dominates not alone by his sacred office and by his brain but also by his brawn. As an illustration of this, we are told how he thrashed, and hurled head first on to a manure-heap, the village bully, a burly innkeeper, when the latter, rendered almost insane with rage by the Abbé's action in wrenching a bottle of vile potato brandy from a peasant and breaking it on the ground, had so far forgotten himself as to menace the priest with personal violence. It was during a terrible cholera epidemic at Kermarioker, and the worthy Father was on his way home after a night sad and weary, spent ministering as a priest and as a physician to his dying friend, Herve Rouzik, whose soul had taken its flight for a better world just as day was breaking. His heart was very heavy; for he had known Rouzik, the foster-father of the hero of the book, from childhood. But when he saw a member of his flock

buying potato brandy, the sale of which he had forbidden while the cholera was raging, his anger got the better of his grief, and he then and there used his brawn to enforce the order which he had issued, not only as Curé, but also in his capacity as a health officer. For at Kermarioker, as in many another remote fishing village on the rocky, wreck-strewn coast of Brittany, there was no doctor within reach.

—Many readers of THE AVE MARIA will be grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, Massachusetts. A poet of singular sweetness and melody, a prose writer of originality and distinction, and an ideal wife and mother, who ambitioned no higher title than queen of the home-circle, the deceased lady was a model daughter of the Church and a potent influence for good in the very wide circle of her friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Blake, in the past quarter of a century, published no fewer than five volumes of poetry, as well as several prose works. "Verses along the Way" and "A Summer Holiday in Europe" are admirable specimens of her style in both fields. Miss Conway, editor of the *Pilot*, well says of her deceased friend: "One of the foremost of our intellectual women has passed away, and one of the most loving daughters of Holy Church." *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Rule of St. Benedict." Dom Oswald Hunter Blair. \$1, net.
- "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress." \$1.60, net.
- "Life of St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr." Dom A. Smith, C. S. L. 60 cts., net.
- "The Way of Truth." Father Northcote, O. S. M. 40 cts.
- "In the Devil's Alley." M. C. Quinlan. 75 cts.
- "Selections from Newman." 40 cts.
- "Mary in the Gospels." Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D. D. \$1.25, net.
- "Memoriale Rituum." 30 cts., net.
- "An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent.'" John J. Toohey, S. J. \$1.30.
- "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs." James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. 75 cts.

- "Lectures: Controversial and Devotional." Father Malachy, C. P. 90 cts., net.
- "The Witch of Ridingdale." Father Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Commune Sanctorum." Vatican Edition. 75 cts.
- "Ridingdale Flower Show." The same. 85 cts.
- "Lectures on the Holy Eucharist." Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J. \$1.25, net.
- "Tooraladdy." Julia C. Walsh. 45 cts.
- "Songs for Schools." C. H. Farnsworth. 60 cts., net.
- "Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth." Eleanor C. Donnelly. 50 cts.
- "Charlie Chittywick." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Five O'clock Stories." A Religious of the Holy Child. 75 cts.
- "Jack." By the same. 45 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Le Sage and Rev. Joseph Cartan, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rt. Rev. Monsig. McSweeney, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Gerard Dirkes, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Anthony Rossi, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Basil Hurworth, O. S. B.

Brother Benedict, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Raphael, of the Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. William Bachelor, of Watervliet, N. Y.; Mr. Nicholas White, Medford, Mass.; Mrs. Rose Loughlin, Chilson, Mich.; Mr. Lawrence Ulm, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Isaac Shillington and Mrs. Mary Trost, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Isabella McKinney, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. J. C. Cox, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Kelly, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. George Daniels, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. Daniel Cooney, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. K. Yuttner, Stockton, Cal.; Mrs. M. A. Smith, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Cornelius Powers, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. John Dinan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Charles Ober and Mr. J. J. Eberle, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Mary McMahon and Mrs. Mary Gary, Halifax, Canada; Mr. John Kent, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John Ring, Sr., Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Francis Gallagher, Somerville, Mass.; Mr. William Mayworm, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. F. M. Gilmartin, Quebec, Canada; Mr. Stephen Mitten, Leadville, Colo.; Mr. Charles Huthwaite, London, England; Mr. D. E. Corcoran and Mr. James Hallinan, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Ward, Auburn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, Boston, Mass.; and Mr. J. E. Hoeflinger, Toledo, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 23, 1907.

NO. 12.

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

The Ambassador.

BY J. R. MARRE.

Missus est Gabriel Angelus.

HE moved down Nazareth's peaceful street
 In royal livery proudly clad;
 Oh, cheerily moved his flame-shod feet,
 His heart was glad!

He sang a song in angel-wise,
 With clarion voice of wondrous worth,—
 A song of old-time prophecies,
 Of Death and Birth.

He sang of Death that broke the bars
 Of Eden at the primal fall,
 And to his dark triumphant cars
 Bound man his thrall.

He sang of Birth, divinely led,
 Of Death's fell legions prostrate thrown;
 He sang of Him who was to tread
 The press alone.

And sang he then of one on earth,
 The watching Maid of Nazareth,
 On whose word hung the life of Birth,
 The rout of Death.

He ceased; and as he stepped within
 The threshold where God's shadow fell,
 He heard the stricken cry of Sin,
 The rage of Hell.

Some Relics of the Passion.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

VERY beautiful and soul-stirring is the ceremony that takes place in Notre-Dame de Paris every Friday during the holy season of Lent; and this ceremony is rendered all the more impressive by an eternal twilight, and a solemn hush that likewise seems eternal.

It is always twilight in Notre-Dame,—always evening in the dim cathedral. On the wide and busy Place du Parvis without, the sun may shine its brightest, or be veiled by weeping clouds; but, fine or wet, early or late, the pearl-gray of Notre-Dame never varies,—never deepens into night, never lightens into dawn. It is ever evening in those mysterious aisles, lit by great rosette windows that shine like a gorgeous sunset through the gloom, with rainbow hues too radiant, and yet too soft and mellow, to seem the work of merely mortal hands. In this unfading sunset, trembling luminously through the silver twilight, the purple tone prevails; but every other color glimmers there as well, from emerald green to celestial blue, and from glowing crimson to flaming yellow.

Silence reigns eternal, too, in peaceful Notre-Dame. All Paris may be alive with the hum of ceaseless traffic; restless crowds may be passing and repassing on the white square outside, and the cathedral itself may be full of worshippers; but no external sound can penetrate through the triple doors of oak, above which, in time-

THERE is neither haste nor omission nor accident nor oversight in the divine plan. But that plan is large beyond the possibility of human intellect to grasp or comprehend; therefore humble faith is also highest wisdom.—L. M.

worn niches, the sovereigns of France, from Clovis to Philippe-Auguste, stand motionless and rigid as sentinels at their post. Nor does the tread of falling footsteps within the sacred edifice disturb the solemn silence in the least. Every echo is lost in the vast and sombre aisles, and dies away unperceived beneath the vaulted roof of the far-stretching nave. Even when the mournful dirges of the Passion wail plaintively from somewhere in the shadows, and the muffled strains of a distant organ rise and sink like stifled sobs, the silence is not so much broken as accentuated by the melancholy music,—just as the feeble glimmers of the pale tapers, flickering in front of solitary shrines, take nothing from the glory of the purple sunset of the rose-shaped windows, or brighten by a shade the ashen gray of the tall columns whose every stone has been subdued and softened by the caressing hand of Time. It is as if the Genius of Silence and the Evening Star had presided at the birth of this queen, among the world's cathedrals, and endowed her for evermore with gifts no years can alter, no revolutions touch: Within the heart of Paris she sits enthroned as she has sat throughout the changing centuries, wrapt in the regal mantle of that eternal silence, and set like a crystal star in the imperial purple of that undying sunset.

Notre-Dame de Paris, Reine et Patronne de la France, is the title by which French Catholics are wont to call upon her in whose honor the cathedral was erected. And, surely, even the precious relics of the Passion of Our Lord could have no more fitting shrine than this, the earthly palace of the Queen of Heaven, consecrated to her in the land she has most favored, and built by a loyal people who glory in owning themselves her subjects, and for whom she has ever shown an especial predilection.

When these priceless treasures first arrived in France, it was not, however, at Notre-Dame that they were kept; and many and strange were their vicissitudes before they passed into the hands of the

French at all. The relics consist of the Crown of Thorns, the True Cross, and one of the Holy Nails. Saint Louis, King of France, received the Crown of Thorns in 1238 from the Emperor Baldwin of Constantinople. The French King had done all in his power to suppress usury in his dominions. He obliged the money-lenders to give up the gold extorted by unjust means from their unfortunate debtors, and had the money restored to its rightful owners, so far as it was possible to trace them. But a considerable sum remained over after restitution had been made; and, acting upon the advice of the Pope, Louis sent it to the Emperor Baldwin. And it was in recognition of this act of generosity that the Emperor resolved to present the King of France with the Crown of Thorns.

It was a gift, however, that needed, in a certain sense, to be paid for. In the Middle Ages the relic had an enormous pecuniary value. The importance attached to its possession in every Christian land made it an easy matter for needy princes to raise money upon it, and they sometimes yielded to the temptation. When the Holy Crown was given to Saint Louis, the Venetians held it in pledge for ten thousand pounds. Two friars were, accordingly, dispatched from France to Constantinople, to arrange for its redemption. This being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the Crown of Thorns was handed over to the two friars. But it was not till the August of 1239 that the news of the arrival of the relic on French soil reached King Louis. He was overjoyed at the glad tidings, and fasted for days in preparation for the reception of the envoys with their precious burden. Bareheaded and barefooted, he set out to meet them, accompanied by the Queen Mother, the royal brothers, the Archbishop of Paris and other prelates, and several of the nobility. At about five miles beyond Sens the friars were seen approaching, carrying a wooden chest. They laid it down at length at the feet of Saint Louis, at whose command

it was opened on the spot. A silver coffer was disclosed within, securely fastened, and bearing the seals of the magnates of the Eastern Empire, and of the Doge of Venice. These seals were then broken, and a case of pure gold was lifted out, glittering in the August sunlight.

All present gathered round, awe-struck and reverent. The holy King could not restrain his emotion as he looked upon the thorny diadem that once rested on the bleeding brows of Jesus of Nazareth. After some moments of silent prayer, the silver coffer was re-closed and made fast with the royal seals. Then the procession formed once more. The King and his brother, the Count d'Artois, carried the Crown of Thorns between them on a litter, walking barefooted, and surrounded by knights and nobles. As they neared Sens, the whole population came out to meet them, headed by the clergy bearing relics of the saints. When they entered the town, they found the streets *en fête*. Richly embroidered draperies were suspended from the windows, lighted candles were seen on every side, and bells rang out a joyous welcome, while organs pealed in triumph. The Holy Crown was borne in state to the church of Saint Stephen, where it was uncovered before the people.

The journey from Sens to Paris was accomplished in the midst of general enthusiasm and much religious fervor. Immense crowds lined the way, and numbers swelled the ranks of the procession as it advanced. At dawn on the eighth day after their departure from Sens, the royal party and their followers sighted Paris. And never did the sun rise upon a more imposing or more edifying spectacle. Headed by prelates in copes and albs, and white-robed priests carrying lighted candles in their hands, the people of Paris flocked to venerate the sacred relic. It was exhibited to them from a great pulpit which had been erected on an open space outside the city walls, and congratulatory sermons were preached during the ceremony.

By the time the procession entered Paris, its ranks were still further swelled by many hundreds. With waving of perfumed censers, and chanting of pious hymns, the dense multitude wound its way through the crowded streets to stately Notre-Dame. And there, in the very church destined to be its final resting-place, the Crown of Thorns was solemnly received in Paris. An appropriate service was held, at which the royal family and the whole court assisted; and at its close the relic was transported to the palace and installed in the chapel of Saint Nicholas. But this arrangement was only temporary. In the close of the royal palace, Saint Louis built a special shrine for the reception of the Crown once worn by the King of kings. This was the Holy Chapel, better known as La Sainte Chapelle. It was erected at a cost of forty thousand pounds.

Saint Louis distributed the thorns of the Holy Crown to different churches, but in every other respect the relic is just as it was when he received it from the Emperor Baldwin, over five hundred years ago. The golden circlet in which it is preserved has a crystal opening, through which the plaited, rush-like twigs can be distinctly seen. They seemed to me to be of a yellowish brown color. These twigs are tied together with smaller bits of the same kind of bush or bramble, and a gold thread has been inserted in the fastenings to consolidate them.

During the Revolution, the Crown of Thorns was placed in the Cabinet des Antiques of the Paris National Library. In 1804 the First Napoleon sent it to Cardinal Belloy, who had it transported with great pomp to Notre-Dame, August 10, 1806. And there, for fully a hundred years, it has remained undisturbed.

The history of the relic of the True Cross, also presented by the Emperor Baldwin to Louis of France, is not less interesting. When Saint Helena discovered the True Cross, she enclosed a portion of it in a silver case, which she placed in

the hands of the Bishop of Jerusalem for safe-keeping. In 614 Jerusalem was invaded by Chosroes, King of Persia. This monarch destroyed the churches erected in the Holy City by Saint Helena, seized the relic of the Cross, and carried it off to his own country. But, fortunately, his wife was a Christian, and she succeeded in saving the relic from profanation. At the expiration of fourteen years the Emperor Heraclius conquered the Persians. He took possession of the Cross, and brought it to Constantinople. In the following year, on the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross, Heraclius himself restored it to Jerusalem. He bore it upon his shoulder, walking with bare feet where his Saviour had trod before him. But, being driven from Jerusalem in 635 or 636, he returned to Constantinople, taking the True Cross with him. And it is this same fragment of the precious wood that was transferred to Saint Louis by Baldwin in 1241, two years after he had presented the same monarch with the Crown of Thorns.

"A more solemn or joyful sight was never seen in the kingdom of France," the chronicler of the time tells us, describing the ceremonies that attended the transport of the relic of the True Cross to Paris. They were almost identical with those that surrounded the reception there of the Crown of Thorns. Again Saint Louis redeemed the gift, paying the twenty-five thousand pounds for which the Venetians held it in pledge; and again he went to meet it at Sens. Both the Queen Mother and the reigning Queen were present on this occasion, as well as the royal princes, and numerous representatives of the noblest families in the land. The King, who had been fasting for three days, himself carried the Cross, his garments poor and ungirt, and walking barefooted, like a second Heraclius. He bore the sacred relic aloft; his arms, when tired, being supported by the nobles who walked beside him. When Sens was reached the Cross was taken to the church of Saint

Stephen, amidst the same enthusiasm as had characterized the arrival of the Holy Crown two years earlier. When the procession arrived at the gates of Paris, the populace came out to meet it; and the 7th of August, the date of its arrival in the city, was thenceforth celebrated as the feast of the Susception of the Cross. The relic was taken first to Notre-Dame, and then to La Sainte Chapelle. On every Good Friday Saint Louis himself exhibited the Cross to the people, and the pious practice was continued by his successors.

This fragment of the True Cross was considerably reduced during the French Revolution, but it is still one of the largest in existence. It is two hundred and twenty-five millimetres in length, forty-two in breadth, and twenty-seven in thickness. The reliquary is of crystal, with a mounting in precious stones that protects the angles and extremities. Louis the Sixteenth had this priceless relic removed to Saint Denis. When the Revolution broke out it was concealed by a painter named Jean Bonvoisin, who restored it to the Chapter of Notre-Dame in 1804. As to size, this is the most important fragment of the True Cross preserved at Notre-Dame; but the cathedral possesses other and smaller pieces.

The ancient Cross of Anseau—so called because it was sent to the Chapter of Notre-Dame, in 1109, by Ansellus, or Anseau, a former canon of the cathedral, who was then attached to the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem,—is well known. Then there is the Palatine Cross. It belonged to the Princess Palatine, Anne de Gonzaga of Cleves, who received it from John Casimir, King of Poland. She bequeathed it to the monks of the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés in Paris, of which once famous monastery only the church is now standing. On the back of this relic there is a gold plate with an inscription in Greek traced by the Emperor Manuel Comnenus. In the foot of the reliquary in which it is preserved there is a portion of one of the Nails that fastened our Saviour to the Cross. After passing through

various hands at the epoch of the Revolution, the Palatine Cross was presented, in 1827, to Mgr. de Quélen, then Archbishop of Paris. Its solemn translation to Notre-Dame took place in the following year, on the feast of the Five Wounds.

The Holy Nail of Notre-Dame has no head, but is otherwise in a state of perfect preservation. The Emperor Constantine the Fifth gave it to Charlemagne, whose grandson, Charles the Bald, had it brought to Saint Denis. During the French Revolution it was handed over to the Commission Temporaire des Arts. In 1824, M. Lelièvre gave it to the Archbishop of Paris, and it was placed at Notre-Dame.

Previous to the outbreak of the Revolution of 1793, the cathedral of Paris possessed one of the richest collections of relics and other sacred treasures in the world. Many of these have since disappeared. But even to-day some of the most precious souvenirs of the Passion of her Divine Son are under the protection of Our Lady of Paris. They are carried in solemn procession on Good Friday. The True Cross and the Holy Nail are borne through the kneeling crowd in a magnificent reliquary, blazing with diamonds and other precious stones, that was offered to the cathedral by the ladies of Paris in 1862. The Crown of Thorns is carried at the same time in another beautiful reliquary, also a gift from the ladies of Paris. In the design appear the figures of Saint Helena, Saint Louis, and the Emperor Baldwin, as well as those of the Twelve Apostles.

In the purple light of the eternal sunset, the vast multitude bend in adoration of the World's Redeemer, as generations have bent before them. Wrapt in silent prayer, they worship, while the mist and scent of incense, fragrant as the breath of closing flowers, floats like vapors in the everlasting twilight.

BELIEVE me that the mortification of the senses in seeing, hearing, and speaking, is worth much more than wearing chains or hair-cloth.—*St. Francis de Sales,*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XIII.

THE books duly arrived early the following week; and, while still invalided with his sprained ankle, Mr. Chetwode had ample time to study them. It was nearly a month before he could walk without his crutch; and even then he was obliged to use a stick, and to move slowly and carefully. This disabled condition afforded him a welcome excuse for staying in the country through all the burning days of July; and though he urged Mildred to return to town, she insisted on remaining with him. It was the first of August when they finally left Ravenswold.

In one of her frequent notes to her mother, Mildred had mentioned having met Father Kenyon and persuaded him to spend a few days with them; but she had given no particulars of his visit. Nor did she allude to it again, until they were about to separate for the night, on the evening of her arrival at home. She accompanied Mrs. Sterndale to her chamber then, and, as soon as they were alone, said with even more than her usual impulsiveness:

"Mamma, I have something to tell you. I have made my First Communion." Though not ordinarily demonstrative in manner, she threw her arms around her mother now, as she went on: "Give me your blessing, mamma! I am very grateful to God. And, oh, I should be very, very happy if only you and Uncle Romuald and my brothers—"

Her voice failed here in something like a sob.

"May God bless you, my child!" responded her mother, returning her embrace warmly. "I am very glad, my dear,—very glad with you."

But, though she listened as kindly as possible and with apparent interest when Mildred detailed all the circumstances of Father Kenyon's visit, and repeated, "I rejoice with you, my child," she made no

allusion to herself, or to the half-spoken wish Mildred had expressed.

"Patience,—patience!" said Lett, when Mildred paused on her way to her own room, and with sad heart told her this. "Only time and a priest are needed. I am so glad to hear that Father Kenyon is the kind of man you describe. He will understand her case and deal wisely with it. And we must pray unceasingly."

"Yes," said Mildred. "I must be patient and hopeful; and I am sure that your prayers at least will be heard. I have so long disregarded the constant reproaches of my conscience that I know I don't deserve anything from God."

Perhaps, in the stillness of the night, Mrs. Sterndale's conscience, too, stirred uneasily; or perhaps it was only her heart which reproached her for what she feared must have seemed to Mildred indifference if not coldness of manner in receiving the communication so eagerly made. It is not ghosts from the churchyard only that haunt the dark hours. How often do the unquiet shades of "thoughts, words and actions" of the day just passed, or of many past days, gather around a sleepless pillow! In the isolation of utter solitude and darkness, Mrs. Sterndale revolved in her mind long-dormant recollections and feelings that both pained and softened her spirit; and the next morning at breakfast she surprised Mildred and Mr. Chetwode by voluntarily asking some particulars about Father Kenyon and his residence in Burnley.

"He is to be there next Sunday, and you are going over to Mass that day?" she inquired of her daughter.

"Yes, I told him I would be there if I could. And I knew, Lett, that you would like to go."

"Oh, so very much!" answered Lett, eagerly. "I wish that Sydney, poor child, were well enough to go. But I am afraid," she continued, appealing to Mrs. Sterndale, "that it wouldn't do for her to attempt it."

"It wouldn't do at all, my dear. You must explain this to Father Kenyon;

Mildred, and persuade him to return with you to see her."

"I am sure he will come willingly," said Mildred, with a glance of gratitude to her mother, which repaid the effort the suggestion had cost.

"In that case," said Mr. Chetwode, "you can make my excuses to him, my dear, for not keeping my promise to see him there. I find it so awkward stumbling about with my stick that I will not go. It is really the stick," he added with a smile, as Mildred turned a quick, half-uneasy look toward him.

An hour later he re-entered the breakfast room for a private conference with Mrs. Sterndale, who usually spent the morning there; and his first words to her were:

"You will be surprised, Helen, to hear that my doubts as to religion are at last resolved. I shall be baptized and received into the Church when the priest comes."

"No," she answered, "I am not surprised. I always expected it. You know Edgar always said you were a natural Catholic. He would be rejoiced, and I am. I congratulate you!" She extended her hand, and pressed his almost convulsively. "You are acting wisely."

"And yet—"

"Oh, it is different with me!" she said, as he paused. "Your difficulty has been honest doubt, misapprehension. Mine is hardness of heart."

"You must talk with Father Kenyon."

She shook her head drearily, and he did not press the point, but sat down and began to speak of the matter about which he had come to consult her, inquiring with some anxiety what she thought of Sydney, and of the prospect of doing anything with that reputedly impracticable child. By which he meant, preventing her marrying De Wolff.

"She is a strange child," said Mrs. Sterndale, "quite out of the ordinary way,—spoiled, evidently; but her face shows that she has plenty of sense and force of character, though whether the right kind of sense I have not yet

made out. She talks very little, but has a habit of fixing her eyes on one in such a direct, scrutinizing gaze that it seems almost uncanny in one of her age."

"I am afraid that she will give us a great deal of trouble."

"I hope not. In so far as Mr. De Wolff is concerned, I am satisfied that he will not do anything wrong."

"I was glad to hear from Mildred that you thought very well of him."

"I never met a stranger who impressed me more favorably," she replied. "And I saw enough of him to judge, I think. He was here about ten days, and called nearly every evening."

"That does not look as if he were likely to give up the affair."

"Of course he would not have come so often if I had not made him feel that he was heartily welcome. He told Lett that he will leave Sydney entirely at liberty to break the engagement if she wishes to do so. And I am as confident as it is possible to be about anything still in the future, that he will keep his word. Of course if she lets him see that she is determined to disregard her father's wishes and expects him to fulfil the engagement, as a man of honor he will be obliged to do so."

"What strikes me as the worst feature in the business is his getting into such an engagement."

"It was strange—very strange,—unaccountable, if anything can be considered so in an affair of the kind. I have a suspicion that she may have been driven into it to avoid a forced marriage with her cousin, which, Lett tells me, both her grandmother and her father were resolved upon. But what his object was—for I don't believe he is in love with her—I am puzzled to conceive."

"If it was her supposed fortune, he will not be agreeably surprised when he finds what the amount of it is."

"You surely don't mean that her father has disinherited her in the event of her marriage?" inquired Mrs. Sterndale, looking quite concerned.

"No. But he has contrived to involve himself in difficulties which will sweep away nearly his whole estate. From some schedules which he gave me of his debts, with estimates of his property, I doubt if it will be possible to save more than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars at the utmost,—perhaps not even that much."

"Is it possible! How in the world did this happen? Such an estate as he had, even after the war!"

"Speculation in California mining stocks for one thing, and bad management for another. It is easy to lose money."

"Yes," said Mrs. Sterndale, with a sigh,—“much easier than to keep it.”

"Particularly for a man like Carrington, who had no business capacity, and yet would persist in tampering with business. The only wonder to me is that he didn't go by the board long ago."

"But what a prospect for you, my dear Romuald!" she exclaimed. "It is truly deplorable that you should have to enter on another such—"

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" he interposed. "One must do what one can in the world. And fortunately he had, just before leaving home, engaged the services of an agent in whose hands he placed his whole business to be straightened up. Here is a letter I received from this man last week, and one from our old friend, Colonel Lawson,—of course you remember him. I wrote to him inquiring about the character of Gilston, the agent."

He took a package of letters from his coat pocket, and, selecting two, rose and put them in her hand, walking slowly up and down the floor as she glanced over them.

"You see," he resumed, "that the man seems to be thoroughly trustworthy. So my mind is at rest on that score. There is nothing to be done just now which he can not attend to; and I will go out in October or November to qualify as executor, and then leave him a power of attorney to act. No doubt he will manage the business better than I could if I

attempted it. In fact, this is all that Carrington asked or expected me to do."

Mrs. Sterndale's face cleared.

"It is very fortunate that he had secured the services of such a man," she said.

"Yes. What I am concerned about is this child. It is not only that she will inherit so little from her father, but if she refuses to marry her cousin she forfeits every sixpence that would otherwise come to her from her grandmother's estate. Mrs. Elliot left her fortune to Carrington himself, unconditionally so far as the will itself goes; but with the distinct understanding on his part that the property was to remain undivided,—that if his daughter persisted in refusing to marry her cousin, she should lose her share of it."

"And he made his will to that effect?"

"Yes. He felt bound in good faith to do so. And that was the cause of his violent opposition to this proposed marriage to De Wolff. He had no objection to the man himself, he said; though he thought De Wolff had acted very badly in taking advantage of his position as a very intimate friend of the family, to persuade this child to break her engagement to her cousin. But the point was that she would lose her grandmother's fortune, and inherit very little from himself. The wording of the will is that he bequeaths the estate of his mother-in-law, in compliance with her often expressed wish and intention, to her two grandchildren, Warren Blount and Sydney Carrington, on condition that they fulfil the engagement of marriage existing between them. If either of the two declines to fulfil this engagement, he or she forfeits all claim to the estate, which goes undivided to the other."

"Then the condition applies to the young man as well as to Sydney?"

"Certainly. But that is a mere matter of form. The young man never made the least opposition to the arrangement. It was the girl who was obstinate in her refusal."

"I am sorry for her," said Mrs. Stern-

dale. "It is shamefully unjust and unreasonable. She is such a mere child that it was cruel to inflict a penalty, which must affect her whole life, because her opinion differed from her grandmother's in her choice of a husband."

"Such a mere child had no business to be thinking of a husband," Mr. Chetwode observed. "But for this engagement to De Wolff, the testamentary condition would probably never have been made."

"It was rather premature certainly," Mrs. Sterndale agreed; "but she can't be blamed for that, her grandmother having put the idea into her head. And when you see the two men, I am sure you will acknowledge that she shows good judgment in her selection."

"Why, Carrington spoke very highly of young Blount."

"He is well enough, I dare say; though he has a weak mouth,—commonplace, too, which the other is not."

Mr. Chetwode shook his head.

"There are worse things than the commonplace in character," he remarked, sententiously. "I wish the girl herself were a little more so. She would give less anxiety."

"Don't worry about her in anticipation," said Mrs. Sterndale. "We will do our best for her, and that is all that anybody can do. There is no necessity for explanations with her just now, either about her engagement or her father's will. Let the poor child get well before she hears of that."

"Certainly, if you think it best," he replied, with an air of relief. "I suppose I need not see her this morning, as I have business to attend to?"

He spoke in a tone so indicative of his disinclination to the interview that Mrs. Sterndale half laughed as she answered:

"Oh, no! You can see her sometime during the day. She comes downstairs now."

"Ah? I am glad to hear that she's well enough for that," he responded, and went off with lightened spirits.

The Cross of Calvary.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

WHEN sun was dark on Calvary's hill,
 And faces stern in terror whit'ning,
 When veil was rent and earth's depths shaken,
 When ebon clouds were rift by lightning,
 One Woman there stood faithful still,—
 Faithful to the All-Forsaken!
 While flashed the flame and pealed the thunder,
 She to the Cross of Jesus clung,
 With every heart-string torn asunder,—
 Steadfast while her soul was wrung
 With anguish wild on Calvary,
 For her dead Child on Calvary!

The Cross that stood on Calvary's hill
 Is near each soul in sorrow shrouded,
 When mourning takes the place of gladness,
 And joys of earth grow dim and clouded,
 If it but bend to Heaven's will,
 Star above the path of sadness,
 If it but cling as Mary clung,
 Though bleak the way so rough and weary,
 Steadfast while the heart is wrung
 With weeping o'er its Calvary,
 With grieving sore on Calvary!

Cling to the Cross in dawn of life,
 Cling in the noon of heat and strife,
 Cling when the shades of eve draw nigh,
 That night may find thee watching by
 The saving Cross of Calvary!

Ah! on the Resurrection Day,
 When this brief dream has passed away,
 How bright will be that second birth
 For those who, on the tear-dewed earth,
 Clung to the Cross of Calvary,
 The risen Cross of Calvary!

SOULS that have no habit of prayer are like a lame and paralytic body, which, though it has hands and feet, can not use them. To abandon prayer, therefore, seems to me the same thing as to lose the straight road; for as prayer is the gate through which all the graces of God come to us, I do not know how, when this gate is closed, we can secure any graces.—*St. Teresa.*

Father John's Diplomacy.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

WHEN the war began between the North and the South in the sad year of 1861, the town of Merriwell did not flame with patriotic ardor. The townfolk believed that the agitation against slavery had brought on the trouble, and most of them said that the agitators should be permitted to do the little fighting required. The leading citizens owned the famous cotton mills of Merriwell, which were making money at the time; and they did not care to see the profits disturbed by the departure of hundreds of young men for the battlefield. So the town slumbered peacefully through the exciting summer, deaf to the appeals of the Governor, except for the ordinary formalities which decency compelled the citizens to go through. There were two or three meetings held, at which the rhetorical patriots shouted; a recruiting office was opened, where men might enlist for the defence of the nation; and many resolutions, inscribed on fine parchment, informed the Governor and the world that Merriwell would do its duty by 'he Great Cause. After these simplicities, the people fell into a sleep, out of which neither Bull Run nor the renewed appeals of the Governor could rouse them. However, the hotheads singly went to the front, and wrote letters home. These letters, printed in the local paper, proved how loyal and brave were the feelings of Merriwell people; and the leading citizens used them as unanswerable argument to the critics. All these details prove how little people dreamed in those days that war had come to stay with the nation four sorrowful years.

Father John Brisbane sat in his office just about this period, and pondered over the situation. As the pastor of the leading church in the town, he held a position of influence at this moment. Ordinarily it was not so, because the children of

the Puritans had no love or respect for the Faith and the Church; but, now that recruits for the army were in demand, the prejudices of race and creed had been shelved, and the Governor had not disdained to write a patriotic sentence to the pastor of St. Philip's. The situation contained a serious problem. Its delicacy made it serious, and Father John felt an embarrassment in dealing with it. He knew himself to be a mediocre man in most things, particularly in dealing with the outside world; but he had shrewdness of an instinctive kind, which enabled him to conceal his deficiencies and to steer clear of difficulties. The present problem really frightened him, because he saw consequences sure to follow from any blunder of procedure. So he thought and schemed as he sat in his office, trying vainly to hit upon a plan that would cover the whole situation. And while he studied in vain, the door-bell rang and the house-keeper ushered in the very head and front of the problem, Mr. Andrew Carlin. The whispered conversation in the hall floated in ahead of the smooth visitor.

"So it's throe you're going, Andy?" Kitty whispered. "Well, God be with ye, and send ye safe home again. It's not for me to discourage any one, but I'm thinking the bullets are too thick out there to let a fine man alone."

"Thank ye, Miss Kate!" was the reply. "And I hope for a safe return myself. But a man doesn't go to war to dodge the bullets. I must take me chances with the rest, and I'll have plenty of fine company. Is his reverence inside?"

"He is. It's his office hour, and every-one's welcome. Go right in."

"I made bold to step in to say good-bye to your reverence," Andrew Carlin began, humbly but proudly. "I'm off to-day for the war."

"Sit down, Mr. Carlin, if you please," Father John replied rather coolly. "How many good men do you take with you?"

"Why, there's a few of the boys going, I believe," said Carlin, flushing suddenly,

and then he fell silent; for something in the expression of Father John, who was looking with great earnestness at the street, alarmed him. He had an uneasy conscience, and could not help showing it. How had the priest learned of his secret service as a recruiting agent?

"From here you go to Washington, I suppose, Mr. Carlin?"

"Yes, your reverence, and then straight to the front where the fighting is."

He spoke proudly, although Father John looked at him with a curious smile. Andrew lost his pride on the spot. For two months he had lived in the esteem of his friends and neighbors on the strength of that statement, which had lifted him from the commonplace level occupied by a homely, thick-witted, dull nonentity, the butt of his circle, to a place of importance. Witty, bright, important men, without his courage to enlist, had taken second place in his company, and listened to him as to an oracle; and on the conceit born of two months' flattery he had ventured to invade the office of the greatest man in Merriwell, and bid him good-bye as easily as one gentleman would another.

"I don't believe," said Father John, with a smile, "that you will ever see the fighting line, if you can help it. I know you have no intention to go so far. When you leave this town, after sending away a score of fine boys to the war, and bringing another score with you to Washington, you are going to Albany or Buffalo to do the same thing. You are a government agent, Andrew Carlin, and not a very nice one either."

Andrew went livid at that accusation, which blasted him at once and forever in the community, and left him exposed to public contumely and tar and feathers.

"It was only yesterday that I got on your track," Father John continued. "Nice work for you to be engaged in, trapping innocent boys, the sons of widows, the supporters of poor parents,—foolish children, to be thrown to disease

and death in this terrible war! Of course you got a pretty penny for it, and plenty of fame; and you are going to keep at it, for you see a fortune ahead of you. But I shall see to that, Mr. Carlin. I shall change your programme right away. You shall go to the front with the other boys to-morrow, and do your share of the fighting. I shall tell the whole story—”

“Oh, for God’s sake, your reverence!” Carlin broke in—

“To Terry Quinn, not to the people. Oh, if I mentioned it to the people, you would leave the town in a suit of tar and feathers! And Terry Quinn shall keep it a secret so long as you stay at the front, until you get an honorable discharge. But the minute you disappear from the front, the story will be told from the pulpit of St. Philip’s. You need never come back to Merriwell then. Now tell me, who has taken your place as the betrayer of the innocent young people of this parish?”

“Martin Hyland,” Carlin half whispered, unable to speak from horror and shame.

“Tell him to get away with you to-morrow,” said Father John, impressively. “Do you understand, man?”

“I do—I’ll tell him!” sobbed Carlin.

“And tell the man who bribed you to ravage and tear the flock like a wolf, that hereafter I shall do the recruiting in this parish. Tell him that if he sends another traitor like you and Hyland, I shall expose him for what he is, and leave him to the mercy of the people, the heartless villain!”

“I’ll tell him.”

“And do you go to the front, Andrew Carlin, with the honest determination to do penance for your villainies the last month. Do you think the curse of the Widow O’Neill will ever be lifted from you, for sending her one child, her sole support, her decent boy, to the war, with your deceptions and your lies?”

“Never, never, never,” moaned Carlin, “unless your reverence, for the love of God, raises it!”

“Well, I have raised it,” said the priest, more gently. “The boy was returned at my request, and his mother forgave the villain who nearly killed her with fright and grief. The Government sent the boy back; and here in this office yesterday he made his act of contrition, and gave his promise to stay with his mother.”

“Thank God!” Carlin murmured.

“You may go,” said Father John, after a moment of thought,—“but it must be to the front. Terry Quinn shall be told what I know, and he shall keep it a secret. You are the kind out of which informers and perjurers and traitors are made, Andrew Carlin. Pray God to pardon you for your sins against the innocent, and shed your blood for the country as some atonement for the blood you were willing to shed for money. Yes, I give you my blessing, poor, unfortunate man!”

He stood and made the Sign of the Cross over the broken figure that crouched to receive it; then Andrew Carlin fled from the house, and hid himself from all eyes until he left town in the company of Terry Quinn.

“I think we have scotched the snake,” said the priest thoughtfully, as he took up another part of the problem.

This part concerned the behavior of the Government agent who had induced Carlin and Martin Hyland to act as sub-agents in the work of enlisting men for the army. Would he come from under cover as soon as Carlin delivered the biting message confided to him? He had everything on his side as the Federal agent; his business appealed to the common-sense of the people; he had nothing to be ashamed of but his method, which could easily be explained away; and if he were a man of courage, he would come to the priest out of manly resentment. And he came as Father John desired, with the cold aloofness of a State official in dangerous times, conscious of his power to injure a man who had taken the attitude of Father John. The stolid calm of the priest met his insolence like a rock wall.

"I received from one Andrew Carlin, an enlisted soldier, a message which he said was sent to me by you. My name is Wilcox. I am commissioned by the Government to secure enlistments. Your message was a threat and an insult, if you sent it as Carlin delivered it."

"I am much obliged to Carlin," said Father John. "The message was to this effect: I shall do the recruiting in this parish; if the Government agent sends another traitor like Carlin and Hyland to work in my parish, I shall expose him for a heartless villain."

"Precisely what I got," said Wilcox. "I shall send it to the officials in Washington."

The two men looked at each other significantly.

"And I shall send it to the newspapers and announce it from the pulpit of this church," replied Father John. "You must understand, Mr. Wilcox, that I have not the slightest objection to my people contributing their quota of men to the army. By their quota I mean their proper proportion of men. I think their natural ardor will go beyond the proper proportion, in time. I shall myself encourage them to enlist in that proportion. But there is a method to be observed in all things. Some things neither I nor my people will tolerate. One is your trick of employing sly creatures like Carlin to steal children from home, to work in secret like thieves. Another is to ravage my parish with the mean resolve to take all our men if you can, while the native population here sits at its fireside and laughs at the slaughter of 'the Micks' at the front. You know as well as I do that the trick has been tried with success in various places, and that it is going to be tried wherever it is feasible. Now, understand me clearly. I sent that message by Carlin for the one purpose of bringing you to this office. You are here, and I tell you to change your tactics or take the risk of exposure all over this country,—that is, if you are as guilty as Carlin."

"Carlin exceeded his instructions," said Wilcox, swallowing the rage and pride which choked him.

"I accept your explanation and apology," Father John answered suavely. "And as you are close to important officials, I know it would be a real service on your part to warn them that the closing of manufactories, for the sole purpose of leaving poor men without a means of living and thus driving them to the war, is bound to react upon your important office. We are not fools, you can understand by the manner in which we discovered and punished Carlin and Hyland."

The official left with smooth words of regret, and ate his anger as he went. Father John had all the points of vantage in the affair; for the Government instructions to recruiting officers insisted on the utmost delicacy in dealing with the people, and above all things the avoidance of scandal.

Having settled with Wilcox, Father John took up the third and concluding part of the problem with a light heart, because it lay strictly within his own domain, and could be settled at leisure in his own fashion.

"The women seem to have got over their scare since the last batch of boys went off to the war," Kitty said that evening, as she poured the tea. "So many of 'em don't be running to the house to have your reverence keep their sons from 'listing, or bring 'em back from the war, like Phildy O'Neill."

"Have you seen the Widow O'Neill since?" queried the priest.

"And Phildy too, your reverence. Never in all my life did I see such joy as that woman has in her boy," said Kitty, with tears in her eyes, although she laughed at the same time. "And indeed the gossoon hasn't brains enough to carry a hen across the road; and as for his looks, well, God help his children if they take after him!"

"The last of a big family, Kitty,—the last of a fine family scattered to the ends of the earth. Why shouldn't she have joy

in her one child, and she so lonely? No, the women are not coming so often with their complaints, because not so many boys are enlisting,—in fact, none at all. And I may say there will be none for a long time.”

Kitty reported this solemn utterance to her cronies, to be borne to the uttermost limits of the parish; and along with it went the information that on the coming Sunday Father Brisbane would preach a long and important sermon on the great convulsion which threatened the American Republic. There had not been much said in St. Philip's on the subject, although the other pulpits had blazed once a week with patriotic eloquence. The news, therefore, took on importance, and at the last Mass the church was filled with the parishioners. Among them, in quiet corners, sat two or three reporters, and some insignificant non-Catholics, commissioned to report the quality of the discourse to the interested.

Father John entered the pulpit with a dignity peculiar to that day. From the moment he appeared in the sanctuary until he stood in front of them with the book of the announcements in his hand, his congregation watched him with an attention and admiration accorded in our flippant day only to the greatest orators; and the hush of expectancy among them would have done honor to an O'Connell. After the formalities and the reading of the Sacred Gospel, he began a solemn description of the great misfortunes which now threatened the very existence of the Republic.

This nation, he said, had opened its arms to the oppressed peoples of little, storm-tossed Europe, and in particular to the children of unhappy Erin. Driven out by a barbarous government and an apostate nation, the Irish had found not only a home but an opportunity in the United States; and their gratitude was as wide and as deep as the sea, in consequence. Now that terrible danger menaced the nation, the time had come to display that gratitude; the place of every able and untrammelled man was at the front,

rifle in hand, to defend the liberty and integrity of the Union; and, in due time, no doubt at that point the Irish would be found. Many of them, with rash impertinence, had already thrust their services upon the Government, without waiting for those formalities which obtain in all polite and civilized communities. The Americans had, with the help of France and Spain, founded the Republic, and shaken off the English yoke; theirs was the duty now to defend it,—to take the field first, and to invite whomsoever they chose to assist them.

It pained him greatly to see the cheap impertinence of certain members of his parish who had rushed to enlist before any native American had asked them, and had hastened to the front before the natives had done more than discuss the existence of armed rebellion. The children of the men who had founded the Republic would know how and when to defend it: it was not for them to pretend to set an example; and he, therefore, forbade any man of the parish to join the army without his permission. However, that the fire of gratitude and patriotism should be kept burning, he would himself form a small battalion of willing volunteers, and have them trained in the military art in the basement of the church, under a competent instructor; and when the right moment came—when the Governor of the State asked for their services,—he himself would select the members whose glorious duty it would be to defend their country.

The solemnity of this discourse concealed for a few hours the shrewd humor that informed its ponderous sentences. After a few days the more knowing began to laugh loudly in the public places; a reporter printed it in full in the local paper and sent a copy to the Governor; this high official had it reprinted in the Boston journals, and sent copies to the leading citizens of the State, whose slowness in recruiting volunteers had much disgusted and wearied him; and the town officers of Merriwell suffered such ridicule from

their neighbors that they took up seriously the work of recruiting.

Meanwhile the battalion of St. Philip raised the dust in the church basement twice a week, and swallowed a great part of it in learning the simple accomplishments of the private soldier. Father John came in occasionally with half the parish to admire and applaud a formal review, and to compliment the instructor and his men. One Sunday he read from the pulpit the double invitation of the Mayor of Merriwell and the Governor of the State to send to the war what he thought a proper proportion of his valiant men. He invited the whole parish to attend the service of selecting the recruits; and a great crowd saw him pick out one by one the noble fellows who were to represent St. Philip's parish in the war, and heard his words of compliment and good-will to the selected volunteers and to the disappointed remainder.

The ceremony of departure had all the dignity and pathos worthy of such an affair, — Father John blessing the company as its members entered the train and moved away amid the cheers of the crowd. The next Sunday he read the warm thanks of the Governor to him and his parish for their united service. Pride ran so high that it was a full month before the fun-loving people guessed the method of selection employed by Father John in naming the volunteers. It was then declared that he had picked out the wild lads, quite useless to their parents, the lazy ones, the shiftless ones; those without home ties or relatives dependent on them, the inveterate bachelors, and so on. The laugh rose again; but Father John, while refusing to admit or deny pointed out that any court of military men would have selected these men as the best material out of which to make veteran soldiers.

ST. BERNARD says: "In a neglected conscience, habit is wont to make out most faults as natural."

Saint Longinus.

BY PETER K. GUILDAY.

WHEN "Parsifal" was arousing so much interest in American musical circles a few years ago, very many of those who saw and heard Wagner's masterpiece failed to obtain a glimpse behind the scenic grandeur of the drama into the symbolic mysticism and vast wealth of legendary lore which support the modern form of the story. Stretching back through the long centuries, past the Arch of Triumph that honored it in the days of the meistersingers and troubadours, into the dim, saintly atmosphere of tradition, to Joseph of Arimathea, it has an age almost as venerable as that of the Church itself; and, centering around the Chalice of the Last Supper and the Holy Spear of Longinus, the legend carries us in spirit not only to the Crucifixion, but even to the very moment on Holy Thursday night when our Divine Lord uttered those miraculous words: "This is the Chalice, the new Testament in My blood, which shall be shed for you."

There is a great discrepancy in the development of the different versions of the Holy Grail legend; and, though the poem of Wolfram von Eschenbach which served as a libretto for Wagner differs from the tale of the Sangreal that we read in Sir Thomas Malory's "La Morte D'Arthur" and Tennyson's "Idylls," still they all agree in the fact that Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have received in the Chalice of the Last Supper the blood which flowed from the wounds of Jesus, and to have brought this precious relic, together with the spear of Longinus, to England, where they were handed down to his posterity. The Holy Lance, which figures almost as prominently in the "Parsifal" legend as the Holy Grail, is interesting because of the memories it recalls of its owner, the Roman soldier Longinus.

It has been a matter of much controversy whether he is also the centurion mentioned by the Evangelists as crying out at the moment that Jesus died: "Indeed this was the Son of God." But, as one author very reasonably says, it is hardly probable that Longinus would have dared to pierce the side of our Saviour after confessing His divinity, notwithstanding the humaneness of the act.

We know comparatively little about the life of the soldier-saint previous to the Crucifixion; and there have grown up around his name so many quaint legends that we can not depend upon them for a true picture of his later life. In the Office for his feast-day, however, as recited by the Greek Church, we read that at the time of the Crucifixion of Our Lord he was suffering with a disease of the eyes, which threatened to make him blind when he opened the side of Jesus with his lance, the Precious Blood sprinkled his face, and a drop falling on his eyes instantly cured him, and he saw in the Crucified Christ the Son of God.

We may imagine his happiness when ordered to guard the Sepulchre; and the noble strength of faith in our Saviour which he displayed during the rest of his life arose no doubt from the scenes he witnessed that great Sunday morning, the first day of the week, when the stone rolled back, and the glorified Redeemer arose from the grave. He immediately professed his belief in the Risen God to the chief priests and the Pharisees, to whom he related all that he had seen and heard; and he indignantly refused the bribe they offered him to say that the disciples came and stole Him away while the soldiers were asleep. The Jews resolved secretly to avenge themselves on Longinus; but God made known their designs to him, and he quitted Jerusalem and retired into a city of Cappadocia, where he began to preach the Resurrection of Our Lord from the dead. Such apostolic work soon reached the ears of the chief priests, and they compelled Pilate

to send two archers into Cappadocia with orders to find Longinus and to slay him.

The soldiers, who looked upon him as a traitor, were not backward in starting out on their long journey; and, strange as it seems, they met Longinus without recognizing him, and told him the object of their coming. He received them with every mark of courtesy, and after three days of cordial hospitality the two soldiers desired to proceed in their search. The desire to die for Christ became so strong in the heart of the soldier-saint that he discovered himself to the soldiers and said to them: "I am Longinus, whom you seek; I am ready to suffer death. And if you only give me what I ask, you will repay me a thousandfold for the hospitality I have shown you; for you could not bestow on me a greater recompense than to permit me to lay down my life for Jesus."

They were amazed at so unnatural a request from their host, and would not believe that he was the Christian whom they were seeking. But when Longinus convinced them of the fact, and showed them the danger they would incur in returning without executing Pilate's orders, they yielded to his request for martyrdom; and, dressed in a white habit, to solemnize, as he said, his heavenly nuptials, he embraced them both, and was beheaded.

Pilate exposed the head of Longinus on the city gate for three days, and then cast it into the common sewer. Saint Longinus appeared in a vision to a holy Christian woman, and asked her to bury his head with the rest of his body in a little village called Sardial, the birthplace of the saintly martyr. His body was afterward removed to Mantua, where it now rests, and where his feast-day, the 15th of March, is celebrated with becoming festivities.

There are two Holy Spears in existence, both at present in the Vatican. One is said to have been discovered by Saint Helena, and the other to have been found by a soldier during the First Crusade at Antioch in 1098.

It is singular that side by side with our

detestation for the men who were instrumental in the passion and death of Jesus there should exist in our hearts a love and veneration for this soldier-saint whose lance-thrust was the last outrage upon the body of our Saviour. Painters and sculptors and poets have helped to make his figure dear to us; and the picture of the Crucifixion seems unfinished without Longinus standing at the side of the Cross, looking up into the face of the Redeemer, whose Precious Blood healed the blindness of his soul as well as of his eyes, and made him a soldier of the mighty empire of love where Christ is King.

Palm Sundays and Palm-Bearers.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

NEAR me as I write is a willow-like piece of Easter palm, faded but precious because blessed. It has been near the Tabernacle, has been given by the hand of a priest,—is consecrated palm. As I look at it, I think of many Palm Sundays; of Palm Sunday in the Ringing Town, when Henry VI., Margaret of Anjou, and Cardinal Beaufort went to Mass in the splendid cathedral, and received their palm branches in old England.

In St. Mary's Guildhall, at Coventry, is a large piece of faded tapestry, representing the Distribution of Palms. The faces are evidently portraits. We recognize the thin, ascetic face of Henry of Windsor, who died like a caged lark in the Tower; and Cardinal Beaufort's strong individuality is apparent after the lapse of centuries.

I may remark *en passant* that Henry kept court at Coleshill, a small Warwickshire town, which is once more becoming noted as a centre of Catholic life and energy, owing to its Sisterhood and its Home for Catholic boys, many of whom are sent out to Canada, whilst others work in Birmingham warehouses and factories during the day, and return to the Home when the work of the day is over.

Truly our holy mother the Church is indeed a mother to these lads; she "fends" for them (to use the homely North Country word), guides them, places them out in the great world. Generations have passed away since the Lancastrian King and his train rode through the little Warwickshire town on their way to receive the consecrated palms; but the Church's teaching is the same, and the lads receive the palms as monarch and nobles did in the long ago.

I am inclined to think that most Catholics have a special love for Palm Sunday. It comes in early spring, in the time of the singing of birds, and is full of sweet and solemn associations. We picture Jesus making His entry into Jerusalem, and pray that we, too, may be found worthy to enter the Holy City and receive the unfading palm from His hand. We recall other Palm Sundays, when we carried the palms home in childhood, and find ourselves saying:

O come again, ye happy times,—
Sweet, holy, peaceful calm;
And let me wear my Sabbath clothes,
And bear my piece of palm!

I love the beautiful Catholic custom of placing the consecrated palm branch at the head of the bed. And as I write I seem to see a little white bed, in which slumbers a fair-haired child, with a marble angel holding a holy-water stoup, and a consecrated palm above her head. The child has said her "Hail Marys," has crossed herself, asked her Angel Guardian to take care of her; so the long hours of darkness ho'd no fears.

Every Palm Sunday I think of the blessed martyrs,—that white-robed company of palm-bearers, who 'came out of great tribulation.' There are many of them painted on the walls of a certain Franciscan church in which it has been my privilege to receive the consecrated palm for some years. Sir Thomas More, in his chancellor's robes, holds it, in token that he placed Christ before Cæsar, as does many another one; and the noble

words of the old hermit hymn-writer recur to me whenever I look at these "athletes of Christ." This dweller in the Egyptian lauras (whose name I forget) had occasion to go into Alexandria, where the pomp and vanity, the glare and glitter of the pagan world were unveiled. He saw the prefect in his chariot, Thais in her paint and ropes of pearls; degraded slaves, licentious freemen; and he went back to his desert home and wrote a hymn, in which he asked, "*Who* should bear the palm?"—a question he thus answered:

He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He who with the martyrs
Says: "*I will* be crowned!"

Let us look up to the blue and be glad that there are men and women who have said, "*I will* be crowned," even in this our day and within our memory.

One sunny day last autumn I held in my hand a small piece of dull red stone, at which I looked with great interest. It came from Khartoum, had been chipped from the steps on top of which Gordon made his last stand. In old historic Warwick, the Kingmaker's own town, there is a monument to certain heroes of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, one of whom won the palm by a Christlike deed of "*derring do*" outside Omdurman. This hero, Captain Caldecott by name, led his men bravely against the Black Banner, when a dervish flung at him a spear, which dealt a mortal wound. One of his company, seeing his sad plight, hurried to him, was about to withdraw the rusty spear from his throat; but the dying Captain pointed to a soldier who was hard pressed by the enemy a little distance off, and died alone, having sent succor to his comrade. "*Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend.*" There, in the burning desert, far away from the old Ringing Town in Shakespeare land, his heroic countryman received the palm.

Splendid, too, was the heroism of the Warwickshire nun (a convert) who turned

her back on her own green country, entered the Fold of Peter, knelt and received the blessed palm; and one night, as she lay sleepless, meditated upon the Mother of God, and being herself motherless, turned to that sweet Mother, took the religious habit, went to China as a pioneer, and died there, nobly doing her duty. A pure, brave soul this, despising the dust in order to gain the palm.

One strong point in a Catholic education is this: the Church teaches her children *how* to be palm-bearers; she teaches them not to turn their backs on duty. "*England expects every man this day to do his duty.*" Noble words these, which stir the pulses as we read. Well, the Church expects *her* children to do their duty,—to rally round her standard, to perform deeds of "*derring do*" in daily life. She is the distributor of invisible as well as visible palms.

Once, in the dear Franciscan church I have mentioned, I saw a woman, a daughter of Erin—aged, halt, dim-eyed, pitifully poor—led up to receive the palm. She wore a patched and faded gown; shoes, bonnet, shawl,—all had long since seen their best days; but she was happy; the "*light that never was on sea or land*" was on her face as she bore her branch of palm.

"Many a one has a courageous spirit, but the flesh is weak; it utters its protest against winning palms, and has to be disregarded," said a brave man, who won his palm facing a dreadful storm. How very true this is! We may have to pass through a snow or hail storm before we reach the sanctuary rail and receive the consecrated branch. But when we enter the church, there are the shining candles, the statues of the saints and of Mother Mary; there is the Tabernacle. We are in the Holy Presence. An invisible company of saints and martyrs regard us as we kneel meekly there and receive our palm. Surely Palm Sunday is a foretaste of the paradise of God.

A NOBLE soul is just even to those who do not reciprocate.—*Condorcet.*

The Angel of the Annunciation.

DANTE, in his *Purgatorio*, tells us that in the first circle, where the sin of pride is punished, a sweet lesson of humility is taught by a carved representation of Our Lady's *Ecce ancilla Domini*; and he pictures St. Gabriel thus:

The Angel who came down to earth with tidings
Of peace, that had been wept for many a year,
And opened Heaven from its long interdict,
In front of us appeared so truthfully
There sculptured in a gracious attitude,
He did not seem an image that is silent,—
One would have sworn that he was saying, "Ave."

The angelic messenger is mentioned also in cantos iv, ix, and xiv of the *Paradiso*; while canto xxxiii gives us this fair picture of the Angel of the Annunciation, as St. Bernard answers Dante's words of inquiry:

"Who is the Angel that with so much joy
Into the eyes is looking of our Queen,
Enamored so that he seems made of fire?"
Thus I again recourse had to the teaching
Of that one who delighted him in Mary
As doth the star of morning in the sun.
And he to me: "Such gallantry and grace
As there can be in angel and in soul,
All is in him; and thus we fain would have it;
Because he is the one who bore the palm
Down unto Mary, when the Son of God
To take our burden on Himself decreed."

A Tribute to a Noble Pair.

IRISH speakers are notably eloquent, and St. Patrick's Day is an occasion to inspire them to the highest flights of genuine oratory; but we are inclined to doubt whether the recent celebration brought forth any more thoroughly eloquent utterance than this page from the book of a Frenchman. The late Cardinal Perraud spent two years in Ireland, studying at first-hand the conditions of the country; and then, returning to France, wrote his splendid work, *L'Irlande Contemporaine*. We quote from its conclusion:

I remember one day in the Basilica of St. Peter what a great emotion took possession of me when I read on the humble door of a con-

fessional these simple words, *Gens Hibernica*; and on another, *Gens Polona*. Thus, I said, conquerors have been able to blot out from the map of the world the very name of Poland, the glorious Catholic nation of Central Europe. Politicians and worldly sages take but little interest in the misfortunes of Ireland, because she suffered in the cause of Catholicity. But the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church has neither admitted this suppression nor shared in this indifference. Near the Tombs of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in the centre of Catholicity, she guards these great names, immortal souvenirs, watchwords of holy and invincible hope.

Ireland and Poland, noble sisters who have suffered so much, and who suffer still for our holy faith, hold firm in your hands the standards of St. Patrick and St. Casimir! You have to your account no dishonest triumphs, no guilty successes. During the long career of persecution and trial through which Providence has led you, it is for noble causes that you have done battle, for justice that you have struggled to the last drop of your blood. In the eyes of those who measure all things by success, you were wrong to fight, since you have been conquered; your enemies are right, for they have succeeded. But for those who look to the morality of history, far different is their judgment. To them your defeat is only apparent, as is the victory of your persecutors; for, besides the fact that God, the Master of the future, can, when and how He pleases, give you back what the violence of politicians has wrested from you, you have kept, in spite of your enemies, the treasure of which they wished above all things to despoil you. You have kept it, and it has increased and fructified in your hands. Like the Church, your mother, you have grown great under persecution; and whilst the triumphant nations are going to sleep in indifference, and are growing sluggish and material in the abundance of their gain, you, the illustrious victims of the past and the present, hold up to the eyes of the world the inextinguishable torch of faith and hope and love. Have courage! Your trials will not last forever. The works of iniquity crumble and perish. "I have seen the wicked highly exalted, and lifted up like the cedars of Libanus: and I passed by, and, lo, he was not." (Ps. xxxvi.)

Noble words. There are indications that the prophecy which they contain is nearing fulfilment; though at the time when the great cardinal spoke, the burdens under which the Polish nation has groaned for so long a time were still unrelieved.

Notes and Remarks.

At a recent meeting of the State Legislature of Michigan, a bill was introduced by Dr. F. J. W. Maguire, of Detroit, making it a criminal offence for any person even to request a physician to perform abortion. In a paper read previously before the Michigan State Medical Society, he showed that the fearful results of this horrible practice are generally unknown, and contended that physicians are in duty bound to enlighten the public on the point. In a discussion which followed the reading of Dr. Maguire's paper, Dr. Alden Williams remarked that, as in bribery it is legally as much of a crime to solicit as to accept, it should also be regarded as a criminal offence to attempt to induce a physician to perform abortion. Dr. J. H. Kellog expressed gratification that so important a subject had been brought forward, and declared that physicians can do more than any other class of men toward suppressing an evil which threatens the welfare of the race physically as well as morally.

The most pertinent comment that we have seen on the murder trial which for weeks past has been the leading feature of secular journals all over the country, is the concluding paragraph of an editorial in the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans. We quote it entire:

This whole case, when considered in its broad and impersonal aspects, teaches that religious education is the one firm basis of character. The learning of the schools and the triumphs of science are but the glittering superstructure, which will fall of its own weight, if built upon sand. Nero drank deep of art and philosophy, had Seneca for his tutor, and died with a line of the greatest of Greek bards upon his lips; but this scion of Rome's *noblesse* was a monster of iniquity, and stained the purple with every crime in the Decalogue. We must have a reverent care for the old ideals and the old types, if our Republic is to endure. It will not matter if we hold the primacy in agriculture, commerce and invention; if we evolve a civilization in

which wealth accumulates and men decay. The problems of the time—political, social and economic—are not to be solved by keeping our eyes fixed on the ledger. No: we must go back to first principles, and emulate the founders in their thirst for righteousness, their belief in the dignity of labor, and their intimate hold of the unseen universe. In this process of repentance, reconciliation and atonement, the American mother must lead, as she led in our days of poverty and struggle; for her, the poignant and redemptive passion of the *Stabat Mater* can not die; with her rests the shaping of a nation's fate, the fulfilment of a nation's hope.

If the trial to which we have referred has the effect of bringing the lesson of these earnest lines home to American parents, a great deal of good will have resulted from a great deal of evil.

Sad reading for Catholics are the press accounts of the obsequies of the impostor Dowie, who, proclaiming himself "Elijah III.," succeeded in deluding a great number of people. His death had the effect of rekindling the fanaticism of which for so long a time Zion City, Ill., has been the centre. As soon as the body was prepared for burial, throngs of people—lame, halt and blind—flocked to Shiloh House, to touch the glistening white coffin or the silk and satin robes in which the body was vested, hoping to be cured of their various ills. There was strife among the impostor's disciples and the supporters of his rival, Voliva, over the funeral arrangements; and not until the body was laid beneath the frozen earth of Lake Mount Cemetery, and the last trains had departed, was tranquillity restored in Zion City. The "Prophet" will soon be forgotten,—long before many of his dupes have retrieved their shattered fortunes; but it is sad to reflect that another impostor of equal powers would find it quite as easy as Dowie did to attract a host of followers.

According to five physicians of Massachusetts—all of them "of the highest professional standing," it is said,—the weight of the soul is between one-half

ounce and one ounce. These worthies ought to know, because they have been studying the matter for about six years. (They probably didn't believe in a soul before they began their investigations.) Their way of determining its weight is so simple that—the same is said in reference to many other startling discoveries—the wonder is some one didn't think of it sooner. All you have to do is to weigh the body just before and just after life becomes extinct. The difference is the weight of the soul—of course. The learned doctors declare that they took into consideration all known scientific deductions, such as loss of respiratory air, of moisture, and of all excretions and secretions of the body. It is not explained how some souls come to weigh a little more than others. We shall have to wait awhile for that. Meantime Dr. Duncan MacDougal and his associates would do well to revise their calculations. When one has become quite sure of anything that most other people are not sure about, it is wise to turn doubter. If, as would seem to be the case, the investigators were in the habit of discussing their theory in the presence of those in a moribund state, we suspect that no allowance was made for the volume of hot blast thereby generated.

The anniversary of Giordano Bruno's death, recently celebrated in the Eternal City, gives *Rome* an occasion to say a word as to the character of that Italian philosopher's writings. The paragraph is worth quoting, if only as an offset to the unstinted eulogies one sees from time to time in periodicals, in whose eyes Bruno's all-sufficient claim to immortality is that he opposed the Church. Says *Rome*:

Bruno's writings show with horrible clearness the kind of man he was. He oscillated in turns between atheism, pantheism, scepticism, very much after the fashion of his modern admirers. He loved freedom of thought so much that he pronounced other heretics who differed from his way of thinking to be worthy of persecution, murder, extinction, less to be pitied

than wolves, bears or serpents. He was such a hater of tyranny that he could hardly find language to express his adulation of the miserable Henry III. of Valois, or of Elizabeth of England, who was for him "a nymph of heavenly essences, a grand Amphitrite, a divinity of the earth, worthy to rule not only this but all other worlds." His ideas of woman are so foul and revolting that they will not bear quoting; his description of the masses, or the "proletariat," consists of a long string of abusive adjectives, and he exhorts the nobles of Wittenberg "to crush those ferocious beasts, the peasants." His comedy *Il Candelaio* so reeks with filth and obscenity that it would not be tolerated by the lowest audience in any English-speaking country.

The simple fact is that the monument to Bruno, erected in Rome in 1889, is nothing but a symbol of anti-clerical hatred of the Papacy and the Church. To laud the apostate friar of the sixteenth century as a martyr to freedom of thought is to avow one's ignorance of his life, his work, and such influence as he may be thought to have exerted.

Opponents of the Church have so persistently rung the changes on Galileo's condemnation by an ecclesiastical tribunal as manifesting her innate antagonism to science, that there is grateful relief in reading this statement of the Rev. John Gerard, S. J.:

That the Church has not been habitually hostile to science is sufficiently proved by the isolated character of the one stock instance adduced against her—the case of Galileo. Indeed, as much was admitted by so unprejudiced a writer as Professor Augustus De Morgan. . . . No doubt it was a great mistake on the part of the clerical tribunal thus to interfere with a purely scientific question, and a wrong principle to suppose that Scripture is intended as a scientific text-book. But the question is whether, in the course they took, the adversaries of Galileo gave any evidence of hatred of science itself. Obviously not. They opposed Galileo's teaching not because it was science, but because they thought it was bad science, as men in every age have done who have become convinced, rightly or wrongly, of the truth of any particular doctrine. It must also be remembered that in Galileo's time the wisest of mankind were very far from recognizing the truth of his discoveries. Lord Bacon

himself, for instance, declared that Copernicanism was most certainly false. Clavius and Tycho Brahe (to mention only a few) rejected them. Galileo would not accept the astronomical discoveries of Kepler, a far greater astronomer than himself; and maintained to the last many theories which were perfectly erroneous, and are now recognized as unscientific. It is therefore no wonder, though deplorable, that the ecclesiastical authorities should, in such a state of confusion, have taken a wrong step; but, however much we may disapprove of it, we utterly deny that it affords any ground for the sweeping charge of hostility to science brought against the Church.

Needless to say, the infallibility of either the Church or the Pope was not involved in the clerical tribunal's pronouncement as to Galileo's theories.

Commenting on the fact that in the official list of the Index, between 1850 and 1903, there are only thirteen English-written books, Father Hull, S. J., remarks (*Examiner*, Feb. 9):

I think it would be no exaggeration to say that for every English-written book on the Index we could, without stirring out of our room, write down a list of one hundred other books in wide circulation, which, according to the general rules, are unquestionably qualified for the Index no less than those which are already there. Of course the Index does afford guidance to those who know its decisions; but if these decisions in the space of fifty-seven years amount only to thirteen, the idea conveyed in the story as to the extent of the guidance it affords is certainly wide of the mark. A better point would be to insist, not on the actual decisions, which are so few, but on the general rules,—which, however, can be applied only *after* a book has been read or its contents is known. The Index, therefore, affords a very limited protection to the ordinary reading Catholic. The fact is, anything like an adequate system of guidance in reading is physically impossible at the present day; and it is clear from the facts that the Congregation of the Index does not dream of essaying so superhuman a task.

It is strictly pertinent, in connection with this subject, to remark that it is all the more important for Catholic magazines and newspapers that profess to offer at least a partial guidance in the matter of new books, to give something more than a perfunctory examination to such volumes

as they recommend to their readers. There is, perhaps, too general a tendency to take it for granted that a book written by a Catholic, if only a nominal one, or brought out by a Catholic publishing firm, is entirely unobjectionable from the standpoint of dogma and morals. Though generally the case, this is not always and everywhere true; hence the important duty of diligent examination before uttering an opinion by which not a few readers will certainly be guided.

The Benedictine Fathers who have charge of the Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma, are presumably thoroughly conversant with matters pertaining to the history of this country's aborigines. We accordingly quote from the current issue of their interesting little monthly, the *Indian Advocate*, this paragraph, which clearly runs counter to the generally prevailing opinion on the subject discussed:

There are more Indians in the United States to-day than there were in the time of Columbus. The Indians never were populous—they were too much at war. The first actual census of Indians was taken seventy years ago. At that time there were found to be 253,464. In 1860 there were 254,200. In 1880 there were 256,127. In 1900 they numbered 272,073. To-day, by count of the Indian agents on the reservations of the country, there are 284,000 Indians. The Indians of the new State of Oklahoma are intelligent and wealthy, and will be heard from in national affairs.

From this it would appear that the Red Men are not dying out so rapidly as it has been the fashion to declare. They probably hold in abhorrence the genuine hall-mark of the twentieth-century (native) American civilization—a predilection for race suicide.

Cardinal Moran recently characterized as "marvellous" the growth of the Church in Australia. His Eminence said:

One hundred years ago this great continent came within the range of civilization. There are some alive to-day who can recall the time when there was not a Catholic priest in the whole

of Australia or New Zealand. Priests were strongly opposed everywhere by the authorities. For thirty years or more no "Popish priest" would be permitted to land on these shores. Everything that human ingenuity could command or devise was employed to smother Catholicity, and the convicts were denied the consolations of religion. But the government that created so intolerable a position was made to recognize that to maintain it would be impossible. In Australasia to-day there are 36 bishops carrying on the work of religion; there are 1800 churches; 1400 priests are zealously engaged in spreading the light of divine truth and wisdom. There are 700 Brothers teaching the young; there are 6000 devoted nuns; and nearly 1,000,000 Catholics are receiving the blessings of their ministrations.

It need hardly be added that, under God, no small credit for this phenomenal growth and the present prosperity of the Church in the Southern World is due to the venerable Cardinal himself. His energetic zeal, his far-sighted policy, and his administrative efficiency, as well as his intellectual equipment, have been potent factors in the transformation that has taken place in Australia.

Truly, a "valiant woman," in the Scriptural sense of the expression, was Mrs. Rill Durbin, whose recent death removed one of the oldest and staunchest Catholics in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. The *Catholic Telegraph*, in a generous tribute to her character and worth, says:

"Aunt Rill" was a good woman,—kind, gentle and motherly; religious in all her actions, and a living testimony of the good in her religion. Her life had exerted a powerful influence toward the conversion of the mountain people who knew her. For thirty years she lived in the mountains without ever seeing a Catholic priest, and consequently without the aid and consolation of the Sacraments. She had never been inside a Catholic church until the little mission chapel was erected in Beattyville, the first and only church in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. Throughout all these years she remained firm and unshaken in the Faith, raising her children in the knowledge of the Church, teaching as best she could with the meagre means at her disposal.

She fought a valiant fight throughout these years against the machinations of unprincipled

teachers, and withstood the powerful influence of Protestantism, which had, and still maintains, a strong hold upon the mountains. Her family formed the nucleus around which were to gather the converts that have been made in the district. Her home was one of the many stations at which Mass is said by the mountain missionaries at regular intervals.

Thirty years without seeing a priest, yet a practical Catholic through it all! Surely the most appropriate epitaph for Mrs. Durbin's tombstone would be St. Paul's words to Timothy: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, *I have kept the faith.*"

This timely, if incidental, tribute to the children of St. Patrick appears in the Rev. Charles Starbuck's regular contribution to the *Sacred Heart Review*:

As to New England, Col. Higginson, we know, the soul of dispassionate accuracy, remarks that the Irish Catholic immigration has distinctly raised the standard of chastity, the very point especially attacked by the foul-mouthed and foul-minded demagogues who go about, like the devil before them, seeking what mischief they can do in rending society to pieces. Who of us has any more hesitation in committing his young children to the care of an Irish than of a New England girl? The present writer's childhood was largely passed under the care of Irish, and in the neighborhood of American Catholic women—the latter nieces of a bishop,—and he need not say that he never heard from the most careless of them a breathing that could taint the mind of a child. The two most perfect domestics of whom I know, aunt and niece, both of them now for many years in the service of a kinswoman of mine, maintain their excellence, in my cousin's judgment, chiefly by steady attendance at Mass, and the Sodality, except when Christian charity keeps them at home with their aged mistress; and by weekly resort to confession, like the Pope himself.

Mr. Starbuck is not the only Protestant theologian who attests the virtue of the Irish domestic. The daughters of Erin are proverbially modest; and one might fancy that Milton had some such maidens in mind when he wrote:

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

Notable New Books.

The Law of the Church. A Cyclopædia of Canon Law for English-speaking Countries. By Ethelred L. Taunton, Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; B. Herder.

The reading public is under obligations to Father Taunton for a number of interesting and learned works, but the present volume is the most valuable of them all. It deserves a place in every collection of books comprehensive enough to be designated as a library. The need of just such a work—of a clear, well-arranged summary of the law of the Church, with special reference to English-speaking countries—has often been felt, not only by prelates and clergy, but by lawyers, students, and publicists. The author treats of many subjects which are passed over, or merely touched upon, in books in our language dealing with Roman Canon Law. He has put all the best standard writers under direct contribution, and submitted his work to two strict revisions by independent censors. As it is intended for practical use, there is strict adherence to the plan adopted. The Common Law on each point is first treated of, and then is given the particular law which sometimes will be found to modify the former. There is evidence not only of thorough study but of great painstaking in every page.

It is too much, of course, to expect that a work treating of so many subjects should be altogether free from errors; however, we feel sure that no serious ones will be found in Father Taunton's volume. Persons who have not kept pace with the latest decisions of the Holy See will be wise in hesitating to condemn anything in its pages which at first sight may seem erroneous or inexact. The author will be grateful to have his attention called to any points demanding correction. He expresses the hope that his book will give an impulse to the deeper study of Canon Law in English-speaking countries. A list of the works consulted by him, with the date of the edition, will be found in an appendix.

The work is admirably produced. Paper, type, printing, size of page, and binding are just what they should be. A happy combination of elegance, appropriateness, and substantiality.

Jesus Crucified. Readings and Meditations on the Passion and Death of Our Redeemer. By the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. The Columbus Press.

Father Elliott, the zealous Paulist missionary, has prepared a series of meditations on the Passion of Our Lord which should appeal not only to religious but to the faithful in general.

From the opening chapter, on "The Treason of Judas," to the picture of the watchers at the Sepulchre, which closes the book, there is no page without its appeal to the devout soul. The story of Redemption is told with loving touch; and the part that each one of us took in that great tragedy of Calvary is suggested in the reflections which are woven with the Scriptural narrative. So persuasive are the considerations presented that they might well be termed affections. This book is to be recommended for spiritual reading in communities as well as for private devotional reading.

The Life of Christ. By Mgr. E. Le Camus. Translated by the Rev. William A. Hickey. Vol. I. Christian Press Association.

This admirable Life of Christ has reached its sixth edition in the original French, but the present version is the first in English. That the work well deserved translation is shown by the favor with which it was regarded from its first appearance, and the esteem in which it is still held. Moreover, we learn from the preface (xiii) that the English translation has the advantage over all others in this—that it embodies the latest researches and views of the distinguished author. Says Mgr. Le Camus: "Three times in twelve years, in company with M. Vigouroux, have I explored the mysterious land of the Gospel in every direction." These trips were made in the interest of the Life of Christ; and each one threw new light on his subject, thus giving occasion for the changes that appear in their final form in the present edition.

The plan of the work commends itself at once to the mind; for the author views the life of the Saviour as a drama with the ordinary three stages of action: the introduction, the development of the plot, and the climax. There are, then, three parts: the early life of Jesus, His public life, and His last days on earth; and each part bears a threefold division. The plan here followed, in the opinion of the author, harmonizes better with the Gospels than the ordinary division which is according to years. (Note, pp. 98, 99.) There are nearly one hundred pages, called Introduction, devoted to the topics of God's dealings with humanity, the documentary evidences of the life of Christ, and the places in which the Saviour was to labor. There are copious notes discussing dogmatic, historic, and topographical matters; and often in the text we have illuminating comparisons and suggestions along doctrinal lines.

The translation, which reads smoothly, makes it possible for a good many to draw instruction and edification from a source that would otherwise not exist for them. The author tells us that his whole endeavor for some twenty years

was to perfect, in as far as he was able, the presentation of the events that made up the Master's life. And, though he says very suggestively, that the existence and activity of the Church is the best biography of Christ, we must acknowledge that his own work has contributed not a little to emphasize the presence of divine power in the lives of Christian souls.

The Key to the World's Progress. By Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. Oxon. Longmans, Green & Co.

The dominant feeling of the reader who concludes an attentive perusal of this illuminative essay on historical logic can scarcely fail to be one of intensified regret that the hand which penned its brilliant chapters is stilled in death. Were any evidence needed to prove that Mr. Devas was not only a political economist of distinction but an exceptionally able Catholic apologist as well, the present work would abundantly supply it. Acknowledging as his guide and teacher "the Great Master of the nineteenth century, John Henry Newman," the author specifically purposed giving in this particular volume an economic or sociological setting to Newman's logic and history. Students of the great Cardinal will accordingly find much of direct and indirect quotation with which they are familiar; but, unless they are students of more than ordinary capabilities, they will acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the author whose admirable synthesizing enables them to take an adequate bird's-eye view of the extensive territory covered in Newman's different volumes.

In a first part, taking up about one-fourth of the book, the author treats of the course of civilization, discussing the efforts made in recent years to find "a meaning in man's history, an explanation of the course of society, a forecast of its future"; and contrasting the two great solutions of the riddle of the universe, the theistic and the antitheistic. In part two, the course of Christianity, there is a detailed examination of ten Christian antinomies, or apparent contradictions, as follows: The Church appears in opposition to intellectual civilization and yet to foster it. She appears in opposition to material civilization and yet to promote it. She represents a religion of sorrow and yet of gladness; teaches a morality which is austere and yet joyful. She appears the opponent and yet the support of the State, its rival and yet its ally. She upholds the equality of men and yet the inequality of property and power. She is full of scandals and yet all holy; proclaims a law at once difficult and yet easy. She upholds and yet opposes religious freedom and liberty of conscience. She is one and yet Christendom has ever been divided. She is ever the same and yet ever

changing. She is ever being defeated and yet is ever victorious.

A final chapter on the miraculous and its explanation leads logically and convincingly to the author's conclusion—"that the supernatural is the key to the natural; that the difficulties of history find their solution in theism; that Christianity solves the difficulties of theism; that the Holy Catholic Church solves the difficulties of Christianity; that Church history, properly understood, solves the difficulties of Catholicism; that Church history, therefore, is all important for the understanding of universal history and for our mental outfit; that without it we are compelled on matters the gravest, on a field the widest, on subjects of the most fascinating interest, on issues incomparable, to remain in irremediable darkness."

The work is one worthy of an honored place in every collection of serious books; it is a most valuable contribution to Catholic apologetics.

The Sins of Society. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; B. Herder.

The author of a volume of sermons published two or three years ago stated, in his preface, that "these sermons differ from any heretofore written." With considerably more reason might Father Vaughan's publishers maintain that this volume differs from any sermon-book heretofore printed. A good-sized book of about three hundred pages, it contains not only the sermons proper, but a lengthy preface, a lengthier epilogue, some forty pages of "private and public criticisms" of the sermons, and finally a list of books for consultation. Not that we would curtail its length by the suppression of a single page; they are all very interesting, and some of those containing the criticisms are decidedly entertaining as well.

The discourses to which Father Vaughan has given the general title "The Sins of Society" are five in number: The Father and the Prodigal Son, The Pharisee and the Publican, Dives and Lazarus, The Tetrarch [Herod] and the Baptist, and The Saviour and the Sinner. Varying in length from sixty-three hundred to nine thousand words, the sermons belong to the category of long rather than short discourses; and the secret of their popularity, of the attractiveness that crowded the church in which the course was delivered, and of the sensation which their delivery created on both sides of the Atlantic, must be sought for in some other quality than the brevity that has long been recognized as the soul of wit.

Propos of the sensational character attributed to these sermons by the international press, it may be well to notify the prospective Catholic

reader that if he expects to find in "The Sins of Society" anything of the ultra-lurid sort of effervescent oratory, he is apt to be disappointed. Father Vaughan is *specific*. Preaching to "society," he dwelt, not on abstract vices more or less common to all mankind, but on the concrete transgressions peculiar to his auditory. That, we fancy, is the secret of the unusual commotion he created in London; but it is a secret so thoroughly known and so commonly acted upon by Catholic preachers everywhere that these sermons will not, as we have intimated, impress Catholic readers as being at all so sensational as they have been represented to be. For non-Catholic readers—and they will be numerous—it will be different. An Anglican clergyman of distinction wrote to Father Vaughan: "When I talk to my congregation about their own sins instead of the sins of the people in the Bible, they resent it, and visit their resentment on me."

Irish-American History of the United States.

By the Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, M. R. I. A. Two Vols. P. Murphy & Son.

In the author's preface to this historical work in two large-sized volumes, we find this statement: "It seems strange that no attempt has been hitherto made to set before the people of Ireland, by writers or publishers, a general and complete History of the United States. Such a reproach on our country [Ireland] it is now desired to remove, and to place within reasonable compass accounts from the earliest known period to the commencement of the twentieth century." The work is thus avowedly meant primarily for the people of Ireland; and it will, perhaps, be better appreciated by them than by the Irish in this country,—the Irish-Americans, to whom the title specifically appeals. To a good many of the latter class, we can not but think, Canon O'Hanlon's history will prove disappointing.

Possibly, the expectations aroused in us by the distinctive title of the work were quite unwarranted; but we certainly did expect to find in a professedly Irish-American history of this country some reference to such distinguished representatives of that portion of our population as—to mention only a few of the dead—Bishop England and Cardinal McCloskey, John Boyle O'Reilly and Patrick A. Collins. The absence of such reference is all the more surprising from the fact that in the preface we are told that, "so far as can be ascertained, many previous unaccountable omissions to record their [able and renowned Irish-Americans'] race and ancestry have been supplied in the present work."

Canon O'Hanlon came to this country from

Ireland, a young man of twenty-one, in 1842; was elevated to the priesthood by Archbishop Kenrick in 1847; did pastoral work in the diocese of St. Louis for five or six years, and returned in 1853 to Ireland, where he resided until his death, in 1905. Had the last half century of his life been spent on this side of the Atlantic, there is good reason to believe that his History of the United States would have been as monumental a work in its class as is his "Lives of the Irish Saints" in hagiology. Even as it is, the present work has much to recommend it. The author's narrative style is simple and lucid, easy without being undignified; and his bibliographical references in footnotes are, if anything, superabundant. Of the six hundred and seventy-seven pages of the work proper, the last forty-four deal with events occurring from the date of Grant's election to the Presidency, in 1868, down to President Roosevelt's first message to Congress, in 1901.

The publishers have given the work wide-margined, green-brodered pages, and good, strong binding.

The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

The present volume is a masterly effort to give to the world a true "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." The author aims at reviving the long-forgotten memory of these sainted prelates whom Elizabeth, on her accession, deposed from their Sees, and in whose honor, with the permission of Pope Gregory XIII., an inscription was set up at Rome in the year 1583, in the church attached to the English College. In this inscription the eleven bishops were held up to the veneration of the faithful, "as having died for their confession of the Roman See and of the Catholic Faith, worn out by the miseries of their long imprisonment."

There is food for much reflection in the very title of this scholarly work—"The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy." These words seal the doom of Anglicanism; they testify to the invalidity of Anglican Orders; they remind us that the light of the true faith has gone out in the Protestant Church of England; they show how little vitality there can be in a religion founded upon the lifeless ashes of an extinct hierarchy.

The last chapter of this excellent book contains conclusive testimony as to the unanimity with which the bishops were regarded as martyrs by the Catholics of the time. Among these testimonies is the explicit and highly authoritative statement of Cardinal Allen.



The First Robin Redbreast.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

HAVE you ever heard tell—'tis the prettiest story—

How the robin, that once was a dull-robed bird,
Won the beauty-spot that is now its glory,
The red breast bright as the rose-leaves stirred?
It was long ago, on a day the saddest
That the world e'er knew for its woe and loss,
For the Christ, meek Victim of rage the maddest,
Hung on the Cross.

Pressed down on His brows is a mock-crown
plaited

Of thorns sharp-pointed and cruelly long:
One glance at His mournful eyes, pain-freighted,
And a passing robin gives o'er its song.
With quick compassion it flutters nearer
And plucks out a thorn all wet with His
blood,
While some scarlet drops, than all rubies dearer,
Its breast bestud.

The plumage so dyed braved all sorts of weather,
But the color ne'er faded in sun or rain;
And ever thereafter each crimson feather
Shone bright as when touched with the wet
red stain.

Since that first Good Friday all robins wear it,
A badge of true honor, the Saviour's meed
Of praise, to the first of their kind to bear it,
For one good deed.

The Last Week of Lent.

Holy Week takes its name from the special holiness of the mysteries which its Offices commemorate. It used to be called Great Week, and is still so styled in the sacred liturgy. Other names applied to it at different periods were Penal Week, Indulgence Week; and, among the Greeks, Days of Sorrow, Days of the Cross, Days of Torment.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.—WHAT THE BOX CONTAINED.

THE grayness of that dawn gradually gave place to an almost blinding sunshine; and as the boys went forth they met Alphonse's wife, Victorine, coming from the barn with her pails full to the brim of fresh, foaming milk, and Alphonse himself giving breakfast to the various feathered or woolly denizens of the farm-yard. The thermometer had gone up to some twenty above zero, so that the temperature was ideal.

With their snow-shoes securely strapped upon their feet, they started at a brisk pace over the frozen ground. From time to time breaking into a run, they quickly covered the distance between the Manor and the next village. Alphonse had full leisure to transact his business with the grain merchant, and to indulge in a gossip at the general store. The boys and he together made a visit to the gray stone church, as quaint and mediæval in its character as if it had been suddenly transported thither from a Norman village; and from its broad steps they made their homeward start. They reached the Manor in excellent time for the early dinner, which usually took place at two o'clock; for that was before the days of late dinners; and, besides, as the Chevalier always said, "Formality has long been banished from the Manor."

Thus the day sped by, and the hour so eagerly anticipated drew near. Alphonse was dispatched with the sleigh to meet the two legal functionaries and convey them from the station. The boys waited in front of the house, listening for the whistle of the four o'clock train, which

they presently heard through the growing darkness. Hugh rushed in to inform the Chevalier of this circumstance, and rushed out again to catch the first sound of approaching sleigh-bells.

The Chevalier, in his courteous fashion, went to meet his guests at the door; while Victorine and Nathalie hovered about to receive their wrappings. It was after supper, however, before the lawyers were ushered into the octagon room, where the all-important business was to be transacted. The Chevalier stood, with a hand resting on the shoulder of each boy, until the strangers were seated, when he, too, sat down, still keeping his young guests beside him. There was a solemnity in his quaint, Old-World figure, as if he felt the full importance of the moment.

Arthur, meanwhile, sat perfectly still, regarding the two lawyers with serious eyes; while Hugh bent forward eagerly, too well-brought up to ask a question or disturb the silence, but burning to know so many things. It was a breathless moment when the two old men, ceremoniously and with the utmost formality, received the oaken box from the Chevalier, and adjusted the key in the lock. This occupied a few moments; for the key was small, the hand which held it aged, and the lock grown rusty with years. The box being opened at last, however, one of the two old men, who was charged to represent the De Villebon estate, displayed some sheets of parchment, worn and yellow with age, and emitting that peculiar odor usually associated with tea chests or with objects of Chinese manufacture.

The lawyer, having examined these documents with a deliberation which Hugh felt to be quite unnecessary, looked over his spectacles at the Chevalier, and said with professional gravity:

"I find here among these papers the last will and testament of my late client. It was placed in an envelope addressed to you, Monsieur de Montreuil, with instructions that it be opened and read in your presence, failing any next of kin."

Into the Chevalier's eyes came tears, which coursed slowly down his cheeks; but he uttered no word, nor gave any other sign of the deep emotion awakened by this new discovery.

"The case is so unusual," said the elder lawyer, after a pause, and with a bow to his colleague, "that I suppose we need not stand upon any further punctilio, but, with the Chevalier's permission, proceed at once to the reading of the belated testament."

In this opinion his legal brother concurred. The Chevalier nodded in acquiescence, and the man of law began to unfold the long parchment. Hugh was so breathlessly interested that he leaned too far forward and momentarily interrupted the proceedings by losing his balance and falling face downward on the floor. The Chevalier smiled indulgently, and patted the discomfited boy on the shoulder, after helping him to rise; while even the grave legal functionaries were forced to laugh. Arthur was so annoyed at the interruption that, less indulgent than his elders, he administered a sly kick to his brother's shin.

"Keep still, can't you?" he grumbled under his breath.

"As if I wasn't trying to keep still!" Hugh retorted, rubbing his afflicted member and glaring at his brother. The voice of the lawyer, however, drove away all other thoughts. After reading, in his deep, sonorous tones, the usual legal preliminaries, he proceeded to the substance of the testament, which was a notarial will, evidently dictated by the testator himself. The light of the lamp fell upon the parchment page as he read, his colleague sitting beside him, and the Chevalier, with the two boys, enfolded in the deep shadows of the room.

"I, Louis de Villebon, being of sound mind, I suppose, in so far as any human being may be so considered, do devise and bequeath my estate, real and personal, to my beloved kinsman and friend, Henri de Montreuil, with whom I have had so

many pleasant hours, wandering in the green pathways of youth; with whom I have so often laughed, and laughter, after all, makes the charm of existence. When this document is read my mirth shall have come to an end, but its echo shall remain; for I would wish to transmit it, amongst other things, as a precious legacy. Let that pass, however, and now to business."

In a manner curiously business-like and practical for one of his temperament, he then set forth a detailed account of his property, the bulk of which—with the exception of a few legacies thereafter named—were to be the Chevalier's for the term of his life.

"I have inclosed my will," continued the document, "with directions concerning another matter, in this oaken box; and that, again, I have placed within the Chinese cabinet, guarded as it is by a merry fellow. Immediately after my death the cabinet is to be transported from my room in my city house, where I am writing, to the Manor of St. Basil, and delivered into the care of Henri de Montreuil. He and I have played many a game of *cache-cache* with this Eastern toy. Perhaps, in memory of those days, he may open it once more and play with me this, my last game. Should he fail to open it—which is scarcely conceivable—before he, too, shuffles off this mortal coil, why, then, the half of my estate shall go to him who first shall pull open the box, provided always that, in the opinion of competent persons hereinafter to be mentioned, he be worthy of the gift. And even should it chance that, in the lifetime of my friend, any other hand than his shall disclose the secret, that person so making the discovery, always provided that he be worthy, shall inherit half my estate, after the demise of the said Henri de Montreuil.

"Most likely it will be a boy,—a daring, mischievous boy. I love boys. They are constantly playing at *cache-cache* with life, and springing surprises on their elders, while every step on their onward path is a surprise to themselves. No doubt it will

be a good boy, worthy of the trust,—a friend, a favorite, perhaps, of Henri's; and that boy I salute,—I who shall then have vanished from the green earth's surface. May his course be fortunate and happy! May the tear be absent from his eye and laughter ever near his lips!"

The boys listened in awe-stricken silence; and the Chevalier turned his tear-dimmed eyes upon Hugh, and laid a hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"One whom Louis would have loved, and no doubt have chosen," he thought within himself. "How wonderful it all is!"

The lawyer, stifling his astonishment, in which his legal brother fully shared, went on to read, in the same monotonous, professional voice, a list of minor legacies. Amongst these were: one hundred dollars to old Nathalie; one hundred more to Patrick's father, and other domestics or employees of De Villebon; five hundred to the Curé of St. Basil and five hundred more to the Curé of Notre Dame, to have Masses said for the testator's soul, with an additional five hundred to be distributed amongst the poor. The sum of five thousand dollars was also devised and bequeathed to the owner or possessor of the house with the window, whether that chanced to be John Redmond or any other.

Never had a more singular will been read by legal gentlemen; and certainly there was much in this document to prove fairly bewildering to Hugh, who scarcely realized that he had thus become prospective heir to a considerable fortune, in addition to the fact that his father was likewise a beneficiary. This latter circumstance, indeed, appealed to him much more.

"Oh, won't it be splendid to have that good news to tell when we go home!" he whispered to his brother.

"Yes, and that you are going to be rich some day, too," answered Arthur; and it was to the credit of the elder brother that not a spark of jealousy entered into his mind.

"I don't quite understand about all

that," Hugh responded. "Aren't you to get some, too?"

"No," replied Arthur, "it was you who pulled the Chinese down."

"I can give you half, anyway," Hugh declared instantaneously. "And by right I shouldn't get any for touching things in a strange room."

"You are to get the money," said the Chevalier's lawyer, who sat near, "only upon the death of Monsieur de Montreuil."

"Then I don't want it at all!" cried Hugh. "We've got enough, and I'd a great deal rather the Chevalier lived as long as I do."

"So would I," agreed Arthur, "even if the money was for me."

The Chevalier, though not apparently listening, had overheard this little dialogue between the brothers, which had touched him very much; for it had discovered in both boys sentiments which were spontaneously generous and unselfish. He had heard the provisions of the will as in a dream; to him, at his age, this long-delayed wealth meant so little. He was far from being poor. He had all that he required for his wants. Had it all come a quarter century before—well, perhaps, it might have made a difference.

Meanwhile it is possible that he felt a trace of the deep disappointment which had fallen upon Hugh in hearing nothing concerning the window. Perhaps, after all, that supposed secret had been no secret at all, and the blank wall which had so sorely afflicted Hugh's spirit was, in truth, the end of the chapter. Presently, however, the lawyer, who had folded up the will and was preparing to restore it to the oaken box, suddenly produced another document from that receptacle. He glanced at what was written on its folded surface, then, readjusting his spectacles, perused it again, very slowly and as one who did not at first fully understand:

"Re—the Superfluous Window!"

Oddly enough, these words were in

English, whereas the will which had just been heard had been drawn up in French. The lawyer, who, like the Chevalier and the two boys, was fairly familiar with the two languages, read the singular inscription aloud:

"Re—the Superfluous Window!"

"Hurrah!" cried Hugh, forgetting decorum in his excitement, and turning with eager eyes to the Chevalier. "Hurrah, sir! We're going to hear about the window at last!"

The Chevalier's face was equally alight with interest and pleasure, and Arthur very nearly echoed his brother's exclamation of joyful surprise. Even the lawyers, who had heard in the course of years so many speculations, so many theories, regarding this identical window, were themselves full of an interest and curiosity which their impassive faces did not betray. And the elder lawyer was quick to notice that, whereas the will had been drawn up by the senior partner of his firm, long since dead, the document, whatever it might be, concerning the window, had evidently been transcribed by another hand. Everyone, therefore, settled himself to listen with absorbing interest; while the solicitor, composing his voice and manner to a proper professional calm, and with an added touch of importance, unfolded the paper.

There seemed nothing incongruous in the idea that the secret of that house, built so long since by De Villebon, should be revealed at the Manor of St. Basil, which had been his second home, and in that octagon room wherein he had spent so many a delightful hour.

The solicitor looked at the paper and frowned, then he looked at it again and laughed, passing it on to his brother attorney, who, in turn, so far forgot his professional dignity as to utter a very hearty guffaw. What he read upon that page may be very briefly related, and shall form the introduction to another chapter of our story.

Street Lights.

As late as the first half of the seventeenth century, the streets of Paris were unlighted. Those who could afford it, had servants to go before them bearing torches; the moderately prosperous carried lanterns, and the poor got on as best they could. Shortly after the middle of the century, the King ordered that candles protected with glass should be hung on the first story of certain houses, one at each end of the street, and one in the middle. These lights were suspended by cords, and the householders lighted them each night when the watchman sounded a signal bell.

Poor as this system of street-lighting was, it was luxurious compared with the manner in which the thoroughfares of London were illuminated. The great English city had only boys, called "linkboys," who stood about with torches, crying out dolefully, "Gentlemen, a light?" And passers-by were expected to pay for the privilege of having a smoking torch carried before them over the uneven crossings.

A Monk's Invention.

In the year 1024 there lived a monk named Guy, who was very fond of music; and, being well skilled in that art, he was employed in teaching ecclesiastical chant to the children who were being educated in the monastery of Pomposa, where he himself had passed his youth. But the immense difficulties of his task induced him to consider whether some method of facilitating the notation of music might not be devised. As yet, the sounds of the musical scale were represented only by the first seven letters of the alphabet, or by notes, as was the custom in the abbeys of Corby and St. Gall. The letters and notes showed, indeed, the relative length and value of each tone, but did not render their succession sensible to the eye.

After seeking for a long time for some easy and precise system, Guy one day recognized, in the chant to which the hymn of St. John Baptist was ordinarily sung, an ascending diatonic scale, in which the first syllable of each line occupied one note: *Ut queant laxis—Resonare fibris—Mira gestorum—Famuli tuorum—Solve polluti—Labbii reatum, Sancte Ioannes.* Accordingly he applied himself to teach this chant to his pupils, and to render them familiar with the diatonic succession of the syllables, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, and la.* Next, he arranged the notes on lines and intervals, and thus produced the musical staff with its proper clefs. By means of these improvements he found himself able, in a few months, to teach a child as much as a man, under the old system, would have had difficulty in learning in the course of long years.

I. H. S.

This ancient and sacred monogram—it was formerly written I. H. C.—is composed of the first three letters of Our Lord's name in Greek. I. H. S. is often interpreted "I have suffered," "In Him is Salvation" (*In Hoc Salus*), and "Jesus, the Saviour of Men" (*Jesus Hominum Salvator*). The latter and most common interpretation originated with St. Bernardine of Siena (1443).

The saint, it seems, had occasion to reprove a certain man for selling cards with wicked devices impressed upon them. The man tried to defend his cause by saying that he could not earn a living in any other manner; but that if St. Bernardine offered a device instead of those he himself used, and assured him that he would not be a loser in adopting it, he would at once abandon those he had; whereupon the saint recommended the letters "I. H. S.," telling the man that they stood for *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. They were at once adopted, and their success was complete.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Contemporary Catholic literature, especially in the field of philosophy and economics, is the poorer for the passing of the Rev. John N. Poland, S. J. A brilliant teacher and writer, Father Poland was widely known, and wherever known will be deeply regretted. *R. I. P.*

—Many of our readers will be glad to learn that "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion," the admirable series of papers contributed to Vol. LX. of *THE AVE MARIA* by the Rev. H. G. Hughes, will soon be available in book form. It will be found to be well printed on good paper, and attractively bound in the handy volume size. Published by ourselves.

—We have received the second issue of the new quarterly, *Roman Documents and Decrees*, edited by the Rev. David Dunford. It contains the Apostolic letters, allocutions, and encyclicals, together with the decrees of the various Roman Congregations, for the last quarter of 1906. An excellent compendium for the priest to have within reach.

—To the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia for December, 1906, the Rev. Thomas Cooke Middleton, D. D., O. S. A., contributed an interesting and erudite paper on "The State of Geographical Knowledge at the Time of the Discovery of America, A. D. 1492." The paper has been reprinted, and now forms an attractive pamphlet of thirty-five pages.

—A new edition of "Medulla Fundamentalis Theologiæ Moralis," by the late Bishop Stang, is welcome. Ecclesiastical students and busy priests will find it an admirable summary of moral theology. It is clear and complete, though brief; excellently arranged, and enriched with valuable notes. Messrs. Benziger Brothers have greatly improved upon the original edition of this important manual.

—In a paper-covered booklet of about one hundred pages, Dom John Chapman, O. S. B., discusses, learnedly and lucidly, "The First Eight General Councils and Papal Infallibility." The historical data thus compactly put together will be found eminently useful to the general reader; and the supplementary pages dealing with Dr. Döllinger contain information hitherto, at least so far as we know, unpublished. English C. T. S.

—Under the title "St. Joseph," the Hon. Alison Stourton has compiled extracts from the works of Father Faber which must prove a

delight to the lovers of the patron saint of March. In these pen-pictures we see the humble foster-father of the Christ-Child, the protector of Mary, at Bethlehem, on the desert way to Egypt, and in the Holy House at Nazareth. His exalted office gives us an awe of the saint chosen by the Father to be the guardian of His Son; yet his sweet gentleness imparts a tender, loving confidence. Benziger Brothers.

—The famous ascetical work of the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure, "Stimulus Divini Amoris" ("The Goad of Divine Love"), well styled "the compendium of the compendiums of the whole doctrine of beatitude," is now to be had in English. It will be welcomed by a host of readers, especially among religious. The present version agrees almost entirely with that published at Douai in 1642; and there is evidence throughout that the Rev. W. A. Phillipson, who revised and edited this new edition, is a loving disciple of the saint whose teachings he thus promulgates. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—A book that must prove helpful to all who read it is "The Crucifix," by the Rev. W. McLoughlin, of Mount Melleray Abbey, Co. Waterford, Ireland, and published by M. H. Gill & Son. The chapters are suitable either for meditation or spiritual reading; instruction, inspiration, edification and devotion are to be found in every one. "The Crucifix," as the sub-title of the volume gives the saying, "is the most wonderful book in the world." Father McLoughlin has sought to convey some of the many lessons to be learned from what Faber calls "the centre of all faiths, the fountain of all hopes, the symbol of all loves."

—"Josephine's Troubles," by Percy Fitzgerald (Burns & Oates), has no date which would help in identifying the work with any particular period of the gifted author's literary life; but, from the illustrations as well as from the style, we are inclined to think that the present volume is a reprint. French home life in the days of the War of 1870 is pictured, and the horrors of invasion are graphically portrayed. Josephine's unworthy lover makes a sorry hero, and somehow the denouement leaves one unimpressed. It is because other works by Percy Fitzgerald are among our favorite books that we are somewhat dissatisfied with this story.

—Seven editions in three years, the record made by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson's "The Light Invisible" (Benziger Brothers), is revelatory of two things—namely, that the author

has presented an unusually good book, and that the number of people interested in the life spiritual is gratifyingly large. To sordid natures, sensualists, naturalists, materialists, these stories may seem absurd and may suggest the workings of a diseased imagination. But to those who have the Catholic grasp of things divine, the Catholic belief in revelation, the Catholic sense of God dwelling with us, these evidences of the spiritual are not only credible, but are reverently accepted by faith which is "the evidence of things that appear not."

—The work of helping the poor in our great cities—of lifting them not only from dire poverty but from deeps of vice,—is one that should appeal to all Christians; and it will avail none to shrink from his duty, saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is indeed true, as the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Salford says in his preface to a volume of sketches by M. F. Quinlan ("My Brother's Keeper," English C. T. S.), that there are many who "know nothing, care nothing, and do nothing to help the Church and her official agencies in grappling with the practical paganism which hampers her divine work." In these sketches of "slum life" there is pathos—aye, tragedy; and no one can read them without being moved to pity,—not the pity which is merely emotion, but the pity that stretches out a helping hand.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. I. \$1.50.
 "Jesus Crucified." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.
 "The Law of the Church." Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. \$6.75, net.
 "The Key to the World's Progress." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. Oxon. \$1.60, net.
 "The Sins of Society." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35.

- "The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy." Rev. G. E. Phillips. \$3, net.
 "Irish-American History of the United States." Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, M. R. I. A. \$8.
 "Medulla Fundamentalis Theologiæ Moralis." Bishop Stang. \$1, net.
 "My Brother's Keeper." M. F. Quinlan. 40 cts.
 "The First Eight General Councils and Infallibility." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.
 "Stimulus Divini Amoris." St. Bonaventure. \$1.25, net.
 "The Light Invisible." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25, net.
 "Josephine's Trials." Percy Fitzgerald. \$1.35, net.
 "St. Joseph." Hon. Alison Stourton. 30 cts.
 "The Crucifix." Rev. W. McLoughlin. \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. R. M. Monclus, Rev. James Brehony, Rev. Peter Grey, Rev. John Brady, Rev. William Doherty, S. J., Rev. John Fitzgibbons, and Rev. John Venneman.

Mother Mary Philip, of the English Augustinians; Sister M. Martina, Order of the Visitation; Sister Generose, Sisters of Charity; and Sister Mary Angela, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. George Janson, Mr. Daniel Boyd, Mrs. Bridget McCusker, Mr. J. J. Stenton, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Dr. C. Percy de la Roche, Mrs. Julia Sheridan, Mr. Albert Herzog, Mrs. Matthew McGunnigle, Mrs. Jane Campbell, Mrs. Mary Fottrel, Mr. Maurice Dunne, Mr. Patrick Gillespie, Mr. John Stanton, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, Mrs. Margaret McNish, Mr. M. Jordan, Mrs. William Fay, Mrs. M. C. Corbet, Miss Margaret Baeckh, Mr. Joseph Fierle, Hon. P. G. Ryan, Mr. John Perz, Mrs. Thomas Cannon, and Mr. Paul Scheybold.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

- The Filipino Student Fund:
 E. J. R., \$1; Rev. D. L. M., \$5; Mrs. J. C. M., \$3; Friend, \$1.
 The Dominican Sisters, Baltimore, Md.:
 Friend, \$5; H. McQ., \$5; M. O'B., \$5; Rev. T. F., \$10; Family, \$3; H., \$1; E. M. B., \$3; Friend, \$2.
 Two Chinese Missions:
 Friend, \$1; Client of St. Joseph, \$5.



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 30, 1907.

NO. 13.

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

Virgo Fidelis.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

WHO hath been faithful like to thee, sweet Maid
 And Mother, to the blessed will divine?
 Who hath had faith and courage like to thine?
 Thy sinless heart by Sorrow's scourge was flayed;
 On thy pure brow the crown of sorrows weighed.
 As brightest star-flowers from the dark skies
 shine,

Thy virtues glorified His Great Design,
 And proved thee loving, faithful, unafraid.

Oh, little hearts of ours that bend and break,
 So quick to fall at touch of Sorrow's rod,
 Look at the Mother who, for Christ's dear sake,
 'Stood by His Cross when all the world grew
 dim.

Oh, let our suff'rings bring us close to Him,—
 Find us, like Mary, standing near to God!

The Passover and Its Celebration.*

I.

Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.

(I COR., v. 7.)

THE sacred name Passover is
 in most frequent use and
 high esteem among the faith-
 ful; and the mystery which
 it denotes ought to be most
 especially honored among Christians. Let
 us, then, all weigh what hath been done
 and instituted for our salvation. For the
 word "Passover" signifies the Passage of
 the Lord; because Christ on this day
 returned from death to life, migrated from

the world to heaven, to teach us contempt
 of the earthly, and love of the heavenly.
 High praise, then, we owe to our Heavenly
 Father, who hath quickened us together
 in His beloved Son, who suffered and was
 crucified in the flesh; by whose bruises
 we are healed, by whose innocent Passion
 we are delivered from death. And again,
 I say, let us magnify His name, and rejoice
 in His most glorious Resurrection.

First came the grief of Christ's most
 bitter death, which abolished the enmities
 of the old transgression, and washed away
 all the stains of our sin. Then hath fol-
 lowed the sweetness of unutterable joy
 and the height of perennial glory, which
 shall be given, after the exile of this world,
 to all those who are by baptism regenerated
 in Christ, returning as it were from Egypt
 to the bliss of Paradise. For by the
 immolation of the True Lamb, the spiritual
 Israel hath been freed from the captivity
 of the condemnation of the devil, and the
 new people of God hath passed into the
 freedom of the celestial habitation. For-
 asmuch as Christ rising from the dead
 hath converted the ancient Passover into
 the new, and transferred temporal life to
 eternal, well says the Apostle, therefore,
 and holy mother Church throughout all
 the world repeats the joyful strain:
 "Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us."

Ever, then, ought we to be mindful of
 the dolorous Passion of Christ, no less
 than of His joyful Resurrection, for our
 consolation in this mortal state; that so,
 through patience under many tribulations
 for Christ's sake, we may have hope and
 confidence that we shall reign with Him

* Two homilies of Thomas à Kempis. Translated by F. O.

forever. Study, then, in this holy and happy time, to rise again to the desire of a new conversation, and with spiritual joy to celebrate the praises of God. For Christ is powerful to help us yet more, and yet more fervently to inflame us with the desire of a heavenly life.

It darkens the lustre of the Paschal solemnity when any one pants more after carnal eating than the participation of Christ's precious Body, in which is contained the fountain of all sweetness and the refection of the soul. For truly without this most sacred food, meagre and unsatisfying is the board of the rich, how splendidly soever prepared. For as the soul is better than every body, so Christ, who is the food of the soul, excelleth every flavor in sweetness. And true though it be that, by reason of this solemnity of the Lord's Resurrection, more than ordinary joy befits, and pleasanter food is more freely permitted; yet ought the use of feasting to be moderate, and the bodily appetite to be restrained, in the fear of God. For this is profitable to the salvation of body and soul, and so a man becomes meet for the praises of God.

Let not, then, the concupiscence of the flesh prevail over thee; but, by devotion of mind, vanquish, in the power of the Holy Ghost, whatever corporal delectation comes over thee by means of the senses. Happy that soul which, by the odor of the unguents of Christ, is drawn to taste of the celestial banquet, and cries out with the Psalmist, saying: "At Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore; when Thou shalt appear, I shall be satisfied." * Greatly mistaken, surely, are all the foolish of heart, who, neglecting true and celestial good, seek consolations in earthly things, and without the bridle of just restraint covet great possessions. "The Kingdom of God," says the Apostle, "is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." †

Who, then, is he that celebrates the Passover in spirit? He who passes over

from vices to virtues, who rises from his old life and evil custom to a state of new devotion. Who worthily honors the Passover? He who spurns all secular honors, and seeks the glory of Christ in all his good actions. Who sacrifices the kid on the evening of the Passover? He who truly repents of his sins, and for the rest abstains from evil. Who eats the roasted Lamb with bitter herbs? He who sorrowfully thinks of Christ suffering on the cross, and, living innocently, chastens himself. Who is the true Hebrew who passes through the Red Sea? He who proceeds from carnal sense to sweetness of the spirit, and, forgetting those things which are behind, reaches forward to those which are before. Who is the true child of Abraham? He who advances from servile fear to the liberty of the sons of God. Who is the true disciple of Jesus? He who perfectly renounces all earthly things, and relinquishes his own will. Who is worthy to sit at the Table of Christ? He who voluntarily humbles himself for the love of Christ. Who is fit to enter the kingdom of heaven? He who contemns the kingdom of the world and all secular parade; he is the friend of God, the citizen of heaven, and lord of the world. Who is meet to contemplate the Face of Christ and to penetrate the secret of heaven? He who is clean in heart, fervent in prayer, and wholly given up to his internal life. Who is beloved and accepted of God? He who is abject in his own eyes and disesteems everything which passes away.

II.

"I have risen, and I am yet with thee. Alleluia!" * is the greeting of Christ to His Church, and to every faithful soul which is weighed down with exceeding sorrow at His Passion, and as it were deprived of all consolation. Her, therefore, Christ rising from death accosts in spirit; her He most graciously consoles with the gladdening address of His lips, saying: "I have risen, and am yet with thee. I have not forgotten thee; but, mindful of My promise, I appear

* Vid. Ps. xv, 11; xvi, 15.

† Rom., xiv 17.

* The first words of the Introit for Easter Day.

to thee as the most victorious Conqueror of death; and I announce to thee the joys of eternal blessedness, that thou mayst rejoice with Me in the ineffable glory of My Resurrection, which I have entered upon; because this I shall never lose, nor die any more. Greatly didst thou sorrow and weep yesterday for My Passion; but now weep no longer, for I am risen indeed; and I am yet with thee in the presence of My Majesty,—I who suffered in the weakness of the flesh. Now am I with higher glory crowned, and clad in the light of immortality,—I who two days since hung upon the cross, condemned to a most shameful death. I have lain three days in the sepulchre; but now I live, saith the Lord thy Redeemer, that thou mayst live for My sake.

“I rose to-day from the dead by the glory of the Father; and thou shalt rise in the last day with My elect, to be raised by the divine power from the tomb, and to receive a crown for thy deserts. Be joyful, therefore, with the voice of exultation, and with great thanksgiving perform devout canticles of praise, singing Alleluia, and lifting thyself on high to the festivals above. Rejoice in heart and voice together, O daughter of Sion, because the hour of temporal sadness is at an end, and the day of perpetual joy has returned, the hope of thy future glory. Let the Jews be sad, who crucified Me; let the Gentiles be confounded, who derided Me; let all fear who would not believe in Me. But let the faithful be glad, who love Me; let all the people be comforted, who, on hearing of My Passion, have mourned and wept. Let My disciples approach Me, who were dispersed and had fled, and left Me in the midst of My tortures; let the lowly and devout come to Me; let My priests and ministers go forth arrayed in robes of white. Let every Christian with supreme reverence approach My Table; and let all people celebrate this Paschal Day on which I have risen.

“For I am the Resurrection and the Life. I am the Living Bread which came

down from heaven, who give life to the world. I am the Good Shepherd, who feed My simple and obedient sheep, which forsake their own will, and follow Mine in all things. I am the hidden manna, the joy of angels, the Passover of Christians, the felicity of saints; rejoicing the angels with open vision, and on earth receiving men to the Communion of My Sacrament.

“Be not troubled, therefore, as though despised in the world. Be not sad, as though abandoned of God; fear not, as though encompassed by thine enemies. I have not forsaken thee, nor will I. I have not cast thee away, nor will I. But in many things will I prove thee, and by various temptations lead thee; and will try thee in the fire as gold, and refine thee. And in the time of tribulation I will appear to thee and comfort thee with My presence, pouring in the grace of devotion; first giving thee to drink the wine of compunction, then anointing thee with the oil of gladness, that thou mayst shed tears, and experience wondrous sweetness, and be wholly set on fire and dissolved.

“Thus, thus will I console those who mourn over Me in this vale of tears; who turn away from levities, and apply themselves to their interior life. I have a care for thee, and Mine eyes are toward My faithful, that they may sit with me in My Father's kingdom and behold My brightness, which I have had from eternity and have prepared for My friends. I will give them a full reward, when they shall rise from the dead, themselves also glorious and incorruptible. For this suffered I death, broke the power of hell, vanquished the devil, rescued the holy Fathers from their prison, opened the gates of Paradise, that I might introduce My elect to eternal blessedness.”

ENVY is a most fatal evil. When it reigns in a soul, it troubles, blinds, and excites it to every excess. It is from self-love that envy springs, and it is the love of the common welfare that combats and destroys it.—*St. Anthony of Padua.*

The Sculptor's Masterpiece.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

“IT is your masterpiece. Will the modelling be finished by Easter?”
“Perhaps.”

The sculptor and the woman he loved—she who was the spur to his inspiration, the solace of the hours of deepest discouragement that only gifted natures know—stood together before the clay his hands had transformed. It was the deathless miracle of art, ancient yet ever new; from the material he had evoked the spiritual.

“It is not only life but immortality,” said the loyal wife. “I almost feel as if the Madonna herself had for a moment illuminated the studio with her gracious presence. And, dear, you have seized that moment and made it forever yours.”

He smiled half wistful, half indulgent of her loving praise, and shook his head. “No artist yet has caught the faultless grace, The rapt inspiement of that perfect face,” he quoted. “No one has even adequately expressed the soul’s ideal of the Christ-Child and His Mother—”

“There is only one fault that could possibly be found with the statue,” she interrupted, musingly. “The Blessed Virgin is very sad. She is a mother, too: why not depict her maternal joy? Why not show forth the glory of the one Woman whom all nations shall forever call blessed?”

“Yes, she is sad, and I do not know why I have made her so,” he admitted. “She is the Madonna of the Presentation. The prophecy of Simeon has been spoken. Henceforth, for her, love, bliss, life, are but another name for sacrifice,—yes, sacrifice.”

The mallet fell from his hand, and he turned away.

Why was he so tired of late? He would do no more work to-day. To-morrow? Well, yes, perhaps to-morrow.

She who helped him—who was as strength to his hand and “a lamp to his feet.”—covered the clay. In a trice the studio became a cosy sitting-room. The winter afternoon was not nearly over, but she set the little tea table in place, and made the tea before the usual hour that he might not know how short a time he had been at work.

“I’d rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.”

As a child she had said it, and in her childish play had always discarded the conventional *ménage* for a happy-go-lucky gipsying.

Her present surroundings, indeed, could hardly be called Bohemian,—this spacious suite in one of the imposing studio buildings of the metropolis. She had married an unknown artist, but long ago success and its material reward had found her gifted husband out. Nevertheless, the informal studio life still suited him and pleased her best. Her name was Hope. None other would have fitted her so well; though sometimes he rang the changes upon it, and it became, “Her Sunniness.”

The range of his talent was wide; the grace and litheness of animals, portraiture, ideal loveliness or strength, classical themes,—in the delineation of all these he was happy. But what he sought after with the greatest earnestness was the interpretation of spiritual beauty—Christ and Our Lady, the sublime ideals that have been the inspiration of Art in every age since the “tidings of great joy” at Bethlehem, and the Alleluias of the first Easter Day. Strangely enough, however, until now he had never modelled the Madonna, the Mother and Child *together*; and this was the best work he had done.

The next day he did not work, nor yet the next. The time passed, but his enthusiasm and hold on life weakened. The pitying eyes of the Madonna, looking down from above on the unformed mass of clay, bade the wedded lovers prepare for the sacrifice that meant separation.

The clay is life, plaster is death, but the

marble is resurrection. Would it not please the sculptor to see his masterpiece completed, to know that it would endure for ages?

"Let me call in some one to finish the details of the modelling—the folds of the drapery, a touch upon the veil. Is not this all that is needed?" Hope said.

The next moment her love told her she had hurt him; for he aroused himself as from a lethargy, and replied, almost with his old fire:

"What! Allow any one to complete my Madonna? Never! While I live no other hand shall touch my work. If I die without finishing it, throw down the clay. Remember, this is my wish."

One evening, while she moistened the clay, keeping it pliant that it might be ready for his hand, she was conscious that as he lay upon his couch his eyes travelled from the statue to her own face and rested there with a searching gaze that compelled her to meet its strange intentness. "Her Sunniness," he said, and smiled. That smile was the passing of a soul. And in the studio there was another statue of clay and the cry of a heart left desolate.

If Hope had not been true to her name, she would have been prostrated by the tide of grief that swept over her. But the resources of fortitude and energy wherewith she had met every great wave of life helped her now. There was so much to be done. The world paid glowing tribute to his genius, friends honored his virtues and recalled his genial personality; but ever she who had loved him best was haunted by the thought: "How fleet the works of men! How soon the remembrance of them fades like a dream!" Henceforth her part should be to keep alive his memory, his fame.

It was in this hour of resolve that she came to the decision with regard to the work still on the modelling stand—the Madonna with the Pitying Eyes. How could she ever nerve herself to cast it down as he had bidden her? Would not

such an act be vandalism, a profanation? The request was made in the despondency of illness; she was not bound by the half-promise she had given. The artist, under the spell of his inspiration, his *real* self, would never have so spoken. He might as well have demanded in delirium that she take the Mexican dagger from the wall, plunge it into her heart, and die with him. She could not destroy the statue.

A young sculptor of known skill was called in, and Hope sharply questioned him.

"You can not portray the Madonna unless you love her. Can you stand the test?" she asked.

The young man was an Italian and ambitious.

"*Si, si, Signora!*" he replied *con amore*.

"Then you may set about your task," she said, with a sigh. "But, on your honor I charge you, only the folds of the drapery, the edge of the veil,—that is all you are to do."

"Signora, I swear it shall be as you command," he agreed; and she hurried from the room where for the first time a stranger worked.

It was Holy Week. For several days she kept away, fearing to look upon what had been done. At last came the threshold of the Easter that, in her bright anticipations, had meant so much. And now she was alone. The date was toward the end of April, and a few days of almost summer weather, such as sometimes strays to us from the South at this season, made it seem later in the spring.

On Easter Eve, when the young Italian had taken his departure, Hope ventured into the studio. From the windows she could see that in the park near by the trees had taken on a tinge of green. On the window-ledge a pot of daffodils, a woman's thought of her to-day, lifted their yellow heads in unobtrusive yet cheery welcome. The wind that blew across them had grown chill, however, with the setting of the sun,

Hope closed the sash and shrank into her old-time cosey corner,—the point of vantage from which, while apparently engaged in prosaic mending or other needle-work, she had been wont silently to watch her husband, sometimes with bated breath and marvelling delight, as he drew forth from the dull grey clay creations of his genius that almost seemed to live.

The dusk fell to-night, and still she lingered there. After a while, the Paschal moon, rising above the trees of the park, poured its pale beams into the room, where still remained the reproductions in plaster of much of the artist's work. To few men is it given to die surrounded by such palpable and worthy evidences of their toil. The moonlight now caused them to stand forth from the shadows—the bronze wild boar and the deer that had won the Salon medal; the mythological group that represented the Prix de Rome, the portrait bas-reliefs and busts in the background; the marble Virgin, exquisite, ethereal of form, with upraised, childlike face, a knightly ideal of angelic yet womanly purity.

Here, too, was the great White Christ, majestic in stature and dignity, yet benign of aspect, dominating all else like a veritable presence,—the great White Christ that during the weary weeks of struggle had looked down with extended arms and a gaze of infinite tenderness. And, latest of all, here was the Madonna. Ah, she must see it again!

She rose from her place, and, crossing the room, removed the cloth that covered the clay. Yes, the Italian had been faithful to his engagement. The beautiful head and face, the gracious mien of the Mother, the lovely Child, remained unaltered by so much as the lightest touch. Yet the young artist's own work had been well executed.

Hope was satisfied. Assuredly she had done right in preserving this *chef-d'œuvre*. As soon as possible it would be cast, and she would send the plaster fac-simile to Italy. Only there could a flawless block

of marble be secured. 'Only in Italy could men be found skilled enough to chisel from it the perfected statue.

Standing before the clay, Hope looked up into the sweet faces, upon which a moonbeam shone, irradiating them as with a heavenly compassion. How strange! Surely the gracious countenance of the Blessed Mother now inclined toward her, the Child leaned down with beneficent condescension.

"Madonna! Madonna! Jesu, console me!" she cried, stretching out her hands in an ecstasy of pleading and wonder.

The next moment, however, this waking dream faded into the shadows, and Hope's practical nature reasserted itself. In a flash of comprehension she understood—*the statue was falling!* With the involuntary instinct that prompts us to seek to save what we love, she steadied her weak hands and flung herself against the image, striving by her slight weight and strength to restore it to an upright position. She felt the thrill of disintegration pass through it. Then, suddenly realizing her danger, she started back with a cry of dismay and horror. None too soon. The next instant the great mass—a ton of clay with its heavy iron supports—sank noiselessly to the floor. Had she not sprung aside just in time, her life would have been crushed out beneath the ruin of the dead sculptor's masterpiece.

To Hope, the catastrophe brought a horror that even bereavement had lacked. The destruction had been so swift, so unexpected, so absolute. Had the statue toppled over with a crash she would not have been so terrified, but the silence that enshrouded its fall lent to the circumstance a mystic weirdness. And the time was Easter Eve.

In the Christian observance, the joy of Easter is anticipated. Another day without the Sun of Life, and amid the desolation of the Cross, the thought of Christ, the Life-Giver, lying in the tomb, would be too great a gloom for human hearts to endure. Therefore, already, on

the morning of this Saturday, the bells had rung out joyously, and the first Alleluias had been sung in promise of Love's triumph.

But the woman who mourned in the studio still followed afar off along the *Via Dolorosa*, and understood with a new comprehension why the sweet eyes of the Madonna had said ever: "Sacrifice! sacrifice!" Had Hope done wrong in striving to keep, in opposition to the genius that created it, the statue over whose ruin she now watched? At first, to her distraught fancy, it seemed as if the spirit of the dead, returning, had, with the silver mallet of a moonbeam, smitten down the clay. How could she have been so disloyal to his wish? Ah, she would never have so disregarded it save for his sake, that in his completed work he might still live!

A prolonged and futile vigil brings weariness or exhaustion, often both. Crouching at the foot of the modelling stand, and surrounded by the destruction of her late unselfish ambition; Hope sank lower until her head rested against the platform, and she slept at last. The light of early morning, stealing in through the parted curtains of the studio, awakened her. A sparrow, perched on the stone coping outside, chirped gaily. The daffodils on the sill were like a flight of yellow butterflies alight upon the slender leaves.

The lonely woman struggled to her feet, and, going to the window, looked out down the desert cañon of the street lined on either side by apartment hotels of many stories, to the oasis of the park where the green of the trees shone with the promise of a fuller beauty. The blue of all the sea was re-blazoned in the sky, save in the east, where all was violet and amber. And as she watched, from the bright groves hallowed by the new miracle of spring, shot a long ray of light, that presently flooded the neighboring roofs and turned to gold what had before been brown and sombre. Another moment, and the glorious disk of the sun appeared, unclouded,

sublime,—the sun of Easter Day, the daily symbol of the Resurrection. Thus had Omnipotence burst the bonds of Night and Death.

"How beautiful is God's world!" cried Hope, clasping her hands in the self-forgetfulness that is the loftiest prayer. "The day will be fair, yet how often it is amid the storm that Nature, animate and inanimate, sings her most triumphant Alleluia! Christ is risen! Christ is risen, in order that our sorrow may be changed into joy,—the joy that remembers and is brave. The shattering of my dream, the collapse of the statue, was an accident, yet it but said to me again:

No artist yet has caught the faultless grace,
The rapt inspiement of that perfect face.

Throw down the clay. It was his own last wish."

Upon the floor of the studio lay a grey, sodden clod. Nothing remained of the sculptor's masterpiece. Nothing? Yet stay—

She bent over the fragments eagerly, entranced, awed. For from the chaos, like an image mirrored in an ebbing tide, still shone forth the dear face of the Madonna. And the pitying eyes, so sweetly tender, said to Hope's fervid heart:

"Only those who have known sacrifice can know the fulness of the Easter joy. *Resurrexit!* Rejoice, then, and let thy soul be comforted."

HUMBLE mildness is the virtue of virtues which Our Lord has recommended to us, and therefore we ought to practise it everywhere and always. Evil is to be shunned of course, but peaceably. Good is to be done, but always with suavity. Take this for the rule of your conduct: Do what you see can be done with charity; and what can not be done without disturbance, leave undone. In short, peace and tranquillity of heart ought to be uppermost in all our actions, as oil floats above all other liquors.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

To Life Again.

AFTER ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, BY H. M. M.

JOYFUL from her earthy bed,
 Spring leads forth her new-born train;
 Jesus, rising from the dead,
 All things calls to life again:
 All the elements obey,
 Feeling their Creator's sway,
 Keeping solemn holiday.
 Now He gives serener skies,
 And the billows cease to rise;
 And the breeze blows still and light
 And our vale is blooming bright.
 Green the thirsty uplands grow;
 Winter's fetters melt and flow
 As the vernal zephyrs blow.
 Life from Death thus wins the prize;
 For mankind recovers more
 Than they lost or knew before,—
 All the joys of Paradise.
 And as promised by the Lord,
 Lo! He sheaths the flaming sword,
 And the Cherub-guarded way
 Opens into endless day.

In Notre-Dame de Calais.

BY R. M. SILLARD

READERS of Ruskin will remember that passage in "Modern Painters" where he tells us of the intense pleasure that the sight of the old tower of the church of Notre-Dame at Calais always gave him. He calls our attention to the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts and holes and ugly fissures, and yet strong like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride nor grace; yet neither

asking for pity; not as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work, as some old fisherman, beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets.

So it stands, this old Calais church, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness, gathering human souls together within it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of the tower seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and the church for patience and praise.

With these thoughts in my mind, I tarried in Calais on my way south to Paris some years ago, curious to see and learn something more about this old church than Ruskin tells us. He appears to have viewed and studied it from the outside, "at the foot of the old tower," and never to have entered it. For I can not imagine the author of "The Stones of Venice" standing before the beautiful great altar in this church—a veritable hidden gem—without giving us a pen-picture of it worthy to rank beside his matchless description of St. Mark's Cathedral.

I found it a wonderful old church indeed outside, and awe-inspiring within. The absence of all show and care for its outside aspect appealed to me as having an infinite symbolism in it. It is of large dimensions, and has somewhat the appearance of a fortress. The plan is that of a Latin cross, and consists of a large nave with aisles, north and south transepts, a choir with choir aisles, and a side chapel. I believe the church was originally built in the thirteenth century. It suffered greatly in the various sieges to which Calais was often subjected during the early wars between France and England, notably in 1346-47, after the battle of Crécy, when King Edward III. blockaded the town by land and sea, and starved it into

surrender after a year's resistance. My readers know, of course, that this ancient town—once "the key of France"—remained in the hands of the English for two hundred years, until 1558, when François de Guise, at the head of thirty thousand Catholic soldiers, expelled the invaders. Those were troublous times in Calais, and the church of Notre-Dame still bears evidence of the many bombardments it withstood.

In this sacred edifice many of the kings and queens of France and England have knelt in prayer and offered up thanks for their safe voyage across the Channel, or for the success of their arms. Here came Francis I., Henri II. and Henri IV. of France; Louis XIII., Louis XV., and Louis XVIII., who, as soon as he set his foot on French soil, repaired to this church to give thanks for his restoration to the throne in April, 1814.

Among the many treasures still preserved here is a remarkable painting by Rubens of the Descent from the Cross. This picture once adorned the chapel of the galleon of the Spanish Admiral who led the invincible Armada. The ship was wrecked off Calais, and the picture transferred to this church. Many other treasures formerly guarded here disappeared during the French Revolution, when the altars of St. Pierre and the Sacré Cœur were pillaged, and many relics stolen or destroyed, including some of St. Fortunatus, St. Justus and St. Augustine of Canterbury. But the gem of this church is the high altar, which, on account of the rare beauty, delicacy, and grace of its statues, the carvings of its columns and bas-reliefs, its lofty elevation, and perfect proportions, is one of the finest in all France. A lover of the beautiful like Ruskin surely could not have forgotten such a masterpiece.

The history of the erection of this magnificent work of art can be briefly told here. When France and Spain were at war in 1620, a Genoese ship, bearing marble to the Netherlands, was—wrecked

close to Calais, and King Louis XIII., who was in the town, granted the town-folk the marble for the adornment of their old parish church. The services of many sculptors and artists were at once secured for the work, yet long years elapsed before the altar was completed. The cargo of the Genoese ship was not deemed sufficient for the purpose, and black and white marbles were brought from Dinan, near St. Malo, as well as white alabaster and stones of jasper from the beautiful valley of the Rance. The greater part of the altar was finished by the year 1626, as that date is engraved on the plinth of the stone above the heads of the Four Evangelists. The pedestal and the statue of the Blessed Virgin bear the date 1628. In the following year the large statues of St. Louis, France's sainted King, and Charlemagne were added to the altar; but the balustrades at the sides, for some reason or other, were not finished until 1648.

The height of the reredos, including the carving of the Resurrection, is more than fifty feet. The various colors of the marbles used add much to its beauty; the altar itself is made of white marble, and the tabernacle of black marble, with three panels. On the right and left side of each panel is a niche containing statuettes of alabaster, representing two bishops carrying the sacred vessels. These statuettes are quite perfect, but the vessels have been broken. Above and below are the heads of angels. The dome of the tabernacle is made of alabaster; it is surmounted by a lantern, on which is perched a pelican, in Christian art the symbol of charity. The bas-relief on the left represents Moses and the Israelites receiving the manna, the type of the Last Supper, which appears on the right. In the centre is a beautiful oil-painting of the Assumption by the Jesuit, Father Gérard Seghers.* He was a noted painter in his day, and this is considered one of his principal works. It would com-

* Born at Antwerp in 1592.

mand an honored place in any collection.

The balustrades on each side of the altar are the work of Gaspard Marsi, the chief sculptor of Louis XIV., the creator of many of the artistic triumphs of Versailles. His monogram and date, 1648, are carved on one of the pilasters of the balustrade. On each side of the choir there are six balusters of rose and yellow marble, separated by a pilaster, with a square panel of alabaster delicately sculptured in bas-relief. In the friezes appear fruits and foliage, angels, infants, swans, hares, ostriches, heads of dolphins, and grotesque animals. The symbolical meaning of some of these—if they have any—is difficult to conjecture; but, beyond yea or nay, the altar is a wonderful work of art, and as such it is the expression of the minds of great men. "As the made thing is good or bad, so is the maker of it." Amongst those who were employed upon the carving of the marbles were Adam Lottman, a sculptor of St. Omer; Pierre Taverne, Anthoine Liesse, Jehan Stilleman, Pierre Seyliard, Jacques Lanssien, and William Lefebvre,—all skilled sculptors and masons, whose work was a labor of love, in which no speck or flaw could be endured.

Viewed in the solemn stillness, these memorials of vanished hands and of princely munificence gave an impressive grandeur to the sacred edifice, to which a more ornate exterior could have added nothing.

IF you truly wish to make spiritual profit, you must apply yourself closely to that counsel of the Apostle, *Attende tibi*—"Take heed to thyself." This implies two things: the first is not to become entangled in others' affairs, or watchful as to their defects; since he has not a little to do who wishes to manage his own affairs well and correct his own failures. The second is to take our own perfection to heart and attend to it incessantly, without regarding whether others attend to theirs or not.—*Abbot Pastor.*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XIV.

"**T**HERE—there! You are killing me, Mammy! Put down that comb instantly and get a pair of scissors!" Sydney was exclaiming, in a plaintive but very impatient tone, as Lett opened the door of her room with the precaution and noiselessness which had become habitual to her of late, and motioned Mildred to enter.

"O Miss Syd," remonstrated Jessie, "please don't—"

"Do as I tell you!" her young mistress interrupted peremptorily. "I'm not going to be tortured in this way any longer. *Get the scissors!*"

But at this moment the two girls advanced; and Jessie, who had turned to obey, saw them, and said in a tone of relief:

"Here's Miss Lett and Miss Mildred, honey."

Sydney was sitting bolt-upright by the window, a shapeless black figure, as Mildred's eye rested on her first. Her hair, combed straight out, fell before her face and all around her shoulders like a thick veil; only two wax-like hands, small and very slender, were lying spread out on the arms of the chair, where she had flung them the instant before in her paroxysm of impatience. She lifted these hands, and, parting the long locks in the middle of her forehead, pushed them carelessly behind her ears, exposing a pallid, emaciated face, statuesque in features, in which was set a pair of large dark eyes, that looked up as Mildred approached with a glance of interest and curiosity. Her greeting to Miss Sterndale was composed and courteous, and she accepted graciously a bouquet which Mildred placed in her hand.

"What lovely flowers!" she said, bending her head to inhale their fragrance. "I think I shall always associate you

with flowers and fruits," she added, with a very faint smile. "I am glad to see you and thank you for remembering me so kindly when you were in the country."

"And I am glad to see you, and to hear that you are getting well," answered Mildred, cordially.

"Thank you! Yes, I suppose I am getting well." She sighed. "Mrs. Sterndale and the doctor say so. But I don't feel much as if I were. I am so weak!"

"Oh, that is to be expected after such an illness as yours!" said Mildred. "Lett tells me that you can leave your room a little now, which must be a great relief to you. One gets so tired of being a prisoner within four walls, when one has been ill a long time."

"Were you ever ill a long time?"

"Yes. Three years ago I had just such a fever as yours. And my hair all dropped out after it. You are losing yours, aren't you?"

"Yes indeed," replied Sydney, with an air of great injury. "It comes out by handfuls, and gets so tangled that I was just going to make Mammy cut it off—a minute ago."

"You are right: it ought to come off; and the sooner the better," said Mildred. "But it needs professional skill to do the thing properly. The scalp must be clean-shaven after the hair is cut. I will send for a barber."

With her usual decision and promptness of action, she was rising to leave the room for the purpose of invoking at once this professional skill, when Sydney stopped her, crying out in the petulant tone of a spoiled child:

"No!—not now! You may send some other time, but I don't want to be bothered about it just now. Sit down again. You, too, Joyeuse" (to Lett),—"sit down." The thin little hands motioned imperatively. Then, as they complied with her command, she turned to Mildred, saying, "I want to look at you and talk to you at present. I am pleased with your appearance."

The grave, not to say patronizing, tone and manner in which she spoke the last words, came so oddly from the girlish creature before them, that both Lett and Mildred broke into a ripple of laughter.

"Mildred is no doubt flattered by your favorable opinion," said Lett, with a shade of good-natured irony.

"She may be," was the reply; "for you know that indiscriminate approbation is not a weakness of mine."

"Then I am flattered," said Mildred. "I like to be thought well of, particularly by people of discrimination."

The dark eyes, that looked of unusual size from being so hollow and deep-set, shot a quick glance of interrogation at Miss Sterndale, seemingly to ascertain whether she spoke in earnest or sarcastically.

"I dare say you are laughing at me," Sydney resumed. "But I don't mind if you are. I am not at all susceptible—in the French sense of the word. And I hope you will not mind my way of speaking. I learned it from my grandmother, who always expressed her opinions very candidly. And I am ill, you see, and don't feel equal to the fatigue of picking and choosing words; or I really would not have made so personal a remark. Sick people think they have a prescriptive right to be troublesome and disagreeable; but I didn't mean to be impertinent. And, then, I am unfortunate in having been an only child,—which means, you know, being badly spoiled. You are not an only child?"

"No. I have two brothers."

"So Mammy told me. I congratulate you. In some respects, it is a good thing—at least it is pleasant when one is little—to be the only candidate in the house for bonbons and spoiling. But it's bad afterward; because it's hard, after having been spoiled, to unspoil oneself. And of course that is what every sensible person must do."

"Of course," responded Mildred, smiling.

"I perceive," said Sydney, with the curiously penetrating gaze of which Mrs.

Sterndale had spoken, "that you have settled it in your own mind, from my talking so egotistically, that I do not belong to the category of sensible people. You shall see—when I get well."

With a sudden look of weariness, she leaned her head against the high back of her chair and closed her eyes.

Lett rose quickly, and, going to a table near by, poured some broth into a cup, added a proportion of wine, and brought it to her, saying:

"You are tiring yourself talking too much. We will leave you to rest when you have taken this. Aunt Jessie ought to have given it to you half an hour ago."

"She did want me to take it just as the clock struck eleven, but I wouldn't," answered Sydney, opening her eyes and fixing them on the cup with anything but an amiable regard.

"But how foolish of you that was!" said Lett. "Take it now, then. You know how the doctor insists on it."

"I'm sick and tired of having to be taking something all the time," was the reply, in a fretful tone. "And you needn't go. I don't want to rest. Sit down again, both of you"—Mildred had risen from her seat—"and talk, and I will listen. The doctor says I am to be amused. You know that."

"Sydney, I really would not be so childish!" remonstrated Lett, trying to look grave.

"Of course *you* wouldn't. But there is the difference between us. You are well and I am ill, and you are a saint and I am a sinner."

She closed her eyes again at the last words, and her head drooped a little toward one shoulder, showing the outline against her dishevelled hair of her chin and throat that looked almost skeleton-like.

"Oh, I feel so weak!" she murmured, plaintively. "It puts me out of all patience to feel so weak."

"Take your broth, dear," said Lett, gently. "It will strengthen you."

She offered the cup, which she had been

holding patiently, to the pale lips; and Sydney tasted it, but pushed it away then.

"Put some more wine in it," she said.

"There is the usual quantity," answered Lett.

"Add another glass of wine to it," repeated the invalid, in a slow, emphatic tone. "It hasn't enough in it now to strengthen a fly."

"But, Sydney—"

"Take it away, then. I'll not touch it as it is!" she cried quickly. "And you are worrying me, Joyeuse!" she added in a seriously warning tone, glancing up reproachfully. "You are worrying me."

Lett went back to the table, added more wine to the broth; and Sydney, with an air of conscious virtue, then condescended to drink it, after which she said languidly:

"Now I will rest a while, and you and Mildred can talk about your plans for our mountain journey. You will be fulfilling one of the corporal works of mercy by staying to amuse me."

The two girls, consenting to her request, sat and discussed the programme of their proposed summer excursion; and Sydney listened silently for a while, but finally roused herself and began to speak with some animation.

"You are a very handsome girl, Mildred," she said. "Anywhere, except in the same house with your mother, you would be called positively beautiful. And you understand the art of dress. It is a refreshment to my eyes to see a pretty gown once more."

"I am glad mine meets your approval," Mildred responded. "I am very fond of pretty gowns."

"A natural and womanly taste," said Sydney, in the tone of a man of forty commending his daughter. "Now, here is Lett making a fright of herself in the monstrosity of costume she affects. Fancy what a different being she would look if decently dressed; for she has by nature the air and manner of a *grande dame*, and in proper toilette would look the character as well."

"Don't talk nonsense, dear," said the subject of this criticism, placidly.

"I spoke to Father Gervase—who is her director—on the subject," continued Sydney, still addressing Mildred, "and tried to persuade him to advise her about it; for it does seem a pity that she should disfigure herself so. But he only laughed and told me that it was not a mortal sin to wear an unbecoming dress, and that she would no doubt correct the mistake in time. He did say just that," Sydney asseverated, as Lett started and colored brightly. "So, you see, he considers it a mistake,—which, in my opinion, is a mild way of characterizing such an offence against good taste, and the duty you owe yourself, as dear grandmamma would say. Now, Mildred, candidly speaking, don't you agree with me? Don't you think—"

A timely interruption, in a knock at the door of a servant who came to announce the presence of a visitor in the drawing-room, spared Mildred the embarrassment of answering this question.

XV.

Sydney was presented to Mr. Chetwode just before dinner; and as they sat at table he said to Mrs. Sterndale:

"This little girl evidently needs mountain air. When will she be able to travel, do you think?"

"In about a week or ten days, I hope," she replied. "The doctor is inclined to hurry too much, and urges your starting next Monday or Tuesday. But that will not do. She must gain a little more strength before undertaking the journey."

"The doctor would send us off tomorrow, if he could," said Mildred. "He is so atrociously fussy!"

"But an excellent physician," said Lett.

"And if he has some peculiarities, so we all have, unfortunately," added Mrs. Sterndale.

"True,—most true," acknowledged Mildred. "And I will point your remark, mamma, by a moral reflection I met with in a book I was reading the other day. 'It is the person who has most faults

himself'—in this case herself—'who is quickest to perceive and censure the failings of others.' I made a mental note of it at the time, for private use. But—alas for the infirmity of human nature!—it escaped my recollection just when it was needed. My tongue is very unruly, and will say uncharitable things, though I am constantly trying to break myself of the habit."

"Do you consider what you said uncharitable?" asked Sydney. "I don't. You did not speak ill-naturedly, and it is the truth."

"For that very reason, Dr. Norris would be annoyed by the accusation, and particularly from me."

"Why?" demanded Sydney. But before Mildred had time to reply, she exclaimed hastily: "Excuse me for asking what sounds like an impertinent question."

"I have not the least objection to answering it," said Mildred, pleasantly. "Dr. Norris and I used literally to hate each other. From the time I can first remember, I detested him as the living representative of illness and everything nauseous in the form of medicine; and he returned my detestation with compound interest, considering me the very incarnation of original sin."

"Why, I thought you were the best of friends!" said Lett. "He is always very deferential to your opinions, I have observed."

"That is because he has a dread of rousing what he used to call my 'phenomenal temper,'" said Mildred, laughing. "But of course we don't really dislike each other now. Indeed we are very good friends."

"Your 'phenomenal temper'!" repeated Sydney. "Really if that is his way of talking about you—"

"Oh," Mildred hastened to explain, "I did have a most abominable temper in measles and whooping-cough days, and used to rail at him fearfully. Mamma never spoiled her children when we were well, but the moment we were ill she

laid down her arms, and let us be as bad as we pleased. And Gilroy and I always took full advantage of the liberty allowed us, and were perfect imps. Weren't we, mamma?"

"I am afraid you were," answered her mother.

"Almost everybody is bad-tempered when ill," observed Sydney, in a didactic tone. "Grandmamma used to say that, generally speaking, illness weakens the will as much as the body. And of course Lucifer takes advantage of this weakness to tempt one to be impatient and unreasonable."

"Lucifero?" repeated Mildred. "You mean—"

"Satan, of course. I call him Lucifer because it doesn't seem quite nice to use the word *devil* familiarly. It is so much on the lips of horrid profane people that it has rather a coarse sound. And so has *Satan*."

"Rather," Mr. Chetwode remarked a little dryly. "But why use it familiarly, or at all?"

"Because when he comes whispering temptations into one's ear, one wants a name for him, to insult him and order him off. At least I do."

As Mr. Chetwode had never been aware of any such whisperings in his own ear, the strength of this argument was not apparent to him. He looked amused as he said:

"You seem to have studied his character and to be on quite intimate terms with him, since he takes the liberty of whispering in your ear. But don't you think there may be a little imagination in such whispers?"

Sydney laid down her fork deliberately and fastened her eyes on his own.

"I suppose," she said, "that you are one of the people who don't believe in the existence of the devil."

Had her manner been less simple and serious, this speech, considering her age and his, and their relative positions, might have sounded flippant if not disrespectful.

But she was obviously so unaware of any impropriety that it was impossible not to smile at the question. And this smile, which was general around the table, covered a momentary hesitation on the part of Mr. Chetwode, who was taken aback for an instant. But he asked then in his usual kindly tone:

"Why should you suppose so?"

"You spoke, I thought, as if you considered it ridiculous to believe in a personal devil."

"My little girl," he said very gravely now, while exchanging a glance with Mrs. Sterndale, "that is a strange expression to be on your lips. I hope you have not been reading any of the books which promulgate that theory?"

"No," she replied. "I wanted to, but grandmamma wouldn't let me. I learned all I know about agnosticism and Advanced Thought from the conversation of some friends of hers, who were of that school. She was fond of arguing with them, and I picked up a little information on the subject by hearing them talk, before she had an idea that I was listening or had understood what they were saying. When she found that I had been drinking in such poison, as she called it, she was horrified, and I had to go through a regular inquisition before she was satisfied that I had not been contaminated. My confessor was sorry that I had heard such conversations at my age; but he told her before he questioned me that he believed that, though only a child, I was too well-instructed a Catholic to be shaken in my faith."

"And he was not mistaken in this opinion?"

"Why, of course not," she answered. "He said there is no such thing as that a baptized Catholic can lose the faith except wilfully; that it is a gift of God which can not be taken away from any one who wishes to keep it."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Chetwode, with a return to his ordinary manner, "that to indulge a habit of familiar com-

munication with your friend Lucifero—is it that you call him?”

“Yes. I don’t call him Lucifer, for that is a grand name. It was a nickname that I wanted for him, and this was all I could think of.”

“I was going to say that a habit of familiar communication with Lucifero can not be the best way to keep your faith. I advise you not to encourage the whispers you speak of.”

“Encourage them!” she repeated. “You must know very little about him if you are not aware that he doesn’t need encouragement—the great difficulty being to repulse him. Ever since I have been ill, he has had the whip-hand of me, I am ashamed to say. But I am getting well now, and I have already given him the *route*. I don’t mean to be wilful in future, or to make myself troublesome to you, Mr. Chetwode.”

“I’ll be your surety that you will not, my dear,” said Mrs. Sterndale, smiling. “It is only weak or very selfish people who are wilful, and I am sure that you are neither the one nor the other.”

“Thank you!” said Sydney warmly, her thin face flushing with pleasure. “Thank you for understanding my character, as well as for your kindness!”

Having thus expressed to Mr. Chetwode the assurance she was anxious to give him, she spoke very little afterward, retiring to her room as soon as they rose from table. And immediately on gaining the privacy of that haven, she burst forth with great unction:

“He is a horrid, self-sufficient old prig!”

“Who are you talkin’ about, Miss Syd?” inquired Jessie, to whom the observation was addressed.

“That old Mr. Chetwode, of course,” was the reply. “And you said he was such a nice gentleman,—that he put you in mind of old times!”

“So he does,” answered Jessie, stoutly. “You’re too young, honey, to know anything about old-times folks. But I remember ‘em. They was another sort to what

even the best of gentlemen, as they call theirselves, is nowadays. Here comes Miss Lett. You ask her what she thinks of Mr. Chetwode, and if he ain’t—”

“Pray what does *she* know about old-times gentlemen—or any others, for that matter?” interrupted Sydney, a little disdainfully. “I’ve been in society all my life, but she went into her convent when she was only six years old, and never left it until she came to our house. I don’t suppose Miss Lett ever saw more than half a dozen men in her whole life—to speak to.”

“I have never seen many men, certainly,” said Lett, who had entered the room in time to hear the last remark. “What is the grievance to you in that?” she asked, with a smile.

“None at all,” answered Sydney; “only Mammy was referring to you as if you were an authority on the subject. I was talking about that old Mr. Chetwode. I consider him horrid.”

“O Sydney,” Lett exclaimed, “how can you talk so,—kind as he has been to us!”

“Yes, yes, I know!” Sydney responded, with a hushing motion of the hand. “Of course I’m grateful to him for all that, and I don’t mean to give him the least trouble or annoyance. You heard me tell him so at dinner, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“That’s right, my honey! I wouldn’t if I was you!” said Jessie.

“But all the same, he is a conceited old prig. And he doesn’t like me a bit better than I like him,—I see that. But I don’t resent it,” she went on, in a deprecating tone; “for I am perfectly aware that I am horrid, too. And the wonder to me is how you have so much patience with me, Joyeuse,—you who are so good that you naturally can not understand the wickedness of human nature in general. But you are going to bring a priest, you say. Heaven knows I need to see one.”

“Our *enfant terrible* is evidently a person of decided character and opinions,” Mr. Chetwode remarked to Mrs. Sterndale that evening when they chanced to be alone.

"Yes," she answered, amused as she always was at his manifest horror of Sydney. "But," she added, in a more serious tone, "she is only a child yet, you see,—a spoiled child, I will concede. But I recognize in her indications of an unusually fine character."

"I am heartily glad to hear it, as you are a much better judge of character than I am," he said. "I confess I don't at all like what I have heard and seen of her. And, unless I am much mistaken, Miss Hereford is more of my opinion than yours about her."

"Perhaps so. But I think, my dear Romuald, that you and Lett were both prepossessed against the poor child by her father's representations of her obstinacy in refusing to be coerced into a forced marriage. I think she was perfectly right, and I beg you to suspend judgment of her for the present."

"With all my heart," he replied.

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Chalice.*

BY B. D. L. F.

BANG went the doors, the whistle sounded, and the heavy wheels began to revolve as the Paris train, after depositing its one and only passenger, steamed slowly out of the station at B—. But though the express stopped every day to fill its tanks, it was seldom that it brought a passenger to that out-of-the-way place.

The new arrival stood for a few minutes uncertain which way to turn; then made his way toward the door, over which "Sortie" was inscribed in large letters. A small, low room and a second door brought the traveller out on a dusty road, where he again hesitated. Two ways lay before him. The one descended toward the river, while the other, rising slightly, led to the open country beyond.

Deciding in favor of the former, the

priest—for such his cassock and round felt hat proclaimed him to be—was soon wending his way down a steep incline toward the valley, where the waters of the Indre sparkled and rippled as they swept onward between their narrow banks. A few minutes later he stood in front of the presbytery door, waiting for it to open in answer to his knock. Seven eventful years had passed since he had parted from the friend, who had lately been sent by the Bishop as *curé* to the village of B—. In what different places, indeed, the lines of the two men had fallen! For while the one labored as *vicaire* in the heart of a crowded city, the other spent his days caring for a little flock in this peaceful and quiet spot.

As the priest reached this point in his meditations, the door flew open, the *curé* himself appeared on the threshold, and the two friends, as they entered the house together, felt that, though much had altered since they parted, their friendship at least had remained unchanged.

"Come with me and see my church," said the *curé*, half an hour later.

The church was a low building of no special architecture; its bare white walls and wooden benches bespoke the greatest poverty. And the traveller, coming straight from his beautiful church in Paris, was struck all the more forcibly by the contrast. The *curé* now led the way to the sacristy. Inserting a key into a lock, he opened a wooden cupboard and drew forth from its hiding-place a golden chalice. Handling it with loving care, he held it up toward his friend, so that the light falling straight upon it through the window should reveal its marvellous beauty. His friend stood in silent admiration; for rarely had he seen such exquisite workmanship, while the jewels which shone and sparkled in the light spoke of a value which left him in amazement.

"*Mon ami*," he cried, "you must tell me how you came by this treasure. Your church is poor, your village still poorer; yet you possess this beautiful vessel,

* A true story

which might well excite the envy of a very rich parish."

The *curé* smiled.

"I knew you would be surprised," he said; "and you are not the first who has asked that question. The story of this chalice is the story of a life. If you will wait till after dinner, I will gladly tell you its history."

That evening, when the two friends sat smoking after their simple meal, the *curé* proceeded to fulfil his promise.

"Many years ago, in a chateau which stood but two miles from this village, lived a young servant girl named Marie. Brought up by pious parents, she had kept her early faith, though her fellow-servants had long since given up all pretence of obeying the mandates of their religion. Often, when her work was done, she would steal down to the village church, and there kneel before the Blessed Sacrament, in loving converse with Him who is ever present on our altars. Coming straight from the chateau, where every room was hung with rich tapestry, where gold and silver plate was in constant use, the bareness of the church and the plainness of the sacred vessels when she assisted at Mass struck her painfully.

"One evening, as Marie was walking homeward in the dusk, wishing she were the possessor of great riches that she might lay them at her Lord's feet, a plan, indistinct at first yet ever growing into a firm resolve, shaped itself in her mind. She would henceforth put by every penny of her savings until a sum of money should accumulate large enough to buy a golden chalice,—one worthy of Our Lord. She did not deceive herself as to the magnitude of the task; she knew it would be the work of years, perhaps indeed of a lifetime; but, nothing daunted, she smiled into the gathering darkness as her fancy showed her, upon the altar, a golden cup all studded with precious stones.

"From that time forward this poor servant maid led a life of the greatest self-denial; she refused herself every

pleasure, denied herself every comfort, that she might add to her little store. But as time went on she began to realize that if she would succeed in her purpose, she must in some way increase her earnings. Now, lace-making was one of the industries of Marie's native village, and at home she had often handled the bobbins. Here was a way of adding to her store. With fresh courage she set herself to this new task, which proved to be no light one; and night after night, when all about her slept, she would toil at her work, her heart set on her offering.

"In this way many years passed; the young girl became a grey-haired woman, and the sum so long worked for was almost completed, when some rich ladies accidentally discovered the secret kept so well and so long. Filled with admiration for the patient toiler, and with shame at their own indifference, they gave out of their plenty the amount still required, for the purchase of my beautiful chalice."

"And the servant girl? What became of her?"

The *curé* shook his head.

"It was before my time," he said. "Her grave lies close by in the churchyard, and the old villagers always refer to her as 'the saint.'"

The Festival of Hope.

CHRISTMAS is the feast of love, but Easter is the festival of hope. "This solemnity," says St. Gregory, "elevates us from earth to transport us into the ecstasy of eternity." On this day, so appropriately styled by our forefathers the Festival of Festivals, we not only celebrate the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, but we greet also with the exultation of ineffable joy the aurora of our own resurrection. Easter proclaims to man: Thou shalt not die; the grave will prove for thy flesh, bruised and broken by the buffetings of time or of pain, what the soil is for the seed confided to it: it will germinate there in the silence of centuries,

eventually to arise brilliant and immortal.

To the truly Christian mind everything speaks of the Resurrection. Nature, plunged as it were in sleep during the winter season, awakes to robe herself with verdure and gaiety; on the withered stalks of yesterday there bloom to-day the richest flowers, and each of them has a voice to declare: "And if the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe, how much more you, O ye of little faith?"

The sun, wrapped about so long with a sombre mantle of fog and clouds, appears now resplendent with new fires; and in this radiant orb Christians see another pledge of hope; for, in the glory of their risen flesh, "then shall the just shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

And, in the holy place, the Church recalls to the minds of her children in a variety of ways the great consoling dogma. The most splendid vestments replace the robes of mourning, rich tapestries and laces adorn the altars, the bells peal out the most joyous anthems; and within the sanctuary all voices take their tone from the heaven-descended *Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Easter in Hebrew signifies *passage*. This name, of itself, awakens in the Christian notable memories. Easter! 'Tis the passage of the exterminating Angel through Egypt; 'tis the passage of the Israelites through the divided waters of the Red Sea; 'tis the passage for the souls of the just from Limbo to heaven; 'tis the passage for the catechumens from infidelity to the light of faith; and, for us, the passage from sin to grace, from the dust of the tomb to the glory of the Resurrection. The Church mentions all these matters in the liturgical Office for the feast, but seems to lay particular stress on the joys of the Resurrection and those of Baptism.

One symbol of the resurrection of the body, as we learn from St. Augustine, is the egg. In the tombs of many martyrs have been found eggs made of marble,

and even the shells of natural eggs. For the Christian of early times the egg was the image of the tomb; the body would rest therein without movement or life until He who deigned to compare His tenderness to that of a hen gathering her chickens under her wings comes to break the chains that bind the captive to death. To this eminently religious origin may be traced the various usages, in Catholic countries, of the Easter egg. Even at this day in some European churches an ostrich egg is suspended on Easter morning in the centre of the sanctuary, as a pledge of hope; and that morning, at the domestic hearth, the "blessed egg" is the first food taken.

With the dawning of Easter begins the Paschal Time. The days of penance are consummated. No more mourning, no more tears in the liturgy. Opening up the vast horizons of eternity, the Church transports us on the wings of hope to a vantage-ground whence we may see the brilliant crown which, after the sufferings of this life, will be placed on the brows of the victor, and the unmeasurable joys of the beatific vision. The sacred liturgy translates and emphasizes this consoling thought throughout the whole period of the Eastertide, or Paschal Time,—a period of fifty days.

During this particular season of the ecclesiastical year the first Christians said their prayers in a standing posture. As a reason for such a custom, St. Justin says: "It is to keep before our eyes continually the blessing of our resurrection. The humiliation of our body at other times is a symbol of our fall through sin; but the posture that we take in these days that belong to the Lord is a sign of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, who delivered us from the bondage of sin and death." The Council of Nice gave to this custom the sanction of Canon Law. It is still preserved, as we know, for the recitation of the *Regina Cæli* during Eastertide, and for that of the Angelus on Sundays the whole year round.

Notes and Remarks.

The presence in this country of Archbishop Harty of Manila will undoubtedly have the effect of removing a great deal of ignorance and prejudice in regard to the Philippines and the Filipinos, still considered by not a few among us as a semi-civilized country and a half-savage race. Mgr. Harty has spent three years in the Islands, and can therefore speak from experience. In reference to the religious and social conditions of the Filipinos he has this to say:

"The people are not only religious, but deeply religious. The attendance at the Sunday-schools taxes the capacity of the churches. Very few native families fail to have daily prayers in common. Besides, the custom, introduced by the early missionaries of reading in each family during Lent the Passion of Our Lord in the vernacular, is still kept up. The effect of this solid religious training is perceptible in the remarkable purity of the girls, the great self-control of the men and boys, and the universally ready submission of all to parental authority. It is almost unknown for even men and women of families to decide any important matter or take any important step without consulting their parents. Sane judgments always result from this beautiful practice, as well as peaceful lives. The home life of the Filipinos is very, very attractive."

The paucity of the details given in the cable dispatches and news letters from France as to the last illness and death of the illustrious Dominican, Père Monsabré, is rather significant of an attitude toward matters Catholic which we have recently been congratulating ourselves on seeing notably changed. The dead priest was an honor, not merely to the Catholic pulpit, but to French eloquence and literature. His exposition of Catholic dogma at Notre-

Dame, Paris, achieved for him a world-wide reputation as an orator of exceptional power; and his conferences throughout France and beyond its confines fully sustained his justly won renown. His numerous learned books will be a lasting monument to his memory. Père Monsabré was professed in the Order of St. Dominic by the illustrious Lacordaire, who predicted for him a noble career. The Church of Notre-Dame has rarely echoed more stirring words than those in which the disciple, when opening his first course of conferences, referred to his renowned and sainted master. A few months ago Père Monsabré celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his religious profession. He was deprived of the consolation of dying in his community. French law prohibited the old man of eighty from dwelling with his brethren under the rule of his choice,—a rule which exemplifies more liberty, equality, and fraternity in a week than France has ever known since the lying motto was placed on her public buildings. But the white habit of St. Dominic is sure to reappear some day in the pulpit of Notre-Dame. It was Lacordaire who said: "The oaks and the monks are immortal."

It is to be hoped that time and the event will verify the rumor at present current as to Austria's and Germany's permitting their delegates to present to The Hague Peace Conference in June the Vatican's formal complaint against the French Government. The grounds of the complaint are: 1. The abolition of the Concordat which the Holy See claims to have been a bilateral contract on the part of the French Government, without even consulting the Church authorities about the matter. 2. The expulsion from France of Mgr. Montagnini, who practically represented the Pope before the French hierarchy, without any crime's having been proved against him. 3. The seizure of the archives of the Nunciature and its documents, and their partial publication, made by the order of French officials.

The action of the Chamber of Deputies on the 20th inst., in adopting M. Jaures' proposal for a committee to examine the political import of the documents belonging to Mgr. Montagnini, has aggravated the wrong done to the Papal Nunciature: the publication will be, not partial, but complete. M. Clemenceau's reason for supporting the proposal is worth quoting, as a specimen of inept puerility in one who poses as a serious statesman. The *New York Sun* reports him as saying: "Rome knows these documents. Why should not France?" Did ever such buffoonery masquerade under the pretence of observing international law or common courtesy? In the meantime, let us hope that the powers at The Hague will read a lesson to the *opéra bouffe* statesmen of the decadent Gallic Republic. In view of the proposals recently made to the United States and other countries as to the advisability of censuring King Leopold's government of the Congo, it was quite in order, to our mind, for several of the powers to have protested, months ago, against Mgr. Montagnini's expulsion from France in the premises, or, at the very least, against the seizure of his papers.

More Protestants than have the courage of their convictions will probably feel the truth of this statement of Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, which the *San Francisco Monitor* quotes, with the remark that it is "rather remarkable, coming from a non-Catholic":

There is need of faith to-day in philosophy and religion,—two spheres, which, in the highest sense, are one; for in the end it is faith alone that satisfies the needs of every human soul. It is here we find the secret of the wonderful power of Catholicism,—that it has learned and thoroughly assimilated this great fundamental truth, which Protestantism seems unable to acquire; so that there come to us the warring of unnumbered sects and controversial clamor without end between those, on the one hand, who would make religious truth turn upon the pointing of a Hebrew text in some ink-smear'd palimpsest; and those who, on the other hand, imagine that salvation is to be secured by the setting up of

sporadic soup-kitchens and by stocking missionary homes with parti-colored penwipers. But he who wanders in the darkness of uncertainty, and who has found in reason but a treacherous guide, needs something higher, deeper, richer, and more spiritual far than this. Struggling onward through the storm and night, repelled and driven farther by the cold, chill formalism that looks out on him superciliously from its grated windows, he plunges with a growing terror into a still deeper darkness, following, perhaps, the fitful lead of atheism that with ghastly grin beckons him onward when he shrinks backward, shuddering at the chasm's brink where yawn abysmal deeps of infinite despair; until at last, beyond the beating of the storm and the gloom of an unfathomable darkness, he sees the house of faith serenely radiant with light, filled with the sound of melodious music, and opening wide its gates to shelter and defend, and to diffuse through all the depths of his poor shaken soul the peace, the comfort, and the divinely perfect beauty of an endless benediction.

Commenting on the Rev. Dr. Briggs' recent paper on the Papacy—to which reference has already been made in these columns—the *New York Freeman's Journal* pithily remarks:

There is a difficulty to which the Doctor has not given his attention. It is that the Church can not deal with Protestantism as such, for the reason that Protestantism has no head, no one to speak with authority for it. The Papacy must continue to appeal to the individual conscience of the prodigal sons and call them back to the old homestead.

If all the sects comprehensively known as Protestants had one supreme head, instead of having, constructively, "as many popes as there are parsons," the problem of the unity of Christendom would be materially simplified.

There is a new monument in Philadelphia, one which may inspire some ultra-enthusiastic admirer of Paul Jones to liken it to the London monument which "like a tall bully lifts its head and lies." For the statue of Commodore John Barry, recently unveiled within the shadow of Independence Hall, bears an inscription distinctly stating him to be the "Father of the Navy."

The statement is, of course, historically accurate; but our readers will remember that, not many moons ago, the claim to that title was very generally made throughout the country on behalf of Paul Jones. The statue is a handsome bronze figure nine and a half feet high, resting on a pedestal whose height is eleven and a half feet. It was presented to Philadelphia by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; and an interesting feature of the recent celebration was the actual unveiling of the statue by a great-great-grandniece of Barry.

The frightful increase of crime in France, both in the country districts and in the streets of the capital, during the past few months, is what might have been expected. M. Clemenceau declares that it is a mere vicissitude, attributable to the inadequate police force. (It has been greatly increased since the subject was debated in the Chamber of Deputies.) Reports go to show that a whole army of policemen will be needed to repress crime. Since the year began, there have been eighty-eight murders or attempts at murder in Paris alone. Robbers and assassins infest the whole country, particularly in the Nord, near the Belgian frontier. One member of the Chamber accused the police and high officials of complicity in crime, declaring that in his neighborhood outlaws were protected by the employees of the government. The elaborate detective system which M. Clemenceau proposes to introduce will cost \$200,000 for Marseilles alone. Whether the people will be willing to submit to the increased taxation remains to be seen. A spark of resentment anywhere might easily enkindle a revolution.

Dr. Charles S. Moody, who spent some years among the Indians in the wilds of the West, at a time when the West was in reality wild, contributes an interesting account of his experiences to the *American Journal of Clinical Medicine*. He condemns higher education for Indians, and

declares that those under the care of Catholic missionaries are more self-sustaining than any other of our Indians, and less likely to drift back to savagery. He writes:

The education of the Indian in a higher sense is a failure. The white man can not ingraft upon the savage soul his ideas of culture. The Indian is an imitative genius, and will learn the accomplishments of the white man and apply them only so long as he is under the influence of the white man. Allow him to return to his tribal relations, and he sooner or later reverts to the old tribal customs. . . .

I do not mean by this that the education of the savage is a failure: I simply mean that the higher education of the Indian is not only a failure: it is a crime. By all means educate the native. Educate him to be a self-sustaining citizen. Teach him the value of industry, economy, frugality, honesty. Teach him that only those who labor shall eat, and you have accomplished all that can be reasonably expected. The Catholic Church with its faculty of getting at the root of things, long ago saw this, and in consequence the Catholic Indians are more self-sustaining than any other of our Indians. This may not meet the approbation of certain Protestant missionary workers, but it remains a fact nevertheless.

Ignorance or suppression of this fact accounts for the opposition to our Indian mission schools.

One of the ablest, best known, and best beloved priests in the United States was the late Monsignor Thomas P. Thorpe, of the diocese of Cleveland, who passed to his reward on the 17th inst. He was distinguished as a writer, speaker, and man of affairs, as well as a most zealous, efficient, and devoted parish priest. Citizens of all creeds and of no creed, including men of national fame, held him in highest esteem, while those of the household of the faith loved and revered him for his saintlike virtues and self-sacrificing deeds. The diocese of Cleveland has sustained a great loss. The *Catholic Universe*, of which he was the first editor, well says of him: "By his public spirit, his scholarship, his tact, his ready eloquence and facile pen, he did much to make the Church respected in the community at a time when its position

was less sure than it is to-day." Monsignor Thorpe's gentleness, together with his single-heartedness and blameless life, not only removed mountains of prejudice, but turned bitter opponents into well-wishers and friends. A native of Ireland, and an alumnus of All Hallows Missionary College, the spirit of faith and zeal and piety which he there imbibed inspired him to sacrifice a life of comparative ease and comfort for the hardships and sacrifices of the American mission. Tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin and St. Patrick, as Monsignor Thorpe is known to have been, there was a beautiful coincidence in his dying, after a prolonged illness, at the stroke of the noonday Angelus on the feast of Ireland's great Apostle. Peace to the soul of one of the noblest of priests!

M. Piou, leader of the movement known in France as Popular Liberal Action, lectured recently in Bordeaux. After condemning in no measured terms the policy of the present government, he said: "Do not become discouraged. Start a vigorous campaign. Turn to the peasants and the workingmen, and make yourselves, not their patrons, but their friends. If you accomplish your duty as lay apostles—your sacred duty,—the year 1910 will see, after the elections, the end of this era during which France has lived under anti-Christians and Jacobins." As we said recently, French Catholics can make an end of this atheistic and Masonic régime by doing their full duty at the polls. Even "the whole army of governmental functionaries and employees," who invariably vote for their masters, is overwhelmingly outnumbered by the mass of genuine, practical Catholics. That mass needs leavening, but we should think that the tactics of MM. Clemenceau and Briand would supply all the stimulus necessary to change lethargy into energetic life, and supineness into intelligent activity.

The Industrial School for the Indian children of the Qu'Appelle district, Canada,

was established by the government of that country twenty-three years ago, in compliance with the urgent demands of Mgr. Taché and Mgr. Grandin. In a recent issue of *Les Missions Catholiques*, Archbishop Langevin gives a most readable account of the excellent work accomplished by the institution, and, incidentally, pens this paragraph:

It is interesting to observe the physical and moral changes effected in an Indian child in the course of a few years. Nothing is too elementary for him, for he has received no education at home. He must be taught everything,—to dress and wash himself, to talk, to obey, to work, to follow a rule, to eat like a Christian, and especially to live like one. This moral education exercises a notable influence on the physical appearance,—an influence especially marked among the girls, who have less liberty than the boys, live more with the Sisters, and are more directly affected by the example and tone of these latter. Many Indian maidens who, on their arrival at the school, have very irregular features, narrow brows, and prominent cheek-bones, become within a relatively brief space scarcely recognizable: education develops their brows as well as their minds, harmonizes their features, and improves their appearance wonderfully.

The prelate's statement on this point is graphically borne out by a group of pictures with which his article in the *Missions* is embellished. The difference in the physiognomy of the older and younger children, and more particularly of the children and their parents, is nothing short of remarkable.

The *Chicago Israelite* is authority for the statement that the American, as also the British and German, lodges do not recognize French Freemasonry as lawful; and that there is no affiliation between the members. "An American Freemason can not visit a French lodge without violating his obligations." It will be a gratification to many persons to be assured of this. We believe in giving the Freemasons their due. The American Brothers can not justly be charged with sharing the hatred of Christianity which animates Continental Freemasonry.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

On Easter Morning.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

WHEN Christ hung dying
'Mid foes decrying,
All Nature, sighing,
Proclaimed her woe;
The rocks were shaken,
And skies forsaken,
For the Sun, o'ertaken,
Refused to glow.
The winds' upheaving,
The Temple's cleaving,
And dead men's leaving
The opened grave,—
Each proved an omen
To Christ's mad foemen:
They had killed their God who had come to save.

But, Easter morning,
All darkness scorning,
And earth adorning
With splendor bright,
The Sun rose dancing,
With joy advancing,
Like glad steed prancing
In sheer delight;
And for souls possessing
The true faith's blessing,
And bold confessing—
As well they may—
That Christ is risen
From out His prison,
The Sun still dances each Easter Day.

Easter Eggs.

The real or artificial eggs, ornamented by dyeing, painting, or otherwise, so commonly used at Easter all over Christendom as decorations or gifts, are symbolic of the Resurrection. The red color frequently given to them is an allusion to the blood of our Blessed Lord, shed for the redemption of mankind.

Estelle Lanigan's Experience.

BY JENNIE MAY.

I.



It was four o'clock. The day-scholars at St. Helen's Academy filed out demurely, two by two, through the door, and down the white stone steps which led to the street. On reaching the sidewalk, discipline relaxed, and groups of half a dozen or more formed, chattering gaily of the events of the day and the approaching Easter holiday.

Presently two girls of about fifteen crossed the road together and turned into a street leading to the northern end of the city.

"I do believe, Jessie," the taller of the two was saying, "that Sister Patricia says 'Lanigan' as broad as she possibly can pronounce it, just to tease me. It is so annoying to have a name like that,—so very Irish, you know!"

"I think Estelle Lanigan a very pretty name," observed her companion.

"Oh, yes, it is all very well for you to talk!" was the rejoinder, spoken in an irritated voice. "Any one with a name like 'Rivard' can not possibly conceive what a drawback those old-fashioned Irish names are when one wants to be up-to-date."

Jessie Rivard was jolted out of her usual apathetic attitude by the obvious foolishness and injustice of her friend's remark.

"Why, Estelle," she said, "everyone knows that the Irish are awfully clever. Probably you would not stand at the head of the class in everything were it not for your Irish descent."

This was a sharp speech for easy-going

Jessie, but it contained enough flattery to restore Estelle to good humor.

A greater contrast than that between the two girls it would be difficult to imagine. Jessie was both fair and placid; and her clothes, although rich in texture and designed by a fashionable modiste, made a very poor show on her short, rather dumpy figure. Estelle, on the contrary, was tall and graceful, with even white teeth and a good complexion. The *bon gout* inherited from a French mother was apparent in the neat arrangement of her heavy brown hair and the excellent fit of her cheap gown of navy blue serge. She was clever and brilliant, an acknowledged leader at the Academy in both studies and games; so it was perhaps not wonderful if she held a rather high opinion of her own merits. It was an opinion shared by most people with whom she came in contact.

The two friends parted in front of Jessie's home. It was a handsome brown stone residence; for she was the only child of a wealthy merchant. Estelle continued on her way to a less fashionable street, where a large, rambling house of white brick stood in a fine old-fashioned garden.

She found her mother in the kitchen, struggling with a supplementary wash of white articles too fine to be intrusted to the tender mercies of Mrs. McLaughlin. Through the laundry door came the high-pitched voice of that lady singing "Rory O'Moore" to the accompaniment of a vigorous rubbing on the washboard.

Mrs. Lanigan had desisted from her labors for a few moments, and was sitting in the low rocking-chair, with the baby lying across her knees and crowing contentedly at the ceiling. She was reading, with moist eyes, a letter from her sister in Lower Canada. Four-year-old Leo, taking advantage of his mother's abstraction, stood on a chair trying to do some washing on his own account. An odor of steam and an air of general discomfort seemed to pervade the whole house.

"Why, mother," exclaimed Estelle sharply, "here you've allowed Leo to put my fine lace handkerchief into the thick starch!"

The affectionate sister proceeded to give the young culprit a sound shaking, whereupon he promptly howled.

The mother rose to her feet with a sigh, placing the baby in the high chair as she did so. She was proud of her brilliant daughter, but somehow everything seemed more difficult when Estelle was at home.

"Never mind, Leo," said Estelle, who had noted the sigh and was not bad-hearted by any means. "Don't cry, and I'll take you to Union Park to-night to see the electric fountain."

"Will you truly, Stell? Honor bright?" asked Leo, whose tears dried suddenly at this prospect.

"Honor bright," was the reply, as Estelle went upstairs to the room which she shared with twelve-year-old Annie. The twins Roy and Rob came between the two girls; next there were a boy and girl who had died in infancy; then Leo and Baby May. (Estelle had wanted the baby called Muriel.)

II.

That pleasant spring evening saw our heroine and her little brother seated in a Fifth Street car *en route* for Union Park. A wealthy citizen, who was president of the Street Railway Company, had presented to the Park an electric fountain. An underground dynamo, together with an ingenious arrangement of colored glass, caused the fountain to send up jets of spray of every conceivable hue. It was a beautiful sight at night time. A great many people praised the public-spiritedness of the donor; but there were not wanting scoffers, who drew attention to the fact that it would place in his pockets many shekels in the shape of extra car fares collected from the crowds attracted to the Park.

The car was rather uncomfortably filled, still everyone seemed to be in good humor

Directly in front of Estelle sat a party of three,—a motherly-looking lady accompanied by two gentlemen. The lady was elegantly dressed in some rich dark material. Beautifully arranged snow-white hair surmounted a face singularly youthful and radiating a most attractive personality. One of her companions was a well-groomed Irish-American of middle age; the other Estelle pronounced at once to be an Irishman. He was a man of about forty, tall and muscular, his abundant dark hair graying at the temples. From beneath a high, intellectual forehead looked out the eyes, at once brilliant and dreamy, which mark the true Celt.

"I wonder who that remarkable-looking man is?" Estelle heard a gentleman near her say in a low voice.

"Don't you know?" was the reply. "That is John Desmond, the great Irish orator. He lectured last night at Association Hall, under the auspices of the Gaelic League."

So that was John Desmond! Estelle glanced at him with interest. She had often heard her father speak of him; for both had attended the national school in the same pretty green valley in far-off Ireland.

Suddenly, as she looked, an irreverent gust of wind lifted the light straw hat from his head and landed it, without ceremony, on her knees. Everybody looked on amused as the great Irishman received his headgear from the blushing girl, with a deprecatory smile and word of thanks.

On arriving at the Park, they found many people assembled round the fountain, which was already playing. Estelle and Leo took up their position on a little knoll, from whence they could obtain a good view without being crowded.

Little Leo gazed with wide-open eyes at the great jets of spray as they shot upward toward the sky in all the colors of the rainbow. Unconsciously, he kept edging nearer and nearer to the wonderful fireworks, as he mentally styled them.

Presently he caught hold of a skirt, thinking it belonged to his sister.

Meanwhile Estelle was scarcely less delighted. So absorbed did she become in the gorgeous scene before her that for several minutes she did not miss her brother. Her first thought was to call out his name; but a group of boisterous school-boys had invaded the knoll, so she felt that it would be of little use. Her mother had been rather anxious about their going to the Park at night without an escort; but Estelle had pooh-poohed the idea. She was used to taking care of herself, and her lip curled in scorn at the thought of any one treating *her* with rudeness. But now her humiliation was complete. She had lost Leo!

Mrs. D'Arcy Shields felt a gentle tug at her skirt, and her thoughts flew at once to pickpockets. On glancing down, however, she discovered that a chubby hand was holding her dress, while the owner thereof gazed with all his might at the fountain. She looked away again, not wishing to startle the small intruder, and naturally supposing that his friends were close by. Presently there was another tug, this time a harder one; and a delighted voice piped out:

"Say, Stell, isn't this im-mense?"

The lady looked down with her motherly smile; but little Leo had discovered his mistake, and he promptly began to cry.

Mr. Desmond caught him in his arms.

"Well, my little man, what may your name be?" he inquired.

There was no reply save a heart-broken "Stell, Stell! I want Stell!"

A slight commotion in the crowd, and breathless, half-crying Estelle appeared upon the scene.

"Leo,—O Leo, how could you?" she exclaimed. "Thank you, sir, a thousand times!" as she took the little fellow out of Mr. Desmond's arms.

"Why, it is our young heroine of the hat incident!" remarked that gentleman.

"We did not know that it was *your* little brother," observed Mrs. D'Arcy

Shields. "We could not get him to say anything except 'Stell, Stell!'"

She looked at the girl inquiringly. Now, Estelle was inclined to be dignified—"high and mighty," as her brother Rob styled it. In any other person she would have resented the look as inquisitive, but it was impossible to connect the sweet-faced woman before her with anything but kindly interest.

"My name is Estelle Lanigan," she said.

As usual with her when pronouncing the word "Lanigan," she almost skipped the *i*, making it sound like "Langan." Therefore it was not surprising if Mrs. Shields mistook the name.

"Miss Langdon," she said, "pray allow me to present my husband, Mr. D'Arcy Shields. Mr. Desmond, Miss Langdon."

Estelle bowed but did not correct her, and both gentlemen murmured a few polite words.

III.

The conversation became general. Mr. Desmond spoke admiringly of the electric fountain.

"But," he observed, "my conscience is not easy; for I have come to see it at the expense of friendship. I have been told that my old schoolfellow, Maurice Lanigan, lives in the city. No doubt his address can be found in the Directory. I intended to look him up to-night or to-morrow, as I leave town Monday on an early train. When we were both little shavers, he one day saved me from drowning at his own imminent peril."

"Maurice Lanigan?" inquired Mrs. Shields. "A schoolmate of mine at the convent in Montreal, Estelle Deschamps, married an Irishman of that name. It can not be the same, surely; for I believe they still live in the Dominion."

Estelle flushed painfully in the darkness. Her own father and mother! Her impulse to speak was strong, but the sense of her own smallness in juggling with her name kept her silent. So the golden opportunity slipped by.

In a short time all were seated in a

homeward-bound car, a very tired Leo leaning drowsily against his sister's arm.

Estelle did not tell her mother about her new acquaintances. She argued to herself that it was because she wished to spare her anxiety on the subject of Leo's escapade, but in her heart she knew that it was for another reason. As for Leo himself, all that he could speak of was the wonderful skyrocket, as he called the fountain.

Easter Monday, after tea, when day was deepening into dusk, a well-appointed carriage drove slowly down the street. It stopped before the Lanigans' front gate, much to the edification of the people who decorated the neighboring verandas and steps, and to the astonishment of the family itself. Roy and Rob, that irreverent pair, were so deeply impressed that they afterward jointly composed an epic in honor of the occasion. It began in this way:

A coach and four
Stood at our door.

By the younger members of the family and the authors themselves it was considered a triumph of poetical art.

But who can picture Estelle's dismay when in the lady and gentleman who alighted from the carriage she recognized Mrs. D'Arcy Shields and Mr. John Desmond! The latter had found that his engagements permitted him to stop over another day, and he had taken advantage of the delay to visit the friend of his boyhood. As for Mrs. Shields, she had decided to accompany him in order to ascertain whether that friend were really the husband of Estelle Deschamps.

There was a fervent handclasp between the men; and tears and smiles mingled in the greeting of the two schoolmates who had parted at the gate of the old Abbey in the Rue Ste. Cunégonde. The *grande dame*, beautiful and elegant, but childless, looked almost with envy at the careworn little mother surrounded by her children.

"Estelle, come here," said Mrs. Lanigan to her daughter.

Estelle, wishing that the friendly earth would open and swallow her, came forward slowly and reluctantly. Both visitors looked at her in surprise, the lady's smooth forehead puckering slightly as though in displeasure.

The few minutes that elapsed had given Estelle time to decide that the only way out of her very embarrassing dilemma lay in telling the truth.

"I have met Mrs. Shields and Mr. Desmond before," she said. "Last night at the Park, Leo strayed away and they found him. I told them my name was Langan, and they thought I said Langdon. Afterward they mentioned you, father; but I was ashamed to correct them and say that I had not pronounced my name properly."

Her parents were silent from astonishment. Mrs. Shields still looked displeased; but Mr. Desmond, with that ready tact which had saved many a delicate situation among his followers at Westminster, laid his hand kindly upon the arm of the humiliated girl, saying:

"Whatever you may think of your Irish name, my dear, there is one Irish characteristic which you do not lack, and that is courage. But where is our young friend Leo?"

So the evening passed pleasantly, after all. How entertaining Mr. Desmond could be! And how many reminiscences of their parents' youthful days spent so far apart—on the banks of the Shannon and those of the St. Lawrence—were now heard by the delighted children for the first time!

Some years have elapsed, but the lesson learned on that memorable occasion has not been lost on Estelle. She is a welcome visitor at the beautiful home of Mrs. D'Arcy Shields, and a great favorite with that lady's coterie of Irish and Irish-American friends. Her chief ambition to-day is to employ her time and talents in such a manner as to render herself not unworthy of her descent from a lineage of heroes and saints.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

What the lawyers saw upon the second document was the following:

"Ha! ha! ha!"

And lower down upon the page, the same ejaculations:

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

When the lawyers had had their laugh, they passed the parchment to the Chevalier; and he in turn showed it to the boys, who at first presented faces of blank amazement, and then broke the silence, each after his fashion.

"The crazy loon!" ejaculated Arthur, forgetting his manners, in his indignation; whereas Hugh, irresistibly tickled by the droll suggestion as well as by his brother's anger, and in spite of his own disappointment, broke into a hearty laugh,—a laugh so hearty, indeed, that it proved contagious to the Chevalier, to the men of law, and even to Arthur himself. In a few moments the octagon room was fairly ringing with their laughter,—such laughter as would have delighted the heart of De Villebon. It reached even to the kitchen, and caused Nathalie and the other inmates thereof to laugh in unison.

When the mirth had subsided—though it was constantly breaking out again, especially on the part of the boys, every time they glanced at the laughter-provoking parchments,—Hugh began to think of his disappointment again, and stepped up to the table, where the lawyers were folding up the documents with a view to concluding business.

"Are you sure, sir," he said to the elder lawyer, who eyed him half grimly, half humorously, over his spectacles, "that there is nothing else in that box?"

"No other April Fool, you mean," replied the man of law,—"though it is now the middle of winter?"

"He did that for a joke, and it was a

good one," exclaimed Hugh; "but I am sure he told something more than that about the window."

"A Daniel come to judgment!" said the younger lawyer; and the quotation sounded oddly on his Gallic lips.

"Perhaps you had better look for yourself, *mon brave*," said the elder lawyer, offering him the box.

"Do you think I may?" Hugh inquired of the Chevalier.

"To be sure, if these gentlemen permit," answered the Chevalier; and Hugh, taking the box, sat down and began to examine it, presently calling Arthur to his aid.

Meanwhile the three men sat watching, possibly with a half superstitious fancy that Hugh might be as lucky in this case as he had been with the Chinese cabinet. The boys turned the box up and they turned the box down, and were about to give up the matter in despair, when on a sudden Hugh's finger, quite by accident, touched a spring, and out flew a drawer containing a sealed paper.

The lawyers started eagerly to their feet; the Chevalier bent forward, and took from Hugh's hand the packet, whereon was written:

"This paper, which contains the solution of a mystery relating to the De Villebon house in the city of Montreal, now the property of John Redmond, is to be opened and its contents read by Henri de Montreuil, if he be still alive when the paper is found; or, failing that, by the finder. And it is farther enjoined that the seals be broken only within the said De Villebon house, where the contents of the paper can be better understood."

"Another disappointment!" said Hugh.

"Or rather another delay," corrected the Chevalier.

"He wants to drive us all crazy like himself," grumbled Arthur—but only for his brother's ear.

"He is determined we shall learn self-control," added the Chevalier; and, turning to the lawyers, who were themselves somewhat crestfallen, he asked them to

retain possession of the box, the will and the packet, until another meeting could be appointed in the place indicated. This done, he begged of them to dismiss business for that evening, and to join him in a smoke.

The boys thereupon asked permission to accept Nathalie's invitation to visit her in her dominion, and to hear the story of the *loup-garou* which Alphonse had promised to tell.

That was a peaceful scene of rude comfort presented by the Manor kitchen. The natural, unpainted wood, darkened by age, looked picturesque in the gleams which shot from the open door of the huge stove and the light of the hanging lamp. Nathalie sat at her spinning wheel, with brown, wrinkled face and trim, neat figure; Victorine, fresh, rotund, stood smiling; while Alphonse, burly and good-natured, completed the picture.

Upon the stove, boiling away, was a pot of molasses candy, which the visitors were presently invited to pull with carefully greased fingers. When this dainty was finished and cut into neat squares, chairs were drawn close to the fire, and Alphonse began his narrative. His voice was low and impressive, with the unconscious dramatic instinct of the French-Canadian peasants, as he told the weird legend of that grim and mysterious presence which haunts the imagination of the dwellers in lonely places, and lends its terror to Canadian woods.

As the tale proceeded, the wind swept howling about the house, and the group drew closer together and shivered with a chill that could scarcely have been cold, since the kitchen was, if anything, overheated. Occasionally one or another started at the mere barking of a dog or the creaking of the furniture, so highly wrought were their nerves by that singular tradition of the being who changed from man to beast with the falling shades of evening, and terrified the wayfarer, particularly if he chanced to be in mortal sin.

Many were the exclamations, horrified or prayerful, which broke from the women; while Arthur and Hugh listened in fascinated and somewhat terrified interest. The latter especially felt his eyes grow tearful with the stress of emotion and a cold shiver creep up his back; and at the conclusion of the story, he cried, emphatically:

"I tell you what, Alphonse, if I met that thing, I'd just die of fright."

"There's no such thing!" declared practical Arthur. "It's just a legend; isn't it, Alphonse?"

"I do not know," answered the man,— "I do not know." But his tone was far from reassuring.

"The good God save us from that and from every evil thing!" observed Nathalie. "May He keep us in a state of grace!" And she gave her wheel a great turn, and sent it whirring round to make up for the time she had lost in listening to that fearful tale, which gave her the familiar thrill of fear, though she had heard it innumerable times. To her pious ejaculation, Victorine breathed a fervent "Amen!"

"What would you do, Nathalie?" asked Hugh, drawing his chair close to her, "if you were to meet the *loup-garou*?"

"I'd make a big Sign of the Cross," answered the old woman, "and I'd say an *Ave Maria*."

"Yes, that would be the best thing," Hugh assented gravely, knitting his brows and looking into the fire. "That's what my mother always tells us to do when we are in any danger. But, after all," he added, with a sigh of relief, "most likely Arthur's right, and it isn't true at all. God wouldn't allow such things to be roaming about the woods or anywhere else."

"No doubt you are right," said Nathalie; "and that is what Monsieur le Curé has often told us; but I have known many people who said they saw something on dark winter nights. And one thing is sure: the good God permits the Evil One to have power over those in the state of sin."

How much further this conversation

might have gone there is no knowing, nor whether or not the old woman or Alphonse might have been tempted to draw still more, for the delectation of the boys, upon those legendary stores which are the heritage of the peasantry everywhere. But the great bell sounding for nine o'clock, warned them that it was time for the Rosary.

Meanwhile the three old gentlemen, left together in the octagon room, not only conversed interestedly upon the topics of the day; but recalled numberless reminiscences of the past, and many a striking story of the dead-and-gone De Villebon, his practical jokes, his quaint sayings, his oddities and his drolleries. Their laughter, genial and hearty, rang out and awoke the echoes of the quiet house, and reached, for the second time that evening, to the kitchen, where Nathalie, nodding and smiling in sympathy, declared to the boys that it was like the good old times of the Manor.

At nine o'clock precisely, on the ringing of the bell, she and Victorine and Alphonse, two of the stable boys, who appeared from parts unknown, and some other outdoor retainers of the Manor, proceeded to the oratory adjoining the octagon room, where the Rosary was to be recited in common. Never had this practice been intermitted since old Nathalie could remember the Manor. To the boys, it had already become familiar; and they were well accustomed at home to the recital of prayers in common, especially during Lent and Advent. To the two lawyers, the Chevalier, upon the ringing of the bell, made a brief explanation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is not, of course, obligatory upon you to join in our evening devotions. But I shall, at least, have to excuse myself and to leave you while the Rosary is being said."

Both the lawyers were, however, practical Catholics, who found nothing extraordinary in the idea; and, taking their beads from their pockets, expressed their intention of joining in the devotions.

They followed their host into the oratory, where the others were already assembled before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The master of the house himself gave out the Rosary and said the night prayers. These concluded, the various members of the household withdrew. Nathalie placed a tray of refreshments in the octagon room for the Chevalier and his guests, and made her nightly tour of the house before retiring.

Very shortly afterward the Manor and its inmates lay under the spell of slumber, silent and profound. Up to those shining stars, solemn and peaceful in the blue firmament, and far beyond to the pearly gates and the city of gold, sped those earnest "Hail Marys" and the other prayers, bringing sweet peace downward upon that mansion which from generation to generation had been hallowed by their utterance.

(To be continued.)

An Easter Legend.

There is an ancient tradition that immediately before Christ, risen from the dead, appeared to St. Mary Magdalen. He visited His Blessed Mother. She was sitting alone in her chamber reading the Prophets, and hopefully awaiting the fulfilment of the divine promise. A very old carol voices this promise to Our Lady in the quaint lines:

Upon Easter Day, Mother,
My uprising shall be;
O the sun and the moon, Mother,
Shall both rise with Me!

Suddenly there burst upon her solitude a glorious company of angels waving palms, and joyfully singing the triumphal Easter hymn:

Regina Cœli, lætare. Alleluia.

Then appeared Christ Himself, clothed in a garment of shining white, and bearing in His left hand the victorious standard of the Holy Cross. The Risen Christ was accompanied by patriarchs, prophets, and the long procession of ransomed souls.

All these saluted the Virgin Mother, humbly thanking her through whom deliverance had come at last. Yet, withal, Mary had not felt fully comforted until she had heard the voice of her Son. When Christ, raising His hand in benediction, saluted her, then she was filled with joy. She knelt before Him, and poured forth her heart in thanks that He had prevailed against death and hell, and brought redemption to all mankind.

An Old Letter.

The following letter written by President Colman, one of the first directors of Harvard College, to his little ten-year-old daughter, whose name we are sorry not to know, is as instructive as it is amusing:

BOSTON, August 1, 1718.

MY DEAR CHILD:—I have this morning your Letter, which pleases me very well, and gives me hopes of many a pleasant line from you in Time to come, if God spare you to me and me to you. I very much long to see your Mother, but doubt whether the weather will permit to-day. I pray God to bless you and make you one of His children. I charge you to pray daily, and read your Bible, and fear to sin. Be very dutiful to your Mother, and respectful to everybody. Be very humble and modest, womanly and discreet. Take care of your health, and as you love me do not eat green apples. Drink sparingly of water, except the day be warm. When I last saw you, you were too shamefaced; look people in the face, speak freely, and behave decently. I hope to bring Nabby in her grandfather's Chariot to see you. The meanwhile I kiss your dear Mother, and commend her health to the gracious care of God, and you with her to His Grace. Give my service to Mr. A. and family, and be sure you never forget the respect they have honoured you with.

Your loving

FATHER.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A new edition, with a new preface, of Mr. Bodley's "France" is announced in England. The first volume of his long-delayed second series of this work will not be ready before next year.

—"Recollections of a Humorist," by A. W. à Beckett, is among new books published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. The author has been associated with *Punch* for more than a quarter of a century.

—The Christian Press Association has brought out a new edition of "Meditations on the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ." These meditations, twelve in number, have been translated from the Italian "Novena in Preparation for the Feast of the Sacred Heart," by Father C. Borgo, S. J., and will be found of especial utility to devout members of the "Guard of Honor."

—The first of a series of exceptionally interesting articles, by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, entitled "Confessions of a Convert," written especially for THE AVE MARIA, will appear in our next number. Father Benson, as most readers are already aware, is a son of the late Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, and the author of a number of readable books, the latest of which is "The Papers of a Pariah." It was written at a time when he viewed the Church favorably, though he did not belong to it.

—The ever-increasing number of those interested in the life and work of St. Francis of Assisi will welcome Messrs. Tennant & Ward's announcement of "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature," prepared by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. The aim of the work is to provide a brief outline of the early sources of Franciscan history, which so often perplex the general reader, and the principal works relating to the *Poverello* written since the thirteenth century, as well as the enormous literary output of the Franciscan movement of the last few years.

—An artistic as well as a loving tribute to a modern saint, the first centenary of whose canonization occurs this year, is "The Spirit of St. Angela Merici," a handsome and interesting volume compiled by an Ursuline Sister of Brown County, Ohio. Its contents comprise a thoughtful foreword, the Bull of Pius VII. for St. Angela's canonization, her Counsels, her Last Will, and the Decree of Pius IX. in 1861 ordaining the celebration of the Saint's festival throughout the Church as a double minor. In reading these charming pages, one understands

more fully than ever the introductory sentence of the Decree just mentioned: "St. Angela Merici, who led on earth an angelic life, spread everywhere an admirable perfume of sweetness, as from a lily among thorns."—The Ursuline nuns of New Rochelle, N. Y., will commemorate the centenary by publishing an English version of the Little Office of St. Angela.

—In January last the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J., lectured in St. Ignatius' Church, San Francisco, on "The True View of the Present Persecution in France." The lecture, an excellent presentation of the subject, now appears in pamphlet form; and with it are printed extracts from the Separation Law, the Encyclical Letters of Pius X. on the question, the letter of the French Bishops, and several appendices,—the whole forming a pamphlet of some fifty large pages. It bears the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Riordan, and has been issued for free distribution. The Myselle-Rollins Co., San Francisco.

—There is no lack of Lives of St. Patrick. Hardly a decade goes by without one or more adequate biographies of the great Apostle of Ireland being added to the list. The 17th of March is usually the date for their appearance, but it will be some weeks yet before most exiles of Eriú hear about the new "Rhymed Life of St. Patrick," written by Katharine Tynan, with illustrations by Mr. Symington, and a foreword by Gen. Sir William Butler, just published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. The book is fitly garbed in green, and is in every way worthy of its theme. We echo the closing words of the "Envoy":

Blessed St. Patrick, sweet St. Bride,
Bless this book and scatter it wide!

—Through sorrow and disappointment, not to earthly happiness but to that of heaven,—this is the thread of "By the Royal Road," a story by Marie Haultmont. (B. Herder.) The heroine, a noble, high-minded English girl, and her stepsister, hold the centre of the stage; and the varying fortunes of life bring upon the scene changing groups, including their stepmother, cousins, aunts, friends, and sisters. Love requited and love crossed by intrigue lend an interest to the narrative. There is too little movement, however, for so long a story; and the sprinkling of the pages with French and Latin expressions do not add to the effectiveness of the book.

—We bespeak the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of the venerable Dr.

James Spencer Northcote, of the diocese of Birmingham, who departed this life on the 3d inst., in his eighty-sixth year. He was, perhaps, the last of the Tractarians who left the Anglican Church with Newman. His wife, with several of her sisters, had joined The Church while Dr. Northcote was rector of Ilfracombe. One of his daughters (the only child that attained to maturity) became a nun. After the death of his wife in 1853, he began his studies for the priesthood, and was ordained by Bishop Ullathorne two years later. For seventeen years Dr. Northcote was president of St. Mary's College, Oscott. He had previously, for some years, been in charge of the mission of Stoke-on-Trent, whither he returned to prepare for death. The later life of this distinguished convert was marked by many trials, all of which were borne with saint-like patience and resignation to the divine will. Dr. Northcote was the author of "Mary in the Gospels," of which we lately noticed a new edition, and several other important works. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "By the Royal Road." Marie Haultmont. \$1.60.
 "The Life of Christ." Mgr E. Le Camus. Vol. I. \$1.50.
 "Jesus Crucified." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.
 "The Law of the Church." Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. \$6.75, net.
 "The Key to the World's Progress." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. Oxon. \$1.60, net.
 "The Sins of Society." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35.
 "The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy." Rev. G. E. Phillips. \$3, net.
 "Irish-American History of the United States." Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, M. R. I. A. \$8.
 "Medulla Fundamentalæ Theologiæ Moralis." Bishop Stang. \$1, net.

- "My Brother's Keep." M. F. Quinlan, 40 cts.
 "The First Eight General Councils and Infallibility." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.
 "Stimulus Divini Amoris." St. Bonaventure. \$1.25, net.
 "The Light Invisible." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25, net.
 "Josephine's Trials." Percy Fitzgerald. \$1.35, net.
 "St. Joseph." Hon. Alison Stourton. 30 cts.
 "The Crucifix." Rev. W. McLoughlin. \$1.
 "Sermons." Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty. \$2, net.
 "Conference Papers, 1906." 40 cts.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict." Dom Oswald Hunter Blair. \$1, net.
 "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress." \$1.60.
 "Life of St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr." Dom A. Smith, C. S. L. 60 cts., net.
 "The Way of Truth." Father Northcote, O. S. M. 40 cts.
 "In the Devil's Alley." M. C. Quinlan, 75 cts.
 "Selections from Newman." 40 cts.
 "Mary in the Gospels." Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D. D. \$1.25, net.
 "Memoriale Rituum." 30 cts., net.
 "An Indexed Synopsis of the 'Grammar of Assent.'" John J. Toohey, S. J. \$1.30
 "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs." James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap. 75 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Frederick Wayrick, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. George Scott, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Edward Fenlon, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. William Tappert, diocese of Covington; Rt. Rev. Monsig. Thorpe and Rev. Anthony Gibelli, diocese of Cleveland.

Brother Martin, of the Xaverian Brothers.

Mr. Frederick H. Pownall, Mr. J. F. Summer, Mrs. Madge Gallagher, Mrs. Charles Edmonds, Mr. Frank Byrne, Mrs. Josephine Chevillot, Mrs. Anna McDonald, Mrs. Harriet Benret, Mr. Daniel O'Donoghue, Miss M. L. Wilkinson, Mrs. Catherine O'Reilly, Mr. L. W. Armstrong, Mr. William McEvela, Mrs. Amelia M. Vidal, Mrs. W. Corrigan, Mr. D. F. Trull, Mrs. J. McCudden, Mr. Henry Bellinger, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Mr. John Moffitt, Mr. Michael Boyton, Miss Mary Beals, Mr. W. J. Friday, Jr., Mrs. Catherine Day, Mr. Frank Loux, Mrs. Sarah McLaughlin, Mr. George Peoples, Mr. Antoine Gracea, Mr. John Fay, and Mr. Wilbert Furney.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 6, 1907.

NO. 14.

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

An Easter Hymn.

FROM THE LATIN, BY DAVID T. MORGAN.

SING we now with praiseful voices, Mary's
sorrow, Mary's joy,—

Theme of grace for pardon'd sinners, grateful
hearts shall well employ.

Let the nightingale and dove
Join in sweetest strains of love!

Well she counted Him the gardener—Jesus—
standing yet unknown,

Who with grace her soul had planted, seeds of
living truth had sown;

Not as yet might Mary trace
'Neath that type the Sower's face,—

Face of Him who, through His Spirit, each true
heart will safely keep,

Aye to ripen for that harvest which His angel-
bands shall reap,—

Then the well-loved accents came,
"Mary!" Lo, He names thy name!

Joyful Mary, thou beholdest Him! To the garden
of thy soul

Jesus comes to dwell forever, all thy sorrows to
console.

Deep amidst thy life-springs find
Him who moveth heart and mind.

Dry we, too, our tears with Mary. Rise, O prostrate
soul, on high!

Of the empty tomb regardful, knowest thou not
thy loved One nigh?

Is thy faith, thy spirit, cold?
Dost thou seek and not behold?

Saviour, Thou Thy mercy pouring, Mary's sins
didst wash away,

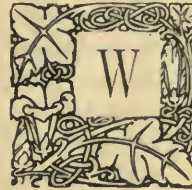
With that pardoning grace bedew us; hear us,
Lord, with Mary pray;

So with her in glory we
Christ, our Risen Lord, shall see.

Confessions of a Convert.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

I.



WHEN one stands at last upon high ground, it is extraordinarily difficult to trace the road behind by which one has approached: it winds, rises, falls, broadens, and narrows, until the mind is bewildered. Nor indeed do the comments of friends and enemies shouted from below tend to clear the situation.

I have been told that I became a Catholic because I was dispirited at failure, and because I was elated at success; because I was imaginative and because I was unperceptive; because I was not hopeful enough and because I was too hopeful, faithless and too trusting, too ardent and too despairing, proud and pusillanimous. It seems, further, now that I have my pen in my hand at the request of the editor of *THE AVE MARIA*, that I never before really attempted to disentangle the strands, and that it is rash of me to attempt it now. It is full of danger. It is extremely easy to deceive oneself, and it is extremely hard not to be self-conscious and complacent, not to see only what one would wish to see; and, above everything, one is afraid that, after all, it is bound to be very unconvincing to other people. For you cannot trace the guidance of the Spirit of God, or diagnose His methods in the secret rooms of the soul: He seems at times to let good go, and to bring

instead good out of evil, and light out of voluntary darkness.

At the best, therefore, all that is possible is to describe the external features of the country through which the soul has passed—the crossroads, the obstacles, the ravines,—and to give some sort of account of the consultations held by the way. Faith, after all, is a divine operation wrought in the dark, even though it may seem to be embodied in intellectual arguments and historical facts; for it is necessary to remember that two equally sincere and intelligent souls may encounter the same external evidences and draw mutually exclusive conclusions from them. The real heart of the matter lies somewhere else. . . . Catechumens, therefore, must remember that while on the one side they must of course clear the ground by the action of the intellect, on the other side it is far more vital that they should pray, purify motives, and yield themselves to God.

First, I think, it will be as well to describe, so far as is possible, my original religious education and position.

I was brought up in the moderate High Church school of thought, and naturally accepted that position as the one most truly representative of the Anglican communion. I learned—that is to say, so far as I could understand them—the tenets of the Caroline divines; I was taught to be reverent, sober-minded, anti-Roman; to believe in the Real Presence without defining it; to appreciate stateliness, dignity and beauty in worship; to study first the Bible in general, and later the Greek Testament. It seems to me, if I may say without impertinence, that my religious education was excellently wise. I was interested in religion; I worshipped in dignified cathedrals and churches; I was allowed to go out before the sermon; I was told the stories of Dr. Neale, and the allegories of Dr. Wilberforce, and the histories of the early Christian martyrs; and the virtues held up to me as the most admirable were those of truthfulness,

courage, honor, obedience, and reverence. I do not think that I loved God consciously, but at least I was never frightened at the presentation of Him, or threatened with hell. I think I accepted Him quite unemotionally as a universal Parental Presence and Authority. The Person of Our Lord I apprehended more from the Gospels than from spiritual experience; I thought of Him in the past and the future tenses, seldom in the present.

At my private school, we attended a church rather more "high" than those to which I had been accustomed. It contained a dark, mystical-looking sanctuary, with iron and brass gates; the clergy wore colored stoles, and Gregorian chants were in use. But I have not the slightest recollection of being astonished at any difference of doctrine from that which I had learned; though I was, I think, a little awed and curious at the minute variations of ritual, and certainly depressed by the species of plain-song we employed.

At Eton, however, I found myself back again in the familiar academic atmosphere of plain dignity, beautiful singing, and indefiniteness of dogma; and it was here, I suppose, that I should have received deep impressions of religion. But I did not, nor did any other boy, so far as I am aware. My Confirmation was postponed a year or two, because I was supposed to be indifferent to it, as indeed I was. I regarded it as a seemly ceremony, to be undergone with gravity, and to represent a kind of spiritual coming of age; and I was really surprised when, upon at last inquiring of my father as to when I was to be confirmed, since most of my friends already were so, I was told that I ought to have been confirmed a year before, but had not been because I had not seemed to wish it. However, since I had taken the initiative at last, it should be as I suggested.

But even this, combined with very loving and impressive talks from my father, made no difference to me. For my preparation I

went to "m'tutor," who talked to me about half a dozen times alone, chiefly on morality and the need of being strenuous. I cannot remember that much was said about doctrine; it was, rather, taken for granted. For example, a kind of informal confession was suggested to me tentatively, though no word was said of absolution; and I answered that I had nothing I wished to reveal. Finally, Dr. Goulburn's "Personal Religion," a stout, unattractive book, was presented to me. A year or two ago I found it again, and noticed that the leaves were not cut. So little impression, in fact, did the whole affair make on me that I cannot remember even what bishop it was that performed the ceremony; though it must have been Dr. Stubbs, of Oxford.

The only incident that is clear to my mind is an anxious consultation held afterward with three friends as to whether it would be decent to play fives in the afternoon, or whether it would be more proper to spend the time in decorous silence. We were not, I believe, in the least hypocritical or contemptuous; we wished to do what was right in the matter; and if fives could be reconciled with it, so much the better. We decided to play. My mother also, soon after, gave me a little silver Maltese cross, engraved with the date of my Confirmation—March 26, 1887. I wore it on my watch chain for a while—for at Eton at that time there was as little opposition as enthusiasm toward religion,—and presently lost it.

On the day of Communion I think I was rather more impressed. It was all unusual and mysterious; for only once before in my life had I even attended the service. I vaguely believed that I entered into a closer relationship with my Divine Ruler than ever before; and, although I was slightly depressed at the thought that in future I must behave myself better, I believe that I sincerely intended to do so.

Two other incidents I also remember connected with religion about this time.

The first was my discovery at home of a copy of Dr. Ken's Prayers for Winchester scholars, which somehow appealed to my imagination, and in which my father with great pleasure wrote my name when I asked him if I might have the book. I used this assiduously for a few months, liking, I think, the English and a certain gracious formality about the book. Then I dropped my prayers-altogether, and only went to Communion—though each time, I think, with tolerably good intentions—so often as it was necessary to avoid attention.

The second incident was one entirely uncharacteristic of Eton. The son of an Evangelical dignitary underwent some sort of a religious crisis at home, and set to work with praiseworthy zeal upon his acquaintances. I was one of them—though I did not much like him, thinking him a prig,—and was persuaded, with a friend of mine, to attend a Bible-reading, with prayer, held in his room. About four other boys assembled, and we sat there in horror, exchanging furtive glances while our leader expounded. At the sound of a footstep outside, Bibles vanished as if in conjuring-tricks; and the exercises, I remember, were brought to an end after two meetings by a sudden irrepressible explosion of laughter from my own particular friend. He sat there, scarlet-faced, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, while the rest of us giggled and eyed our instructor alternately. I think that the whole affair would have been extremely unhealthy if it had affected us in the slightest. Fortunately, it did not; and we came away with our opinion unchanged that such zeal was all rather bad form and of no value.

Our evangelizer, however, was not discouraged, and his next attempt was more serious. He managed somehow to persuade an "old boy" to come down to Eton and address the house, which he did, I regret to say, in the presence of the house-master. It was very terrible. He delivered an emotional speech that was practically an

open confession of his own evil-living at school. I do not think I have ever seen boys more sincerely horrified,—not indeed at the substance of his story, but at the appalling “bad form” of alluding to it.

It was after leaving Eton, and before going up to Cambridge, that I received what was really the first touch of personal religion. I was in London for a year or so, and for a short time I was vaguely interested by Theosophy; then suddenly I became entirely absorbed and fascinated by the music and dignity of worship in St. Paul’s Cathedral. The high celebration there is, indeed, as Gounod said, one of the most impressive religious functions in Europe. I began to go to Communion every week, and to attend every other service that I could possibly manage,—sometimes in the organ-loft, watching the mysteries of the keys and stops, sometimes sitting in the stalls. I did not in the least appreciate the sermons, though I was vaguely affected by Canon Liddon. It was the music, first and last; and it was through that opening that I first began to catch glimpses of the spiritual world; and my sense of worship was further developed and directed by an absolute passion that I conceived for Mr. Shorthouse’s book, “John Inglesant.” I read it again and again, as I read it still, though aware of its tendency to Pantheism; and even now I know passages of it by heart, particularly those dealing with the Person of Our Lord. It seemed that I had found at last the secret of those vague religious ceremonies to which I had always conformed with uninterested equanimity. A very warm friendship or two, also formed at this time, helped me in the same direction.

At Cambridge everything receded once more, with the exception of a sudden short and intense interest in Swedenborgianism. Then I lost all interest. I neglected my prayers, except for a while when my father gave me a beautiful edition of Bishop Andrewes’ “*Preces Privatæ*” in Greek and

Latin; I almost gave up Communion; and the sole thread that was left was, once more, music. I very seldom attended my own chapel, but went instead continually to the evening service at King’s, which, in another way from that of St. Paul’s Cathedral, was, and is, quite incomparable. About half a dozen times, too, I attended—with a recent convert, also an old Etonian—High Mass at the Catholic church, where now I am actually working as a priest; but it made no impression on me, except one of vaguely mingled contempt and awe. But I remember distinctly an agreeable sense of shock and elation when at the *Asperges* one day I felt a drop of holy water on my face. My friend lent to me a “Garden of the Soul,” which I never returned to him. Twelve years later, when I was myself a Catholic, I wrote to remind him of this, observing that now the book was more mine than ever.

Of course what religion I had was very little more than emotional; it made no sort of difference to my actions, but it kept me just in touch with things that were not wholly of this world. In fact, my closest friend at this time was an explicitly dogmatic atheist—I think the only one I have met,—and I was conscious of no particularly alarming gulf between us. One other friend of mine was also a Catholic, and with him I used to argue sometimes. But I do not think it ever occurred to me as even conceivable that his tenets could be anything but obviously absurd. For the most part, however, I was really indifferent, spending a good deal of time in hypnotism. No person in authority ever, so far as I can remember, made the slightest effort to approach me on matters of religion.

And then—even to this day I do not know why—I decided to become a clergyman. Things were changed a little then; I began to read theology, and became interested in it, especially in dogma, such as it was, and Church history. But it did not even enter my head for an instant that there was anything but the Church

of England to represent Christ's original institution. The Roman Catholics were obviously corrupt and decayed, the Ritualists were tainted, and the extreme Protestants were noisy, extravagant and vulgar. Plainly there was only one religious life possible, that of a quiet country clergyman, with a beautiful garden, an exquisite choir, and a sober bachelor existence. Marriage seemed to me then, as always, quite inconceivable.

I read for Orders for a year and a half with Dean Vaughan at Llandaff. We led a very harmless life, reading Greek Testament with him every morning, composing a sermon for him once a week, playing a great deal of football, and attending the cathedral services every day. But here, in spite of the Dean's strong Evangelicalism, I began to have a glimmer of more Catholic views, and, for the first time in my life, began to prefer Communion before breakfast. This was partly through the influence of a particular man with whom I made great friends. "John Inglesant" also began again to reassert his power, and I even made a journey or two here and there to see houses where I might set up an institution resembling that of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding, where, however, women were to be strictly excluded. We were to lead a very recondite life, I remember, in a kind of scholarly solitude; but I do not remember that self-denial in any form was to play a part in it. Yet the intention was certainly good, for the chief object of the life, so far as I contemplated it, was to increase the union of our souls with the Person of our Blessed Lord.

I was ordained deacon in 1894, after a very strange, lonely retreat, in which for about a week all religious sense deserted me. But it passed, and I went at once to work in East London, at the Eton mission; and here, for the first time, High Church ideas began to take complete possession of me. The occasion of it was as follows.

I received an invitation, a month after

my ordination, to be present at a retreat at Kemsing, near Sevenoaks, given by one of the Cowley Fathers. I went, in high collars and a white tie, and was completely taken by storm. For the first time Christian Doctrine displayed itself to me as an orderly scheme. I saw now how things fitted on one to the other, how the sacraments followed inevitably from the Incarnation, how body and spirit were alike met in the mercy of God. The preacher was extraordinarily eloquent and deep; he preached hour after hour; he caught up my fragments of thought, my glimpses of spiritual experience, my gropings in the twilight, and showed me the whole, glowing and transfigured in an immense scheme whose existence I had not suspected. He touched my heart also, profoundly, as well as my head. Especially he preached confession, showing its place in the divine economy; but this, very naturally, I strenuously resisted. It was not a strict retreat, and I talked freely in the afternoons with two friends, endeavoring to persuade myself that confession was no more than an occasional medicine for those who felt they needed it. But the work was done, though I did not know it until a year later. This, however, I took away, explicit, from the retreat—a desire to make my own that religion which I heard preached. But there were certain difficulties before me.

The parish to which I went was not run on at all extreme lines. Confession was distinctly discouraged, and the Communion was celebrated on Sundays and Thursdays only. But the end of it was that just before my ordination as priest I made, with my father's consent, for the first time, a full confession of my whole life before a clergyman. He was extraordinarily kind and skilful, though he gave me a penance which would occupy me half an hour every day until I came to him again, three months after. And the joy that followed that confession was simply indescribable. I went home in a kind of ecstasy,

My ordination also was an immense happiness. I went into the woods alone, telling myself that I was now a priest, that I could do for others what had been recently done for me; and I went back to East London full of enthusiasm.

About this time, too, I began to take up again a friendship with an Oratorian novice, with whom I had had many arguments at Cambridge, and went to see him several times; but I do not think it ever seriously entered my head that his intellectual position could possibly be anything but ridiculous. Still, he was a charming man, and, I have no doubt, did much to break down the wall of misunderstanding that separated my mind from his. I was perfectly confident, perfectly content, and perfectly obstinate.

At the end of the year, a week after my father's death, my health suddenly and completely broke down; and I was ordered to Egypt for the winter, at a week's notice. My last request to my vicar, I remember, before hearing this news, had been to the effect that we might have a daily celebration in future in the church, in place of the two weekly ones that had been in use previously. But it was thought better not.

(To be continued.)

OUR Blessed Mother is not the patron of any one, being the Mother of all. Our relation to her is necessary, not voluntary. We can not have God for our Father without having the Church for our Mother; and we can not have God for our Father without having the ever-blessed Mother as our Mother. We do not choose her as a patron: we are her children from our baptism, before we knew her, in the supernatural consanguinity of the Incarnation. So, also, we hardly choose St. Joseph; for he is the patron of the Universal Church. We, therefore, are his foster-children through the maternity of the spotless Virgin Mary. Our patrons are of our own choosing.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

Easter Lilies.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

“**T**HIS is extremely pleasant,” said Alice Waring with a sigh, as she rose from her seat beside the bright, open fire. “But duty is calling me with an imperative voice, and I must reluctantly tear myself away.”

“Now, what duty can possibly be calling you, I wonder!” her friend mocked, with a light laugh.

From her superior attitude, as she stood on the hearth-rug buttoning her coat, Miss Waring glanced down reprovingly at the face uplifted to her from the deep chair where the other sat.

“I am not as useless as I look,” she declared. “I not only have a few duties, but I really sometimes make an effort to fulfil them.”

Miriam Mendoza was still laughing as she asked:

“And what is the particular duty you are going to fulfil now?”

“Now?” The other paused for an instant and carefully smoothed the glove she was drawing on. “Now I am going to the church. It is Holy Week, you know.”

“Oh, is it?” There seemed a studied carelessness in the question. “Why, yes, of course it must be, since all the shops are crowded with women buying frocks and hats for Easter.”

“There are other women differently employed,” Alice said calmly. “Some of them form the sanctuary society of St. Monica's, where I am due now to help in the work of arranging the repository for to-morrow.”

“You Catholics have so many unintelligible expressions,” Miriam complained. “Now, what on earth is a repository?”

Alice briefly explained.

“And you see it must be made ready to-day,” she said, “since to-morrow is Holy Thursday,”

"I see." Miriam looked reflectively into the red heart of the fire for a moment. Then she exclaimed, as if something within her was too strong for repression: "And you really believe it?"

"Believe it?" Alice opened her eyes wider. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I mean *all* of it," her friend replied impatiently,—"all that is implied in the ceremonies and the reverence, and the—the preparing a place of repose for what is only—"

"Don't say it, Miriam!" the other interposed quietly. "You know what I believe it to be; and so for me there can be no reverence, no preparation too great. I only wish," she added regretfully, "that we could do a thousand times more than is possible to adorn that place of repose. I have spent all my pocket-money for flowers; but just now the florists are asking such outrageous prices! I've been wanting to steal those lilies ever since I came in here," she added, nodding toward a great sheaf of Bermuda lilies in a tall silver vase. "They would be lovely for the repository to-morrow, and could then be placed on the high altar at Easter."

"I would give them to you," Miriam said, "only Raphael sent them, and he might think—"

"That you didn't value them," Alice suggested, as the speaker paused. "Of course that is possible, since he is a man, a lover, and—er—"

"A Jew."

"Oh" (hastily), "I didn't mean that!"

"I think you did," said Miriam, quietly. "And why should you not? A Jewish man would certainly have reason to think that his betrothed did not value his flowers very much if she gave them to adorn the altar of a Christian church."

"I—suppose so." Alice stood for a moment, staring silently down at her friend. "It is so hard for me to realize that you are a Jewess," she then said helplessly. "I simply can't do it."

"Why not?" Miriam inquired.

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless

it is because you are so exactly like one of us, except—"

"In my blood," Miriam said, as the other hesitated. "And, strange as it may seem to you," she added, with an indescribable note in her voice, "I am very proud of that."

"Proud of—"

"Being a Jewess, yes; proud of my people and their unique history; proud of belonging to an aristocracy beside which the oldest royal houses of Europe are but mushrooms of yesterday; proud of the genius that in so many different ways—artistic, literary, financial—distinguishes the Jew; proud of the splendid constancy of my race under two thousand years of persecution; and proud above all that we are the Chosen People, through whom and from whom you scornful Christians have derived all that you possess of religion; for even the God whom you worship on your altars was a Jew."

Alice collapsed again into the chair from which she had risen, and stared at the beautiful face before her, with its flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes.

"I never thought of that before," she confessed. "Our Lord *was* a Jew—a pure Jew,—and Our Lady—oh, you have cause to be proud!" she exclaimed impetuously. "I should fairly burst with pride if I could think that I belonged to the same race, had the same blood, could claim kinship, however remote, with"—her voice sank to an awed whisper—"Jesus and Mary."

"But, you see, to me," Miriam said coldly, "Jesus and Mary are only a Jewish man and woman."

"I know." Alice sighed as she spoke. "That is what is so sad,—to have so great and wonderful a privilege and not to know it,—to have given a Redeemer to the human race, and to deny Him! O Miriam,"—she suddenly leaned toward her friend with clasped hands—"at this moment it seems to me the most terrible thing imaginable, to be a Jewess and refuse to acknowledge Him who is your own Messiah as well as the Lord of us all!"

It was now Miriam who rose quickly.

"That is enough, Alice!" she told her, almost harshly. "We couldn't be friends if we talked on this subject often. Just now what has been said was my fault, but we won't say anything more."

She moved swiftly across the room, took the sheaf of lilies from their vase, and, returning to the fireplace, thrust them into the hands of the astonished girl, who had meanwhile risen again to her feet.

"There!—let those apologize for me if I have been rude," she said. "Put them on your altar, if you like, as the tribute of a Jewess to the greatest man of her race,—for *that* I acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth to be."

Alice kissed her eagerly.

"Perhaps some day you will acknowledge Him to be more," she said. "Thank you for the lilies. I shall put them close to the tabernacle, and beg Our Lord to reward you as He will know how." She paused an instant and looked at the other a little doubtfully. "He may call you to suffer—to sacrifice—perhaps," she murmured as if to herself; "but I think you are strong enough for that. No, don't say another word! Good-bye!"

She turned as she spoke, and fairly ran out of the room.

"He may call you to suffer—to sacrifice—perhaps!"

The words rang persistently and disagreeably in Miriam's ear, as she stood where she had been left, on the hearth-rug before the fire, gazing with knitted brows into its glowing depths. She was a beautiful creature, this stately young Jewess, who came of one of those families of Spanish Jews that for several centuries have held a proud and distinctive position in Israel, from their scholarship, genius and wealth. In Holland, in England, and now in America, the house of Mendoza was known and respected of all men,—one of the few Jewish houses which even the arrogance of "smart" Christians could not refuse to recognize socially. As

a great heiress, its daughter had many suitors of many varieties of faith or no-faith; but, following the custom of her people, she had chosen and was betrothed to her cousin, a Jew and a Mendoza like herself.

This cousin—a tall, slender man, of distinguished appearance—entered the room while she still stood looking into the fire.

"I am glad to find you, and incidentally the house, undisturbed," he said, as she turned to greet him. "From the manner in which a young lady, who dashed out of the door as I was mounting the steps to it a minute ago, almost cannoned into me, I feared an earthquake. It is in just such fashion that people rush out of their houses when the shocks come in earthquake countries."

Miriam laughed.

"It was only Alice Waring—don't you know her?—running away from me instead of from an earthquake," she said.

"And why from you?" He regarded her smilingly. "You don't look very terrible."

"Oh, we hadn't been quarrelling!" she assured him. "We were only discussing something, and Alice wanted to be certain of having the last word—"

"Rather a feminine weakness, we are told."

"So having said it, she—bolted. By the by, did you observe that she was carrying off your lilies?"

"I did observe it, and wondered if she had perhaps—"

"Stolen them?" Miriam laughed again. "No. Suspicious as her manner may have been, the flowers were quite honestly come by. You must pardon me for giving them to her."

"Pardon you for doing what you liked with flowers sent for your pleasure! Ask me something more difficult."

"That is like you," she said appreciatively. "But you may not feel so generously disposed when I add that I gave them to her for the altar of her church."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Does it matter for what purpose you gave them, since you cared to do so?" he asked carelessly. "And of course it was to *her* you gave them, not to the altar of the church."

"I am not sure of that." Miriam faced him with her clear, brilliant glance. "You know this is their Holy Week, and she had been saying that she must go and help to arrange what is called the repository—an altar where they place the—the—"

"Wafer which they believe to be God," Raphael Mendoza said in a tone of scorn, as she hesitated slightly. "Well?"

"Well," Miriam went on, "she remarked that they were very much in need of flowers for decoration and had not much money to buy them, so I gave her your lilies—as the tribute of a Jewess to the greatest man of her race."

"You did not tell her that?"

"Yes, I did. Isn't it true?"

"I don't think it is, but even if so—"

"You don't think it is true?" she interrupted impetuously. "But it was from you I first learned it. I have heard you say again and again what a wonderful man Jesus Christ was, and what a more wonderful thing it is that the whole world should be dominated by the personality and the influence of a Jew, while it despises the race from which he sprang."

"All that is true enough," Mendoza said; "but to admit these things of Jesus Christ, and to send flowers 'as a tribute' to the altar where he is worshipped as God, are two very different things. The last seems to me"—he paused an instant—"almost inexcusable in a Jewess."

"Do you think so?" Miriam's tone was a little anxious. "I should not wish to do anything that was inexcusable in a Jewess. I am very proud of being one, you know."

"And yet," said Raphael, glancing at her keenly, "I have detected in you several times a weakness—a leaning toward Christian ideas—which has greatly surprised me."

She met his glance with a faint smile.

"Why should you have been surprised?" she asked. "How much of Judaism do you believe?"

"Not much," he answered frankly; "but that does not make me any more inclined to Christianity. If the old religion—the great religion which in its ideas has permeated the whole world—is founded on myths and delusions, what is to be said of its modern offshoots? No; it is true that on my religious side I am not an orthodox Jew—that, in fact, I am nearer what the world calls an agnostic,—but on the racial side I am, as you know, intensely Jewish, and I never forget what we owe to the hate of Christians."

"In other words, you repay hate with hate."

"Certainly I do. It sounds somewhat melodramatic to talk of our wrongs, but the memory of them burns in me like fire. Consequently I detest Christians *as* Christians, though I like some of them well enough as individuals; and I could sooner commit suicide than marry a Christian."

"Even if she possessed Jewish blood?"

He made a quick, repudiating gesture.

"Then more than ever."

"It seems to me," Miriam remarked, "that your position is hardly reasonable or consistent. If you value your Judaism only on the racial side—in other words, if you are willing to let go the beliefs which have kept us a separate people,—what right have you to be intolerant toward one—"

"Whom I and every other Jew would regard as a traitress to her people, as having betrayed everything which they have held sacred at the cost of blood and tears and anguish; of having made their sacrifice of no account and turned her back upon them to join the ranks of their persecutors?" he demanded in a tone of intense and bitter feeling. "My position is entirely consistent, and you know it. The Jew who becomes a Christian is a traitor to his race as well as to his religion."

His bitterness struck a responsive note in her.

"Yes," she agreed, "I have always felt that. Yet nevertheless—"

"Nevertheless," he echoed, as she paused, "you are attracted by Christian ideals and beliefs."

"I am attracted," she said, "by the personality of Jesus Christ. Have *you* never felt that attraction? No?"—as he shook his head. "Have you never asked yourself what you would have done, where you would have been, if the choice had been given you, as it was given our forefathers long ago in Palestine? I have asked myself that question, and I have answered it. I should have followed him—oh, I could not have done otherwise than follow him at any cost!"

"It is possible," he replied, with a cynical air. "You are enthusiastic and ready to be carried away by any appeal to your emotions. But to have followed him then as a magnetic and marvellous leader, and to believe all that is taught of him now, by your friends the Catholics at least, are, as I said of the tribute of the flowers, widely different things."

"Yes," she assented again, "they are widely different. And the proof of this difference is that, although I have followed him in imagination by lake and mountain, into the temple—which he held as sacred as I should have done,—through the streets of Jerusalem to the judgment-seat, and even to Calvary, I have never stood with Mary Magdalen at the door of the sepulchre and said, 'Rabboni!'"

"Of course you have not," was the scornful comment, "since that would have been to acknowledge him as God, and you can not stultify your reason so far." Then suddenly he extended his arm and drew her to him. "Have done with this!" he said almost fiercely. "It is no talk for a daughter of Israel. Admire Jesus Christ if you like, as the wonderful Jew who dominates the world; but never forget that it is in his name his people have been persecuted through all the long centuries since he died."

She was so close to him now that she

had to throw her head back to look into his eyes.

"Raphael," she asked, almost in a whisper, "have you never thought how strange this persecution is? Has it never made you doubt, wonder, question? And if—if you have ever tried to imagine what might be the possible punishment, the possible expiation of a race which had committed the greatest of crimes, the most awful of sacrileges, has not the pathetic, hunted figure of Israel risen before you, flying through all the long centuries of which you speak, as if from the Avenger of Blood?"

"No," Raphael answered violently. "Such imaginations have never occurred to me; and they would not occur to you if you were loyal to what you have been taught." His arm fell away from her, he drew back in an attitude of aloofness. "Let us understand clearly where we are," he said. "It begins to seem to me as if my lilies are but a symbol. You have sent them to the altar of a Christian church, and if your heart follows them—"

"You know that it does not!" she interrupted passionately. "You know that my heart is with my people, with the synagogue, with all that it teaches, and—and with *you*."

There was an appealing accent in the last words which made him take a quick step toward her again.

"Then," he said imperatively, "promise me that you will never think of these things again! Especially do not allow your thoughts to dwell any more on Jesus Christ; for I recognize now that there is one personality in human history which it is not safe for a Jew to admire."

"You are right," she told him as she laid her head on his shoulder. "I, too, feel that this admiration is not safe. It might—lead one too far."

(Conclusion next week.)

WHERE is the soul that does not pause, awed and thoughtful, before the short word—God.—*Lacordaire*.

April.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

HERE is a radiant angel on wide wing
Comes through the storm to earth; with
silvery showers

She calls from out the mould the eager flowers;
Green magic on the woodland does she fling.
Thick as the wild bees of the snow may cling
On laden boughs in Winter's stilly hours,
All down the wakened orchards bending bowers
She spreads the white, white glory of the Spring!

Vision august! once more we see thee here:
Once more we see thy fairy wand at play,
And on our brows we feel thy wing's soft rush.
Angel of resurrection and good cheer!
Once more with song of birds you roll away
The Winter's stone of silence and of hush!

A Son of St. Dominic.*

I.

READ from the outside, the life of the subject of this sketch furnishes very slight material for the biographer. What there was of interest in it arose principally from exterior circumstances of which he was a part, instead of their being influences of his own career. His great humility and singular detachment prevented him from being a self-conscious actor in any scheme, however important, which bore upon his life from day to day. But the silent influence he exerted upon all who came within its sphere; the winning and beautiful personality which made him not only a marked figure among all those with whom he came in contact; but one never to be forgotten by them, the antiquity of his lineage, the illustrious name of his grandfather, the distinction and virtue of the entire family; the fearless stand made by his own father for the truth at the cost of position, wealth and endearing associations,—all had their share in forming the character and con-

* "The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the Order of Preachers." Compiled by H. M. Capes, O. S. D. Edited, with an Introduction, by Vincent McNabb, O. P. Sands & Company; B. Herder.

secrating the soul of the eloquent and devoted Dominican to the service of his Divine Master. And the story of such consecrations can never be too often told.

The grandfather of Arthur Henry Wilberforce—in religion Father Bertrand—was William Wilberforce, the distinguished philanthropist of the eighteenth century. From this celebrated man his descendant inherited many noble and admirable qualities,—an upright and generous spirit, a religious tendency of mind, as well as the eloquent tongue and wonderfully sonorous voice for which the philanthropist was remarkable. The father of Arthur, Henry, was the fourth son of William Wilberforce. He married one of the beautiful Miss Sargents; his brother Samuel, afterward the well-known Bishop of Oxford, marrying another. After his graduation at Oxford, Henry Wilberforce wavered for some time between Church and the Bar, finally deciding on the former, mainly through the influence, he always said, of Dr. Newman. He became a model parson in every respect, dedicating all his waking hours to the service of his flock. His wife was equally devoted.

Arthur Wilberforce was the second son and third child of his parents. He was born March 14, 1839, at Lavington Rectory, the home of Archdeacon Manning, his uncle by marriage. The wife of the Archdeacon, later Cardinal Manning, having recently died, Mrs. Wilberforce, her sister, had been sojourning there for a time. We do not know, but it is probable that the boy was baptized by his uncle.

At the age of ten, Arthur was sent to a private school, where he remained only a year. Even at that time his parents were considered very "High Church," and the boy took with him to school a little statue of the Angel Guardian, of which he was very fond. His mother, who had accompanied him, was not without some misgivings as to whether he would be able to hold his own among the rough boys with whom he was now to be associated, as he had always been remarkable for meekness and gentle-

ness. She returned home, however, with her fears on this subject quite allayed. One of his fellow-students, seeing the statue, had ridiculed Arthur for cherishing it, and also called him an "idolater." Without any more ado, the boy knocked the offender down, thus avenging the insult to his "angel" and himself. Kind and peaceable as she was, the knowledge that her little son was able to defend himself was a great source of comfort to his departing mother.

He did not remain long at this school; the life was not congenial, the associates unpleasant, and his health began to suffer. His father, as a friend of Newman, had been deeply interested in the Oxford Movement, and had slowly arrived at the conclusion that the Anglican Church was in error. But before committing himself, he had the very sensible and natural desire to see the Catholic Church in its own strongholds, and obtained leave of absence to go abroad. His wife had already been received into the Church in London, and he made his abjuration in Brussels, where the children were also conditionally baptized.

In 1853, Arthur was sent to Ushaw College, where he spent ten happy years. After he had been there about three years, he informed his parents of his desire to become a priest,—a resolution in which he never wavered, from the moment of its inception to its final accomplishment. We append his first letter after having received the tonsure, at the age of seventeen. It is simple with the simplicity of a fervent and innocent soul that had given itself to God in the flower of unsullied youth and virtue. He writes:

"I received your letter yesterday, as I came out of retreat. Thank God, I have received the tonsure, and so am now a cleric. Though I have thought for some time that I should be a priest, yet it never seemed any way so nearly settled as now. I hope, with the help and grace of God, that it is now certain. . . .

"I do not like to reckon too securely upon ever having great happiness; for I

might, through some fault of my own, have the misery to lose my vocation if I did not take great care. Pray hard for it, and I will do my best; and then, please God, all will go right, and I shall be a priest. It seems sometimes as if it was almost too great a dignity to take upon myself; it is such a tremendously high call. Fancy offering the Sacrifice of the Mass! It is quite awful to think of.

"Is it not very solemn and awful in the ordination of priests, when the whole of the Canon is said out loud? We had it yesterday; there were two priests ordained. I was very rusty at the beginning of the retreat, but Father X comforted me, and it went off. I was partly, of course, tired with the journey."

In spite of his religious vocation, Arthur was very fond of all kinds of athletic sports, in which he excelled. He was also very practical, with all his fervent piety. On one occasion he was out in a boat with a companion, and in some manner the plug was forced out of the bottom of the boat. Arthur had on a swimming belt, but his companion had none; and begged Arthur to lend him his, on the plea that he was not good and afraid to die. But Arthur would not relinquish it; while the other remonstrated, saying at the same time he had no resource left but acts of contrition. "You can make as many as you like," rejoined the sensible Arthur. "I'm going to look for the plug."

The beauty and angelic expression of his countenance was a subject of admiration to his friends and acquaintances. The Holy Father himself remarked upon it during a year Arthur spent in Rome. It was but an index of the beauty and peace of soul which characterized the happy years of his preparation for the priesthood. There was about him an inexplicable charm that attracted all whom he met: an utter absence of self-consciousness, added to a natural grace and high-breeding, which distinguished him to the day of his death. Said a Protestant friend, on the occasion of

first meeting the boy: "He has a Catholic face; I should have known he was one, even if I had only met him accidentally."

Almost as soon as Arthur Wilberforce had resolved to become a priest, he began to feel an attraction for the life of a religious; and, though his parents would have preferred his remaining a secular, they did not in the least oppose his vocation. He was wont to say that he attributed this call to a more perfect state to a constant perusal of "The Following of Christ," which, next to the Bible, was his most treasured companion. Immediately after his ordination he entered the Dominican Order, of which, while he lived and labored, he was to be a most saintly and distinguished member. He was received as a novice at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester. His year of novitiate passed quickly and happily. He was as docile as a child, and as merry as one, too. Earnestness and simplicity were his chief characteristics, joined to that sweet humility which always belonged to him.

On the 12th of May, 1865, he made his profession, and from that time until the summer of 1869 was occupied with exterior work and the study of theology. In 1868 he made his solemn vows, and was then sent to take charge of the church and mission at Beeches Green, Stroud, where he began the labors of his apostolate and soon made converts. Here he remained till 1871, when he was chosen Prior of St. Dominic's, Haverstock Hill,—an honor from which he would fain have been dispensed. About this time the health of his father began to give his family alarm. Mr. Wilberforce had been subjected, since his conversion, to great stress and strain of mind. He had given up wealth and position for the truth; and, though he never swerved for a single moment, nor regretted the step which had brought his soul peace and certainty, his anxiety for the future welfare of his family probably shortened his earthly existence. He died on the 23d of April, 1873. Five years later his saintly and heroic wife went to join him in Paradise.

The death of Mr. Wilberforce was the occasion of a letter from Cardinal Newman to his other son, Mr. Wilfrid Wilberforce, as follows:

MY DEAR WILFRID:—Your telegram told me what I had expected to hear. I sent on its tidings to Father Ambrose, who is in London.

There never was a man more humble than your dear father; never one who so intimately realized what it is to die, and how little we know, and how much we have to know, about it. Now he knows all,—he knows all that we do not know. He has the reward of all his prayers; there is an end of all his fears. He has served God with a single aim all through his life, and now he understands how good it has been to have done so. I have known him most intimately for forty-seven years, and he has always been the same.

Of course I shall say Masses for his soul; but I wish and pray that each of us, when his time comes, may as little need them as I think he does. None of us are fit to enter God's holy presence, but he has been preparing himself for it all his life.

May God sustain your dear mother and all of you! But I don't doubt they will have abundant strength and consolation in their trial.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In the latter part of 1873, Father Bertrand writes thus to his sister who was about to enter religion:

"I must send a line to greet you, as you arrive first at your new and chosen home. 'This is my place of rest forever, for I have chosen it,'—or rather God has chosen it for you, my dearest!

"Our Lord will give you, after the first human feelings of the sacrifice are over, many and great consolations,—the hundredfold He promised here below, and afterward eternal life. Make up your mind from this day to put your whole soul into one work, to make yourself a perfect religious. You are in a good con-

vent, where holy discipline really flourishes, or I should have warned you to avoid it; but I most entirely believe that the Rule is really kept, and that the best examples will surround you. Throw yourself into everything with generosity and love.

"It will be much easier for you than for me. You will be in heaven ages before me, while I am low in purgatory. Though we have the advantage of saying Mass and giving the Sacraments, how far less are your responsibilities, how much more surrounded you are by protection. We have to knock about the world without being of it, to be in it, to fight it. So pray for me.

"I must now go to the confessional, to hear and absolve some of the 'abominable sins of the world.' Pray for a poor wretch who, in November, stamped and beat his mother to death, and was condemned here yesterday to be hanged. He will be allowed a week. He is a bad Catholic, but I hope will repent.

"Pray for the Redemptorist Father who died to-day, and for

"Your loving brother in J. M. D.,

"F. B. W., O. P.,

—"lest I, preaching missions to others, should myself become a castaway."

The following letter, in which reference is made to Dr. Pusey, is of interest. It was written by Father Bertrand to his mother:

"... Many thanks for your dear letter on St. Dominic's Day! We had a good sermon from Father Akers, who is a great friend of mine. He is a Tertiary, and would much like to be a Dominican altogether, if he could make up his mind it was God's will he should leave his new mission at Homerton. He is just building a church there, and doing great good. He is a man full of zeal and piety. Before his conversion he was chaplain to the nuns now at Mill Hill, and came into the Church a fortnight after them. When he was on the point of reception, he went to Forbes, the Bishop of Brecon, and Forbes took him to Dr. Pusey. He thought Dr. Pusey

would at once floor his difficulties by his learning, but could get no clear answers. His point was: 'I hold all the teaching of Trent now, but I feel I hold it only as an *opinion*. I could change it to-morrow, and the Anglican Church would be very well—nay, better—pleased. Can I hold these doctrines on *authority*, and as of divine faith, in the Church of England?'

"Pusey could not answer; he shuffled about, asked what he would do if he were a Greek (not much to the point), and at last got angry and said there was no use in talking to him. So Akers went away more shaken than ever, and from that moment it was only a question of time. He had looked on Pusey as a kind of 'Father of the Church'; and when he would say nothing, Akers felt as if all the ground had been cut away beneath his feet..."

The following letter to his sister, on the anniversary of her profession, is full of holy wisdom and instruction:

"It is indeed a happy and blessed anniversary,—another year of your spiritual espousals with our Blessed Lord Himself, and a whole year nearer the day when you will see His face and hear His voice, and know Him even as you are known—face to face. He is indeed, as the Church to-day reminds us in His own words, a good and faithful Shepherd; and religious are the chosen lambs of His flock, and the objects of His tenderest solicitude. Like a good shepherd, He defends us and feeds us; and if we wander from Him, He seeks us over rocks and mountains till He finds us and brings us back. I think those words of St. John (x, 28) are so very beautiful: 'No man shall pluck them out of My hand.' And again: 'No man can snatch them out of the hand of My Father.' There is such security in those utterances. Do you know the 34th chapter of Ezechiel? I always think that Our Lord was thinking of that and referring to it when He said, 'I am the Good Shepherd.'

"I often think that the great difference between the religious of former days and

ourselves was the much greater idea that they had of the necessity of the penitential spirit. I do not mean more austerity—that is a fruit and outcome of what I mean,—but the state of contrition and a deep sense of sin. No doubt religious in every age are modified and acted upon by the prevalent spirit of the age in which they live, and certainly our age is not one of penitence. A contrite and humble heart is what we ought always to be crying out to God to give. That, we are sure, He will not despise.

“Do you notice how much more the old books speak of ‘compunction’ than the new? And compunction is what I think modern religious often lack. Cassian says—or rather the Abbot Moses, in chapter xvii, conf. i: ‘Let us, likewise, oftentimes chant the psalms, that we may excite true compunction.’

“But what a man I am to talk! It is so easy to talk, and so far harder to do. But I would beg you on your bridal day, my sweet sister, whom I love, to pray that Our Lord would give me some compunction. It must be glorious to be full of it,—better than gold or silver, and many precious stones.

“Do you read the Scriptures much? Is it the custom among you? It was among the old religious. We have so many books now that we often forget the Book of all books. I would advise you to read the psalms often in English; it will help you much to say your Office well. And always remember that it is the Church speaking by your mouth.”

The advice given in this letter is well worthy of consideration by every reader, whether lay or religious. It is but too true that the spirit of penance and mortification seems to have departed from among us, and the “Book of books” is neither so well known nor so often read as it should be in Catholic families. A pity too, as each new reading of its inspired pages reveals new beauties and meanings to the thoughtful mind and prayerful soul.

Father Wilberforce held the office of Prior during only one term. He was glad to be released. Administrative ability was not characteristic of him: his talents lay especially in the care of souls and in the duties of a missionary. His burning zeal, his fervent piety, his keen spiritual insight, his pity for sinners and detestation of sin, combined with his great gift of eloquence, of themselves seemed to establish his vocation as a missionary priest. His health, always delicate, did not improve as time went on and his labors increased. On the contrary, he was subject to constant attacks of illness and pain. He found time, however, to impart spiritual comfort and advice to many a doubting or weary soul, such as are always to be met with in the path of a missionary.

From the beginning of his religious life he had but one object in view—that of giving his whole time to God, in whatever manner it should be ordered. In spite of the immense amount of work accomplished by him, he was naturally indolent and procrastinating, and every day of his existence was a perpetual struggle with these defects. He had a great power of retaining what he read, though humility and simplicity prevented him from parading his knowledge in any way. But when occasion arose he was ever ready to explain, instruct, counsel, and encourage. A few extracts from his letters and journal will give the reader an idea of his gifts in that regard. To one he writes:

“Human direction can only point out to you what to do; this has been many times done, and you know it all as well as I or any one else can tell you. The whole matter is to *do* it, and no one can do it for you. It is a personal struggle.

“Almost the only other thing that can be done is to encourage you that you may have energy and perseverance for the fight, as great courage and indomitable perseverance are quite necessary. We should have that quiet, dogged determination that is one of the best features of John Bull’s natural character. So you must avoid as

a pest all low spirits and discouragement, which the saintly Bishop Grant used to say was the modern form of possession of the devil, and which the Bishop of Birmingham the other day said was the most subtle and offensive form of egotism. We *must* not be cast down because we fail and fail and fail. We all do the same, I suppose. At least, I do certainly. But one thing I am determined on—never to give up and show the white feather.

“Our Lord is giving you graces that you may be saved,—and not barely saved, but that you may have a very high place in heaven. So go on faithfully, plodding onward from day to day, ‘casting all your care upon Him; for He hath a care of you,’ and victory will at last be yours.

“I see no necessity or advantage in rigidly following the meditations laid down in any book, any more than you are bound to eat of every dish at a well-supplied table. Take those that best suit you, and leave the rest. Sometimes one text will be good enough for a long time. If you recognize that you are proud, make many earnest petitions for humility, and then try to humble yourself; you will succeed at last.”

His journal gives an account of a retreat preached by him to the Poor Clares at Baddesley Clinton. It is a fine illustration of his own self-depreciation and humility. He says:

“The retreat at Coventry ended, and the same day I went to begin the retreat at Baddesley Clinton, and arrived at the convent walking, my portmanteau wheeled in a small cart by a boy. The chaplain had been a student in the O’ton Seminary, when I gave the retreat there in 18—something. He went away during the present retreat,—an example for chaplains of convents always to follow, as it leaves the priest giving the retreat much more free, and also far more quiet. The latter helps the retreat very considerably.

“I felt intensely ashamed at the thought that I, a religious in name and habit only, must preach prayer, detachment, love of

God, to those really fervent, penitential, contemplative nuns. It was humiliating; so I had to make up my mind to say boldly what I knew to be true, however much I was thus condemning myself. Couldst not Thou, O Lord, say to me, *De ore tuo, te judico?* Give me grace to begin to do what I so often have to tell others, knowing its truth!

“God must have sent me here to teach me what religious life really is, that I might see religious virtues in practical life, and not merely in books and in theory. These holy nuns leave the very idea of ‘comfort,’ in any form by day or by night, outside the door when they enter the convent. Their prayer is continual and their devotion to God complete. How happy must their deaths be, after so fervent a life!

“The ‘Out Sisters’ teach the village school at the gate of the convent. The chapel is a public one for the congregation.

“The Hall, Baddesley Clinton, is a most interesting specimen of the old English country-house. The moat still remains. The house is built enclosing a quadrangle, or at least forming three sides. I forget which at this time—for I am writing in May, 1886. The front is of the time of Edward IV. Here the Derings live. Mr. Dering not only had got, but had *read*, the first volume of the new edition of St. Thomas. He had read also, twice carefully through, the *Contra Gentes*, as well as the *Summa*. How many of the Fathers could say the same? I can not, for one. Yet it would seem, at first sight, more congruous that the Dominican friar should have done so rather than the squire and novelist. Thus are my idleness and ignorance put to shame by laymen, as my religious practice is by the Poor Clares.

“Was not this the lesson God meant to teach me by sending me to Baddesley? If, instead of being learned and fervent, I am ignorant and tepid, grant at least that I be humble, O Lord, and earnest in Thy Love!”

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XVI.

MILDRED and Lett went over to Burnley on Saturday, and returned on Monday, accompanied by Father Kenyon, who in the kindest manner consented to give them the few days that would intervene before he must start on his next mission.

Mr. Chetwode received him with almost literally open arms, and Mrs. Sterndale with a courtesy which left nothing to be desired on her part in the way of hospitable welcome. But a single glance at her beautiful, impassive face told him, in connection with what he had already heard from Mildred, that here was one of those unhappy souls which, having refused to bend under the chastening hand of God, had entrenched itself in a cold silence as impervious as a wall of ice to all spiritual influences. He was too much accustomed to dealing with minds of every calibre not to recognize the fact that there was nothing for him to do but ignore the spiritual in his association with her; and, notwithstanding that the situation was, all circumstances considered, an exceedingly awkward one, so perfect was his manner and tact—and her own—that no shade of this awkwardness appeared on the surface. The man of God and the worldly woman had one thing in common—hereditary fine breeding.

It was a great relief to Mr. Chetwode and Mildred to see this easy understanding so immediately established between the two. And now the only cloud which dimmed their joy and thanksgiving at the presence of a priest under that roof was sorrow for her blindness and apathy, and regret that the two other members of the household were absent.

The little party came from Burnley by the midday train; and, the first moment that it was possible to do so after their

arrival, Mr. Chetwode drew Mildred aside for a private word.

"My dear," he said, "I think it would be well for you to ask Miss Hereford to caution that little girl upstairs against making any remarks at dinner on the subject of religion. I should not be at all surprised to hear her make some very malapropos speech to your mother."

"I am sure she has more sense than to do that," Mildred said.

"It does not strike me that she is overburdened with sense,—common-sense, I mean."

"She is very bright,—original."

"Quite so," returned Mr. Chetwode in his driest tone, and with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "But, as a rule, originality, of manner at least, is not a desirable quality in social life. It will be a relief to my mind if you can convey a hint to her that the least said about religion in Mrs. Sterndale's presence, the better."

"I will speak to Lett at once," said Mildred. "But—"

"Well?" he asked with a smile.

"I'm sorry to see that you don't like the poor child."

"I have no ill feeling toward her," he answered, seriously.

"Ill feeling! The idea!" cried Mildred, laughing. "As if you could entertain ill feeling toward anybody! What I mean is that you regard her with a sense of disapproval, and I am sure she is conscious of it. I never look at her without an almost painful sense of pity; her face when at rest has such a sad expression. I am glad that she seems to have taken rather a fancy to me; for, strange to say, she is not very fond of Lett."

Mr. Chetwode shook his head.

"That doesn't look well for her," he observed. "But go, my dear, before you forget it, and speak to Miss Hereford."

This Mildred did, and Lett lost no time in complying with Mr. Chetwode's request. She found Sydney so absorbed in a book that it was with a slight start she looked

up at the sound of her name; and as she closed the volume in her hand, Lett saw that it was her prayer-book.

"Excuse me! I want to speak to you for a moment,—only for a moment," Lett said, "to warn you not to ask questions or even show surprise at any peculiarity you may observe in Mrs. Sterndale's manner while Father Kenyon is here. She is a Catholic, but not practical. It is none of our business, you know, to—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you!" Sydney here interposed, waving her hand with the grand air which was so natural with her that it seemed only quaint, not affected or ridiculous. "Reassure yourself. I shall not commit any *gaucherie*. I am as well aware as you are that there is some peculiarity about Mrs. Sterndale's religious sentiments. Of course the servants told Mammy all about it; and equally, of course, she wanted to tell me, constantly as I forbid her to try to gossip to me about other people's affairs. And before I understood what she was talking about, to stop her, she had blurted out enough to let me know that religion is not a subject to be mentioned to Mrs. Sterndale."

"Oh, there is nothing really wrong in her religious opinions!" said Lett, quickly. "She has been living so long without a church, that, as people will do sometimes, she has grown indifferent. I did not know you had heard anything about it, and thought it best to warn you, dear. I will go now."

"Stop!" exclaimed Sydney. "Sit down, please!"

Lett brought a chair near her and sat down.

"Joyeuse," she said, speaking very seriously, "if I were the person you are—in training for a saint—I should pray a great deal for Mrs. Sterndale. But that is not what I want to say to you now. I am setting my conscience in order, and the first thing I find it incumbent on me to do is to beg your pardon for all the abominable conduct I have been guilty

of to you. No—no!" she cried in the quick, spoiled-child tone she sometimes indulged. "You need offer no excuses for me. I'm a wretch,—I know it,—that is, I have been a wretch for more than a year past. But I don't mean to be one any longer. It has all come of my being ill. It is so very hard to make examens of conscience, and to resist temptations to impatience, when one feels too weak to lift one's little finger. But I don't mean to excuse myself. My meanness and ungraciousness and ingratitude to you, who have been so good to me, are inexcusable. Only I want you to forgive it. Will you?"

She held out her hand, and Lett, taking it, kissed her affectionately, saying:

"You have not been any of these bad things you have mentioned; only a little wilful and petulant sometimes, which was very natural when you were ill and suffering."

Here there was a tap at the door, and Mildred came in, bringing a book she had chanced to pick up on the train that morning.

"I think you will like it," she said. "I read it some time ago, and was delighted with it. But my copy was lent and lost, and I could not find another at the bookstore. I put the one I was telling you about, Lett, in your room."

"Thank you!" said Lett. "I will go and get it." And, rising, she left the room.

Sydney was turning over the leaves of the volume Mildred had laid on her lap, and said:

"It looks very tempting. I am so much obliged to you for getting it for me. But I am engaged with *this* just now." She held up her prayer-book. "Can you find out, please, when Father Kenyon will hear my confession? He is to say Mass in the morning, Lett told me."

"Yes. But I am afraid he will not be at leisure to hear your confession until to-night. He is engaged with Uncle Romuald now in the library, and I am sure they will not appear until dinner. After dinner, about sunset, you know mamma wants

you to take your first drive. She is very anxious for you to begin to take exercise. If you don't feel strong enough to exert yourself to-night—and of course you will not,—you can go to-morrow morning. There will be plenty of time. Father Kenyon is to stay three or four days."

"I should like to get it over. But if I can't, I can't. Mildred!"

"Well?" said Mildred.

"It is not near dinner time?"

"No."

"What are you going to do with yourself at present?"

"Nothing in particular. Do you want me to do anything for you?"

"Yes: I want you to sit down and answer a question or two."

She pointed to the chair Lett had just risen from; and as Mildred sat down, she added, in her childish, peremptory manner: "And you are to tell me the truth, mind!"

"If I tell you anything," said Mildred.

"You saw Henri when he was in Estonville, didn't you?"

Mildred hesitated, and there was a quick flash of intelligence in Sydney's eyes.

"Ah," she said, nodding her head wisely, "you wonder how I found out that he was here! Lett would have bitten off her tongue sooner than tell me. And she actually intimidated poor Mammy so that *she* didn't tell me. The idea of being intimidated by Lett! I told Mammy she ought to be ashamed of herself."

"Lett is just the person to intimidate anybody," said Mildred; "because whoever knows her must be perfectly sure that she will do what she says she will, as a matter of conscience."

"Oh, I am as well aware as you are that she is nothing but a bundle of scrupulosity. But she is not without a few grains of sense, and would never attempt to trifle with me by undertaking to send Mammy away, as she threatened her."

"But how could you help it if she did?" asked Mildred.

"You would see how I could help it

if it were attempted," she answered, haughtily. "Why, if I were to fall into one of my towering red-hot passions, Lett would be on her knees in a minute; for she would think, in the first place, that I was about to burst a blood-vessel, and that my blood would be on her head; and, secondly, that she must have done something very wrong herself to bring on such an outbreak. And as to Mr. Chetwode, his gray hairs would stand on end at the sight of my fury, and he would fly before the face of my wrath. He always looks at me anyhow as if I were a little animal with teeth and claws that he would rather keep out of the way of."

This, metaphorically speaking, was so exactly how Mr. Chetwode did look at her, that Mildred could not restrain a laugh.

"You have a pleasant laugh," said Sydney, regarding her approvingly. "I like to hear it. But you have not answered my question. Did you see Henri?"

"Mr. de Wolff, you mean? Yes."

"And what did you all think of him,—you in particular? Tell me the truth now."

"I liked him very much indeed," said Mildred, glad that she could give this assurance; "and so did mamma. Mamma has a great regard for him."

Sydney's eyes sparkled.

"I always knew," she cried, in a tone of self-approving conviction, "that Mrs. Sterndalé was a most sensible woman! I have the greatest respect as well as admiration for her. And you have inherited her sense as well as, in a degree, her beauty. I am pleased with you, Mildred."

"You are very kind to regard your humble servant so favorably," Mildred responded, good-humoredly.

"Don't be sarcastic," said Sydney. "I don't mean to be impertinent. It is only my way of speaking. I have always been a privileged person, you see. So you and Mrs. Sterndale appreciated Henri? And how I love you for it! Lett, I know did not. What did that supercilious Mr. Chetwode think of him?"

"Sydney," said Mildred, reprovingly,

"you must not speak in that tone of my uncle and your guardian."

"I beg you pardon!" said Sydney, seriously. But, relapsing then to the tone Mildred had rebuked, continued: "All the same, I do not see any harm in the word supercilious. I used it in the sense of hypocritical. However, I will not repeat the offence. I will respect your feelings as a niece. Mine as a ward are more robust. What did Mr. Chetwode think of Henri?"

"He didn't see him. He was in the country when Mr. de Wolff was here."

"All the time? I see you are curious to know how I found out about it. Warren told me, and gave me a message from him—and a letter," she added, her eyes gleaming with amusement and triumph. "But don't tell this to Lett. It would give her a bad opinion of Warry. Lett is good, superexcellent; but straitlaced in her ideas to a deplorable degree. She keeps me in mind always of what one of grandinamma's old friends used to say—that when people are so very good, they are likely to become narrow. That is the case with poor Joyeuse. She is awfully narrow."

"Why do you call her Joyeuse? I have several times intended to ask."

"Why, you know her name is Letitia—Joy. Well, when she first came to stay with us, I took a wonderful fancy to her, and called her after a charming character in a novel I was very fond of. When I knew her better, and found that she would not listen to the truth about Henri, I was disgusted, and wished I had not endowed her with a name I like so much. But as I had begun to call her so, it seemed mean to take it away from her."

"What an odd child you are!" said Mildred, laughing.

(To be continued.)

RANK poisons make good medicines; error and misfortune may be turned into wisdom and improvement.

—*Sydney Smith.*

Due to One's Dignity.

WHEREVER humility—of the genuine, evangelical kind—is lacking, there is sure to be an exaggerated insistence on what is due to one's position, dignity, or character. In the ordinary workaday world, there will always, of course, be found cases in which silence under calumnious charges may be the practice of humility at the expense of prudence or even of justice; but, as a rule, men and women are apt to attach altogether too much importance to false accusations against their honor or honesty. A consistently upright life is probably the best, and the wisest, refutation of all such charges. In any case, the average Christian would be improved by a slight infusion of the humble spirit which characterized St. Francis de Sales.

In a letter to Bishop Camus, St. Francis once said: "I hear they are all tearing me to pieces in Paris, but I hope God will patch me up again as good as new, if it be necessary for His service. I do not care for any more reputation than I need for this. For, provided God be served, what does it matter whether it be by good or evil report, by the exaltation or lowering of our reputation? Let Him dispose of my name and honor as He will, since all is His. And if my abjection increases His glory, ought I not to rejoice in being cast down?" On another occasion, when urged by friends to justify himself in the matter of an outrageous calumny against him, and told that he was in duty bound to do so because his reputation was necessary to his ministry, St. Francis quietly remarked that the good God knew how much credit he required for his ministry, and he did not wish for any more.

This is high spirituality, of course,—what the saints always aimed at. Some persons will be disposed to characterize it as folly. So it is,—the folly of the Cross, though. Others will say: "Such sublime

perfection is above me; I must seek a lower standard." It is set by the same great saint in "Philothea," where he answers affirmatively the question, Is it lawful to be jealous of one's reputation? But he is careful to state that, while it is permissible to be jealous of our reputation, we must not be idolaters of it. Then follow some reflections as practical as they are quaint. We quote from an old English translation of "Philothea,"—of which, by the way, there were several during the lifetime of St. Francis, so thoroughly was the little book appreciated by our Catholic forefathers:

"The beard is an ornament to the head of a man, and the hair to that of a woman. If one pull away by the root the beard from the chin or the hair from the head, it will very hardly grow again; but if it be only cut—nay, though it be shaved,—it will soon come again, and will grow stronger and thicker than before. So, although our reputation be cut or even quite shaved by detracting tongues (which, David says, are like sharp razors), we must not make ourselves uneasy; for it will soon spring forth again, not only as fair as ever it was, but much more firm and durable. But if our vices, our unhappy ways, and wicked course of life, take away our reputation, it will very hardly return, because it is pulled up by the root; for the root of a good name is virtue and probity, which, as long as it remains in us, can always recover the honor due to it."

Could anything be more quaint than this? And it is keen also. No matter how much at variance our life may be with the example set by St. Francis de Sales, we must admit that his counsels are eminently practical, and that there can be no valid reason for not trying to put them into practice. It is a great pity that "Philothea" is not better known to present-day Catholics. There will be more solid piety in the world when it witnesses a revival of interest in the writings of "the most Christlike of the saints."

Notes and Remarks.

In connection with the statement that there are at present in the Church something more than a thousand residential dioceses, a quarter of which belong to English-speaking countries, *Rome* has this suggestive paragraph:

It is interesting to note also that, after Italy, the United States has already the largest hierarchy in the entire Church, with ninety-one archiepiscopal and episcopal sees. Two of these, New York and Chicago, are among the most important in the whole world. New York has a Catholic population of about a million and a half, and Chicago is only a quarter of a million or so behind it. Yet there are two other American bishops who rule over even larger flocks. The Archbishop of Manila has nearly two millions of Catholics under his jurisdiction, and the Bishop of Cebu (also in the Philippines) has two millions and a quarter. A few facts like these serve to show what a great part the American Church has in the life of Catholicity at the beginning of the twentieth century.

And the facts stated with respect to the Philippines, be it noted, serve to show the duty incumbent upon American Catholics to facilitate so far as in them lies the formation of a native priesthood to minister to the spiritual needs of the unfortunate Filipinos, who are at present in many places a prey to sectarians and schismatics.

There are important lessons to be learned from the intensely interesting articles by Father Benson begun in the present issue of *THE AVE MARIA*. Referring to a period of sore distress, when he was "exhausted physically, mentally, and spiritually," and still far from the haven where he was to find peace and rest, he writes in the course of these articles:

It does not seem to me that Catholic controversialists as a body in the least realize what Anglicans have to go through before they can make their submission. I am not speaking of external sufferings,—of the loss of friends, income, position, and even the barest comforts of life. From the loss of all these I was spared. . . . I mean rather the purely internal conflict. One is drawn every way at once; the

soul aches as in intolerable pain; the only relief is found in a kind of passionless Quietism. To submit to the Church seems, in prospect, to be going out from the familiar and the beloved and the understood, into a huge, heartless wilderness, where one will be eyed and doubted and snubbed. Certainly that is a complete illusion; yet it is, I think, the last emotional snare spread by Satan; and I think that he is occasionally aided in spreading it by the carelessness of Catholic controversialists.

On the other hand, Father Benson speaks feelingly of the sympathy and kindness shown him by Catholic friends and acquaintances,—“evidences of the welcome that was waiting for me in my true home.” Nor did the charity of his former associates, we are glad to say, grow cold when the final step had been taken. With very few exceptions, the seceder was treated with the utmost kindness by members of the Anglican communion. “It astonished me,” he says in another of the articles. “I did not know that there was so much generosity left in the world.”

Though many times contradicted, the statement is still repeated by irresponsible or interested persons that Robert Louis Stevenson regretted his famous letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, and would have recalled it had recall been possible. This statement was made yet again, only last week, by a literary journal which has the reputation of being reliable and well-informed. Mr. Frederic Rowland Marvin, formerly, if not now, a Congregational minister (like the Rev. Dr. Hyde), is probably more responsible than any one else for the renewed publicity of the wholly unfounded assertion. In his volume entitled “The Companionship of Books,” he has the hardihood to say: “Stevenson did not really believe what he wrote, neither did he intend to write what he did.” (p. 32.) “Stevenson could not have been honest at heart when he wrote his letter to Dr. Hyde. . . . It carries no conviction of truth.” (p. 36.)

It is well, perhaps, for Mr. Marvin that Robert Louis Stevenson’s pen is stilled.

Feeling sure that some day the defender of Father Damien would need to be defended himself, we took care several years ago to secure from Mrs. Stevenson a statement regarding that famous open letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde. In answer to the inquiry if there was any truth in the assertion, so often made, that her husband regretted the letter, and that before his death his opinion of Father Damien had undergone a change, Mrs. Stevenson wrote exactly as follows:

As for the open letter to Dr. Hyde, nothing can make me believe that Louis ever regretted the subject-matter of that piece of writing. To me, up to his last hours, he spoke always in the same strain. His admiration for the work and character of “*that saint, that martyr,*” as he invariably called Father Damien, remained unchanged; and any mention of the cowardly attack on the dead man’s memory brought a flush of anger to his face and a fire to his eye that were unmistakable.

This testimony should settle the matter. In attempting to defend the Rev. Dr. Hyde for his “cowardly attack” on the Apostle of Molokai, Mr. Marvin and others forget that there is one still living who is especially entitled to be heard on behalf of Mr. Stevenson.

Whenever Father Hull, S. J., of the *Bombay Examiner*, discusses at any length a question of dogma or morals or discipline, he has a laudable practice of summing up the different points in categorical fashion. A correspondent having recently asked for information concerning the much-discussed Sabbatine Indulgence or Privilege, the *Examiner* gives a lucid explanation of the matter, and sums up as follows:

(1) No Catholic is asked to believe in the alleged vision [of the Blessed Virgin to Pope John XXII., assuring him that she would herself release from Purgatory, on the first Saturday after their death, those who had worn her Scapular]. For this, being a question of fact, stands or falls according to its evidence,—which evidence, according to Benedict XIV. and other scholars, is altogether wanting, though there are still some who maintain its authenticity (2) No Catholic believes that Our Lady

has any *absolute or autocratic* power to go down into Purgatory and deliver souls on any fixed day or under any conditions whatsoever. (3) All Catholics believe that Our Lady can by her humble prayers secure some further degree of favor from God than would (other things being equal) be secured without Our Lady's intercession. (4) All Catholics believe that pious works, such as enrolment in a confraternity of Our Lady, observing chastity, and practising prayers and works of penance, afford a ground for special help. (5) All Catholics believe that a day specially dedicated to Our Lady will naturally result in a special exercise of her intercession on that day. (6) All Catholics, therefore, will find in the Sabbatine "privilege" . . . nothing superstitious or in any way objectionable; but, on the contrary, something pious, reasonable, and founded on the sound principles of Catholic theology—putting aside altogether the question of the alleged private revelation to Pope John XXII. (7) Non-Catholics will, of course, object to the whole affair, for the simple reason that they do not believe that Our Lady, or any of the saints, take cognizance of the affairs of men or pray for them; and so any dispute on the point would turn on an ultimate difference of doctrine. (8) Viewed in the foregoing light, the Sabbatine Privilege has often received the official countenance of Rome as a feature attached to enrolment in the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular; and various provisions have been made for the dispensation or commutation of some of the duties of the members, such as reciting the Office, fasting and abstinence,—all of which are, we think, explained in the ordinary handbooks of the Confraternity.

Two hundred thousand dollars is the price asked by Herr Rathgeb for the picture of the Holy Family, claimed to be one of Raphael's masterpieces, which lately came into the owner's possession. Its history, as related in the London *Daily News*, is a romantic one. It was painted by the great artist of Urbino for Leonello da Carpi, Signore de Meldolla. The work was subsequently sold to Cardinal Farnese, who on his death left it to his heir. It then came into the possession of Pope Urban VIII. The Pontiff, a few years afterward, presented it to his nephew, Prince Taddeo Barberini, on the occasion of the latter's marriage with Princess Donna Anna Colonna. On the death of her husband,

Donna Anna sought seclusion in a Carmelite convent, and took the picture with her. There still exists a document showing that the work remained in the convent for over a hundred years. When Napoleon I. invaded Italy, the picture was carefully hidden in a wall of the convent. In 1870, when the Temporal Power was wrested from the Pope, the picture was sold by the Mother Superior of the convent to a wealthy foreigner, Herr Rathgeb. He bequeathed it to his nephew, the present owner.

Just as, in the industrial world, it is axiomatic that the most useful contrivances have generally been the simplest, so it may happen that in the domain of medicine the simplest remedies are the most effective. A responsible writer in the *Baltimore Sun*, a layman but a close student of hygiene, mentions one such remedy for neuralgia and acute indigestion; and declares that he has proved its efficiency in his own case, and in that of numerous others. "In middle age," he says, "I was a martyr to neuralgia, indigestion, and dyspepsia. None of the doctors I consulted—and some were eminent and famous—could give me relief permanently. Several times I resorted to morphine, because it seemed that I must do so or go mad. I tried everything suggested, and in vain, until a friend told me that a learned physician of Augusta, Ga., Dr. Dugas, had declared that the genuine and effective remedy was a teaspoonful of common table salt—chloride of sodium—dissolved in a tumblerful of water—cool, but not cold,—drunk immediately before breakfast on an empty stomach. I made the experiment; and from that time to the present, twenty odd years, I have never suffered from neuralgia or headache of any kind."

The "martyrs" to neuralgia, dyspepsia, and indigestion are legion, as they have been at all times since civilization improved on the diet of the veritably simple life; and the simplicity of this alleged cure

should not deter them from giving it a trial. It is, at the very least, an inexpensive as well as an innocuous remedy. The writer in the *Sun* is as enthusiastic in its advocacy as if he were the advertising agent of a patent panacea. Witness the concluding paragraph of his communication:

I am confident, from my own experience, that Almighty God has put some simple substances in this world to cure disease, and that a few fundamental principles of health, faithfully followed, will prevent to a large degree the contraction of any malady. Of all the substances mentioned, salt in water solution is the nearest approach to the elixir of life.

By all means let dyspeptics give the simple elixir a fair trial.

Of all the modern saints, with the exception of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, one would think that Blessed John Baptiste Vianney, better known as the Curé d'Ars, would have least attraction for non-Catholics. And yet there is a two-volume Life of him published under Anglican auspices, and numerous short accounts have appeared in Anglican papers. Even the secular press of England has not ignored the famous Curé. In a notice of the latest biography of him, the *Saturday Review* says:

Any man with whom religion is a reality must be impressed by this book; it matters little whether he be Catholic or Protestant, whether he have sympathy for the kind of religion depicted, or be as a rule opposed to it. In the life of the Curé d'Ars we have a story of devotion and self-sacrifice, of magic influence over others, of shrewd common-sense and humor, so wonderful as to be almost past belief. No doubt it is all very Roman Catholic and all very French; no doubt many of us can not believe all that he believed and taught; we may doubt the wisdom of much of his asceticism, and stand aghast at his methods of charitable relief. He is said to have worked miracles, and some of them are duly recorded; but we think they may be explained in a natural way. But there is no such explanation of the man's whole life and character; that is the great miracle; it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. A religious Frenchman at his best is perhaps the noblest character that can be found, as the anti-religious Frenchman is the poorest. And the

French Government is doing what in it lies to prevent the possibility of there ever being another Curé d'Ars. It is a sad thing not only for France but for the whole world.

The French Government certainly is doing all it can to destroy Catholicity in France, but no Catholic believes for a moment that it will succeed. Attempts to destroy the indestructible Church have been made times without number.

Father Bernard Vaughan can deliver trenchant truths to the French Republic as well as to London's smart set. He recently declared:

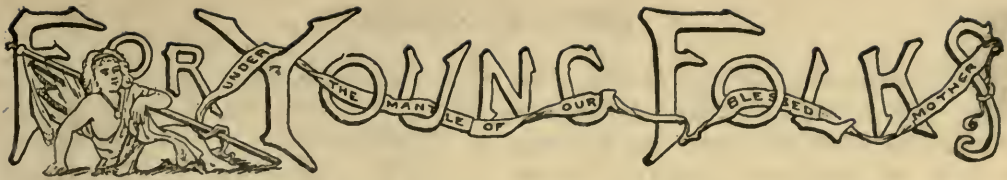
France, it is to be hoped, will still learn from Catholic Belgium, and teach the workingman how to live up to his religion; she will learn from the Catholics of Germany to marshal her forces; and from Ireland how to attend to her Sacraments, love her clergy, and be proud of the Church.

And not until she has learned the Belgian and the Irish lessons will there be much hope of Catholic France's so marshalling her forces at the polls that the Chamber of Deputies will contain a clear majority of Catholics over all other members combined. That ought to be the condition now; that it will be the condition, within a decade, we like to hope.

Writing from Strassburg to the New York *Freeman's Journal*, a correspondent, to whom our contemporary refers as "a distinguished American," contributes this item of foreign news:

Over here in Germany, some are discussing the result of the next war with France. Many think it inevitable. The present Government of France is an impossibility, but what will come after it?

While some philosophical students of world politics discern in France's occupation of the town of Oudja, in Morocco, the initial step of a possible imbroglio between the French Republic and Germany, others, thoroughly familiar with the deep-seated discontent permeating large classes of Frenchmen, are prepared to witness a new Revolution rather than a new war with Germany or any other power.



Easter Joy.

BY S. M. R.

THE Springtime with a thousand tongues
Its joy-thought loud is voicing;
The very sunshine is athrill,
The birds are all rejoicing.
The flowers, too, seem full of joy,
Like fragrant censers swaying,
The purling brooks in silvery tones
Glad harmonies are playing.
And all because our dearest Lord
Hath broken Death's dark prison;
Fair Nature joins us as we cry:
"Rejoice, for Christ is risen!"

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—HOME AGAIN.

THE regret which the boys felt at the conclusion of their delightful stay at the Manor, on the second day after the lawyers' visit, was mitigated in a great measure by the anticipation of all that they should have to tell, and the good news that it would be their privilege to impart on returning home. They likewise looked forward with eager interest and curiosity to the final investigation of that long-standing mystery. So as to have no further delay about the opening of the packet addressed to the Chevalier, and the settlement of other affairs, the Chevalier himself accompanied them into town.

About dusk they drove up from the station, both boys looking eagerly toward the house, as if they feared that it might have flown away in their absence, and sensible of a glow in their hearts at its familiar aspect. They did not need to

ring the bell: for Mary and Amelia had been for some time flattening their noses against the window-panes, except when they ran to look at the clock; and they instantly notified their father and mother of the approach of the sleigh.

What a welcome that was, as the two bounded up the steps to the dear familiar home, and found the beloved, the kindly faces awaiting them, and half a dozen voices raised in greeting! The house, warm and cheerful, formed a delightful antithesis to the cold of the winter afternoon. A pleasant smell of cooking pervaded the atmosphere,—those aromatic herbs that tell of poultry in the oven, and the mingled odors of apple and clove announcing a deep apple pie. The boys felt, as they confided to each other, that, after all, there was no place quite like home, and no people who could take the place of the dear ones by whom it was inhabited.

The Chevalier, standing amongst that group, by whom he was so cordially received, realized with a sigh the loneliness of his life at the Manor. He had left his luggage with Alphonse at the door, remarking that he had merely come in to pay his respects to Mrs. Redmond, and to arrange for the meeting of the legal gentlemen and the opening of the packet. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Redmond would, however, hear of his going to a hotel; but declared that his room was ready, and that Patrick would provide accommodation for Alphonse. He yielded, nothing loath, to the invitation; for he felt the charm of that pleasant interior, and he loved the old house from past association.

"You must give us a few days at least," said husband and wife together. "It will be such a pleasure to us all, and reconcile the boys to the ending of their visit."

So it was arranged; and, as the Chevalier reflected, it would give time for the

investigation of the mystery, and any other legal matters which had to be transacted.

"We have so much to tell!" cried Hugh.

"Keep it all till after supper," advised his father.

And, though both boys were fairly bursting with the intelligence they had to convey, they acquiesced with a good grace; but it must be owned that Hugh indulged in significant nods and gestures and occasional whispered words to the little girls, who were delighted to have their brothers home again.

After supper, when all were assembled in the sitting-room, the Chevalier made known the main features of the will; then, turning to the boys with his usual consideration, he said:

"And now, my young friends, acquaint your father with that clause of the testament which relates to him."

Instantly the boys were on their feet, both speaking together, with strained, eager eyes, the words fairly choking them.

"You are to get five thousand dollars!" exclaimed both in a breath.

"I!" cried the astonished Mr. Redmond.

"Yes," said Arthur, "as the occupant of the house."

"Hurrah!" shouted Hugh, delighted to observe the pleasurable surprise of both father and mother.

"And Hugh is to get money, too, sometime," added Arthur.

"Oh, yes!" assented Hugh. "But that doesn't matter. It will only be in a very long time from now."

"Not so long, my little man," interposed the Chevalier; "since I have already passed the allotted span."

"I don't want it at all!" exclaimed Hugh. "I would much rather have you live as long as I."

The old man smiled, tenderly, indulgently. This generous enthusiasm of youth was so grateful to his world-worn heart.

"That is scarcely possible, dear boy," he said gently,— "at least in the natural order; and, for my part, I hope that you

will live long years after me, to spend the money wisely."

Turning to the parents, he continued:

"Hugh becomes a beneficiary under the document for a particular reason, which will require some explanation. That explanation I may leave to the boys; suffice it to say that he becomes heir prospective, because he discovered the will."

Mrs. Redmond, who was the least covetous and grasping of mortals, could not help an involuntary glance of sympathy toward her elder son; for the mother's heart involuntarily reaches out to that one who is less fortunate.

"Isn't it splendid, mother!" exclaimed Arthur, divining her thoughts, and sincerely glad of his brother's good fortune.

The mother nodded and pressed his hand.

"Of course, if I *do* get the money," Hugh said, "I will give half to Arthur, and we can both divide with the girls. But I really don't want to get it," he added, with a glance at the Chevalier. "So please don't talk about it."

But the Chevalier spoke again, slowly and deliberately, with traces of the deepest emotion in his voice:

"As half of the estate is left to my disposal at the hour of death, I have decided that I can not do better than leave that half, with the exception of a few charitable legacies, to my friend Arthur here; so that these two good brothers may start fair in the race of life. And this I am doing from the affection I feel for both lads; and because I am convinced that, brought up in this family, with the sentiments and principles I have learned to admire, they will be entirely worthy of the trust."

This announcement was received with the liveliest gratitude and emotion, especially on the part of the parents. The boys themselves could not so readily discount the future. What was so far off seemed almost as if it did not exist; and, moreover, both were so much devoted

to the Chevalier that they could not bear the idea of profiting by his death.

As regarded the matter of the window, it was decided that the legal gentlemen should be invited to call the following afternoon, so that the packet might be opened and the affair set at rest. It is easy to understand the impatience with which the boys, in particular, awaited that momentous hour. As Hugh said, they had to try to forget all about it, and fill their minds with everything else. But this was not the easiest thing in the world to do.

Early next morning Hugh was out gazing up at the window, which was now securely packed in snow and ice, and throwing out all sorts of mysterious hints to Patrick.

"I'm almost sure," he declared, "that there's a room to match that window."

"Do you tell me so?" queried Patrick, gazing at him in astonishment; then, supposing that the boy was playing a joke on him, he cried: "Get along with you now, Master Hugh, and don't be trying any of your tricks on me!"

"It isn't a trick," answered Hugh, hopping about in his delight. "I know there's something."

"But what would be the use of sticking up a window," inquired Patrick, "if it had a wall behind it and gave no light?"

Hugh's face fell, as a vivid recollection of that disappointing masonry came over him.

"I don't know," he said; "but I'm sure there's something, and we're going to hear about it this afternoon. Oh, I wish it was time! And you know, Patrick, my father has lots of money; and they say we boys are going to get some when we're big or—"

He stopped abruptly, not wishing to say when the Chevalier was dead. And Patrick listened, open-mouthed, but genially sympathetic; for the news had not yet had time to filter down to the kitchen. Margaret would be the first to hear it from her mistress, with whom she

was on the friendliest and most confidential terms. But she had either been enjoined to secrecy, or had not yet had time to pass it on to her associates.

Hugh, therefore, gave Patrick an account of the rainy afternoon at the Manor and the pulling down of the Chinese manikin.

"What's that you called him?" Patrick asked, catching the unfamiliar name.

"A manikin," repeated Hugh; "but perhaps he's an idol. I hardly know."

"A heathen Chinee, is he?" pursued Patrick. "And sitting on the top of a box?"

"Why, yes!" cried Hugh, in surprise. "That's the very thing. Did you ever see it?"

"No," answered Patrick; "but I've heard tell of it. My father often saw it; and an ugly thing it was, according to all accounts."

"Oh, I wish I could ask him about it!" exclaimed Hugh.

"Well, he's just over there in the coach-house, giving me a hand with the work," said Patrick.

Hugh hurried off there, and found the old man busy with some bits of the harness he was polishing. The boy lost no time in approaching the subject, and scarcely had he mentioned the Chinese cabinet when Mr. Brennan exclaimed:

"Was that the box that had the outlandish figure upon the top of it?"

Hugh assented.

"And an ugly-looking thing it was," said the veteran. "I mind, a day or two after Mr. de Villebon was dead, I was sent up there to his room to bring it down. The room was all dark and sombre-like; not a sound in it except my own footfall. And there was the creature grinning and laughing as if it was alive. They bade me pack it up in a box to send out to the country to the French gentleman,—him that was here the other day. Bedad, Master Hugh, myself didn't like meddling with it at all, at all, by reason that the Chinee looked as if he'd speak to me any minute. But I did as I was bid. I put it

into a box and nailed it up, and away it went to the Chevalier. And I wished him joy of the present, so I did, Master Hugh."

"Suppose *you* had pulled down the manikin?" suggested Hugh. "Why, then, you and Patrick would have been rich sometime."

It suddenly struck him that if they had had to wait all this time for their good fortune, it would not have mattered much. Mr. Brennan, quite uncomprehending, and believing that the boy was joking, gave his cackling laugh as he exclaimed:

"Well, it would have taken a mint of money to make me touch the thing, that time *any* way."

Hugh did not insist further, nor did he waste much time reflecting upon the strange chance which the whimsical humor of De Villebon had placed in this man's path, and from which he had turned aside, to leave it, as the testator had surmised, for a younger and more venturesome claimant. Nor did the boy say anything of the legacy which Mr. Brennan might expect. Though he would like to have done so, he felt it only right to let him hear of it either from the Chevalier or from the lawyers.

"And do you mind, sonny," continued the old man, pursuing his own train of thought, happily oblivious of the chance which had come and gone of attaining a respectable fortune while he was still in the prime of life, "if that creature in the box could have spoken, he'd have told us the famous secret."

"The famous secret!" echoed Hugh. "Do you mean about the window?"

"Aye, do I!" answered the other. "For a secret there is about the house beyant, as sure as I'm sitting here. Why, there were times when his own body-servant couldn't find Mr. de Villebon high or low; and mark you, sonny, they knew he wasn't out of the house."

Hugh listened with wide-open, eager eyes; for here was a new development of the subject which had for so many weeks past occupied his mind.

"And," Mr. Brennan went on, impressively, "as often as not, while they were hunting for him everywhere, he'd appear in the very midst of them, laughing fit to split his sides. And," he continued, lowering his voice and beckoning Hugh to come closer to his side, "I'm telling you now what I've never told a living soul before. Once I was up in the attic there, doing a job of work, when I heard close beside me the sound of a voice. 'Lord save us, what's that?' says I to myself. An I heard it two or three times before I took to my heels and down the stairs with me."

"Oh, it must have been awful!" cried Hugh. "What do you think it was?"

"Sorra a know I know," replied the old man, "unless it was the master, Mr. de Villebon himself."

"Was he dead then?" asked Hugh, in an awe-stricken tone.

"Not a bit of it; but, as I'm after telling you, he used to disappear no one knew where. And that wasn't the worst fright I got. One day, just after the melting of the snow, I was out there in the little garden, turning up the earth with my spade. On a sudden I chanced to look up at the window, and, as I'm a living man, there was a face looking out at me! I just dropped the spade out of my hand and ran with the fright that was on me. I declare to you, Master Hugh, that if things had gone on as they were going then, I'd have left the place; though a good one it was, and Mr. de Villebon—may God rest his soul in glory!—was a kind and a free-handed man. From the time of his death, when your grandfather bought the house, everything went right, and I never saw or heard anything. But I misdoubt there's some secret about the place that's never been made out yet."

"Well," said Hugh, gulping down his emotion, "I think we're going to find out this afternoon when the lawyers come. And if we do, I'll tell you all about it; and if there's any room, you'll be sure to see it among the first."

With this promise, Hugh left the old man and hurried back toward the house, pausing to look in at the now deserted barn where they had held the circus. Mary and Amelia were in the big garden, playing with Arthur in the summer-house; for, though he was so much older than they were, he, as well as Hugh, occasionally condescended to their sports. Hugh joined the party; and presently the game was forsaken for a talk, in which all sorts of conjectures were freely indulged in concerning that one mysterious topic of the window; and it was amusing to hear little Amelia advancing her theories with infantile gravity.

It was precisely three o'clock in the afternoon when the lawyers arrived, and were ushered into the drawing-room, where the Chevalier sat conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Redmond and the boys. By special invitation of the guest, Mary and Amelia were permitted also to be present; the latter getting close to her mother, and as far as possible from the two spectacled functionaries, who seemed to her very formidable. That scene remained vividly impressed upon the minds of all the children, as no doubt upon their elders. The sunlight was making checkerwork upon the floor and playing in and out amongst the flowers of the wall-paper; the skeleton trees were nodding and waving at the windows which looked out upon the big garden, and there was an unwonted solemnity and stillness in the air.

At the table, the lawyers, opening their satchels, arranged various papers with professional exactitude, and conferred together in impressively low voices, while the others waited. At last the elder of the two, handing the packet found in the oaken box to the Chevalier, begged that he would break the seals and disclose its contents. This the Chevalier, very much affected, did with trembling hands; while those present held their breath, and Hugh, keyed to a pitch of the highest excitement, barely repressed a sob.

(To be continued.)

When Pius IX. was a Boy.

Pius VI. had been Pope for seventeen years when there was born, at Sinigaglia, on May 13, 1792, John Mary Mastai Ferretti, who, as Pius IX., was to be his fifth successor. The child's family belonged to that portion of the Italian nobility that is wealthier in virtue and traditions than in patrimony, and that manifests its love of the Church in affection for the Holy Father and in devotedness to his interests.

John Mary was six years old when the troops of the French Revolution, who had been invading Italy for a year, marched on Rome. On February 15, 1798, the Republic was proclaimed there; and, to the humble request of Pius VI. that he be allowed to die in the Eternal City, the brutal answer was returned: "You can die anywhere."

Despite his eighty-one years, the Sovereign Pontiff was carried off as a prisoner. Transported from one place to another,—from Siena to Grenoble, and finally to Valence on the Rhone, he there succumbed to the rigor of his confinement, and died in August, 1799.

The Holy Father's captivity plunged all good Catholics into the deepest sorrow. Countess Mastai caused two additional "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" to be said for the august prisoner at the family evening prayers. Little John Mary said them with much fervor. Whenever any news of the Pope reached his home, or when he heard the mere name of Pius VI. mentioned, he besieged his mother with questions about the holy old man, and then, joining his hands and slipping to his knees, he prayed with her and talked of the Church's misfortunes.

"But how can God allow it?" asked the child. "Isn't God the master everywhere? And isn't the holy Pope, whom He lets go to prison like a criminal, His Vicar on earth?"

"My boy," replied the mother, "'tis

just because the Pope is Christ's Vicar that God allows him to be treated like Christ Himself."

"But, mamma, those Frenchmen who have locked up the Pope are wicked people, aren't they? And still you make me pray for them!"

"Well, if they are wicked, that is an additional reason to pray for them. But they are not, all of them, bad. Many, no doubt, are acting against their wishes. 'Tis their government that is wicked."

"And must we pray for the government?"

"Yes; Our Lord prayed, you know, for those who crucified Him."

When Pius VI. died, the enemies of the Church declared that it was all over with the Papacy. The Holy See had been dispossessed of its territory; the Directory could not be counted on to favor the election of a Pope; and, apart from France, the only great powers were schismatic Russia and Protestant England. Humanly speaking, it did look as if the Papacy would be buried with Pius VI.; and the best Catholics, while not doubting Christ's promise to abide with His Church till the end of time, asked themselves what providential conjuncture of circumstances would relieve the situation.

"Is it true, mamma," asked little John Mary, "that there will be no more Popes in Rome?"

"No, my boy, 'tis not. Kings may die and not be replaced, but the Popes will end only with the world."

"But, mamma, I heard papa and Uncle Andrew say they didn't see how or where the Cardinals could meet to name another one."

"And I don't see any more than they, John Mary; but I know that God will provide."

God did provide: the Conclave of Venice elected Pius VII. in May, 1800.

John Mary Mastai, as a student in the Volterra College, Tuscany, followed with pious and attentive eyes the beginnings

of this pontificate, the Concordat with France, the tyranny of the first Napoleon, and the captivity of Pius VII. at Savona and Fontainebleau. Thus did God prepare this boy for his predestined career,—a career in which he himself was to glorify the See of St. Peter, and to show such heroic virtue that the Catholics of Italy and the world are now devoutly clamoring for his canonization.

How the City was Saved.

A great many years ago, when Basel was surrounded with enemies, there were also traitors inside the fortifications. These had agreed together that at a certain time they would combine in their movements with the enemy, and thus give the latter possession of the city; the signal agreed on was the striking of twelve by the clock in the tower, on a certain night.

Fortunately, the watchman in the tower was informed of this plan before it was too late to prevent it, but not soon enough to consult with any others as to what should be done. Some cunning device alone could interfere with the success of the undertaking. So, after a little thought, he advanced the clock one hour, and in place of midnight it sounded one o'clock. This confounded all, and made both those outside and those within the city doubtful what to do.

Meanwhile the watchman hastened to inform the magistrate and the commandant, and their united efforts prevented any result from the treacherous device; and at length the enemy, being weary of the siege, retired, and left Basel without having obtained any advantage. The magistrate ordered the clock to remain as the good watchman had set it, and for many years—until 1798—it struck one o'clock in Basel, when in other places it sounded twelve. From this the saying arose that, "Though the inhabitants of Basel are a century behind, yet they are one hour in advance of all the world."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"France Fighting Christ" is the title of the latest pamphlet issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago. In the first six of the thirty pages, Mr. W. Poland deals succinctly with "The Facts of the Persecution in France"; the rest of the pamphlet recounts scenes and occurrences accompanying the actual enforcement of the Law of Associations.

—The death is reported from Milan of the eminent Orientalist and palæographer, Mgr. Ceriani, who was for many years custodian of the Biblioteca Ambrosiana. His most important work was "Monumenta Sacra et Profana ex Codicibus præsertim Bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ," in nine volumes. Oriental scholars are indebted to him for fac-simile copies of many ancient manuscripts.

—In this day of multitudinous new books of every variety, it is gratifying to note that, in response to the demand of Catholic readers, there has been issued a second edition of Monsig. John S. Vaughan's "Earth to Heaven." It is a volume of sterling merit that will bear more than one or two perusals, and that will be equally appreciated by the ordinary unscholarly Catholic and the most intellectual child of the Church which professes to lead all, simple and cultured, ignorant and learned, from mortal to immortal life, from earth to heaven. B. Herder, publisher.

—Many readers will welcome an English version of "The Chronicles of the Canons Regular of Mount St. Agnes," by Thomas à Kempis. It is from the text published in 1621 by Peter and John Beller of Antwerp. The authenticity of the original is thoroughly attested; hence the value of the work to those interested in the sainted author and the early history of monastic Orders. These annals are full of tender piety, and are yet practical in their selection and presentation of facts. There are delighted touches of naïveté, which the translator (Mr. J. P. Arthur) has wisely left unchanged, thus preserving not a little of the sweet savor of the old chronicler's narrative. Published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

—"A Garland of Everlasting Flowers," by Mrs. Innis Browne, is among recent publications of Messrs. Benziger Brothers. The garland from which the book takes its title is a spray of creeping geranium given by a spoiled darling of fortune to two little London waifs. It was a wonderful bit of green and blossom. It not only brought happiness to these lonely children, but it had a magic something about it; for it seemed to exhale in its perfume a blessing, which lent

a wonderful sweetness to the lives of those who planted and cared for it,—finally bringing happiness to the one who started it on its mission of charity. The story is long-drawn out, and there is more moralizing in it than will suit many readers; but all will love Maggie and her brother, Father Martin and Dr. Robson.

—It is a pleasure to commend "Francis Apricot," a new juvenile book by David Bearne, S. J. It is attractive in its entire make-up, and the young folk will find it an interesting story. Little Francis, the hero, is presented to us in childhood, early boyhood, and later boyhood,—these presentments form the three parts of the book. The author says of him—which is all we had better tell—"Probably no youngster in this world was ever more thoroughly boyish than Frank Apricot, and at the same time, and in many respects, so unlike the average lad." R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—On the title-page of "The Carrier Crisis," by Mr. Augustine Gallagher, we find the explanatory statement: "Plain-spoken treatment of the government ownership of railroads issue.—The canal a commercial liberator." Mr. Gallagher's views on the question of transportation have already been set forth in two papers contributed to the *Rosary Magazine*: "Government Ownership of Railways," and "Waterways Determine Rates," the substance of which is incorporated in the present volume. While there is nothing absolutely novel in the arguments advanced against the government's assuming control of the railroads, their presentation has the merit of terseness and lucidity; and so the book is worth while. F. J. Heer, Columbus, Ohio, publisher.

—The celebration of Longfellow's centennial occasioned many tributes to the nobility of his character and the charm of his personality. Any one who was privileged to know the poet felt him to be what is called a born gentleman. He seemed incapable of vulgarity of any sort. The exquisite refinement of his nature was shown in his abhorrence of anything trespassing on the bounds of decency or good taste. Stories and witticisms that caused others at least to smile made him retire within himself in a half-anxious way, as if he dreaded their continuance. But Longfellow was by no means lacking in the sense of humor. His appreciation of the innocently ridiculous was as keen as could be; and he enjoyed parody, even when his own poems were the subject of it. "It is really terrible to parodize

a poet like Dante," he once said after listening to a clever skit by Count P——; "but I have to laugh in spite of myself." One of Longfellow's sons, in going to pay a visit, in a sailboat, to an uncle who resided at Lynn, fell into the water, and was obliged to exchange his shoes for a pair of his relative's slippers, which he wore home. Next day a neat parcel came over from Nahant, with the following lines written on the outside in Mr. Longfellow's hand:

Slippers that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er the bay of Lynn,
A forlorn or shipwrecked nephew
Seeing, may purloin again.

Longfellow was greatly amused at the following parody on "Hiawatha," published in one of the English papers soon after the appearance of the book in London:

Should you ask me, What's its nature?
Ask me, What's the kind of poem?
Ask me in respectful language,
Touching your respectful beaver;
I should answer, I should tell you,
'Tis a poem in this metre,
And embalming the traditions,
Fables, rites, and superstitions,
Legends, charms, and ceremonials.
Of the various tribes of Indians.

Should you ask me, By what story,
By what action, plot, or fiction,
All these matters are connected?
I should answer, I should tell you,
Go to Bogue's and buy the poem,
Published, neatly, at one shilling,
Published, sweetly, at five shillings.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P." \$3, net.
- "Chronicles of the Canons Regular of Mount St. Agnes." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
- "The Carrier Crisis." Augustine Gallagher. 50 cts.
- "Francis Apricot." David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "A Garland of Everlasting Flowers." Mrs. Innis Browne. \$1, net.

- "Earth to Heaven." Rt. Rev. Monsig. John Vaughan. 95 cts., net.
- "By the Royal Road." Marie Haultmont. \$1.60.
- "The Life of Christ." Mgr E. Le Camus. Vol. I. \$1.50.
- "Jesus Crucified." Rev. Walter Eljiott, C. S. P. \$1.
- "The Law of the Church." Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. \$6.75, net.
- "Irish-American History of the United States." Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, M. R. I. A. \$8.
- "The Key to the World's Progress." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. Oxon. \$1.60, net.
- "The Sins of Society." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35.
- "The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy." Rev. G. E. Phillips. \$3, net.
- "Medulla Fundamentalis Theologiae Moralis." Bishop Stang. \$1, net.
- "My Brother's Keeper." M. F. Quinlan. 40 cts.
- "The First Eight General Councils and Infallibility." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Mendl, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. John Dermody, archdiocese of New York; Rev. J. J. Harnett, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Quirinus Zielinski, diocese of Green Bay; and Rev. Francis Labonte, diocese of Fort Wayne.

Mother Mary Zeno, O. S. F.; and Sister M. of St. Martha, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Francis Zeiser, Mrs. M. Rein, Mrs. Rose Mitchell, Patrick and Elizabeth Holoway, Mr. Daniel Bergin, Miss Loretto Pender, Mr. M. J. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Anna Wagner, Mr. Denis O'Brien, Mr. Philip Marquard, Miss Elizabeth Molloy, Mr. Michael Bolton, Mr. James Beston, Mr. Victor Flury, Mr. M. Murray, Mrs. Mary Gase, Mr. Samuel Beitler, Mr. Edward McDermott, Mr. J. C. Baxter, Mr. Michael Minnehan, Miss L. F. Whittle, Mrs. Katherine O'Brien, and Mr. J. J. Gilbert.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Dominican Sisters, Baltimore, Md.: Friend, \$10; A. G. S., \$10; T. G., \$5; J. F., \$3; B. J., \$5; Friend, \$5; in memory of J. McC., \$2.

Two Chinese Missions:
B. J. M., \$5



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 13, 1907.

NO. 15.

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

Restitution.

BY E. H. HICKEY.

HER face was marr'd with lines of pain and doubt:
Love came instead of Death and swept them out.
Within her breast rag'd tempest strong and wild:
Love still'd it into calm with, "Peace, my child!"
Her arms dropt nerveless after their fierce strain:
Love lifted them, and they were strong again.
Her eyes were dimm'd with bitter weeping's awe:
Love's holy salve anointed, and they saw.
Her ears were deafen'd with the ruthless cry
Of foes, uperashing sharp against the sky:
Sweeter than silence came Love's voice divine,
"Thou shalt arise again, for thou art Mine."
Oh, the good word sank down into her ears,
"I will restore the locust-eaten years."
So, in Love's light her face transfigur'd shone,
And she grew very fair to look upon.
O vineyard, wasted once of beasts of prey,
Thou hast put forth thrice-glorious fruit to-day!
O jewel, flung before the trampling swine,
Love's hand resets thee in the crown divine!
Maker, Redeemer, Sanctifier, Thou
Hast seal'd her for Thine own from feet to brow;
And every noble pow'r and each bright grace
Flames in the perfect lustre of Thy face.

LET us keep our scorn for our own weaknesses, our blame for our own sins; certain that we shall gain more instruction by hunting out the good which is in anything than by hunting out the evil.—*Kingsley.*

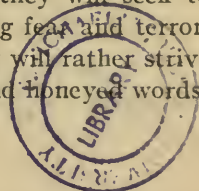
Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

III.—CALLING GOOD EVIL, AND EVIL GOOD.

SINCE the Providence of God has placed us in this world for the express purpose of being tried, no watchfulness or prudence upon our part will enable us to escape altogether from temptation. Whether we live in the midst of the noisy world and occupy ourselves in trade and business, or whether we fly into the silent desert and lead a life of perpetual solitude and prayer, it is all the same: we shall most certainly have our spiritual battles to fight and our spiritual enemies to overcome. The poor may not have the same trials as the rich, nor servants and dependants the same difficulties as masters and mistresses; but all of us, without exception, and whatever may be our calling, are sure to meet with many tribulations of one kind or another, and to have our virtue thoroughly exercised during the course of our earthly career, be it short or be it long.

The devil, the world and the flesh are our chief enemies; and so persistent are they that it is impossible to continue long without experiencing their hostility. Yet the manner in which they make their assaults differs very considerably from age to age. Sometimes they will seek to lead us astray by exciting fear and terror, while at other times they will rather strive to beguile us with soft and honeyed words;



the end sought is always the same, the means employed are often quite opposite.

In this connection we are forcibly reminded of one of Æsop's well-known fables. We refer to that in which he represents the Sun and the Wind disputing with each other as to which of them exercised the greater influence and power over the world of men. Since each claimed the superiority, and neither would yield to the other, they finally consented to try their skill upon a poor belated traveller who chanced to be pursuing his way, along a rugged and difficult ascent, toward his native village, and then to abide by the result. The victory was to be declared in favor of the competitor who should first compel the traveller to remove a thick cloak that was now hanging loosely from his shoulders.

The Wind was the first to essay the task. It blew and blew and blew with all its might and main, and raised such a blast that the traveller could scarcely keep his footing. It caught up the dust and scattered the withered leaves and the dry twigs far and wide, and enveloped the unfortunate man in a perfect whirlwind. Then it seized hold of his cloak by every available fold and lappet, and tugged and pulled and wrestled and strove with relentless energy, until it had worked itself into a regular phrenzy of passion. But all to no purpose; in fact, the more violently the wind howled and raged and beat upon the traveller, the more tightly and resolutely did he grasp his cloak, and the more closely did he draw its folds about him. The Wind, utterly disgusted, then subsided, and, abandoning the useless struggle, defied the Sun to succeed any better.

The Sun, nothing loath, at once issued forth in all its glory from behind a dark cloud, and darted down its fiery rays upon the weary pedestrian. Already hot and tired, he became yet more so. But the Sun, without pity, continued to send down its scorching beams upon him with ever-increasing fierceness. At last the wretched

man, panting for breath and perspiring from every pore, began to loosen the folds of his cloak, and, finally unfastening it, threw it off altogether. Thus the Sun easily won in the contest. Its quiet, penetrating action proved far more efficacious and powerful than all the bluster and noisy violence of the Wind.

In this ingenious story we find a very excellent and apt illustration of the two different plans the devil makes use of in order to persuade us poor travellers, wending our way along the strait and difficult path of virtue, to divest ourselves of the supernatural garment of divine grace. In bygone days, we were in imminent danger from the fierce winds and storms of cruel persecution. The old Roman emperors left no stone unturned in their efforts to crush out and utterly destroy the infant Church. Their arguments were torture, fire and the sword, ruthlessly applied century after century, until, literally, millions had been butchered and done to death on account of their loyalty to Christ and the Gospel.

In England, too, after a thousand years of comparative religious peace, a similar spirit took possession of the King and his greedy and servile minions. The glorious Catholic Faith, that for ten long centuries had been England's boast and England's glory, was forbidden by Act of Parliament. The heaviest penalties were enforced upon all who preferred the law of God to the law of man. Thousands of persons, of both sexes and of all ages, whose only offence was loyalty to God and to conscience, were fined, imprisoned, racked, tortured, or transported beyond the seas. They were stripped of all they possessed, and, in many cases, hanged and drawn and quartered, without pity—and for what? For holding what countless generations of Englishmen had held before them—namely, that the Pope is the divinely appointed representative of Christ upon earth, and the supreme spiritual head of His Church; and for denying that which no Englishman till then had ever

been called on to affirm—namely, that the King, within his own dominions, is supreme not only in civil and worldly matters but in those also which are purely religious and ecclesiastical. As a consequence, the noblest heads rolled on the block, and the grandest and most splendid characters were brutally murdered at the behest of an infamous and adulterous King.

Such times are happily passed, or survive as mere memories amongst us; and full liberty now exists, at least in English-speaking countries, for everyone to believe or to disbelieve just as his fancy or his inclination may suggest. Indeed, nowhere (except in France?) does there seem any likelihood of the cloak of divine grace being rudely torn from our backs by the storm of direct persecution. Still, though this form of danger no longer menaces us, there is yet considerable risk lest, under the influence of another and a more insidious power, we should be induced to cast off our cloaks—in other words, to renounce our allegiance to God—of our own free will.

The old serpent still lives. His hatred and malevolence are as deep and as strong as ever, but he has changed his tactics. He no longer exhibits himself as “the roaring lion” described by St. Peter, “going about seeking whom he may devour,” and striking terror and consternation into every breast by his threats of torture and of death. No. In these days he generally seems to prefer the disguise he assumed in the Garden of Eden. As a deceitful and wily serpent, he strives to insinuate himself into our hearts by the exercise of duplicity, craft, and cunning. This I take to be one of the special dangers of these times, against which I wish now to warn the gentle reader.

The devil’s modern and up-to-date weapons are deceit, falsehood, and misrepresentation. Indeed, God seems to send a special message to us, in this twentieth century, from the remote past. For He certainly refers to modern and up-to-date

methods when, speaking by the mouth of His prophet Isaias, He denounces and anathematizes all those followers of Satan “who call evil good, and good evil; who put darkness for light, and light for darkness; who put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.”* In any case, these inspired words most accurately describe the system and plan followed by the three great enemies of our salvation in this highly refined, enlightened and boastful twentieth century. The world no longer looks with favor on persecution. It has gone out of fashion, like the pointed shoes and stiff frills of a former generation. Yet the world is still our enemy, and it is still our duty to be ever on our guard against it.

The world! But perhaps the reader will ask what I mean by “the world.” Let me, then, say that I mean what the disciple St. John meant when he said: “Love not the world.”† I mean what St. Paul meant when he wrote to the Romans (xii, 2): “Be not conformed to this world.” In fine, I mean what Jesus Christ meant when He said: “Fear not: I have overcome the world.”‡ Yes, this is the world to which I refer. It is the enemy of God; it is continually striving by every means within its reach to draw us away from the service of God, and to plunge us into sin, and to deprive us of the great sources of grace and strength, especially of prayer and the sacraments.

Such is its set purpose. And what are the means it employs? Well! Now that harsher means are frowned down upon, it has recourse to every kind of stratagem, deception, and misrepresentation; so that, unless we are able to detect its sophistries and to see through its cunning, we shall be in imminent risk of losing our souls.

Suffer me to explain. The world is far too astute openly and frankly to condemn what is good. If it attempted such a thing, we should see through its malice at once, and be put on our guard. Consequently, it most carefully conceals

* Isaias, v, 20

† I St. John, ii, 15

‡ St. John, xvi, 33.

its enmity under an assumed and hypocritical appearance of friendship. It makes great professions in order to deceive us and lead us astray. It encourages vice by calling it virtue, and will so deck out and adorn evil that the unwary will often mistake it for good. By these means thousands allow themselves to be taken in. An example or two will enable us to see how this plan works. Thus, if a man be conceited and arrogant, domineering with his servants, and overbearing and imperious with his friends, quick to pick a quarrel, and hyper-sensitive and exacting about what he is pleased to call his rights, and so forth, he can be described only as a proud man. Now, if he realizes and acknowledges that he is proud, there are great hopes of his ultimate conversion and repentance. But if he refuses even to call it "pride," if, on the contrary, he calls it "firmness" or "courage" or "justice," or any other high-sounding name,—how will he ever fight against it? The very first step in his reformation must be to diagnose his case correctly and to recognize the truth. Until he can acknowledge to himself, with all sincerity, "I am a proud man," he will never acquire the virtue of true humility; no, nor even set out in quest of it.

Similar observations may be made in many other cases. Take, for instance, any religious duty that we, as Catholics, are called upon to perform,—let us say the duty of fasting or almsgiving. It is astonishing how easily the world will persuade us to neglect it, and on wholly false grounds. To understand the situation, it must be borne in mind that most people suffer far more from eating too much than from eating too little. The medical faculty are constantly prescribing for persons whose ailments arise (though they seldom venture to say so *openly*) from over-indulgence. Doctors tell us that the weekly abstinence on Friday, and the occasional fast-days throughout the year, are excellent even from a hygienic point of view, and that any one in ordinarily

fair health would be all the better for their observance. But we have not the spirit of self-denial and are unwilling to deprive ourselves of anything; consequently, we persuade ourselves that we are far too delicate to follow the Church's prescriptions, and would seriously injure ourselves by taking an ounce less than our appetite demands. "The wish is father to the thought," and will lead us to accept dispensations which we really have no business to seek. *Mundus vult decipi*. The world wishes to be deceived, and so do many of us also.

(Conclusion next week.)

Easter Lilies.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

THE soft, spring dusk of Holy Thursday was falling; and the people, who during the long hours of the afternoon had been passing like pilgrims from church to church to adore their Lord in the mysterious Sacrament of His Love, were mostly turning their steps homeward, when Miriam, also on her homeward way from the house of a friend, suddenly paused before the door of St. Monica's.

It was chance, she told herself, which had brought her there,—a chance with which intention had nothing whatever to do. But since she *was* there, and since her attention had been drawn to the church by seeing a number of persons issuing from it, she recalled what Alice had said of the repository here; and it occurred to her that she would go in, look at the decoration, and perhaps admire the effect of her lilies. She was quite sure that this was her only reason for desiring to enter; and a recollection of the many Catholic churches abroad which she had visited for purposes of sight-seeing gave, as it were, a warrant for the act which made it seem at once natural and unimportant.

So, with the memory of those wonderful

sanctuaries of the Old World in her mind, she mounted the steps, opened the inner door, and found herself facing the commonplace, inartistic interior of an ordinary American church. At another hour she might have been repelled by the lack of beauty, where beauty, even with the simplest material, could so readily have been created; but the twilight shades were kind in veiling ugliness of line and crudity of color, and her glance passed at once to the one brilliant spot in the gloom—the altar, blazing with lights and fragrant with flowers, where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved.

She caught her breath softly. She had often before been conscious—sometimes angrily, at other times disdainfully—of the atmosphere of the supernatural which all, save the most obtuse or the most hostile, must feel in a Catholic church. She had explained it to herself as reasonable enough in the ancient churches of Europe, where for ages an unceasing incense of prayer has been offered to God, and where every object on which the glance rested was steeped in the suggestion of worship. But that explanation would not serve here, in this aggressively new sanctuary of yesterday. Yet hardly had she crossed the threshold when she was conscious of the same feeling, the same mysterious Presence, which had at once attracted and irritated her in the centuries-old shrines across the sea.

She paused, aware of two impulses contending within her. "Go!" a voice seemed telling her. "This is no place for you. The Christ whom your people denied, and whom they have never ceased to deny through all their sufferings of two thousand years, is worshipped here as God. Here He has His throne. All those lights and flowers on that altar mean that He is there, helpless as when He lay in the manger of Bethlehem, yet powerful to attract hearts as when He hung on His cross on Calvary. It is not safe to approach Him. Go away, lest you, too, be drawn to fall down and worship!" And opposed

to this urging, to this influence, was another less vehement but more irresistible, which drew her, as the moon draws the waters, as the magnet draws the steel, toward the spot where, wrapped in unearthly stillness, amid starry tapers and perfume-breathing blossoms, the Sacred Host, the Treasure on this day committed to the guardianship of the Church, was enshrined and honored.

Moving noiselessly, she drew near the circle of radiance. Only a few people were still lingering in the pews; but on two *prie-dieux*, placed at each side of the altar, knelt two motionless figures, like soldiers on duty, as in truth they were; for they were boys belonging to the parochial school, from which had been formed the Guard of Honor for the day. Their slender, upright forms, as they knelt in their cassocks and cottas, and their smooth yet masculine young faces, touched not only by the light of the tapers, but, for this one hour at least, with the uplifting awe of the great mystery of their faith, gave them the aspect of some of the angelic figures which appear in attitudes of adoration about the Divine Child and His Mother in the pictures of the great Italian masters. It was all harmonious and strangely beautiful, Miriam thought, as she dropped into a seat—a reposeful place surely in which to rest for a few moments in the soft twilight, and let one's thoughts wander away from the trivial things of earth to the deep questions of eternity.

And as she sat motionless, while the dusk deepened in the church and the lights on the altar seemed to grow more brilliant, her mind went back to another scene in another far-distant shrine. It was the great old church of Sant' Andrea della Frate in Rome, in which she had found herself one day, through some impulse or accident of sight-seeing. And as she wandered idly to and fro, her attention had been drawn to an altar in one of the chapels, over which hung a picture representing a young man on his

knees before the same altar, while above it appeared the gracious figure of her whom Catholics call the Mother of God. It was an altogether modern painting; and when she asked the meaning of it, she was told that it had been placed there in commemoration of the miraculous conversion of a young Jew, which had taken place on this spot in the manner represented. Although scornfully incredulous, she had not refused a leaflet which gave briefly the story of Alphonse Ratisbonne, who in this church in 1842 was converted, like St. Paul on the road to Damascus, by the instantaneous action of divine grace, and who, at Mary's compelling gesture, fell on his knees a Jew, to rise a Christian.

She had not for an instant believed the story—believed, that is, in the reality of the miracle,—but she had never been able to forget it. Even while it angered, it attracted her; and now, as often before, her thoughts reverted to it. Knowing that any deception other than self-deception, on the part of Ratisbonne, was out of the question, she wondered again what he had felt or imagined himself to feel, what he had seen or imagined himself to see, which could have had such a transforming effect, have made such a lasting impression upon him. For how lasting the impression had been she knew. "After what God has done for me, I can not give Him less than all," he had said; and he had given all. With heroic renunciation he had cast behind him family, wealth, social position, the woman to whom he was betrothed, and gone to the Holy Land, to preach to the people of his race "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Reflecting upon these things, Miriam gazed at the altar with dilated, wondering eyes. What would she think or feel, and, oh! what would she do if such a call came to her? Could she imitate Ratisbonne,—give up parents, friends, all the associations of her life, Raphael and his love?—for she knew that to become a Christian would mean giving up all these. If she had ever entertained any doubt on this

point, Raphael's words, spoken only the day before, would have made it clear. But in truth she understood the strength of Jewish feeling too well to entertain the least doubt. Never would they forgive her, never do more than merely tolerate, if so much as that, the Jewess who had forsaken the faith of Israel. No, she said to herself, she would not have the strength for such a sacrifice, even if she believed—and she did *not* believe—that the Man who died on Calvary was living as God upon this altar.

It was as her thoughts had reached this point that the last of the figures kneeling before her rose, and, with a deep genuflection, left the darkening church. She was now alone, except for the two boys who formed the 'Guard of Honor; and, her view of the repository being unobstructed, she saw for the first time the lilies which had been her excuse for entering the church. Tall, white, beautiful, like the spirits of flowers, they stood close to the tabernacle, as Alice had promised. And as she noticed this, some other words recurred to her memory: "*He may call you to suffer—to sacrifice—perhaps.*" Oh, it was intolerable, these awful Christian ideals and demands,—this Christian obsession, for such she felt it to be! She had decided that even if she were called to suffering and sacrifice she could not respond. Was it not, then, madness as well as disloyalty to linger here? For Raphael had been right,—there was one Personality in human history which it was not safe for a Jew to admire. "No, no," she found herself whispering, as if to the influence drawing so invisibly yet so irresistibly from the silent tabernacle, "I can not listen! I must not yield to this strange attraction; it might lead me too far."

With an impulse of flight, she rose to her feet, determined to turn her back upon the altar and leave the church. But even as she rose the moment of compelling grace came to her, as it had come to Ratisbonne, though in a different manner.

There was no marvellous and gracious apparition revealed to her startled gaze; but, with "that inward eye" which is the soul's vision, she saw a Figure passing along the streets of an ancient city,—a woeful, pathetic form, wearing a torn purple garment, crowned with thorns, and bearing a cross. She seemed to herself to be standing by the wayside, holding her breath—doubting—fearing—questioning. And as He passed, He turned and looked at her. It was the look which sent Peter broken-hearted out to weep; which, rather than the nail-prints, made Thomas cry, "My Lord and my God!" and which cast Mary Magdalen at His feet, in the dewy grass of the garden, as she cried, "Rabboni!"

Another daughter of faithless Israel made the same cry now in her heart,—a heart broken, as it seemed, with love and sorrow. She sank upon her knees. Suffering!—sacrifice! Had she been ready to fly from them? Oh, after that glance, all that she asked was that they might come in fullest measure; that she, too, might drink of the chalice of her Lord.

How long she had been kneeling in the flower-scented dusk she did not know. It might, so it seemed, have been hours, or it might have been only a moment; for there are occasions when time has no meaning for us,—or, rather, when we realize eternity, which is the absence of time. But at last she lifted her head and looked again, through tears of which she was unconscious, at the altar. She understood it all now,—the devotion which had spent itself in decoration, in lights and flowers, to adorn the resting-place of Him who on this night had gone forth to the mysterious Agony of the Garden and the bitter suffering of His Passion. To honor Him thus in His last bequest,—what less could be done by the hearts for which He had died? Her own heart burned within her as she stretched out her hands with an appealing gesture. "I, too, Lord!—I, too!" she murmured in a supreme act of faith.

The next instant she sprang to her feet with a cry which rang through the church. For there was a sudden flash of fire upon the altar, and then a great burst of mounting flame. What had happened was that one of the candles, bending under the heat, had come into contact with the lace drapery caught above the tabernacle. In an instant the whole repository seemed wrapped in flames.

Simultaneously with her cry, the two boys kneeling within the sanctuary sprang forward and attempted to extinguish the blaze. But it had taken such fierce hold of the light, inflammable material, that their efforts were hopeless; and as the flames leaped from point to point, Miriam saw that, unless help came speedily, the entire altar was doomed. And with the altar—*what?* She did not pause to reason over the sense of horror which possessed her. It was, she felt, as if a chance were given her—her, the daughter of Israel—to do something for Him whom her people had sent to His woeful death. A moment later the boys, in the midst of their ineffectual efforts, were startled by the figure which rushed up to them, by the imperative voice which spoke.

"You are wasting time!" Miriam cried, seizing one by the shoulders. "Go and send in a fire alarm. I'll help to do what can be done here."

The lad gave her one astonished glance, and then, recognizing the wisdom of the command, rushed away to do as he was bidden; while she took his place in the battle with the rapidly spreading flames,—a battle in which there was now beginning to be no little danger for those fighting it. To this danger, however, she gave no heed. Her one thought was to tear down the burning decorations before the tabernacle could be injured, or its sacred contents endangered. As she grasped the draperies and pulled with desperate energy, the boy beside her uttered a cry of warning. It came too late; for, as the fastenings gave way, the whole blazing mass fell upon her.

What followed was over in a few awful

minutes. It would have been over in a very final sense for her if aid had not come quickly. Hearing the alarm of fire, two priests from the rectory adjoining the church dashed in through the sacristies, and reached her as she stood covered with fire. They dragged off the burning débris which had caught her clothing; but, although they saved her from immediate death, it was so impossible to imagine that she could survive her fearful injuries that, as she lay upon the sanctuary floor, wrapped in a heavy rug which had been used to extinguish the flames, one said breathlessly to the other:

"Run quickly for the holy oils."

She heard and looked up at him with an expression he never forgot.

"You had better baptize me first," she said. "I am a Jewess."

Contrary to the expectation of the doctors who saw her first, she lived for two days. Through Good Friday she lay in a trance of mingled agony and rapture,—agony for her suffering, and rapture that she could thus share in the great Suffering which was not for an instant absent from her mind. To her parents and to her lover she had been able to say only a few words, but those few were absolutely convincing.

"You must forgive me," she told them, "that I have asked and received Christian baptism. I know now that I have struggled long against the grace of God. But it has conquered at last. I knew before this—before the fire came—that I had no choice but to follow Jesus Christ along the way of the cross."

"I told you how it would be," said Raphael, with bitter gloom. "I warned you—"

"Yes, you warned me," she said with a faint smile. "You told me—or did I tell myself?—that my admiration for Him would lead me too far. Well, it has led me very far, and I am to go yet farther. But if I can see His face—again!"

She paused; some wonderful thought or memory held her quiet for a moment,

and made her forget even her pain. Then she went on in a soft whisper, meant only for Raphael's ear:

"You remember how we have talked of the story of Ratisbonne's conversion, and agreed that it was not true. I must tell you that I am now sure that it *was* true. Nothing so wonderful has happened to me as that which happened to him, but enough to make me certain—quite certain—that such miracles may be. It has been as if a corner of a veil were lifted and I have had a glimpse of—inexpressible things. O Raphael, if I could make you believe it!"

"You can never do that," he replied harshly. "I shall hate Christianity more than ever now, since it has taken you from me."

She looked at him with a wistful sweetness in her eyes.

"You may hate it for a time," she said; "but prayer and suffering are great powers, and—who knows?—with you, too, the Galilean may conquer."

"Never!" he said with angry defiance; and again, "never!"

She did not answer him; perhaps she had not the strength for it, or perhaps she realized the uselessness of words. Why waste the little time remaining to her in uttering them, when she had in her hands the great powers of which she had spoken? Suffering and prayer—what can they not win from God? So she only smiled again—the faint, subtle smile which seemed to hold so much meaning, so much assurance of final triumph,—and was silent.

Silent during the long hours when the Church follows her Lord to Calvary, when the stripped altars and the open doors of the empty tabernacles typify His death; and silent still even when the joyous bells proclaiming His Resurrection—*Resurrexit sicut dixit*—rang out at the *Gloria* of Holy Saturday.

"She will not last another day," they said; but toward the evening of Saturday there seemed a rallying of the vital forces, and she spoke with clear distinctness, with an emphasis not to be mistaken.

"I want to receive Holy Communion at sunrise to-morrow," she said. "Tell the priest that he must not fail me; for I wish to be at the door of the Sepulchre with Mary Magdalen, to greet the Lord."

They looked at each other, fancying that she was wandering, but knowing that she must be obeyed. So her message was sent, although no one believed that morning would find her still living.

But as the east began to flush with the sunrise of Easter, she roused from the deep stupor of the night—a stupor almost like that of death,—and asked if all was ready for the coming Guest. It was made ready quickly; and then she bade them open the windows, so that the first golden rays of the sun might enter her chamber. These rays had not yet entered, however, though the east was flushed with color like the heart of a rose, when the priest arrived with the Sacred Host.

"You had best hasten, Father," the nurse whispered. "She is going fast."

The eyes which had looked on so many deathbeds saw this at once, and he made haste, lest she might miss her Viaticum for the journey. It was hardly more than a minute after she had received the sacred species, that the sun lifted its golden disc above the horizon and flooded the room with glory. The great, dark eyes opened once more, and into them flashed a look of rapture—adoration—worship—as if some marvellous Vision had entered with the sunshine.

"Rabboni!" she cried in a voice which rang like heavenly music—and with this word of love and faith passed away.

(The End.)

A Son's Petition.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

MARY, true 'twas ever known
 Sons should like their mothers be:
 Thou dost count me all thine own,
 Mother! If for that alone
 Mend me, make me like to thee!

Confessions of a Convert.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

II.

IT was during the five months that I spent in the East that for the first time the claims of the Catholic Church showed themselves to me. It came about in this way.

First, I believe, my contentment with the Church of England suffered a certain shock by my perceiving what a very small and unimportant affair the Anglican communion really was. There we were, travelling through France and Italy down to Venice, seeing in passing church after church whose worshippers knew nothing of us. I had often been abroad before, but never since I had formally identified myself with the official side of the Church of England. Now I looked at things through more professional eyes; and, behold! we were nowhere. Here was this vast continent apparently ignorant of our existence! I believed myself a priest, yet I could not say so to strangers without qualifying clauses. We arrived at Luxor at last, and found the usual hotel chaplain in possession; and I occasionally assisted him in the services. But it was all terribly isolated and provincial. Besides, he happened to be a strong Evangelical, and I had very little sense of having much in common with him. He would not have dreamed of describing himself as a priest.

This growing discomfort was brought to a point one day when I was riding in the village by myself, and went, purely by a caprice, into the little Catholic church there. It stood among the mud-houses; there was no atmosphere of any European protection about it, and it had about the ugliest interior I have ever seen. The prevailing color was pink; the statues were monuments of hideousness, and there was a quantity of muslin and crimped paper and spangles. But I believe now that it was in there that for the first time any-

thing resembling explicit Catholic faith stirred itself within me. The church was so obviously a part of the village life; it was on a level with the Arab houses; it was open; it was exactly like every other Catholic church, apart from its artistic shortcomings. It was not in the least an appendage to European life, carried about (like an India rubber bath) for the sake of spiritual comfort and familiarity. Even if it did not possess one convert, it was at least looking in the right direction. I can not say that I explicitly recognized all this at the time; but I am aware that my contempt for the Catholic Church began to take upon it a tinge of fear; and for my reassurance I made great friends with the Coptic priest; and even, after my return to England, I sent him a pair of brass candlesticks for his altar.

I began also to reason with myself a little. While in Cairo I had had two audiences of the schismatic Coptic Patriarch; and I now wrote to him, asking that I might be admitted to communion in the Coptic churches, desiring in some way to assure myself that we were not so much isolated as appeared. I did not care in the slightest whether they were tainted by Nestorian heresy or not (for there was a proverb about glass houses); but I did care that we ourselves seemed so lonely and provincial. I began, in other words, for the first time to be aware of an instinct for Catholic Communion. A national church seemed a poor affair abroad. Of course the Patriarch did not answer, and I was left shivering.

As I came back alone through Jerusalem and the Holy Land, my discomfort increased. Here again, in the birthplace of Christendom, we were less than nothing. It is true that the Anglican bishop was extremely kind, asked me to preach in his chapel, gave me a tiny gold cross (now hanging on an image of Our Lady), and obtained permission for me to celebrate the Communion in the Chapel of Abraham. Yet even this was not reassuring. We were not allowed to use the Greek altar; a

table was wheeled in, with the vestments provided by the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament"; and there, distracted and unhappy, watched from the doorway by politely curious Greeks, I celebrated what I believed to be the divine mysteries, weighted down by a sense of loneliness.

In all the churches it was the same. Every heretical and schismatical sect imaginable took its turn at the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, for each had at least the respectability of some centuries behind it; I saw strange, uncouth rites in Bethlehem. But the Anglican Church, which I had been accustomed to think of as the sound core of a rotten tree,—this had no privileges anywhere; it was as if it did not exist. In desperation, I began to wear my cassock publicly in the streets, to the consternation of some Irish Protestants whose acquaintance I had made, and with whom, by the way, I was distressed to think that I was in full communion. I even had a kind of disputation with a shopkeeper who said that, in spite of my cassock, he supposed I was not a priest but a clergyman.

There were other clergymen in the party with whom I went up to Damascus; and two or three of us, every morning before starting, celebrated the Communion service in one of the tents. One of them, an American, a very devout and earnest man, not only said his Office publicly on horseback, but had actually brought with him vestments, vessels, candlesticks, and wafers. These I used with a secret joy.

At Damascus I received one more blow. I read in the *Guardian* that the preacher to whom I owed all my knowledge of distinctively Catholic doctrine, who had been the means of bringing me to my first confession, had made his submission to Rome. It is impossible to describe the horror and the shock that this was to me. I wrote to him from Damascus, seeing even at the moment a kind of half-superstitious omen in the thought of what other conversion was associated with that place,—

a letter which, I am happy to think now, contained not a word of bitterness; but I received no answer.

It was here, too, that once more my scheme for a "Religious House" revived; and, in a kind of defiance of the feelings that were beginning to trouble me, I arranged with a friend that its constitution and ceremonial were to be distinctively "English," by which I meant Caroline. We were to wear no eucharistic vestments, but full surplices and black scarfs; and were to do nothing in particular.

In this kind of mood I came back to England as to a haven of peace. There, I knew very well, I should not be troubled daily and hourly by evidences of my isolation; and I should find, moreover, exactly the atmosphere of peace and beauty for which I longed. I had been appointed assistant curate at Kemsing, the village where I had been initiated for the first time into the idea of orderly dogma; for it was necessary for me still to have but light work, owing to the state of my health.

It was an extraordinarily happy life there for about a year. The old church had been restored with exquisite taste, the music was really beautiful, the ceremonial dignified and Catholic; the vicarage where I lived with my friend was a charming house, and always full of charming people; and in this entirely congenial atmosphere my troubles disappeared. It was quite possible, so long as one resolutely focussed one's eyes to the proper objects, to believe that the Church of England was what she claimed to be, the spiritual mother of the English, and a member of the Bride of Christ. I made several friends, whom, I am thankful to say, I retain to this day; I began to take pains with preaching; I did a good deal of work with children. The only reminders that ever came to me of external facts were occasional clerical meetings, at which one discovered that all the world was not as Kemsing, and occasional and piercing little paragraphs in the newspapers to the effect

that this man or that had been "received into the Roman Catholic Church."

It was not for about a year, however, that troubles reappeared; and I can not remember what it was exactly which caused them. I used to have uncomfortable moments now and then, particularly after singing the choral celebration, when I wondered whether, after all, it was possible that I was wrong, and that the ceremony in which I had taken part, rendered so beautiful by art and devotion, was no more than a subjective effort to assert our claim to what we did not possess. But all thoughts such as these I treated as temptations; I confessed them as sins; I read books on the Anglican side; I did my utmost in one or two cases to retain waverers; I thought to establish myself by contemptuous language against the "Italian Mission."

I remember especially, one incident which shows how much these thoughts were in my mind at this time. I was present on the west front of St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee; but I think I was as much interested in the Papal representative as in any one else. I watched him eagerly, and tried to make myself believe that he was impressed by the spectacle of the Church of England in her full glory. It was really a glorious sight, and I looked down with great enthusiasm at the archbishops and bishops, assembled on the steps, in positive copes. A rumor that they very nearly had consented to wear mitres as well caused great excitement in "Church Times" circles; and at least it was pleasant to see their shining headgear of various descriptions. The bishop of London, I remember, wore a superb gold skull-cap which was very nearly as good as a mitre; and I exulted to think of the tales the Papist would tell when he returned to his own arrogant friends. I was pleased also, a day or two later, on being told by a clergyman that he had actually been taken for a Roman priest in the crowd.

Strangely enough, however, I was not greatly affected by the Papal decision on Anglican Orders that had appeared shortly before my leaving England. It had certainly been a blow, especially as I had been assured by an apparently competent authority that the decision would be in our favor; but I was never greatly moved by it. I was conscious of a certain bruised sensation in my soul whenever I thought of it; but never in all my Anglican days was I acutely affected either way by the condemnation.

It was during this time that I received my first confession—that of an Eton boy who was staying near, and who became a Catholic a few months later. I remember my alarm at the thought of being disturbed during the ceremony; for although confession was occasionally preached, it was very seldom practised. So I locked the church door, trembling with excitement, heard the confession, and then went back to the house with a sense of awful and splendid guilt.

I began at last to be really restless. But even this restlessness, I perceived at the time, lay rather in the intuitive than the intellectual region. Though I read controversial books and comforted myself with Dr. Littledale's collection of sneers, I knew that this did not really touch the seat of my trouble: it lay deeper than that. There was one other circumstance, besides those I have mentioned, which tended to increase it.

A few miles away from us was a convent of Anglican nuns whose outward practice was simply indistinguishable from that of the Catholic Church. On feasts unprovided for in the prayer-book, such as Corpus Christi and the Assumption, it became the habit of certain clergy, both from London and in the country round, to attend the ceremonies at this convent; and on half a dozen occasions I also took part. The Roman Missal was used with all its ceremonies, and on the Feast of Corpus Christi a procession was formed according to the precise directions of Baldeschi in

every detail. An altar of repose was set up in the beautiful garden, and the *Pange Lingua* sung. Now, these nuns were not playing at the religious life: they recited the night Office at night, according to the strictest observance—using of course the monastic Breviary,—and lived a life of prayer in complete seclusion. But it was impossible to persuade myself, though of course I attempted to do so, that the atmosphere bore any resemblance at all to that of the Church of England. The public was not admitted to these functions. I used to argue occasionally with the chaplain (who, as well as his successor, preceded me into the Catholic Church), criticising certain details; but his answers, given with considerable learning—to the effect that, since the Church of England was Catholic, she had a right to all Catholic privileges—did not satisfy me; and I am sure that these visits, almost more than anything else, began to emphasize to my mind the real gulf that separated me from Catholic Christendom. I presented a silver lamp to the statue of Our Lady in this convent (it still hangs there), in a kind of endeavor to assert my Catholic aspirations.

So time went on, and my restlessness with it. I began to diagnose my own case. I told myself that the life was too happy to be wholesome, and I set about future plans. I had learned by this time a certain effectiveness in preaching; I took part in a parochial mission, and at last was invited by the Canon Missioner of the diocese to join him definitely in mission work. But I had begun to have thoughts of the religious life; and was further dismayed to learn that in the chapel of the house in Canterbury which we proposed to take, there must be no such ceremonial as that to which I had become accustomed. Honestly, I do not think that I was a mere "Ritualist"; but it seemed to me evident that faith and practice should go together, and that it would be an undue strain to preach a religion whose obvious and inseparable adjuncts were wanting. However,

I decided to accept the invitation, and went to see Archbishop Temple on the subject. He was quite kind, and, after half an hour's conversation, quite peremptory. I was declared to be too young for such work; and I went back to Kemsing resolved to offer myself to the Community of the Resurrection, of whose fame I had heard again and again.

Within a few weeks I had an interview with Dr. Gore, in his canon's house at Westminster, and was definitely accepted as a probationer. Dr. Gore was extremely kind and sympathetic; he seemed to understand my aspirations, and I was deeply impressed both by his own bearing and by the quiet religious atmosphere of the house. It seemed to me now that all my troubles were at an end. I was intensely excited and pleased at the thought of the new life that was opening before me; and it became easier than ever to treat all Roman difficulties as diabolical temptations. I see now that my attention was distracted, and my imagination filled with other visions; I was not really settled; but when I went up to Birkenhead for the annual retreat of the community with which my probation was to begin, I can sincerely say that no thought of henceforth ever leaving the Anglican communion appeared conceivable. I was to be launched in a new sea altogether; I was to live as the friars had lived five hundred years ago; I was to dedicate myself to God once and for all in the highest vocation open to man.

(To be continued.)

THE ignorance of some is greatly to be pitied. They load themselves with unwise penances and other unsuitable exercises of their devising, putting all their confidence in them, and expecting to become saints by their means. If they would put half this labor upon mortifying their passions and appetites, they would gain more in a month than by all their other exercises in many years.

—*St. John of the Cross.*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XVII.

THREE days was the limit of time which Father Kenyon could spare for his Estonville visit. It was Thursday afternoon; he was to take the night train to Burnley; and Lett, sitting in her own room with a book which she was vainly endeavoring to read, waited anxiously for the opportunity Mildred had engaged to secure for her, of speaking privately to him before he left. Mildred herself was out, and Mrs. Sterndale had just taken Sydney for a drive.

As she heard the carriage roll away from the gate, Lett rose to go downstairs, wondering if the Father would remember that he had promised to see her that afternoon. She wished to submit to him all the doubts, fears, the vague, scarcely acknowledged dread, that had been for some time oppressing her, and to be guided by his counsel. Pausing on the first landing of the staircase at an open window, she stood looking idly forth at the summer greenness, when in the stillness around she heard from below voices and footsteps approaching along the corridor that led to a side wing of the house, in which the rooms occupied by Mr. Chetwode were situated. It was he and the priest, who the next moment entered the hall and there separated. Mr. Chetwode passed through, going out of the front door and the front gate; while Father Kenyon joined her when she came hastily downstairs to meet him, and followed her into the veranda.

"We have the house all to ourselves," he said in his genial manner; "and now we will discuss the matter that is troubling you so much."

"Yes, Father," she said, sitting down quickly; for her pulses were throbbing, and she felt faint and sick with nervous excitement. It seemed to her that she

was on the threshold of a change,—a great change. "I have only intended, and that is my wish now, to do God's will as regards my life," she went on abruptly and rapidly. "Until very lately, I never doubted but that He had given me a religious vocation, although that idea has always been doubted and discouraged in the convent where I lived, and," she added reluctantly, "by my confessor. But it seems to me that I ought to know better myself what I am fitted for than anybody else could. Tell me, Father, is there any possible reason which could make it a duty with me to turn from the service of God to that of the world? It is not even, you know, as if I had parents or brothers and sisters, or any relatives who had a just claim on me. I am alone. I think I ought to be free to dispose of my own life. Is not this so?"

She spoke excitedly, passionately, though in a very low tone; and fixed her eyes in an eager gaze on those of the priest.

"Calm yourself, my dear child," he said gently, "and we will look at the case from every point of view. Under the conditions you have stated, there is no reason which could make it a duty on your part to defer your own will, as to the disposition of your life, to that of any one else. On the contrary, if you believe that you are called by God to the religious life, it would be worse than weakness of character—it would be a sin—were you induced by any persuasions, however specious, to violate the dictates of your conscience."

Her face cleared, the look of pain in her eyes changed to a glance of joy, and she clasped her hands with a sigh of intense relief.

"O Father," she cried, "thank you!—thank you! You have made me very, very happy. Now I am willing to wait. I will never again murmur at having to wait, but will cheerfully give years, if necessary, to the service of others, if only I have the hope of at last becoming a religious."

"You go too fast," said he. "You have not heard all that I was about to say."

He was sorry to see how the light faded out of her face. His own face was grave as he resumed:

"Your wish and intention is to do the will of God, whatever that may be?"

"Yes, yes."

"You believe that you have a vocation to the religious life. But are you sure of it? Sometimes it is possible to mistake inclination for vocation."

She looked startled.

"I surely have not done that," she said. "I thought that the signs and proof of vocation were so plain as to be unmistakable: first, a desire above all things to devote oneself to the service of God; secondly, a great anxiety to save one's own soul and benefit others; thirdly, a consciousness of the power as well as inclination to practise that entire surrender of will and humility of spirit required by community life; and, lastly, a love of and fitness for the life itself and its work. These are the signs which, I was taught to believe, show the religious vocation. And I have them all,—every one of them!" she added fervently.

"Then there is no doubt of your having the vocation to a life of evangelical perfection," the priest said. "But the question still remains, does God design you to spend this life in the cloister or in the world? It is very necessary, you must know, that there should be good people in all the various walks of life,—I mean people of exceptionally devotional nature and edifying example. And it seems to me, in so far as I am yet able to judge, that you are one of these people,—that your place is in the world."

She did not answer at once, for it required an effort with her to speak. Her throat felt dry and her lips parched.

"Why do you think so?" she said at last, in a faint voice.

"I will tell you," he replied. "I think that were it God's will to accept your wish to serve Him as a religious, no impediments

would have arisen to prevent the fulfilment of that wish. As you remarked a few minutes ago, your position is one which affords singular freedom of choice. None of the ordinary ties and duties of family relations exist in your case to set difficulties in your way. But see now how it has been. Your guardian was unexpectedly placed in a situation that caused him to appeal to your assistance, and you considered it incumbent on you as a duty to delay the period of entering on your intended novitiate, and consent to his request that you would leave your convent and reside in his house for a time,—this with the approval of the Mother Superior and your confessor. The death of your guardian brings about a further postponement of your intention, and you come here.

"It is possible that you do not at all understand or appreciate the effect already produced by a circumstance which, looked at on the surface—that is, from a worldly point of view,—seems mere accident: I mean your presence in this house. But it is evident to me, not only from what Miss Sterndale (who does fully understand and appreciate it) has told me, but also from my own observation, that it was the hand of God which brought you here, and"—he spoke slowly and impressively—"that for a time at least your place and your work are here. I believe Miss Sterndale's assurance that, uninfluenced by your example and instruction, she might never have had the courage to put herself in communication with a priest, much as she wished to do so; that her reluctance to pain her mother would have seemed to her, hereafter as heretofore, an excuse for deferring indefinitely all effort in the matter; and that she would have drifted on, remorseful, unhappy, but undecided—with what ultimate result, who can tell?"

"God sent you to enlighten and instruct this soul—a beautiful soul it is!—and not this one only. Here was a man just and honorable in his nature, but as blind to the light of the Truth as were the old

Hellenic sages by whose teachings he modelled his life. The enlightenment which you communicated to his niece, she communicated to him,—at least the willingness to be enlightened. He has told me so. And you have heard of those two old people at Ravenswold and their son—the parents and brother of the girl you have also instructed, Cornelia—who in childlike faith and trust have been waiting long for the 'opportunity' which, indirectly, you at last brought them. Here you see the first fruits of the sacrifice the necessity of which you so much deplored. Is not the deliverance of these six souls from the dangers of the indifference and ignorance in which they were steeped worth this sacrifice?"

"Oh, yes!" said Lett, whose downcast eyes were full of tears. "God has been very good to them, and to me in using me for His merciful purpose. I feel that. I have felt it ever since the first day that Mildred spoke to me. It has made me very happy. But yet—"

"But yet you are not satisfied to leave your life in His hand. You prefer to order it yourself," said the Father, with that glint of humor in his eyes which often gave to his grave face the brightness of a smile. "You wish to serve Him, but in your own way."

"No, no! God forbid that I should be so presumptuous! But I feel"—she hesitated an instant, then went on rapidly: "Surely the religious life is the most perfect, and therefore it is to me the most desirable. What I aspire to is the absolute renunciation of all things—my fortune, my life, myself."

"All but your will," said the priest.

"To live in holy poverty and obedience, in entire subjection to the authority of others,—is not this renunciation of will?"

"In one sense it is, in this particular case it is not. Primarily, you do not renounce but exercise your will, in the act of willing to renounce it secondarily. Is this too metaphysical a distinction? It is a strictly accurate one. God, by those

unfailing indications of His will, circumstance and the judgment of your spiritual guides, seems to be pointing to one life which He has ordained for you, while your preference is for another. You say, 'This other is the more perfect life: therefore I will pursue it'; which is equivalent to saying, 'I know that I can serve Him better in my own way than in His.' Is this to submit your choice to God's will or to follow your own inclination?"

"I never looked at it in that light before," said Lett, hastily. "I see that, without intending it, I have been in danger of making a great mistake, falling into a great self-delusion. But it is over now. I will not struggle longer, but will resign myself entirely to God's will. But, O Father, it is hard, very hard, to give up my lifelong hope!"

Had her distress been less real and extreme, that last expression would have moved the priest to a smile, as applied to so short a life as hers. But there was a sob in her voice and an accent of acute pain, which excited his sincerest compassion.

"I am far from being certain, or wishing to convince you, that it is not still an open question what your vocation may be," he said very kindly. "It is not necessary, I should say not possible, to come to a positive decision on the subject at present. But it is well for you to face the question with courage, and thus be prepared for whatever you may be called upon in God's Providence to do. To that soul which in unquestioning humility and resignation submits itself to the divine will, *Circumstance is the voice of God*. And meanwhile do not fail to remember that nothing is more strongly inculcated by spiritual writers and directors, when treating of the choice of a state of life, than the fact that every soul has a particular path traced out for it by God; and that, in order to attain to the highest degree of merit of which it is capable, it must faithfully pursue that path. To leave the way designed for it by Omnipotent Wisdom and choose one of its own, is to incur

great peril, and the certain forfeiture of those special graces with which it would have been endowed had it corresponded to its calling.

"My counsel to you, then, is, to put from you all anxiety of mind on this subject. Do not let your thoughts dwell upon it. Be assured that when the time for a final decision comes, God will leave you in no doubt of what you are to do. It may be that He is now but testing your humility and fidelity, as He tried that of the patriarch of old; or it may be that He demands the sacrifice of your cherished inclination. Rest satisfied to remain for a period in the pain of uncertainty, offering that pain to God with cheerful submission. In this wilderness of sin and suffering—the world,—many souls are doomed to wander long, as did the Israelites on their way to the Promised Land; seeing naught before them but a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night; but steadfastly following this beacon, knowing that the leading is of the Almighty. Ask, if you will, that the sacrifice so grievous to nature may not be demanded of you; but ask always in the spirit, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt!'"

(To be continued.)

TOLERATION, as it is now widely preached, may be a very one-sided bargain. It will not do to let falsehood and moral idiocy say to truth and honesty, "I will tolerate you, if you will tolerate me." There are truths which, to many, are incapable of proof, yet their denial is not to be tolerated, as the most tolerant society finds out when it is compelled to face the practical results of such denial. There are *not* "two sides to every question," nor indeed to any; nor can you convert men to truth by seeming to meet them half-way. The most powerful solvent is the sharpest opposite. You can best move this world by standing, and making it clear that you stand, upon another.—*Coventry Patmore*.

A Son of St. Dominic.

II.

IN 1886 Father Wilberforce experienced the first attack of the illness that was to cling to him for the remainder of his life. During all these attacks he suffered intensely, but would arise from them apparently with renewed energy, his resolute will, and boundless trust in the assistance of Almighty God, enabling him to perform in a surprising manner all his arduous duties of preaching and hearing confessions. But as he grew older, while his zeal for souls was not in the least abated, he longed for the more peaceful and contemplative life to which he had always been naturally drawn, and for which his soul craved more and more as the years went on.

In May, 1886, he was sent by his superior to try the waters of Karlsbad, in company with Mr. Edward Bellasis. He returned greatly benefited; but after a time became again seriously indisposed, and once more went abroad, with his brother, for the benefit of the baths. In spite of the great suffering he now almost constantly endured, he was still full of cheerful and witty sayings. "It is easy enough to preach," he would reply to people who complimented him on his sermons; "the difficulty is to practise." "Is it true," once inquired his brother, "that you have taken the pledge?"—"No," he replied, laughingly. "I know so many who take it and break it that I thought it would be a change to keep it without taking it." For many years he had been a total abstainer, until the state of his health required him, by the advice of his physicians, to use some slight stimulants.

"On one occasion," says his biographer, "Father Wilberforce was to preach at Gloucester. The sermon had been rather widely advertised in the neighborhood, and among his hearers was a 'Scripture reader,' who came with the avowed

intention of taking notes of the sermon, so that he might afterward answer it. God must have seen that the man's heart was sincere; for the sermon convinced him of the truth of the Catholic Church, and he sought instruction. A few years afterward he was ordained priest, and in the very church where the grace of faith had reached him he said his first Mass. Father Bertrand was, of course, rejoiced to hear that God had thus used him as an instrument for bringing this soul into the true Church. 'I think,' he said, 'that Our Lord lets us hear this kind of thing from time to time, to encourage us in our work.'"

In a letter to a former penitent he gives the following sensible advice:

"Father W——is now the priest in ——, and I hope you will get on well with him. He is very kind, and quite as able to help your soul as I could be, and quite as willing also. It is a great thing not to be too much dependent on one priest, so as to stay away from Holy Communion when you can not get to that one. It is very right to ask advice of one who knows you, and not to change; but, as to regular monthly or weekly confession, it is important to think only of the sacrament, and to receive it from any priest that happens to be at hand, just as you receive Holy Communion from any priest who says Mass. Our Lord is always the same, and it is He who absolves, whoever gives us absolution. Advice is different. That is not a sacrament; and it is quite natural to seek it from one rather than another, either because one knows us better or for some other reason."

He gives the following counsel to a convert:

"Do not be afflicted when you do not feel 'comfort in prayer.' We pray, or ought to pray, not for comfort, but to please God; and when our prayers give us less pleasure, we are most sure that in saying them we are moved by God's grace.

"It is well during the day to say the Rosary; and this is easy, as you can say

it anywhere—in the garden, or your armchair,—and a Mystery at a time, if you like. I think it is a help to kneel before a crucifix and say a short, loving prayer a great many times. It is better often not to say it with the lips, but only with the soul, because it is then easier to prevent its being mechanical. This is how Our Lord prayed in the Garden.”

How beautifully these words reveal a soul filled with the love of God, and intimately united to Him!

The following letter, written abroad, and addressed to a young lady who was about to enter a convent, contains the prayer by Fénelon, of which Father Wilberforce was very fond. It is indeed an epitome of Christian abandonment and resignation to the will of God:

“I hope you are keeping up your spirits and not allowing yourself to be depressed; for, after all, you have only a short time to wait before going to ——. In the lives of the Fathers of the Desert we read that one waited at the door of the monastery a long time, many months—I am not sure it was not years,—asking to be admitted. At last they allowed him to enter. . . .

“Say this prayer of Fénelon every day: ‘O my good God, I leave myself in Thy divine hands. Turn about this clay,—turn it in this way or in that, according to Thy pleasure. Give it a form; then, if Thou pleasest, break it in pieces. It is Thine; it has nothing to say; it is enough that it answers all Thy purposes, and that nothing resists Thy good pleasure, for which it was created. Enjoin, demand, forbid. What wouldst Thou have me to do? What wouldst Thou have me forbear? Whether exalted or deposed, in comfort or in suffering, employed in Thy service or useless in everything, I will equally adore and praise Thee. I have nothing left; but, with Thy Blessed Mother, I desire to say from my heart: “Be it done unto me according to Thy will.” Amen.’”

To another correspondent Father Wilberforce wrote as follows on the necessity of self-denial:

“I know by experience how difficult it is to fight against habits of self-indulgence; but I know also that there is nothing to do but fight on in a dogged and persevering way. No amount of talking about it or writing about it will advance matters one bit unless the will is resolved to conquer. So I told you, and tell you again, that you do not need direction in these matters. A direction post is necessary only when the way is doubtful, but here the way is quite clear and straightforward; the only thing is to go along it, but that no one can do for you.

“If you want encouragement, I will give you that from my heart; and bid you trust in God as if that were the only thing to do, and fight as if all depended on you alone. God without doubt has His merciful hand over you, but He requires correspondence. Remember the Gospel of last Sunday: *Dicite invitatis*. ‘Say to them that were invited.’ He *invites* but does not *force* us.

“Be regular with spiritual reading: it is most necessary. You must be resolved to get up the moment you are called,—a simple matter you ought to have learned long ago. Remember that mental prayer will renew the fervor of a soul, however low it may have got. . . .

“What I told you before is the truth; you must deny yourself. Do what we will, go where we will, read whatever we will,—all will be useless till we make up our minds to deny ourselves. That is the root of all your disorder, and no direction can do any good till you make up your mind to deny yourself. Till then the sentence holds good: ‘You can not be My disciple.’”

The following letter, addressed to a young nephew, illustrates another phase of Father Wilberforce’s character, showing how he could be as a child with children. It is far removed from the depth and seriousness of the preceding, though bearing also, as all his correspondence does, a note of the religious spirit which was thoroughly his:

ST. PATRICK'S, LEEDS,
Easter Monday, 1896.

I wish you, and through you your father and mother, all Easter graces and joy; and, after many happy and holy Easters, the true Easter joy in the glory of the Resurrection in heaven.

I have in my letter-case a piece of paper that reproaches me every time I see it, written with W——'s own hand: "As many photographs as possible" (rather a large order!); "and be sure that they are nice." How am I to ensure that? "But where are they?" you will say. They are at the Priory, N. W., dear boy; and I can not send them till I get back there.

My work here ends on Low Sunday, and after that I am to begin a mission at Holme-on-Spalding Moor.

Just before coming here I was giving a week's renewal of the mission I gave last November at Hawick, in Scotland. The priest there has a very amusing Irish terrier, who is a great companion to him. His name is Denis, — called after Father Denis, of the Birmingham Oratory, who is a friend of the owner of the dog. Denis dislikes cats in a perfectly orthodox dog manner, and guards the garden against the invasion of any Scotch Presbyterian cat. If Father Lyle opens the window of the sitting-room and says, "Presbyterian Tom, — tell it to go away!" Denis, however sound asleep by the fire, rushes out, barking. If you say, "Denis, sing!" he will sit up and beg, and, putting up his nose straight in the air, will howl in the most absurd and lugubrious way, wagging his tail all the time. He walks on his hind legs all across the room for a titbit, — not for *Tibbits* [a London weekly], but for bread or a bone. He often makes Father Lyle go out for a healthy walk.

Hawick is not far from where Sir Walter Scott lived, and we went over to see the ruins of Melrose Abbey, which are very beautiful.

I hope you are all very well!

From your loving uncle,

BERTRAND.

Although, toward the close of his life, Father Wilberforce ceased to take much interest in secular reading, he was formerly very fond of really good literature, and greatly enjoyed healthy and popular works of fiction. Many characters of Dickens and Trollope were often quoted by him, and for books of adventure he had a special fondness. He had Shakspeare at his finger ends, and was very apt in making applications from the Bard of Avon, both in his sermons and in letters. The following, from a letter to his sister, will illustrate his faculty in this regard. He writes:

"The other day at Hawkesyard I read, for the first time, I am ashamed to say, Tennyson's 'Enid.' You have of course read it in old times, though you may have forgotten it. It is wonderfully beautiful; grand in the highest sense; exalted thoughts expressed in the most melodious and refined language. And what makes me mention it is that it is so easily interpreted and applied, in the truest spiritual and supernatural sense. It is true all through, as I could show you if I had it with me. Enid represents the soul. The prince loves her in her poverty; and, when dressed in her old faded silk, loves her in spite of all, and takes her thus to the stately queen, who dresses her like the sun. Our Lord takes the soul in the midst of her poverty, rags and misery, and from love arrays her in the most splendid robes of grace. Enid afterward is in great trial, — tried by Prince Geraint, who loves but tries her love; he misunderstands what he has heard. That, of course, Our Lord can not do; but the truth is, He has such cause without any misunderstanding. Geraint is supposed to be dead. Enid is tempted to eat and drink and be glad when he is lying there as dead, though he really hears all. She replies:

'How should I be glad
Henceforth in all the world at anything,
Until my Lord arise and look upon me?'

"That is just what the soul should feel, more and more as life goes on and the time

approaches when He will come and look on us. Nothing should make us really glad but the coming of Our Lord. How unspeakable it will be to see Him,—to see His face! If we could but realize it, we should die of joy and desire to see Him.

"If the soul is in desolation, how true it is that nothing can comfort it but Our Lord! If He hides His face, 'how should I be glad henceforth in all the world at anything, until my Lord arise and look upon me?' The wicked Knight Edyrn is converted, overcome by Geraint, sent to Arthur's court, talks much with the 'High Saint' Dubric (an old British saint); and then Arthur tells Geraint that by overcoming himself Edyrn has done more than by killing many marauding bandit knights, as Geraint had done. It is exactly what the Holy Ghost says (Proverbs, xvi, 32): 'The patient man is better than the valiant; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh cities.' I wonder how far the poet himself was typifying great spiritual truths?"

The following extract is very interesting, as relating to the question of Our Lord to His Mother at the marriage of Cana, which, to those unfamiliar with the language of the country and its idioms, would savor a little of abruptness and harshness:

"Father Reginald Collins, the brave army chaplain, is near here, and knows Arabic very well, and has the Holy Scripture in Arabic. Arabic is very near akin to the Syro-Chaldaic that Our Lord and His Apostles spoke. I asked him what was the Arabic for the verse in St. John, 'What is that to me and thee?'—'These words are a common idiom in Arabic and Syro-Chaldaic,' he replied; 'meaning "We have one thought, one feeling, one heart in this matter." *Mata bain anta un ana*, are the Syro-Chaldaic words; literally, "What difference is there between me and thee?" In the Arabic the words are nearly the same—*Mâ bain entée wa ana*,—meaning the same exactly. To translate the words into English

literally, is to translate the words but not the idea. The real translation of the idea would be, "We have one feeling in this matter.""

"This is interesting, is it not?"

"Ever your loving brother,

"BERTRAND, O. P."

The following instructions sent by him to his sister to be given to a proposed convert are so clear and comprehensive that we give them entire:

"1. Point out to her that, on account of the principles of the Church of England, all the bishops must teach heresy. For a High Church bishop must authorize his clergy to teach that Our Lord is not present in the Eucharist; and a Low Church bishop must authorize others to teach in his name that Our Lord is present.

"2. Point out that they have no principle of unity. If the Holy Ghost taught through the Church of England, it could not be as it is. But as long as each individual parson teaches his own opinion, there *can not* be unity. The only principle of unity in doctrine is divine authority, and that is not even claimed. A man taking Orders in the Church of England must himself choose the doctrine he will teach. He may teach High, Low or Broad; he must choose by his own private liking and judgment. Now, heresy means 'choice,'—the choice of our own judgment. The Church of England forces people to choose for themselves,—that is, to be heretics.

"3. How can she test whether what we tell her is true about the unity in doctrine in the Catholic Church? (a) Has she ever seen contrary doctrines taught in Catholic books about things defined by the Church? Can she quote a book of any bishop or priest, for instance, which denies the Real Presence? If we were not united, how easy this would be! (b) Has she ever heard a priest, nun or devout Catholic deny the Blessed Sacrament? (c) She might write twenty letters to various bishops asking what the Church teaches about any doctrine—

e. g., baptism, confession, the Eucharist, etc., etc.—and compare the answers. We know what would happen if she wrote to various Anglicans.

“4. Of course the objection about good and learned Anglicans is sure to present itself to any humble mind. But (a) it would prevent any one’s ever changing his religion. A Jew might say, ‘I know many good men better and more learned than I am; why do they not see the truth of Christianity? St. Paul might have said this of Gamaliel, his master. What would an Anglican say to a Methodist in answer to the same argument? (b) N—— has not to answer to God for the Bishop of ——; but she has to answer to Him if she does not follow her own conscience and the light He gives *her*. The Bishop of —— may be better than she is. What of that? He may not have the same light from God. When Our Lord says to her, ‘Why did you not follow the light I gave you?’ it will not do to say, ‘Because Dr. —— did not see it.’ (c) Against the Bishop of —— she has the whole body of saints of the Church, who did see it.

“5. Explain how utterly doubtful (at the lowest) the condemnation of the Pope must make their Orders, and therefore the Eucharist. Of course for us it is certain they have no Orders, but doubtful for them. The Pope and twelve hundred bishops all unite against the Protestant Orders; the Greek Church rejects them, even the Jansenists also; and of their own bishop and clergy, a great body agree with the Pope. How doubtful at least they must be!

“Exhort her to pray on for light to *see* and grace to *do* God’s will. But when praying for light, she must have the determination to follow it, or God may withdraw it.”

Father Wilberforce had a serious attack of illness in 1900, which obliged him to rest. Again in 1902 he was very ill. The end came in 1904. All during that year his health had been very precarious, but he continued giving retreats and missions

when he was able. On December 3 he arrived at the Abbey of St. Scholastica, Teignmouth, to give a retreat, or triduum. The Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., met him there, and noted that, while he looked worn, and was evidently suffering, he was cheerful and witty as ever.

When the retreat at Teignmouth was over, he went on to Chiswick for another; but he had done his last work on earth. It had been arranged that he should stay at the house of an old friend, Mrs. Latter. He was obliged to go to bed there, and never arose from his couch. His friend, Father Henry Bartlett, was sent for, and remained with him a long time. It was not given Father Bertrand to die, as he had always hoped and longed to do, in his own home, among his brethren in religion; but he made this sacrifice, when he came to realize it was expected of him, with his usual sweetness and resignation to the will of God. His childlike obedience and docility, made a great impression on all who came to visit him.

When it was announced to him that he was about to die, he received the news with perfect tranquillity; and when asked if he felt afraid, “Afraid!” he answered with a calm smile,—“afraid to die! Do you think I could be such a tomfool as to be afraid to do what I have been preparing for all my life?” It was true. Life had been to him simply the road that leads to God; and death but the gate at the end, that would be opened to let him through. Therefore when the time came he was ready, and could die with as much simplicity as he had lived.

For a while he resisted the coma which was rapidly overpowering him, and asked one of his attendants if he *ought* not try to arouse himself to say his Office. He was told, “Certainly not”; and, accepting the assurance as a child might have done, with a sigh of relief he turned on his side to sleep. Consciousness remained, however, a little longer; and the nurse tried to give him some milk. He could take but a drop, and the Holy Viaticum was

practically his last food. As she took away the glass, Father Bertrand thanked her and murmured: "Our Lady could not give her Son milk when He hung upon the Cross." They were his last words. He fell asleep, and so rendered up his soul to God.

He had the gift of prayer at all times and all seasons. He so united it with labor that his entire life was a perpetual oblation. His whole being seemed permeated with prayer; it was not within him in any sense a form, but the life that he lived. He had the gift of speech. His eloquence was something wonderful. Words, and these the most appropriate that could be chosen, came to him without effort; and in early years, before constant use had somewhat strained it, his voice was like the tones of a silver bell.

His were the attributes of mercy and of charity. Love was the keynote of his preaching; he appealed to his hearers with illustrations that drew them to the mercy seat of God; he seldom awed them with the terrors of hell. He always showed scorn and contempt for everything mean and dishonorable,—it was the surest way to make him angry.

Once he wrote: "Here I am, O Lord! Do with me whatever Thou wilt, in life or in death; only give me Thy holy love." And again: "Do not fear death, O my soul! Surely for a Christian it is not so much a punishment—though I deserve it to be one—as an act of self-sacrifice, the last and greatest that God demands in this life. To give up all for Him! Why, surely I have done that at my profession. I am, or ought to be, dead to the world now. I belong to God. . . ."

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." These are comforting words that come direct from heaven; for St. John says: 'And I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, Write!' What was he to write? A ninth beatitude, that comes from the same adorable lips that uttered the other eight: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest

from their labors; for their works follow them.' (Apoc., xiv, 13.)

"Work, then, O my soul,—work, dearly beloved, till you die in the Lord. Then rest; but no rest till then. Do works now that will follow you then, and thus prepare for death."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." So did he die, and it may well be believed that his portion is among the Blessed.

(The End.)

Gleanings from a Modern British Essayist.

READERS of the March number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* will have no regret, we think, that the reverend editor, once upon a time, had to pay "a smart price" for a set of Mr. Augustine Birrell's books. Dr. Hogan has read all of them, and he sets before his readers many witty and wise extracts, which, though not all unfamiliar, are eminently deserving of the honor of quotation. The majority of the *Record's* readers were probably most interested in Mr. Birrell's appreciation of Newman, to whom he always refers in terms of affectionate reverence. In the essay exclusively devoted to the great Cardinal, the following notable paragraph occurs:

There are some men whose names are inseparably and exclusively associated with movements; there are others who are forever united in human memories with places; it is the happy fortune of the distinguished man whose name is at the top of this page to be able to make good both titles to an estate in their minds and hearts; for whilst his fierce intellectual energy made him the leader of a great movement, his rare and exquisite tenderness has married his name to a lovely place. Whenever men's thoughts dwell upon the revival of Church authority in England and America during the century, they will recall the Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, who lived to become a Cardinal of Rome; and whenever the lover of all things that are quiet and gentle and true in life and literature visits Oxford, he will find himself wondering whether snapdragon still grows outside the windows of the rooms in Trinity where once lived the author of the *Apologia*.

Of Newman's literary style, his power of invective so admirably controlled, and the influence of his books, Mr. Birrell has this to say:

The charm of Dr. Newman's style necessarily baffles description. As well might one seek to analyze the fragrance of a flower, or to expound in words the jumping of one's heart when a beloved friend unexpectedly enters the room. It is hard to describe charm. . . . One can, of course, heap on words. Dr. Newman's style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it oftener glows with a fervent heat. It employs as its obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary; and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the bookworm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory. Dr. Newman's sentences sometimes fall upon the ear like well-considered and final judgments, each word being weighed and counted out with dignity and precision. But at other times the demeanor and language of the judge are hastily abandoned, and substituted for them we encounter the impetuous torrent, the captivating rhetoric, the brilliant imagery, the frequent examples, the repetition of the same idea in different words of the eager and accomplished advocate addressing men of like passions with himself.

Had he led the secular life, and adopted a Parliamentary career, he would have been simply terrific; for his weapons of offence are both numerous and deadly. His sentences stab, his invective destroys. The pompous, high-placed imbecile mouthing his platitudes, the wordy sophister with his oven full of half-baked thoughts, the heartless, hate-producing satirist, would have gone down before his sword and spear. But God was merciful to these sinners. Newman became a priest, and they Privy Councillors. . . .

They [his books] stand on all sorts of shelves, and wherever they go a still small voice accompanies them. . . . To take up almost any one of Dr. Newman's books—and they are happily numerous, between twenty and thirty volumes,—is to be led away from "evil tongues" and the "sneers of selfish men," from the mud and the mire, the shoving and pushing that gather and grow around the pig-troughs of life, into a diviner ether, a purer air; and is to spend your time in the company of one who, though he may sometimes astonish, yet never fails to make you feel (to use Carlyle's words about a very different author) "that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of

wisdom, not ill and disgracefully as in brawling tavern supper-rooms with fools and noisy persons."

In an essay on "Truth Hunting," after quoting a familiar passage in which Cardinal Newman professes his belief in some disputed miracles and' in the virtue of sacred relics, Mr. Birrell, makes this striking observation:

So writes Dr. Newman, with that candor, that passion for putting the case most strongly against himself, which is only one of the lovely characteristics of the man whose long life has been a miracle of beauty and grace, and who has contrived to instil into his controversies more of the spirit of Christ than most men can find room for in their prayers.

Of course the English essayist expresses some opinions which Catholics could not be expected to share. But, like Newman, he is always urbane. It remains to be said, for the benefit of those whose appetite may be whetted rather than sated by Dr. Hogan's extracts, that the books of which he has made so good a use may now be obtained for a much smaller sum than he had to pay for them.

Meanness vs. Dignity.

The American philosopher who declared that "no office is a mean one save that which has a mean man in it," probably considered the remark original with himself; but, of course, like a multitude of other good thoughts, it had been uttered in other words hundreds of times before. When St. Francis Xavier, for instance, was on his way to India, he did his own laundry work on board the ship. As he was Apostolic Legate at the time, he was remonstrated with by a companion, and told that he was degrading his high office by the performance of such menial work. His reply was: "I consider nothing contemptible and unworthy of a Christian except sin."

It is superfluous to add that the individual who is least occupied about 'preserving his dignity' is precisely he who is most truly dignified.

Notes and Remarks.

As corroborative of a contention not infrequently supported in these columns, we quote the following words of the West Australian *Record*:

Do Catholics take upon themselves their proportionate share of public work? is a question we often hear asked; and the answer is that, in too many instances, they do not.

Our antipodean contemporary discusses the matter at some length and with entire sanity. The following extract is as applicable in this country as in Australia:

The Catholic member of a public body fulfils the duty of the ordinary citizen when dealing with all questions of a secular nature; but, since the community is what it is—composed of a large proportion of Catholics, affecting whose Church questions may occasionally arise,—then, on such occasions, the Catholic member should be not only an ordinary citizen, but a practical Catholic also, and should help, by his words and by his actions, to expose misrepresentation and stand up for the just rights of his Church. Catholics pay their quota of taxation as well as non-Catholics, and are governed by the same laws, and have to submit to the same public regulations as all other citizens; and, therefore, it is only fair that they should have a voice—a proportionate one, at any rate,—in all matters affecting the public good. And if they have not, they have only themselves to blame.

The obvious retort to the high-minded Catholic who objects to the disreputable tactics of the political game, is: Get into the game and do your part toward making it respectable. Neglecting to do so is failing to fulfil the duties of one's state in life, is shirking one's responsibilities both to one's country and to God.

The death of the venerable Father Antonio Ubach, of San Diego, Cal., diocese of Los Angeles, removes one of the last of the Spanish *padres*, whose names are forever linked with the history of the Pacific coast. For almost half a century he had been a prominent figure in California, and was among the most highly respected and best beloved of its citizens. Indians, Mexicans, and Americans united

in doing honor to his memory. In a message of sympathy to Bishop Conaty, the Mayor of San Diego referred to Father Ubach as "a strong character, whose noble Christian influence will be greatly missed." During the administration of President Grant, he was entrusted several times with delicate missions to the Mexican Government, and won the high regard of all with whom he came in contact. A Spaniard of the Spaniards, a man among men, and a priest possessed of every Christian and sacerdotal virtue, it is not surprising that Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson should have taken Father Ubach as the model of Padre Gasparido; and it is not too much to say had she known Father Ubach better, that charming character in "Ramona" would have been rendered still more attractive. Only those who knew Father Ubach intimately could thoroughly appreciate his rare worth. His death was as peaceful as his life. He was heard to say that if he lived until certain improvements in his church were completed, he would feel that his life-work had been accomplished. The wish was granted, and he sank to rest like a weary toiler at the close of a long day.
R. I. P.

Apropos of a recent conference at the White House between President Roosevelt and several gentlemen representing the Federation of (Protestant) Churches of New York City, the *Chicago Israelite* has a pointed and logical editorial on "Protestant Decline in the Metropolis." As our readers are probably aware, the President's attention was called to the fact that, whereas the metropolis has now six more Catholic churches and eighteen more Jewish synagogues than it had six years ago, the Protestant churches are three fewer than in 1901. Says the *Israelite*:

The President, it is reported, displayed deep interest in the matter, and promised to aid the churches in every way possible. Of course this was a mistake on the President's part. As the chief executive officer of the nation, it would be highly improper for him to give special countenance to any religious sect, or, in fact, to take

any part in a purely religious movement. He should have pointed this out, courteously of course, to the deputation who represented the Protestant movement. Any idea that the entire proceeding was impertinent does not seem to have presented itself to the clerical gentlemen at all. Yet had a deputation representing a Roman Catholic church association called upon the President for precisely the same purpose, and invited his aid in the identical language used by the Protestant ministers, there would have been a storm of indignant protests in which every Protestant pulpit and periodical would have joined, and rightly so. However, the petitioners were acting upon the assumption that this is not only a Christian country, but a Protestant Christian one, and that the Evangelical denominations have rights and privileges that the others do not possess.

Using Christian in the sense of a believer in the divinity of Christ, there is scarcely any exaggeration in the statement that this country will be a Christian one only when it becomes a predominantly Catholic one. In the meantime the Chicago paper's point is of course excellently taken. The action of the Federation's deputies was inconsiderate, and the encouragement given by the President—if encouragement he gave—was, to put it very mildly, injudicious.

We are glad to learn that the important and timely paper entitled "M. Briand's Real Sentiments," contributed to the March number of the *Month* by the Rev. Sydney Smith, is to be reprinted by the English Catholic Truth Society. M. Briand has disowned certain expressions attributed to him by the *Saturday Review*, the *Standard*, and numerous other English and American journals. Father Smith expresses due regret that M. Briand should have been credited with expressions which he did not use, but has little difficulty in showing that his sentiments as elsewhere expressed are in accord with the words which have so frequently been attributed to him.

A point of considerable interest to Catholics was recently established by a decision of the Court of Appeals for the

State of New York. A testator having bequeathed \$15,000 to the trustees of St. Francis' Hospital, to be used "for the Blessed Mary purgatorial fund of the hospital"—that is, for the celebration of Requiem Masses,—it was objected that there was no such fund as a purgatorial fund at the hospital, and that accordingly the bequest was illegal. The matter was taken to several courts, the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, in charge of St. Francis', testifying that there did exist a fund for the saying of Masses for the dead. The Court of Appeals reversed the decision of two lower courts that had declared the bequest invalid. This portion of the final decision is particularly interesting, as furnishing a precedent that will be found useful in future cases of the kind:

Had he [the testator] made the bequest upon the condition that the Sisters should do some specified act inconsistent with their corporate power, a different question would have been presented. He has not imposed any conditions whatsoever. The supplying of books and papers to those who could read, in the hospital, would not be foreign to the purpose of the corporation; and if this be so, may not also the consolation derived from the religious instructions [devotions?] and prayers of the Sisters add to the physical comfort and welfare of these beings? We fail to see why the provisions of this will as to the use of the bequests by the Sisters is not fairly within the legislative intent.

Notwithstanding this ruling, however, it will still be the part of prudence to provide for the celebration of Requiem Masses after one's death by a deed of gift while in life rather than by a legacy in one's will.

Readers of the *San Francisco Monitor* are indebted to the Rev. C. A. Ramm for an admirably exhaustive review of the facts and circumstances culminating in the present crisis between Church and State in France. Illustrating the unjustifiable confiscation of ecclesiastical property by the Government, Father Ramm writes:

We here in California are all familiar with the Pious Fund case. The Mexican Government, some two hundred years ago, took over certain Church properties which it converted into money. It agreed, however, in compensation,

to pay the Church 6 per cent per annum on the proceeds of the sale. After the treaty of Guadalupe, Mexico refused to pay this just debt; and four years ago the matter was carried before the International Tribunal of The Hague, where the five judges unanimously decided that Mexico must pay its stipulated annuity "perpetually." We were all proud of this victory, and regarded it as a triumph of justice. The case in France is precisely parallel. The Government took certain Church property, and it agreed to set aside an annual sum for the support of religion by way of compensation, and now it deliberately refuses to be bound by its own promises. This is nothing more or less than a deliberate violation of the fundamental principle of justice upon which all contracts rest.

The injustice of the French Government is further illustrated by Father Ramm's reference to the question of the Friar lands in the Philippines:

Our Government deemed it advisable to acquire possession of these lands, but it did not for a moment contemplate their confiscation. The titles and possession were clearly in the hands of the Friars; so the only just thing for the Government to do, if it desired to take over the lands, was to purchase them from their lawful owners; and this is precisely what our Government did,—and precisely the opposite of what the French Government did.

A French-Canadian exchange graphically illustrates the notable generosity of Catholic France, even in 1906, as regards the Propagation of the Faith. Several money-sacks, bearing the figures of the amounts contributed by France, the United States, and other countries, are presented; and at a glance it is obvious that France has given to the Propagation more than the combined gifts of all the other countries of the world. The United States, which ranks second in the list of donors, gave less than one-fourth the sum contributed by our French co-religionists,—\$157,057, to France's \$659,000. While this statement is highly creditable to our persecuted brethren of the Gallic Republic, it should spur our own and other Catholic people to a notable increase in their gifts for the current year. The onus of supporting churches and pastors had not fallen on French Catholics last year, in any general

way at least; but present conditions in their distracted land will inevitably diminish their offerings to foreign missions during 1907 and several years thereafter.

An interesting communication to the current *American Ecclesiastical Review* tells of the surprise manifested by a non-Catholic physician at the lack of zeal on the part of Catholic and Anglican nurses in failing to secure the baptism of children daily dying under their eyes. The physician was told of the condition, generally required, of the explicit consent of a child's parents, and of the detriment to religion and charity likely to follow if it were understood that Catholics baptized the children of Protestant or infidel parents contrary to the wish or knowledge of the latter. "Nevertheless, though this last reason appealed very strongly to my medical friend, he thought that the cases in which there was no danger of arousing prejudice were so numerous, especially in maternity hospitals, and clinics for children, and in the municipal wards where foundlings were cared for, that the comparative neglect argued a strong presumption that faith in the necessity of baptism for salvation was either not very deeply rooted in professed Catholics, or else not insisted upon by the authorities of the Church, who preached a stricter doctrine than they practised."

The point made by the physician is, we think, extremely well taken. There must be a multiplicity of cases in maternity hospitals and foundling wards where the bestowal of the supreme blessing of baptism upon a dying child would entail no disagreeable consequences whatever; and the negligence of a Catholic nurse in refraining, in such a case, from bestowing it is a want of charity that may easily be a veritable sin of omission.

News of a coming Consistory has revived newspaper speculations as to the number of red hats to be distributed, and the most likely recipients of them. The

more sensational papers would seem to know exactly what the Holy Father intends to do in the matter, though reliable and well-informed journals published in Rome itself have no information to impart. "It is quite possible," says *Rome*, "that the Holy Father may see no necessity for a Consistory before October or November next, so that it is quite idle to speculate at present on new Cardinals. The one thing most certain about the matter is that there is no intention of adding to the number of Cardinals resident *in curia* for a long time to come."

The agents of the Census Bureau engaged in gathering divorce statistics have had many surprises. They have discovered that, for the last twenty-year period, over the period from 1867 to 1887 the increase in divorces has been larger in the rural districts than in the cities. From 1887 to 1907, there were seventy divorces to every 100,000 population, whereas during the twenty-year period prior to 1887 there were only thirty-three. The population of the country has increased, of course; but from 1870 to 1890, divorce in the United States at large increased about three times as fast. During working hours of court officials, there is a divorce suit filed every two minutes, and a divorce granted every three minutes in the United States. This has been the average for the last twenty years, and census officials declare that the number is increasing at an alarming rate.

We have not as yet heard the fate meted out to one of the numerous communities of French nuns, the Sisters of St. Paul, rather a remarkable congregation in that a large percentage of its members are totally blind. The community was established as a regular religious body in 1853, the majority of the first thirteen nuns being sightless. The blind were received by the Sisters of St. Paul from all ages up. Children of five years old as well as septuagenarians were to be found among

those who enjoyed the benefactions of the community. A blind person was invariably accompanied by one who could see, each doing an appropriate portion of any given work. Thus, in the laundry the washing of linen was performed by one possessing sight; while the wringing of clothes, or the spreading of them to dry, was the work of the blind or half-blind. In the schools, the children were taught according to the Braille system of instructing the blind to read by the sense of touch.

Evidently, such a body was a valuable asset in the social and industrial economy of any land; but twentieth-century France calls good evil, and evil good; and the Sisters of St. Paul have, most probably, been forced into exile with thousands of other devoted Frenchwomen.

Judging from the scant courtesy paid by the Italian Government to the Sovereign Pontiff, it will scarcely be impertinent for the Catholic world to voice an indignant protest against the indignities habitually heaped upon the Head of the Church. Such paragraphs as the following, clipped from a recent issue of *Rome*, are not pleasant reading for any of the two hundred and fifty odd millions who recognize in Pius X. the Vicar of Christ:

One can not pass through the streets of Rome without being confronted with the lurid and obscene cartoons in which the august person of the Holy Father is subjected to weekly outrage. . . . This source of public corruption certainly would not be tolerated for a week in any English-speaking country in the world. Yet it has been tolerated for years by the Italian Government here in the very centre of Christendom, which, according to the Italian Law of Guarantees, was to be "the glorious Seat" of the Pontiff.

In this age of international dealings, *ententes cordiales*, world congresses, etc., the public opinion of outside nations inevitably reacts on any particular people. It is quite possible that protests against the disgraceful passivity of the Italian Government would result in its no longer tolerating repeated insult to the most eminent citizen of the world.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

At the Window.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THE fog is grey on the sea,
Soft like feathers; and, hurrying fast,
The fisherman's wherry has just gone past,
Afraid of the fog,—and it frightens *me*.

The dark comes out of the wood,
Where birds were singing the livelong day;
Now they have hidden themselves away.
I am afraid,—I'll be always good.

The winds rush out from the trees,
Moaning and shrieking, cruel and wild;
I feel so sad, like an orphan child,
Mother, come to me, *please!*

The fog is passing, the sky grows clear,
The young moon rising, a silver line;
The stars are with her, the night is fine,
And mother, mother is here!

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.—AT LAST.

ONCE the packet was opened, a document was produced which the Chevalier, who appeared almost overcome by his agitation, begged the lawyer to read; and what he read aloud may be summarized and put into English as follows:

"Concerning that window which I have caused to be placed upon my house, what a merry jest it has been! How many speculations has it not occasioned! It has certainly amused more than one generation of my friends, as well as myself; and perhaps it may continue to do so long after I have passed away.

"Futile efforts have been made from time to time to climb to that window and look through its panes. Few have had

the hardihood to carry out this design, and those few have been met by a blank disappointment and an equally blank wall. Had those few pursued their investigations somewhat further—but no matter! The affair is now about to be settled for all time,—that is, when this paper shall be read. I am setting forth here to all whom it may concern the true history of that window.

"Does it belong to any room? That question, which has been asked innumerable times, I am now about to answer—in the affirmative. I built the house after a quaint old design which took my fancy; and about that same period I read a delightful Italian romance of mediæval days. This gave me the idea of having a window attached to a hidden room, which should puzzle everyone, and give me at times an undisturbed privacy, such as my temperament demanded.

"I confided my ideas to the architect, and he, in turn, to the builder. The result was most satisfactory. My plan having been ingeniously executed, I had sworn them both to secrecy. But human nature is weak, and, happily for the mystery I desired, the architect left the country to practise his profession in England; and the builder shortly after died, without having betrayed his trust.

"The room was cunningly devised. The entrance thereto was invisible, and inaccessible save to those acquainted with the secret. It was while pacing the little garden one moonlight night that I decided upon its various details, and in the parlor below stairs I committed them to paper.

"Each seeker within the house," continued the document, "was baffled, as each climber without, by a preconceived idea. He on the outside saw a blank wall, and proceeded no further with the search, convinced that the window was

mere ornamentation or a vagary of the builder. He on the inside reasoned that if a mysterious room existed, its entrance must be sought in the proximity of the window,—that is to say, in the attic. No one thought of looking for that entrance where it was most likely to be—in my own apartment.”

Here Mrs. Redmond uttered an exclamation of surprise; for the apartment so indicated was the one which she occupied.

“In that room of mine where I am writing,” continued the paper, “is a mahogany press built into the wall—”

“Your linen press, mother!” gasped Hugh.

His mother nodded, the idea giving her the same creepiness which had taken possession of her son.

“The inner wall of that press, on the right hand, moves aside, and then there is to be seen—but I shall tell no more. The seeker must discover the rest for himself, whether it be my dear old friend Henri or another—”

“I call that mean,” interposed Hugh,—“always stopping just when everybody wants to hear what he is going to say!”

“Nor can we be any wiser,” smiled the Chevalier, through the tears which had gathered in his eyes, “until we have drawn aside that panel and stepped into those mysterious regions.”

“Which must be rather circumscribed, I should think,” remarked Mr. Redmond.

“Perhaps he is like Bluebeard!” cried Arthur.

“Do you mean that we shall find a half dozen headless wives in there, my boy?” asked the Chevalier’s lawyer, with a smile.

“Well, something gruesome,” Arthur grumbled, “or else a trick.”

“Can’t we go there at once?” suggested impetuous Hugh.

The Chevalier, laying his hand kindly upon the boy’s shoulder, said:

“As we have waited so long, my dear, can we not also wait a little longer? Truly has our friend De Villebon tried to teach us in this whole affair a lesson of patience

and self-control, which is the most valuable lesson life can impart. But, in fact, unless these legal gentlemen see some reason for delay, I suppose we may as well act upon Hugh’s suggestion. What do you think, Mr. Redmond? What is your opinion, my kind hostess?”

“We are quite of yours,” answered husband and wife. “We might as well proceed at once before it gets too dark.”

Mrs. Redmond, however, added with a laugh:

“If you will give me time to remove the linen from the press. With Margaret’s assistance, that will not be very long.”

Mr. Redmond, meanwhile, with consent of the others, sent for Patrick and his father. In regard to the latter, it seemed only right that having, like the Chevalier, formed a link with De Villebon’s generation, and been so many years in his employment, he should assist at this final solution of the mystery. And as to Patrick, perhaps every one of the party was glad to have the protection of his powerful young manhood.

Catherine, who had gone up to assist Mrs. Redmond and Margaret in the preparations, now came down to say that everything was ready. She, however, took care to follow the others again upstairs, impelled by a strong and very natural curiosity, and accustomed to have a certain knowledge of whatever transpired in that patriarchal household, with which she had been so long connected.

When the whole party had assembled in Mrs. Redmond’s room, Hugh, by common consent, was charged to seek the spring in the wardrobe, which, after considerable delay, he succeeded in doing. The panel flew back, disclosing a space, whence came a dry, close odor, as of air long compressed. In the dim light could be discerned a spiral staircase.

A procession was at once formed. Patrick and the boys led, the legal gentlemen following; after them the Chevalier; Mrs. Redmond, with Mary clinging to her skirts; Mr. Redmond,

carrying Amelia in his arms; Mr. Brennan and the two domestics bringing up the rear. It was a curious sight to see them passing in single file through the wardrobe, without any apparent realization of the oddity of this circumstance, so engrossed were they all in the momentous affair.

Up the spiral staircase, long unused, and groaning as a protest against their intrusion, they went in the same fashion, keeping very close together. At the top of the stairs was a door, which at first resisted every effort to effect an entrance. They began to think it must be fastened upon the other side, when suddenly it opened. Patrick was propelled inward, falling on his face and hands; and so close came the procession after him that Arthur, Hugh, and the two legal functionaries fell forward likewise, one over the other, like a pack of cards; but the Chevalier's calm figure stood erect, while the rear guard paused in uncertainty and dismay. Mr. Brennan, who had the gloomiest apprehensions about the matter, raised his voice in a series of characteristic exclamations.

It took the boys some time to recover from the remembrance of the solemn men of law tumbling ignominiously over the prostrate Patrick and their two scrambling selves. Had De Villebon planned the jest, it could not have been better carried into execution. And the very solemnity with which the two old fellows arose, and their exclamations, which even under those circumstances were pompous and formal, only rendered the incident, to the minds of the boys, more irresistibly funny. Of course they strove to restrain their laughter and to brush the dust from the learned pair, while Mr. and Mrs. Redmond came forward solicitously to make inquiries, and the Chevalier, with imperturbable face, expressed his regret at the accident.

All being on their feet again, however, and the rear of the procession having actually passed within the mysterious portals, the eyes of all strove to pierce the semi-darkness of the apartment, and,

as it were, to discover their location. "The Lord be between us and harm!" cried Mr. Brennan; and every eye was turned to where he stood, his upraised hand outstretched toward a certain point in the room.

The boys rushing toward him, and the rest who followed, saw, dimly revealed, a human form. Its hand was outstretched as if in warning. The Chevalier, too, hurried to the old man's side; and, lo! at that instant a quaint Old-World figure, attired in an antiquated costume, could be seen in the same shadowy manner. A shiver of something like superstitious fear ran through the group which gathered about the two old men, and observed with growing wonder that the shapes in that quarter of the room had likewise increased in number. There was a moment's breathless pause, and even the bravest felt momentarily appalled.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Gentle Craft.

Most people know, we suppose, that the patron saint of shoemakers is St. Crispin, the noble Roman martyr; but not so many can tell why the shoemaking trade, or craft (as trades used to be called), is known as the gentle craft. An old English writer says that the phrase comes from the fact that in an ancient romance a prince by the name of Crispin is made to exercise in honor of his namesake, St. Crispin, the trade in question. There is an old English play, "George-a-Greene" (1599), in which the expression is used in allusion to a tradition about King Edward IV. It seems that, in one of his disguises, that monarch on a certain occasion sat down with a party of shoemakers, and partook of their cheer. Says the play:

Marry, because you have drunk with the King,
And the King hath so graciously pledged you,
You shall no more be called shoemakers;
But you and yours to the world's end,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Many of our readers will be pleased to learn that we have reprinted, in pamphlet form, for general dissemination, "The Question of Anglican Ordinations," contributed recently to our columns by Abbot Gasquet.

—"Little Aids to Piety" and "Gems for St. Joseph's Crown" are neatly bound 32mos, of 106 and 138 pages, compiled by a member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo, Ireland. Both booklets well deserve the title given to the first. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—Commercial students of shorthand will welcome Pitman's Cumulative Speller, by Mr. Charles E. Smith. It is especially adapted for business schools and commercial departments. Excellent features of this manual are the home-work dictionary list of abbreviations and rules for capitalization. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

—The death is announced from Dublin of the well-known Irish patriot and author, Mr. John O'Leary. He played an important part in the Fenian rising of 1867, and was the author of "Young Ireland, the Old and the New"; "What Irishmen should Read"; "Introduction to the Writings of James Fenton Lalor," and "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism."

—The *Lamp* Publishing Co. announce the appearance, early next month, of "The Prince of the Apostles: A Study." The joint authors of the book are the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., editor of the *Lamp*, and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A., author of "England and the Holy See." While the volume is said to be "addressed by Anglicans to Anglicans," Catholic scholars will undoubtedly be interested in its vindication of the Papal claims.

—As was to be expected, there is an abundance of good stories in Mr. A. W. à Beckett's "Recollections of a Humorist." Writing of his early years, he tells how he startled his unsuspecting family one morning by announcing that he had joined the Catholic Church. So great was the shock that he was driven out of the house without any breakfast. But he had no intention of letting the sun go down on the family's wrath, and so presented himself promptly for dinner, and was allowed to remain.

—We have received from Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne, whose American agents are Messrs. Benziger Bros., Part V. of "Leading Events in the History of the Church," written for children by the Sisters of Notre Dame. The specific title of this fifth volume is "Later Modern Times"; and its nine chapters deal with

the age of Free Thought, from the "Pioneers of the French Revolution" to the death of Leo XIII. An excellent text-book for the upper classes in Catholic schools, and a very useful volume for lay Catholics generally. Bound in stiff paper covers, 140 pp.

—From Messrs. Ainsworth & Co. comes "The Story of Father Van den Broek, O. P.," being No. 128 of the Lakeside Classics. A study of Holland, and the story of the early settlement of Wisconsin, the little volume of ninety odd pages makes excellent reading for the upper grades of Catholic schools, and for the Catholic family circle as well. Father Van den Broek's missionary labors in America covered the period 1832-1851, and were confined chiefly to the Fox River Valley, Wisconsin.

—We are inclined to congratulate the American Medical Association on their bringing out in pamphlet form, under the title of "The Great American Fraud," the two series of informative articles on the nostrum evil and quacks, contributed to *Collier's Weekly* by Samuel Hopkins Adams. In view of the fact that some seventy-five million dollars are annually spent in this country in the purchase of patent medicines, it is eminently worth while that the millions of purchasers should know something of the inside facts concerning the enormous industry that has been, to a great extent fraudulently, built up on the foundation of American gullibility. Readers who have followed the series in *Collier's* do not need to be told that there is not a dull paragraph in the pamphlet's 146 pages.

—"The Great Fundamental Truths of Religion," by the Rev. R. C. Bodkin, C. M., is a course of higher religious instruction suitable for advanced classes in schools and colleges, and for the educated laity generally. Father Bodkin takes up a few of the fundamental truths of religion—those on which everything else depends,—and treats them in considerable detail. His idea is that a vivid realization of these truths, rather than the knowledge of the answer to a number of difficulties, is the one thing necessary to lead a good life; and it must be said that if the truths in question are not vividly realized by his readers it will not be for any lack of vividness in their presentation. Typographically, the volume is a curiosity—some critics would say a monstrosity. Italics, light and heavy type, small capitals and large ones, and underscoring lines in profusion, meet the eye on almost every page. This strenuous use of printing devices may have its advantages,

but one has an uncomfortable impression in turning the leaves. It is a case of "so many things are striking that nothing strikes." Browne & Nolan; Benziger Brothers.

—A notable contribution to the "current *Fortnightly Review* is James Rhoades' "Brother Giles," a collection of versified translations from "La Vie de Frère Gille," a fourteenth-century prose MS. The stories are related in the old-time heroic metre, iambic pentameters rhyming in couplets, and are not only quaintly interesting but edifying as well. We must make room for the account of Brother Giles' converting the master preacher who had sore doubt about the virginity of Our Lady. To rid himself of the doubt, he sought the Brother, who, as the preacher drew near,

Bespake him, striking with his staff the earth,
 "O Brother preacher, Virgin ere the birth!"
 And where he struck, a lily fair and tall
 From out the ground sprang straightway. Therewithal
 A second time he smote it, and did say:
 "O Brother, Virgin on the bearing-day!"
 And, as at first, a second lily sprang.
 A third time striking, from his lips outrang:
 "O Brother preacher, Virgin after birth!"
 And, as he spake, a third upsprang from earth.
 Which done, of a sudden without stop or stay
 Departed Brother Giles upon his way;
 And the said preacher, there and then released
 Of his temptation, from all doubting ceased.

In these days, when self-forgetfulness and exaggerated altruism are being unduly eulogized, it will do no harm to quote that saying of Brother Giles with which Mr. Rhoades concludes his metrical version:

And, who his own soul's welfare tendeth best,
 Best tendeth eke the welfare of the rest.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Great Fundamental Truths of Religion."
 Rev. R. C. Bodkin, C. M. \$1.
 "Leading Events in the History of the Church."
 Part V. Sisters of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.
 "Pitman's Cumulative Speller." 40 cts.

- "The Story of Father Van den Broek, O. P." 25 cts.
 "The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P." \$3, net.
 "Chronicles of the Canons Regular of Mount St. Agnes." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
 "The Carrier Crisis." Augustine Gallagher. 50 cts.
 "Francis Apricot." David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts., net.
 "A Garland of Everlasting Flowers." Mrs. Innis Browne. \$1, net.
 "Earth to Heaven." Rt. Rev. Monsig. John Vaughan. 95 cts., net.
 "By the Royal Road." Marie Haultmont. \$1.60.
 "The Life of Christ." Mgr E. Le Camus. Vol. I. \$1.50.
 "Jesus Crucified." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.
 "The Law of the Church." Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. \$6.75, net.
 "Irish-American History of the United States." Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, M. R. I. A. \$8.
 "The Key to the World's Progress." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. Oxon. \$1.60, net.
 "The Sins of Society." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35.
 "The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy." Rev. G. E. Phillips. \$3, net.
 "Medulla Fundamentalæ Theologiæ Moralæ." Bishop Stang. \$1, net.
 "My Brother's Keeper." M. F. Quinlan. 40 cts.
 "The First Eight General Councils and Infallibility." Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. 25 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Parks, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Anthony Ubach, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. Francis Guthberlet, CSS. R.; and Rev. Sanctu Traverso, S. J.

Sister Mary, of the Grey Nuns; Mother Teresa, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Mary Catherine, Little Sisters of the Poor.

Mr. J. P. Campbell, Mr. Charles Bull, Mrs. Catherine Murray, Mr. William Hewitt, Mr. John O'Brien, Mrs. Louisa Crosemena, Mrs. John O'Connor, Miss Julia Beecher, Mr. L. Guendling, Mr. J. P. Kline, Mrs. Ella Stephenson, Mr. J. T. McGeoghegan, Mr. Joseph Yokel, Mr. William Burns, Mrs. Catherine Patterson, Miss Delia Purcell, Mr. Charles Eckert, and Mr. William Viger.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 20, 1907.

NO. 16.

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

Come!

BY EDWIN F. A. HENDRIX, S. J.

☉ COME illumine my soul,
 Thou piercing Light of light,
 O kindle Thou the lamp of love
 And make its burning bright!

O Lord, Thou comest thus
 To hide Thy flaming brow:
 A tiny wafer to the eye,—
 My Lord and God, 'tis Thou!

Thy beauty burns and glows
 Within my spirit strong,
 And all my rapture overflows
 In lava-streams of song.

O fill my heart with fire,
 And fill my life with Thee!
 O shatter all the links of sin
 And set my spirit free!

'Tis He, 'tis He who died
 On Calvary's sunless height,
 Who cometh now with torch of love
 To steep my soul in light.

O Christ, my dearest Lord,
 Thy love is not in vain:
 I give Thee love for love, my God;
 And ask Thee pain for pain.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hears not the jarring of them, affects him not.—*"Last Essays of Elia."*

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

III.—CALLING GOOD EVIL, AND EVIL GOOD. (CONCLUSION.)

W E allow ourselves to be similarly cajoled in the matter of almsgiving and the disposal of our wealth. Our bountiful God, in the pages of Holy Writ, frequently points out the obligations and the spiritual advantages of giving to those in need. "By charity of the Spirit serve one another," He says;* and, "He who soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly."† So again: "According to thy ability be merciful. If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little. . . . For alms deliver from all sin and from death, and will not suffer the soul to go into darkness."‡ And many other similar texts occur throughout the Bible. In these words God urges us to lay up for ourselves eternal treasures in heaven, and to make compensation for our innumerable offences and failings; assuring us at the same time that whatever we give to the indigent in His name, He will take as done to Himself. "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren you did it to Me."

Now, our spiritual enemies are naturally unwilling that we should reap all the advantages that are so closely bound up with the exercise of generosity and compassion toward the poor, and will do all they can to dissuade us from carrying

* Gal., v, 13.

† II Cor., ix, 6.

‡ Tobias, iv, 8-11.

out the recommendations of Holy Scripture Yet, if they are to succeed, they are well aware that they must act very cautiously. They dare not show their hand by openly condemning that which God commends; so, while admitting the excellence of generosity in general and in the abstract, they cunningly suggest a thousand plausible reasons which relieve us individually from any such obligation.

Thus, one man will say: "Oh, I make it a rule never to give anything to a beggar in the street!" Not, of course, because he is ungenerous. No! That must never be even hinted at. But simply because "beggars are always, or nearly always, impostors, and I should be encouraging idleness." Indeed, he will willingly admit that "almsgiving is a most admirable thing, but we must not countenance imposture. Besides, the recipients are sure to spend it in drink." But neither will these men bestow a penny upon beggars who come to their doors. Not because they are unwilling to part with their coin—at least, that is not the reason they care to allege,—but because "one beggar will attract another, and the constant visits of these tatterdemalions becomes a regular nuisance. Besides, it would never do to entice tramps and doubtful characters about the house." Thus, for one reason or another, they excuse themselves from giving anything to anybody.

In some cases a man's income, though considerable enough, is not equal to his pretensions, and he is anxious to keep up appearances. He occupies a certain position or rank in society, and every farthing is needed if he is to continue living in his present style, and to retain his customary staff of servants and dependants. He is really very sorry, or imagines he is. In fact, he does not hesitate to say that were he only as wealthy as A or as B, it would be positive joy to him to found hospitals and to erect churches, schools, and orphan asylums. In short, he quite envies millionaires and possessors of colossal fortunes their oppor-

tunities and all the good they might do; and consoles himself by thinking how very much more generous he would be than they are, were he but treated half so well by Dame Fortune. But, alas! with his modest revenues, it is as much as he can do to clothe and educate his children, and live up to the requirements of his position. Further, he reflects that he is bound to put something by for a rainy day, and that "it won't do to be improvident." And so, for one specious pretext or another, life passes, and he rests perfectly satisfied, though he never makes any real sacrifice for the sake of God or for the sake of His poor suffering brethren.

Observe, I do not wish to imply that there is never any grain of truth or of reason in the foregoing statements. Quite the contrary. The very danger of such arguments lies precisely in the fact that there is just enough of truth in them to render them effective; just enough reason to quiet our consciences, and to persuade us that all is as it should be. It is a well-recognized fact that there is no lie so difficult to deal with as a lie which is half a truth, and great candor is needed to detect its real character. Pure brass we may always know, but when mixed with gold it may often pass for the more precious metal.

But to continue. Excessive parsimony is simply niggardliness and stinginess. It is not prudence. True. But if we will insist upon calling it prudence, we cover up its hideous deformity, we hide its repulsive nature, and we represent it as a positive virtue. Then, under that guise, we do not hesitate to cultivate and practise it. Instances of self-deception are constantly thrusting themselves under our notice. What are we, for example, to think of a lady who laments in agonizing tones that she really can not afford ten shillings for some starving orphans or destitute children, when we find her a day or two later offering ten guineas in the advertising columns of the *Morning Post* for the recovery of her lost cat or a stolen

poodle? Or how shall we fittingly describe a wealthy nobleman whose family claims make it quite impossible for him to send a five pound note to a struggling mission, but who can, nevertheless, afford to bet five hundred pounds on a losing race horse?

This system of self-deception pursues us through life, and affects all our relations with the supernatural. Even the most sacred duties are often neglected on account of it; and yet we fail to see through the cunning of the devil who deceives us. Consider, for instance, the duty of receiving Holy Communion, the greatest of the sacraments, in which Our Lord Himself comes to strengthen our weakness, and to help us by His powerful grace to overcome concupiscence and to vanquish all the enemies of our salvation. The very great importance of this sacrament is reason enough to induce the Evil One to do all he can to prevent our making use of it. Yet he is far too astute to hint that it is a bad thing to approach the Holy Table. Oh, dear no! He is much too diplomatic. He declares it to be a most excellent practice, at least in the abstract. He merely throws out doubts as to whether *we*, with our delicate chest, or with our tendency to bronchitis or asthma, ought to go. He demands, quite casually of course, whether it is "not just a little risky, especially on these cold, raw mornings, to go out fasting." He becomes so very, very solicitous for our health, and would persuade us that we are far too delicate to expose ourselves to catching cold. Perhaps he even recalls to our minds how our medical adviser warned us that we should be more careful, and never leave the house until we had reinforced ourselves by at least a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter. He may even add that "good people are scarce," and that "prudence is the better part of valor."

And thus, without alarming us, or creating so much as a suspicion of his perfidy, or uttering even one syllable directly against Communion, which we

might resent, he succeeds, all the same, in keeping us from the sacrament. We postpone our Communions till the weather grows warmer and more settled. Weeks develop into months, and what is the consequence? Well! We have deprived ourselves of great graces; we have acquired a habit of postponing our Communions; we come to think less highly of this gift of God; and the end aimed at by the devil is secured quite as fully as if the penal laws against Communion were still in full force.

The fallacy of the whole argument, and the measure in which we deceive ourselves, are made manifest by a glance at our conduct in purely worldly matters. Thus, though we are too delicate to breathe the morning air, we are not too delicate to go out to late dinners or parties, and to come home in the dead of night through the cold, damp atmosphere of the reeking streets. Or we can pass the night in a hot, stuffy ballroom, and dance till the day is dawning, and can then expose ourselves to the inclemency of the weather, on our way home, in the early hours, without any one taking us to task for our imprudence. The plain fact is that where ecclesiastical observances and religious duties are concerned, we are influenced and swayed by arguments which are summarily dismissed as utterly trivial and baseless when directed against our pleasures and amusements. In thousands of similar ways we allow ourselves to be cajoled, to our great spiritual hurt. Among so many other instances that suggest themselves it is difficult to make a selection. Perhaps the question of reading may serve our purpose.

As we are well aware, the book-market is flooded to overflowing with a most varied assortment of literature. There are good books in abundance, but there is also an enormous and ever-increasing assortment of worthless books,—books vicious and demoralizing in tendency, and corrupt and depraved in tone; together with tales and stories which are sensuous and immoral, and sometimes

obscene. There is nothing useful or really instructive in the class of publications to which I am now referring. They are full of hidden dangers, unbecoming conversations, suggestive dialogues between imaginary persons of opposite sexes, of impossible love scenes, and situations of a compromising character, which, even if they do not defile the heart and excite the passions, at all events fill the imagination with impure images and forms, and familiarize the mind with every sort of horror and abomination. There is, of course, a vast difference between one book and another, but it is not too much to say that some of the romances of the present day are such that any really good Catholic would feel bound to leave them severely alone. He can not read them without exposing himself to dangerous temptation.

Will the world advise the purchase of such scandalous works? Will it openly counsel their perusal? Certainly not. At least, it is far too tactful to express itself in that blunt way; for some of us might resent it. Besides, it may accomplish its evil purpose yet more effectively in another manner: by inquiring, for instance, quite innocently: "Oh, by the way, have you seen So and So's last delightfully naughty book?"—"No?"—"Oh, how very odd! Why, everybody is talking about it. And it is so very awkward, don't you know, not to be able to join in the conversation! One looks so foolish when one knows nothing about what is on everybody's lips. Do you say one ought not to read it? Oh, nonsense! It can't be so bad as all that. We are no longer children; and surely we can not be expected, in these days, to live with our head in a well, and to be ignorant of all that is passing around. As well become a recluse altogether, and live on beans in a hermitage," and so forth. And we, gentle readers, alas! are influenced by such banter. Thus, without appearing to approve in the least degree of immoral or infidel books, the devil, nevertheless, manages to get his own way. We read them on some worldly and

wholly inadequate pretext; but we read them all the same, and irreparable harm is done. In one word, we are constantly being deluded by those who "put light for darkness, and darkness for light." How many a foolish fly has thus been caught in the meshes of Satan's web! How many a silly worldling, when he comes to be judged, will find nothing better to say in his defence than to repeat the words of his mother Eve, *Serpens decepit me*—"The serpent deceived me"!*

It is the same everywhere. How often, to take a somewhat different illustration, indecent pictures and statuary are displayed in drawing-rooms, and in halls of public buildings and even of private houses, on the ground that they administer to æsthetical taste and promote a love of art! I do not wish to imply that every statue or painting is indecent merely because it is undraped; but I am referring to genuinely indecent and suggestive representations, whether draped or not. They are a source of much temptation, and often do a great deal of harm; yet they are retained, and left exposed to every eye, on the plea of their artistic merits, and because they are thought to reveal the talents and the genius of some famous wielder of the brush or the chisel. The devil eases the consciences of such men by laying all the stress on plausible motives, and by closing their eyes to the evil; for, provided he can introduce the poison of sin into our minds, he cares little about the nature of the spoon with which he administers the deadly draught.

Innumerable other instances might be mentioned, but I have probably presented a sufficient variety to illustrate my theme, and to enable the thoughtful reader to realize the special danger which, at the present day, besets us from this source. It may be well to remark that the present age is an age of deceit. Fraud is practised everywhere. Traders and merchants and sellers do not scruple to deceive their customers, when they judge they can do so

* Gen., iii, 13.

with impunity. Chalk is put in the milk, sand in the sugar, and water in the wine. Paste is passed off for diamonds, shoddy for leather, and cotton for wool. We have lying advertisements, misleading prospectuses, and quack medicines. Every purchaser is afraid of being cheated; and in matters of business, commerce, and exchange, a brother can scarcely trust a brother.

This spirit of deception penetrates everywhere, and affects the minds of unthinking Catholics, even as regards their highest spiritual interests, and their duty to God. They grow lax and fall away into easy and negligent ways, simply because they do not, or will not, see things as they really are. They so dress up and disguise evil that they mistake it for good, and call light darkness and darkness light, and deliberately live in an atmosphere of untruth.

The remedy consists in courageously throwing off the mask of deception which evil still wears, and in beginning at once to call things by their rightful names. Let men learn above all things to know themselves, and to read their own characters aright; and then they will at least understand what is wrong and defective, and what is it precisely that they have to struggle against and overcome. So long as they insist on describing "cheating" as a trick of the trade, and "avarice" as a form of thrift, and "pride" as firmness, and "insolence" as courage, and speak similarly of all the other forms of human weakness and wickedness, they do but canonize vice and connive at evil. And unless that habit is reformed but little amendment can be expected.

Let us, then, arouse ourselves, "knowing that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. . . . The night is passed and the day is at hand. Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day";* and no longer "call evil good, and good evil; nor put darkness for light, nor light for darkness; nor bitter for sweet, nor sweet for bitter."

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XVIII.

EACH one of Mrs. Sterndale's household woke, on the morning after Father Kenyon's departure, with a sense that something like a crisis of life had come and was over with his visit.

The predominant sentiment in Mrs. Sterndale's mind was a feeling of relief. An event she had dreaded, more than she would have acknowledged even to herself, was past, without the embarrassment she had anticipated as in a degree inevitable, leaving a comfortable conviction that she need not dread the priest's visits in future.

Mr. Chetwode's reflections were for him very strange. He had enjoyed a few days of unalloyed satisfaction,—an occurrence unprecedented in his life for many years past. He had fully expected a few understood, even though courteously ignored, dissonances of tone, in so incongruous an association as that of a priest and a virtually recreant Catholic. That these forebodings were not verified gave him a degree of pleasure second only to that afforded by the society of Father Kenyon, and the consciousness of having at last found the solution of all his doubts, intellectual and moral.

Mildred's heart was light when she started from her pillow, and her first thought was an aspiration of thankfulness. She recalled Father Kenyon's parting words to her the night before, when just as he was leaving she had gone with him to the library to find a book, and had said hurriedly:

"Father, you will pray for my mother and brothers!"

"Yes, and offer the Holy Sacrifice for them," he replied. "And one counsel I give you, my child. Let prayer, patience, and silent example be your only attempt to move your mother. Words often offend, but a silence that is comprehended has in it an irresistible power of appeal."

* Rom., xiii, 11-13.

She rose at once, though it was very early, and was soon in the garden gathering her morning offering of flowers for a little shrine which she and Mr. Chetwode, since their return from the country, had erected in a curtained alcove of the library. Having emptied the vases on the altar-shaped table upon which Father Kenyon had said Mass the three preceding mornings, and refilled them with fresh flowers, she gathered up the half-faded ones just removed, and held them in her hand a moment reverently, then bent her face and touched them with her lips, remembering that they had been very near to Our Lord present on the altar.

"I can not throw them carelessly away," she thought. "I will put them here until they are dry, and then burn them."

Pulling open the drawer of a writing table, she laid them carefully within; and as she was closing it a slight sound behind her attracted her attention. Turning, she was surprised to see Sydney enter the room.

Sydney seemed equally surprised at seeing her, and for an instant half inclined to retreat. But, perceiving that she had been observed, she came forward, and, in answer to the expression of Mildred's face, said:

"It is so early that I did not think even the servants would be up."

"And how is it that *you* are up at such an hour?" asked Mildred, wonderingly. "It is very imprudent, I am afraid."

"Oh, no! I don't think it will hurt me," was the reply. "I came for a moment only, to say a prayer."

She approached the shrine, knelt on the rug before it, and, lifting her eyes to the crucifix, crossed herself and began to pray; while Mildred gazed at her in amazement, so different was the expression of her face from its habitual look of pain and gravity,—a look only occasionally alternated by gleams of animation. The hollow cheeks, sunken temples, and upraised glance took the aspect now of an ascetic saint, as, with clasped hands, she seemed pouring out her very soul in thanksgiving.

But her prayer was short, probably because of bodily weakness; for she tottered as she rose from her knees, and was so pale that Mildred drew a chair quickly toward her and made her sit down. Sinking back with an air of relief, she said:

"I am weaker than I thought. When I woke a while ago, I felt that I must come here, if only for a minute or two, to make a thanksgiving. I have been so miserable, so very miserable, Mildred; and now I am almost happy in feeling my conscience altogether at rest. But excuse me. I left Mammy asleep, and I thought nobody was up yet."

"My being up is mere accident," said Mildred. "But I am glad it happened so; for you look exhausted, and ought not to be walking about alone. I will get something for you to take, and then you must go back to bed."

"No, please! I want nothing, I assure you. I will go in an instant, though I like to be here. But how lonely the place seems now in contrast to yesterday! How sensibly one feels that the *Presence* is no longer there!" (She pointed to the altar.) "At home—I mean on grand-mamma's plantation where we used to live part of the year—we had a little chapel, and a priest came every week or two to say Mass. He stayed several days generally; and while he was there the Blessed Sacrament remained on the altar, but of course it was not reserved when he went away. It always struck me how empty the place looked, how sad it seemed, when the sanctuary lamp was put out. And I feel the same now. Don't you?"

"Yes; I felt it at once when I came in," Mildred replied,—*"unaccustomed as I am, alas! to that Presence,"* she added with humility. "But what a happiness it is to know that He has been here!"

She paused and glanced around as a rustle of drapery caught her ear, but was not quick enough to see a vanishing figure; and neither she nor Sydney became aware that Lett had been inside the door, retiring hastily on seeing them.

"Are you quite well this morning, my dear?" Mrs. Sterndale said to Lett at breakfast. "You look a little pale and languid."

"I have a slight headache," she replied in her usual pleasant, cheerful tone; "but a cup of coffee will cure it, I fancy."

"I am afraid you are feeling the effects of this enervating climate," said Mildred. "It is time we were on the wing. Mightn't we start day after to-morrow, mamma?"

"Sydney is not strong enough yet. I observe that the least exertion tires her extremely. You must curb your impatience, my dear, and wait another week," Mrs. Sterndale replied.

"She ought to be made to take strong tonics," said Mildred, energetically. "If we don't go soon, it will be autumn before we start."

"I am not sorry for a little longer delay," said Mr. Chetwode, who was just rising from table. "It is more convenient to me."

"And I am glad of it," said Lett, when he had left the room; "for I have been thinking that it might be well for me to make some additions to my wardrobe—or, rather, to get an entirely new outfit. Do you think so, Mrs. Sterndale? Ah, I see you do! It was very good of you, Mildred," she went on, with a smile that looked rather forced, "not to have protested against the presence of such an ill-dressed member of your party. I suppose I can order what I need from your dressmaker in New Orleans, to be sent to our address in the mountains?"

"Certainly," was the eager reply. "I have to write for some things myself. And there is abundant time, since we are not starting for a week, to have two or three dresses made here." She started up, exclaiming: "We will go and see about it at once; and the order to New Orleans must be dispatched by this evening's mail. How glad I am that you thought of it! I shall enjoy seeing you in pretty toilettes, particularly" (she spoke with a little hesitation) "if you will put on

colors. There is really no reason why you should not. Is there, mamma?"

But Lett shook her head decidedly.

"No," she said gently, "I can not do that. I wish to pay every possible respect to the memory of my guardian."

"At all events, you need not wear very deep mourning," said Mildred as they left the breakfast room. "You must let me make out the order, and give Madame Drateau *carte blanche* in all respects, and I promise you perfectly charming costumes."

"Oh, but I want them very plain," cried Lett hastily,—“as plain as—”

She paused. Mildred's animated look had changed to one of blank disappointment, and she burst into vehement remonstrance.

"My dear Lett," she cried entreatingly, "pray, if you intend to do the thing at all, do it properly! It would be better, believe me, not to make any alteration whatever—just to go on as you are—than to attempt a half-way change. Give me any time the frankly *outré* rather than an effort at compromise between it and good taste."

"*Ou-tré!*" repeated Lett, looking aghast. "Is my dress really *outré*?"

"Well," said Mildred with a reluctant smile, "I must confess, since I know you want to hear the truth, that it did strike me so at first. But this impression soon wore off," she hastened to add. "I became used to the look of those straight black gowns; and when one knows you," she went on volubly, "one thinks only of you, not of your dress."

"But why didn't you tell me that I was making myself an offence to all eyes?" asked Lett, earnestly. "Sydney told me so again and again; but she talks so much—used to talk so much, that is,—and in such an extravagant way about everything which did not exactly please her, that I attached no importance to what she said. It will be a lesson to me not to despise her opinions hereafter,—at least until I have examined whether she may not be right and I wrong. If you had

said a word, I should have listened to it."

"My dear Lett, you take the matter too seriously," said Mildred. "I am sorry I did say a word, if it has made you uncomfortable. And, after all, haven't you a right to indulge your own taste in dress?"

"A moral right, no doubt. As Father Gervase told Sydney, I have not committed a serious sin in making a fright of myself, as Sydney calls it. But I see now that I was wrong. One ought not to be selfish or self-indulgent in little things, or presently one will become so in matters of consequence. Sister Agatha, the saint of our convent, used to say: 'My children, if you will carefully avoid the indulgence of *faults*, you will be in no danger of committing *sins*.' This is a fault of which I will not be guilty again. You shall order what you think proper for me. But you must not forget that I should like the things to be as plain as good taste permits."

"I will tell Madame Drateau honestly what you say, and she will certainly combine elegance with simplicity. And when you are arrayed in her artistic creations, for the first time in your life you will see yourself as others see you."

(To be continued.)

Deeds, Not Words.

Ⓜ MOTHER, could I only prove
My tender love for thee,
Could only show myself thy child,
How happy I should be!

If I could spread through all the world
The glory of thy name,
Could kindle in the hearts of men
Love's all-consuming flame!

Was that my Angel's voice I heard
That whispered soft and low:
"Love Mary, child, in deeds, not words,
Then will all round thee know

"The power of our lovely Queen,
The sweetness of her name;
For kindly deeds are best, my child,
Her glory to proclaim."

* * *

Confessions of a Convert.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

III.

IT will be impossible for me ever to acknowledge adequately the debt of gratitude which I owe to the Community of the Resurrection, or the admiration which I always felt, and still feel, toward their method and spirit. All that it is possible to describe is the external aspect of their life, and to hint only at the deep Christian charity and brotherliness and devotion that existed beneath it.

We lived in a great house standing in its own gardens, at the top of a hill above the valley of the Calder. It was a somewhat smoky country; there were tall chimneys visible all round us, but the land that belonged to the house prevented any sensation of being pressed upon or crowded. Our external life was a modification of the old religious rules, and resembled, so far as I understand, a kind of combination of the Redemptorist and the Benedictine. Some of the brethren were engaged almost entirely in scholars' work,—the editing of liturgical, hymnal, expository and devotional works; and for the use of these there was a large library of about fifteen thousand volumes. The rest, who were the majority, spent about half the year in prayer and study at home, and the rest of it in evangelistic and mission work.

Our life was on very simple and practical lines. We rose about a quarter past six, and went at once to the chapel for morning prayer and the Communion service; at eight we breakfasted; at a quarter to nine we said Terce and made a meditation. Until ten minutes past one we worked in the library or our own rooms; then, after Sext and intercessions, we dined. In the afternoon we took exercise—walking or gardening; at half-past four we said None and had tea. We worked again until seven, when we sang Evensong; we supped at the half hour; and, after work for an

hour or two, we said Compline at a quarter to ten, and went to our rooms. On Saturday mornings a chapter was held, at which, all kneeling, made a public confession of external breaches of the rule.

The community life was, when I first went there, in a somewhat transitional state: the brethren were feeling their way in the direction of greater strictness; and by the time that I left them, four years later, a considerable development had taken place toward a more completely religious character. Silence, for example, was extended gradually, until at last we did not speak from Compline in the evening until dinner the next day; manual work for so many hours a week was made an absolute rule; we broke up and carried coal, cleaned our own boots, and made our beds. The dress of the community, which was at first rather nondescript, developed more or less steadily in the direction of a habit, consisting of a double-breasted cassock girded with a leather belt. Originally, too, the head of the community was commonly addressed as "Senior"; but when Dr. Gore was appointed Bishop of Birmingham, and a new principal was elected, this title was supplanted by that of "Superior." The title "Father," which was at first somewhat discouraged, became later almost universal, although one or two members still disliked its significance. These changes, which the majority, including myself, ardently desired, were not carried out without protest on the part of three or four members; and, although nothing resembling bitterness ever made its appearance, one Brother at any rate found himself compelled to withdraw at last at the time of the annual renewal of vows.

It is more difficult to explain those vows. Roughly speaking, the probation lasted normally for one full year—from July to July,—after which, if the probationer received the votes of the community, he made his profession. This consisted of an absolute promise to observe the rule of the community for thirteen months,

and an expression of his deliberate intention to remain in it for life. Profession, therefore, was not in the least of the nature of an experiment: it meant practically a life intention, though an escape was provided if the life for any reason became intolerable. It was less rigid, therefore, than that of the ordinary Catholic Orders, but more rigid than that of such Congregations as the Oratorian.

We numbered about fourteen members, all of whom were in the full Orders of the Church of England, and all of whom had had experience of parish work. We had no lay-brothers, but the necessary household duties which we did not do ourselves were done by three or four servants. Now, however, the members of the community have risen to about twenty; a large College of the Resurrection has been built in the grounds for the education of poor men for the ministry; a hostel has been opened in Leeds, and a community house in Johannesburg. A chapel also, I believe, is in course of erection; but while I was there we used a large room in the house, very skilfully and beautifully adapted for worship.

Our worship was really dignified and devotional, but did not in its ritual rise above the ordinary level of the Anglo-Catholic party in general. We used vestments, at first of linen, but later, by means of a gift made through me to the community, we substituted colored vestments. We used incense unceremonially, in accordance with the Lambeth "opinions"; and for our music sang, for the most part, unaccompanied plain-song adapted to the Book of Common Prayer. Frankly, we did not sing well, but we did our best; and I shall not easily forget the sense of beauty and mystery at our sung celebrations early on Sunday mornings. The altar was on the approved English type with "riddels"; two candles stood upon the altar, two more upon the posts of the curtains, and two more in standards. We had a sanctuary lamp, which I always disliked, since it did not signify anything in particular.

It is impossible to describe the happiness which I enjoyed at Mirfield. For about one year I did very little external preaching, and busied myself almost entirely in theological study and prayer. My "novice master" was an admirable guide of souls; and, although I did not go to confession to him, I always felt that he was able and willing to help me. For a while there was only one other probationer besides myself,—an Irishman of great eloquence and fervor, who developed into an extremely capable mission preacher. We were thrown together a great deal, and I found in him an open enthusiasm of faith and confidence in the Church of England which did much to reassure my own.

When the time of my profession drew near, however, I began somewhat to distrust my suitability for the life. It was not that I was troubled with Roman difficulties, for these had practically vanished; but, owing to a certain resolution passed by the community in view of a crisis in the Church of England, I began to think that my position was too "advanced" for my contentment in the house. By this time I had learned to hold practically all the dogmas of the Catholic Church except that of the Pope's Infallibility. I said my Rosary regularly; I invoked the saints; I thought that the word "Transubstantiation" best expressed the reality of Our Lord's presence in the Sacrament; I held that Penance was the normal means by which post-baptismal mortal sin was remitted; I used the word "Mass" freely at home. Those doctrines, too, I preached in veiled language, and found that by them, and them alone, could I arouse the enthusiasm of congregations,—those doctrines, at least, set forth round the adorable Person of Christ, which, remembering the lessons of "John Inglesant," I endeavored to make the centre of my teaching. I remember, for example, being told once by an indignant curate that my doctrine seemed "a mixture of Romanism and Wesley-

anism,"—an accusation that brought me the greatest satisfaction. The community in general, on the other hand, seemed to me at that time to be over-cautious, to desire to dissociate themselves from the extreme party in the Church of England; and it was to this party that I now belonged.

The end was that I postponed my profession for one year, in order to test myself yet further. But that year removed my difficulties. I began to be more and more encouraged in mission work, and to find that my quiet life at Mirfield gave me a power that I could obtain in no other way. It is hard for Catholics to believe it, but it is a fact that as an Anglican I had far longer hours in the confessional than I have ever had in the Catholic Church,—though, of course, this is to be accounted for by the fact that since becoming a Catholic I have never preached a mission. In one London parish, for instance, for about four days at the end of a mission, my brother missionary and I interviewed people, hearing confessions and recommending resolutions and rules of life, for over eleven hours each day; two more hours were occupied in delivering sermons to vast congregations.

This, however, was after my profession. Yet everywhere it seemed as if an immense work was waiting to be done. We came from our quiet life red-hot with zeal, and found everywhere men and women who seemed to have been waiting for us in an extraordinary manner. We saw conversions everywhere; we saw sinners changed by the power of God, children enkindled and taught, the lukewarm set on fire, and the obstinate broken down. It was impossible to doubt that the grace of God was at work here; and if the Church of England was capable of being a vessel of so much honor, why any longer need one doubt of her divine mission? And, since that was so, and since also I had found such extreme happiness and inspiration in the life at Mirfield, why should I any longer hesitate to commit myself to it?

Before my profession I was asked by Dr. Gore, greatly to my surprise, whether I

was in any danger of lapsing to Rome. I honestly told him 'No, so far as I could see'; and in July, 1901, I took the step without alarm. It was an extraordinarily happy day. I obtained a new cassock for the purpose,—which, strangely enough, I am wearing at this moment, adapted to the Roman cut. My mother came up and was present in the tiny ante-chapel. I was formally installed; my hand was kissed by the brethren; I pronounced my vows, and received Communion as a seal and pledge of stability. In the afternoon I drove out with my mother in a kind of ecstasy of contentment.

Then once more I set to work. I think the most trying part of my external work lay in the strange varieties of doctrine and ceremonial with which I became acquainted. As a rule, of course, we were asked to conduct missions only in parishes where our standard was accepted. (We were not, I believe, however, regarded as quite satisfactory by the extreme party of Ritualists; and this, no doubt, was partly owing to Dr. Gore's position. He was identified, rightly or wrongly, with the High-Liberal School: he was supposed to be unsound on the doctrine of the Incarnation; his views on Higher Criticism were considered dangerous; he was thought a little extravagant on the subject of Christian Socialism. And all this, of course, was a certain distress to me, since on those three points I was not at all one of his disciples.) But what was far more trying was my experience of churches where I gave an occasional sermon, and where the clergyman did not feel that the merely passing presence of a "Brother" would compromise him irreparably. Here, as well as in the three churches of Mirfield, which we attended on Sunday evenings, I found all kinds of teaching and ceremonial. In one church they would wear elaborate stoles but no vestments, with doctrine to correspond; in another, vestments would be used at services to which the important Protestants did not come; teaching on the Real Presence would be skilfully veiled,

and Penance would be referred to in a hasty aside as the "Sacrament of reconciliation," or taught explicitly only to a favored few at some small guild service.

It was possible after a very little experience to diagnose, almost at a glance at the clergyman or his church, the exact doctrinal level of the teaching given; and in such places it was my custom to preach the love of Jesus Christ or the joy of penitence or the Fatherhood of God with all the fervor I had, in the hope that those truths would find their normal outcome some day in those who heard me. But this was all very unsatisfactory, and gradually no doubt, though I did not realize it at the time, began to shake my confidence once more in the Church of England as a Divine Teacher. I used to hurry back to Mirfield as if to a refuge; for there at least there was peace and unanimity. My intellectual escape from the difficulty seemed to me, however, quite convincing. It was as follows.

The Catholic Church, I premised, consisted of those bodies of Christians retaining the Catholic Creeds and the Apostolic ministry. Roughly speaking, those comprised Rome, Moscow, and Canterbury, together with a few detached bodies, such as the "Old Catholics," of whom I knew very little. This "Catholic Church," therefore, did have a speaking voice of a kind: she spoke through her silent consensus. Where Rome, Moscow, and Canterbury agreed, there was the explicit voice of the Holy Spirit; where they dogmatically disagreed, there was the field for private opinion. Now, Canterbury occasionally faltered in her witness; but it was evident, I thought, that she had never spoken positive heresy. (I explained away the statements of the Thirty-Nine Articles in the manner familiar to Anglican controversialists.) Therefore, where Canterbury was silent, her sense must be taken to be that of the rest of "Catholic Christendom." This was a very convenient theory; for by it I was able to embrace practically all the doctrines of the Catholic

Church proper, except that of the Papal Infallibility and the necessity of external communion with Rome; and I was able to feel that I had behind me not necessarily the explicit authority of my own communion, but, what was far weightier, the authority of Christ's Church herself.

It will be seen, then, that I had travelled far from the old Tractarian position of the appeal to the Undivided Church: on the contrary, divisions made no difference to me; schism was practically impossible so long as the Apostolic ministry and Creeds were maintained; and I had travelled even farther from my old East London position of believing that the Church of England was the sound core of a rotten tree. When, therefore, again in the course of these papers I shall have occasion to refer to this theory of mine—which, as a matter of fact, held me altogether now until it broke beneath me suddenly,—I shall call it by the name of the "Diffusive Theory." In its shadow I invoked saints, having little pictures of them, with a statue of Our Lady; adored Christ in His Sacrament, and indeed began to learn for the first time a real spirit of Catholic submission. If once a doctrine could be proposed to me with the authority of the Church Diffusive behind it, I should set aside all my predispositions and accept it whole-heartedly.

For a while I was puzzled somewhat to interpret to myself the manner by which this authority actually did speak to the unlearned who were incapable of research into what was covered by the theory; but gradually I evolved an idea. As the unlearned Roman Catholic layman applies to a clergyman who acknowledges the authority of the Roman Pontiff, and is in communion with him, so the unlearned layman of the Church Diffusive should apply to a clergyman who acknowledged the authority of the Church Diffusive; and it is perfectly true that if such laymen actually did so, they would, as a matter of fact, find a very tolerable unanimity. In one of my last struggles in 1903 I did

propose this view, as a possible escape, to my superior; but I was told that it was impossible. Neither then nor now do I understand why; for, granted the first theory, the application of it seems the only logical or practical conclusion.

There, then, I settled down for nearly two years as a professed member of the community,—during about one year extremely happy and confident (except once or twice when my old difficulties suddenly recurred for a while, and then left me again), finding, as I have said before, a brotherliness and companionship that is beyond appreciation. Still, in my dreams sometimes I am back at Mirfield, though never, thank God, as an Anglican! Once, I remember, Cardinal Merry del Val had been appointed superior, and had received the submission of the community; and I, too, was back there, happy and exultant, standing in the library and laughing with pure joy. Once I was there, I thought, as a Catholic priest; and found that, although there should have been a barrier of shyness between the community and myself, there was none. We stood together in the hall and talked as four years ago. Yet I never have been back there, although I should like to go for a visit, even without the Cardinal; but the community judges otherwise. It was here, too, that I first began to systematize my devotion and to attempt the art of meditation; and it was here that God rewarded me abundantly for my poor efforts. He was preparing me, as I see now very well, for the great decision that He was to set before me so soon.

(To be continued.)

THE race of scholars is commonly badly brought up; and, unless they are bridled in by the rules of their elders, they indulge in infinite puerilities. They behave with petulance and are puffed up with presumption, judging of everything as if they were certain, though they are altogether inexperienced.

Bishop de Bury's "Philobiblon."

Ma'am Winthrop's Grandson.

(As narrated by Joel Currier.)

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

TAKING summer folks out riding is sort of uncertain business; for you can't depend on the weather. Some days it's too hot away from the beach, or it rains, or a fog rolls in, or there's a mean wind that makes the schoolma'ams want to sit around the fireplace in the hotel parlor and talk. So, as I have lots of time on my hands, I must have something to do while my horses are eating their heads off in the barn; and a few years ago I set up an antique shop.

The summer visitors were determined to have antiques, and why shouldn't I accommodate such an innocent desire, and make a little money at the same time? To be sure it's been objected that old Father Time has had some assistance at my hands; in fact, that more than a few of my dishes and pieces of furniture have been doctored. But what does the poet say about ignorance being bliss? If folks want antiques, I'm the person to help them; and if they think they are getting a teapot that came over in the *Mayflower*, why should I make them miserable by telling them that the *Mayflower* hadn't a single teapot on it; and that if it had, it wouldn't have been likely to stray to the shop of Joel Currier, Esquire, and be marked at a dollar and a quarter?

I have learned to make my two branches of business dovetail with each other. If a lady is hunting an old looking-glass in my shop, I sort of casually mention that I am going to take a party up the mountain or to the old Garrison house the next day. And if I'm driving folks out, I lead the subject gracefully up to old dishes, and say I have a few choice pieces that I'm willing to close out at about half their value; and you ought to see how the old ladies leave their crocheting

and bridge whist the next day, and hunt over my shelves for bargains!

But I started to tell you about Stuart Winthrop. It was a day early in June that I first spoke with him. I had seen him sitting on his grandmother's doorstep many a time as I was passing, but I hadn't any call to say anything, and he had been brought up to keep by himself. Old Ma'am Winthrop didn't think anybody in Hilltop good enough for him to get acquainted with; and he was shy as a young deer, just from staying alone with her and being brought up in the way he was. She had the best house in the village, though it was awfully old; and it was crammed, so folks said, with things enough to start a museum. I used to wish I could get hold of some of them, but I thought I might as well wish for Queen Victoria's crown jewels. And, then, one day Stuart appeared in my door and asked me if I wanted to buy an old silver sugar bowl. I call him "Stuart" now, but then I said:

"Why, Mr. Winthrop, are you getting tired of the family silver?"

I was afraid he had been sneaking the sugar bowl out of the house so as to get some gimcracks or cigars, as young men will; and his grandmother had the name of being terribly near.

He didn't smile, but just said:

"This was my mother's and it is mine. Do you wish to buy it?"

Somehow, standing there so straight and a little pale, he made me feel cheap; though my grand-dad was a militia colonel, and I have always held my head up with the best, if I do say it.

Well, I bought the sugar bowl. I don't get hold of silver with that hall-mark every day, and I gave him pretty near half what it was worth. He seemed satisfied, and lifted his hat as he went out, just as if I was an old gentleman,—and my hair without a bit of gray at the time, though that's more than I can say now. I saw him streaking across the fields, a slim young figure of a boy, his hat in his

hand, and his hair tumbling down over his forehead. He jumped a hedge as if it had been a mud puddle, and somehow it didn't seem undignified. He never *was* undignified. Even afterward—but I'm coming to that. I put the sugar bowl away and didn't sell it, though the next day a fat old lady from the Aloha told me she was willing to pay almost any price for well-authenticated pieces.

The boy came in once or twice a week after that, always bringing a dish or piece of furniture. We began to get acquainted, and it was astonishing how he thawed out after he began to trust me. It just seemed as if he had been hungering for some one to talk to. One day, after I'd paid him for half a dozen rat-tailed teaspoons, I thought it my duty to give him a word of advice,—sort of bring him up with a round turn, as it were.

"My boy," I said, "I'm awfully glad to get hold of these articles, for trading in just such is my business; but it strikes me that you are thinning out your grandmother's heirlooms rather more than the law allows."

At that—he was only a lad, you know—his eyes filled, and I felt as if I had robbed an orphan.

"Forgive me, sonny!" I went on. "I know it's all right."

"Mr. Currier," he answered, "she was hungry."

"And you—" I began, for it struck me how much thinner he had grown.

"Never mind about me," he said.

Then he told me, just as fast as he could talk, how little by little they had used up all their money, and how for months he had done the housework and taken care of her, and now her eyes had given out and there was nothing to pay a doctor with.

"If there was only some way I could earn money!" he ended.

"Let me think," I said. "What can you do best?"

"There's just one thing I can do uncommonly well," he answered. "I can swim.

But who will pay me for doing that?"

"Old Mr. Briggs, of Boston town," said I. "He wants to bathe in the surf, but something ails his heart, and only yesterday he asked me if I knew of anybody he could hire to watch him."

Everything happened as I hoped. Each day at high tide Mr. Briggs and Stuart would come out of the bath-house, the old fellow looking for all the world like a striped porpoise, and Stuart more graceful than ever. A dark green bathing suit isn't chain armor, but he made me think of the knights on the old Crusader dishes. He was, as he said, a good swimmer,—though "good" is hardly the word. He was a *wonder*, taking to the ocean like a mackerel, and doing all sorts of tricks in the water as easy as I could step over a jelly-fish. The old gentleman gave him a dollar every day, and if he had stayed all summer Stuart would have had time to look out for something better. But he didn't. He was boss of some sort of a show place in Boston, and had to go back to get ready for the fall season.

One day Stuart came to me as I was waiting for a Chicago crowd that wanted to go up the mountain. They had kept me waiting half an hour then. But that's no matter. They found that half hour in the bill.

"Joel," he said (you see we were pretty well acquainted by that time),—"Joel, I'm going to Boston with Mr. Briggs."

"You are?" said I, struck all of a heap. (I read the papers, and the thought of that boy alone in a big city made me sick.) "And what are you going to that sink of iniquity for, may I ask?" says I.

"To earn a living," said he.

"A teaching Sunday-school?"

"Now, Joel," he answered, "don't be disagreeable. I'm not going to do anything I'm ashamed of. Folks can be as good in Boston as in Hilltop, and you know it; and you're going to read my letters to grandmother and keep an eye on her."

"Stuart," said I, "you haven't answered my question."

"If you don't know things, you can't tell them."

And that's all he would say. He had an awfully masterful way with him, and I just backed down and said I'd do anything he asked. Mr. Briggs was short of breath, and had a red face and little popping eyes; but he couldn't help his looks, and had a sort of bluff, honest way with him, after all, and somebody has to run shows.

I went up to see old lady Winthrop after Stuart had gone. She was propped up with pillows in a big chair, and put out a little stiff hand as haughty as you please. You'd have thought I was a hired man, me, whose grandfather was a militia colonel.

"Mr. Currier," she said, sort of feebly, "my grandson said I might rely on you while he is pursuing his studies in Boston."

"Studies?" said I, because I couldn't think of anything else to answer.

"Yes. I trust he may feel inclined toward the ministry. Our family has given a son to the Lord for many generations."

I thought best to shy off of the subject, and asked if her help was proving satisfactory, and about other things, all the while keeping my eyes open. The furniture certainly did beat all anybody had ever said of it.

The Carpenter girl, she said, did fairly well, but would never know her place; and she put out her hand again as a sign that I might go.

The girl followed me to the gate.

"I won't stay," she said, breaking down and crying. "I won't be treated so. My folks are as good as she is, and better; but you'd think I was the scum of the earth. Mother sends her fresh eggs and butter and vegetables, and won't take a cent; and Mrs. Winthrop says she never heard of a servant before that couldn't make an omelet fit to eat. Servant! I don't dare to tell my father that she called me that."

"I guess I know how you feel," said I; "but the old lady is on our hands, and has got to be treated right."

"I won't stay!" the girl said.

"Oh, yes you will!" was my answer. "You've got the Carpenter temper, and I don't blame you one bit; but you're not going to desert a sick and blind old woman that you promised to take care of. Let her call you a servant if she wants to. That doesn't make you one."

She quieted down at that, and went into the house as meek as you please. I own that I didn't wonder at her feelings. Her father was one of the selectmen, and she had taught school for years, and only gone to look after Ma'am Winthrop because there was no one else to do it.

Stuart's letters came twice a week, and I used to read them to the old lady. They needed a little tinkering sometimes, when he wrote about going with some friends to the Catholic church. I don't know what she would have said if I hadn't skipped that. Of all the narrow-minded, bigoted—but I mustn't be uncharitable. I may be old and cranky myself—sometime.

One day Molly Carpenter came into my shop in a terrible state of excitement. "I've found out what Stuart Winthrop is doing for a living in Boston," she said; "and it's a sin and a shame."

"Don't talk like that to me," said I; for I had known her ever since she was knee high to a grasshopper, and wasn't afraid to be plain-spoken. "I don't believe he's doing anything that isn't a credit to him."

"You just listen!" she said. "Here's a letter from my brother David," and she began to read.

"I guess old lady Winthrop wouldn't put on so many airs if she knew what sort of business that high-and-mighty grandson of hers was following here in Boston. I laughed till I cried at what you wrote about his studying to be a minister. He performs in a show,—a vaudeville they call it here. He wears a suit that looks as if it was covered with scales, and has big flapping fins hitched to his hands and feet. His name is Signor Vivandi on the bills, and they call him the frog-man."

He does wonderful tricks in the water tank. When he gets through performing, he takes off his false face and bows, and the audience goes wild. The next time his grandma calls you names, I advise you to give her the latest news from Boston.'"

"There! what do you think of that?" she ended.

"I think," I said, "that you better go back and be getting Ma'am Winthrop's supper, and that your brother David ought to be in better business than trying to set folks against a boy that's earning an honest living."

"Honest!" said Molly, tossing her head.

"Yes, honest. I'm old-fashioned, and a deacon in the Orthodox Church, and no believer in ungodly shows; but I'd think Stuart was all right if he wore a dozen false faces and pretended to be a whale."

"Have your own opinion," said she; "but I have some principle."

"I never would have suspected it," I answered.

A man likes to have the last word sometimes, and I had it then. She went off and slammed the door, and I went to work battering up some andirons so they wouldn't look so new. Then all of a sudden it occurred to me that she might tell Ma'am Winthrop what David wrote. I got my hat and followed, but I couldn't catch up with her. She got to the house some minutes before I did, but, seeing me coming, ran out to meet me, looking awfully scared.

"I told her," she said, breaking down and crying; "but she didn't answer. I'm afraid something's happened to her."

We hurried up the stairs and into the south chamber, and there sat Ma'am Winthrop dead, holding a little toy dog that Stuart played with when he was a baby. And she was smiling.

There isn't much more to tell. Stuart came home to the funeral, and never went back. We had a long talk. He didn't say much about playing leap-frog in Mr. Briggs' show, though he said he wasn't a mite ashamed of it.

"I did it for grandmother," he said, and never spoke of it again.

He's prospered since, and once he talked of going to Portsmouth and learning to be a lawyer. But he gave it up. "I don't want to leave Hilltop," he said. "I tried it once."

I've sold him back, at a fair commission, all the things he used to sly off to me when he was a boy, and I don't believe the old house ever knew they were gone.

Just one more thing. Stuart has turned Catholic. I was shocked when he first told me.

"Think of your ancestors," said I.

"My ancestors are probably glad of it," was his answer.

Well, maybe they are. Anyway, he's good and he's happy, and that's more than you can say of most folks.

Bells and Bell-Lore.

FROM time immemorial it has been an almost universal custom to seek other expression of joy, calamity, or important tidings of whatever nature, than the mere sound of the human voice. Bells, "those brazen tongues of man," have always and in all ages been the natural interpreters and heralds of his ever-varying moods of joy, grief or wild excitement; and this thought, exquisitely and beautifully expressed and developed, forms the subject of one of the most noble poems in the German language, *Die Glocke*, or "The Bell," by Schiller. It describes the process of casting a bell; and as the work progresses, an appropriate and lovely comparison is drawn between the various periods of life and the different emotions with which the fabric of human society from time to time is shaken.

To go back to the times of long ago, we learn that there are bells of all sorts and sizes, small and great, silvery or brazen-tongued, hung in the wonderful, century-withstanding

temples and monasteries of China and Japan, where Buddha is worshipped throughout the length and breadth of the land; and marvellous indeed are some of these historic chimes,—a peal of seven in Pekin, China, weighing 120,000 pounds each; another of four bells at Nanking, weighing 200,000 pounds altogether.

In the Alkoran, more generally known as the Koran, Mahomet's Bible, we read that joyous bells are hung on the trees in paradise, and are stirred into most ravishing harmony by zephyrs from the Throne of Gold whenever the blessed desire music,—an idea alluded to by Thomas Moore in the lines,

Bells as musical.

As those that on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shook by the eternal breeze.

As for the attitude of Mother Church toward these lifeless but melodious and cherished interpreters of man's heart, we know from legend and tradition, tales and sayings and customs innumerable, how entirely we are apt to connect them with Christianity alone; how we can scarce think of bell and church apart. "For bells are the voice of the Church." We read that, in the Middle Ages, the Council of Cologne ordained that church bells should be consecrated to the service of God with blessing and baptism of holy water: "Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the Word of God; the clergy to announce His mercy by day, and His truth in their nocturnal vigils"—by which, of course, the night Offices are intended,—"that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The Fathers have also maintained that demons, affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; that when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure; that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated."

This last idea has been beautifully and vividly developed in the prologue to the "Golden Legend," where Satan and the "powers of the air" are described as trying to tear down the cross on the cathedral spire, but are prevented by legions of angels. They also endeavor to destroy the great bells and hurl them far below, but are again prevented because of the consecration and baptism which the bells had received.

We read also, in ancient manuscripts of about the time of Queen Mary I., of an extremely curious and now little-known custom which was once or twice practised in various towns in England—namely, the public whipping and rebaptism of bells originally consecrated and employed in the service of the ancient Faith, but which had been seized by the Reformers and perverted to heretical uses. After this public penance and cleansing, they were once more placed in their former honored position. The ceremony, we may conclude, was intended more for the instruction of the crowd than to serve any other purpose.

Many bells in mediæval days, especially the Angelus chimes, were of silver; and often extremely beautiful and poetic mottoes were inscribed on their surface. For instance, one silver Angelus peal bore the words, *Sum Rosa pulsata mundique Maria vocata*; meaning, "I that am beaten am the Rose of the world, and am called Mary."

In Malta, at the present day, a curious little custom is observed. When the Mass of Holy Saturday begins, little boys assemble on the rocks on the shore, undress, and stand on the brink of the water. As soon as the bells ring out their joyous peal at the *Gloria*, the boys jump into the sea and take the first swim of the year.

In ancient days it was the custom to toll the great bell outside of churches at the *Sanctus* as well as at the Elevation, from which practice it was styled the *Sanctus Bell*; or, in mediæval English, the "Saunts Bell." That rung by the server at the foot of the altar was known as the *Sacring*

Bell, "sacring" being the old word for consecration. Of course the great bells were also rung for that sacred moment; and in connection with this custom, so dear to the faithful of every land, we find in Dante these beautiful words:

And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the housetops and through heaven above
Proclaim the Elevation of the Host.

The mediæval carillons, with their sweet, quaint melodies, were also extremely popular, and very frequently to be met with on the Continent, the well-known one at Bruges being the best example we still possess:

Most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes ring the melancholy chimes;
Like the psalms from some old cloister when the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolls among them, like the chanting of a friar.

To adorn this historic belfry, "thrice consumed, and thrice rebuilt," the Golden Dragon was taken in the time of the Crusades from the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople; but it was afterward removed to Ghent, where it still remains.

The oldtime custom was to give every bell, and especially church bells, a name; more often than not those of the saints, and particularly the Apostles, were chosen. Thus, if my memory serves me aright, the great bells of St. Mark's, Venice, are named after SS. Matthew, Luke and John; the chief and monster bell, too heavy for one man's unaided strength to ring, was christened Mark. Guthlac, Thomas, Bartholomæus, Paulus and Petrus are examples of favorite dedications.

At the sound of the midnight chimes, legend hath it that ghosts and "bugges [bogies] that walk by night" are free to promenade the earth till sunrise, tormenting and terrifying unhappy wretches of mortals that are then abroad, or even asleep peacefully in their quiet beds. A very beautiful and poetical adaptation of this superstition is found in Longfellow's "Bells of Lynn," where we read:

... from the shuddering sea with your wild incantation,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O bells of Lynn!

And, startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O bells of Lynn!

The Passing Bell was another ancient custom which has survived even to the present day in the modified form of funeral tolling,—

Toll, toll, for the passing soul!
Pray, pray,—speed it on its way!

Mention of the Passing Bell is frequent in old documents.

But the wedding bells, those bells so beloved of romance and romantic maidens,—surely full many a superstition and saying must cluster around their mellow tones. On an old set of marriage chimes in England we find the suitable motto inscribed:

When men in Hymen's bonds unite
Our merry peals produce delight.

And with the following beautiful lines of Edgar Allan Poe on wedding bells we may fitly conclude this rambling collection of musical thoughts and memories:

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

O! from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously swells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the future! How it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—

Bells, bells, bells,—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

"THAMONDA."

ONE should yield to Heaven and oppose men.—*Joubert.*

Our Curé.

THIS is the story as told me by a French magistrate who lived at Remiremont during the Franco-German War. The sleepy little town lies nestling on the left bank of the Moselle. Its aspect is so peaceful that it would seem that nothing from the outer world could ever disturb the quiet of its streets.

* * *

In the early summer of 1870, when I was procureur l'Empire, the whole country around Remiremont was alive with excitement. War had been declared against Germany; all able-bodied men had been called to arms; and the Prussians, having defeated the French forces opposed to them, were hourly expected to appear before the town. How would the victorious troops behave?

While this question was being discussed one morning on every doorstep, the strains of a military band were heard in the distance; and a German regiment, headed by a smart, severe-looking colonel, soon appeared in sight, marched through the town, and halted in the market-square in front of the church. The fears of the inhabitants, however, proved groundless; for, though the soldiers were quartered on the town itself, they behaved extremely well.

After a few days' rest, the regiment paraded in the market-square, and marched off as it had entered, to the accompaniment of the band and in perfect order; while the townsfolk congratulated themselves on being well rid of their visitors.

Then it was that an unfortunate event occurred; for the colonel of the German regiment, having occasion to send back dispatches to his general, selected one of his officers to take charge of them. Accompanied only by an orderly, he entered Remiremont, and was attacked by a band of *Francs Tireurs*, who had conceived the bold idea of capturing him.

In this they were successful, so far as the officer was concerned; the orderly, however, managed to escape, and, galloping back to his regiment, informed the colonel of what had occurred.

The inhabitants of Remiremont were busy preparing their evening meal, when, to their astonishment and disgust, in marched the same German regiment which had left the town that morning. Orderlies were seen galloping toward the mayor, and the mayor was seen hurrying toward the market-square where the troops had halted. The colonel appeared to be in a terrible rage; and as soon as he saw the mayor, he informed him in a severe tone of voice that the town would be held responsible for the outrage committed. The poor, trembling mayor pleaded ignorance of what had occurred; but the colonel was not to be appeased.

"Your town, Monsieur le Maire," he said, "shall pay for this day's work; and as, owing to this countermarch, my men have missed their supper, you will see that they are provided with a good meal within a quarter of an hour."

The mayor, shaking with fright, came to me for advice. Together we decided on the following course. Word was sent to the principal inhabitants of Remiremont to bring the food which was even then being cooked for their own supper. The order was obeyed, and in ten minutes' time all down the main street came men, women and children, carrying their bowls of steaming pottage. I laugh now when I think of it, though we didn't laugh then.

But you will wonder what all this had to do with the Curé. Well, a few days after the affair with the *Francs Tireurs*—it was Saturday, I remember,—the German colonel issued special orders for the next day, Sunday. The Protestant soldiers, at eight a. m., were to march to the Catholic church, where a service would be held by their chaplain, while the Catholics were to attend Mass an hour later.

When the Curé heard of this order, he was very much distressed, and applied

for an interview with the German colonel. His request having been granted, he explained that it was against the rules of the Catholic religion that Protestant services should be held in a consecrated edifice. The colonel answered very curtly that he had already issued his orders, and meant to abide by them. But the Curé was no trembling mayor, ready to obey at any cost. Strong in his sense of duty, the grey-haired priest held his ground.

"If you persist in desecrating my church," he said, as he took his leave, "you, Monsieur le Colonel, will answer for the consequences."

The discussion between the colonel and the Curé became the talk of the town, and everyone was curious to see what would happen on the morrow.

At eight o'clock sharp, next morning, the Protestant soldiers marched to the church, held their service, and marched back again, without anything unusual occurring, to the great disappointment of the onlookers. But at nine o'clock, when the Catholics in their turn appeared before the church, they were met by the Curé, who in a loud voice forbade them to enter, as the sacred edifice had been desecrated by the service previously held there. The soldiers had no other alternative than to march back to their parade-ground.

The colonel was immediately informed of what had taken place. Beside himself with anger, he sought out the rebellious troops and threatened them with the most severe punishment if they persisted in refusing to obey his order to return to the church. But though he made use of such words as "mutiny," "insubordination," "penal-servitude," and even "death," he could not induce them to move a single step. Seeing himself opposed by a power higher than his own, the colonel was obliged to acknowledge himself defeated. What annoyed him most, however, was the thought that he had been worsted by a priest, and a French one at that.

The following Sunday, the church having been reconsecrated and beautifully decorated, the Catholic soldiers filed in amid the cheers of the spectators; while the colonel with his Prussian soldiers had to content himself with the now deserted schoolroom.

This, however, was only the beginning of the Curé's troubles; for when Remiremont had surrendered to the enemy, a large number of rifles had been concealed in the belfry, although without the Curé's knowledge. These were now discovered by the Germans, and the blame was laid on the priest. This was the colonel's chance to get even. Without examining the case further, he sentenced the Curé to several years' imprisonment in the fortress of Danzig.

That same day, in spite of his age, and without being allowed time even to throw on a cloak, the poor old Curé was marched off and compelled to walk all the way to Strasburg, escorted by a detachment of German soldiers. There he was put on a cattle truck and sent to Danzig, not the slightest respect being paid either to his cloth or to his grey hairs. During that long journey he would doubtless have succumbed to the hardships he endured, had he not met with some charitable souls who lent him a cloak and supplied him with the money necessary for his immediate wants. At Danzig he was transferred to the fortress, where he remained many weeks, apparently forgotten.

Imprisoned in the heart of Germany, treated with the utmost neglect, and with no prospect of release, it was no wonder that the saintly old priest had almost despaired of leaving his prison alive, when one day the head jailer entered his cell and informed him that his Excellency the Governor wished to speak to him. Shortly afterward the astonished priest was ushered into his Excellency's presence.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the Governor, rising and bowing as he spoke, "I wish to inform you that you are free; and if your reverence" (with a second bow)

"has any request to make, I shall have the greatest pleasure in granting it."

The good Curé was so surprised at the joyful news, and at the deferential manner in which it was announced, that he could scarcely find words to express his thanks.

"My one desire, your Excellency," he murmured, "is to know to whom I am indebted for my release."

"To her gracious Majesty the Empress Augusta," answered the Governor, as he bowed even lower than before.

The Curé's troubles were at an end. He who had come in a cattle truck now found a first-class carriage placed at his disposal; obsequious officials met him everywhere; his slightest wish was forestalled before it could be expressed.

That journey, though undertaken under such favorable circumstances, seemed a long one to the impatient priest. It was with ever-increasing joy that he saw once more the mountains that guarded his native land, the winding Moselle, and at last the spire of his little church and the sloping roofs of Remiremont.

As the Curé with a grateful heart uttered a prayer of thanksgiving, sounds of shouting reached his ear, and presently he became aware that a large crowd was assembled at the station. What could it all mean? Suddenly he heard his name. It was taken up by a hundred throats, and as he descended from the train tears of joy rolled down his cheeks at this proof of his people's affection.

Even the Germans caught something of the reigning enthusiasm, and laughed and cheered as he passed escorted by his friends. The Prussian colonel, a solitary exception, stood aloof, a picture of discomfiture and defeat. For the second time an influence stronger than his own had prevailed; and when, shortly afterward, the ransom was paid by the town, he gladly seized the opportunity of quitting Remiremont, this time forever.

But you will wonder how the Empress Augusta came to hear of our Curé's misfortunes. Outside Remiremont there lies a

convent of Dominicans, whose confessor the good Curé was. When the abbess heard of his arrest she wrote to the mother-house of their Order in Berlin; and the nuns there applied to their benefactress, the Empress Augusta, who, although a Protestant, had a great affection for them. Her sympathies were at once enlisted, and without delay she obtained from the Emperor, her husband, an order for the Curé's release.

As to our good Curé, he lived to a ripe old age in his beloved town of Remiremont, and to the end was never tired of relating his trying experiences during the war of 1870.

Health and Happiness.

WHILE undue preoccupation about one's health is, itself, a species of disease, no sane man needs to apologize for taking a genuine interest in the laws of hygiene, or in new expositions of the workings of those laws. The prolongation of life is, to the average man or woman, a blessing worth striving for, its abridgment a misfortune to be sedulously avoided; hence the universal interest attaching to the discussion of such subjects by physicians, physiologists, and other accredited authorities on the preservatives and destroyers of health. Notwithstanding the numberless fads in the matter of eating, drinking, and physical exercise that one meets with from time to time in the columns of the newspapers, or among one's acquaintances, there is a natural curiosity to learn what any physician of acknowledged standing has to say on subjects of such interest and import. What Dr. Charles E. Nammack has to say about them we find to be especially worth while. In a paper, "The Stress and Strain of Modern Life," contributed to the current *Messenger*, he enunciates some thoroughly commendable theories as to the preservation of good health and the prevention of certain typical maladies of our day.

One of his statements will be welcome to a good many who are travelling down the sunset slope of life. "Age," he says, "is a factor beyond our control; but, according to comparative anatomy and zoology, man is entitled to live one hundred years, if he conserves his energy by self-denial, protects himself as best he can against disease, and is able to procure the comforts of life." Another statement, not so welcome, perhaps, to the majority of us, is: "The recent researches of Prof. Chittenden, of Yale, on the physiological economy of nutrition, prove conclusively that we all eat and drink too much." All this, however, is by the way. What we had particularly in mind when we mentioned Dr. Nammack was this extract from the conclusion of his article:

High living is a factor so manifestly under our own control that neither emulation, vanity, pride, indolence, nor slothfulness should lead us into it. Hard work in these competitive times is a thing but few can avoid. Fortunately, it need not be shunned through fear of deleterious effects; but, if taken up with a cheerful, contented mind, it will strengthen and develop rather than weaken, the bodily forces. But the secret of successful hard work is happiness. There are three kinds of happiness: pleasure, joy, and blessedness. Pleasure is the happiness of the animal nature; joy, of the social nature; blessedness, of the spiritual nature. Pleasure we share with the animals, joy with one another, blessedness with God. These three types of happiness are not inconsistent. One may have them all. We are not obliged to follow the ascetic, who gives up this world in order to enjoy the next; nor are we obliged to deny ourselves the legitimate pleasure of the social table or the healthful dance. Neither must we follow the voluptuary, who postpones the consecration of his life to God until he has exhausted the pleasures of youth. But although not inconsistent, pleasure, joy, and blessedness should always be estimated in this order: blessedness is better than joy; joy is better than pleasure. For pleasure depends upon the possession of things, and things decay; joy depends upon friends, and friends die; but blessedness depends upon character, and character is immortal.

He who in the prime of life has learned this secret of immortal happiness can bid defiance to the enemies of advancing years. He can welcome troubles because he knows they are builders of character. He knows that pros-

perity does not *bind*, it merely *assembles* people—at dinners and dances. It is adversity that binds—beside the gravestone, beneath the desolated roof, around the bedside of broken health, behind the bowed shoulders of wrecked ambition or lost fortune.

Where can man develop character so well as in the bosom of that Mother Church which is founded on God? Personal holiness and social welfare can not be separated. No system of naval architecture can make a sound ship out of rotten timber; no system of sociology can make a prosperous State out of corrupt men; no system of philosophy which excludes religion as its fundamental basis can give that firmness and fibre to character which enable a man to make his work effective and fruitful. Character is the basis of happiness, and happiness is the sanction of character.

These be "wise words, my masters"; and they may well furnish points of meditation to men and women in all classes of society. The one outstanding, ultra-prominent tendency of people nowadays is toward pleasure, as distinguished from either joy or happiness. Sensuousness, if not sheer sensuality, is the curse of the age; and the writer of the foregoing is eminently right in emphasizing the basic need of personal holiness, if one would secure either health or happiness.

MANY will often naturally think that Catholics do not read the Bible frequently enough, since they may forget that it is for edification, not in order to originate his creed, that a Catholic reads it; and often do not know how large a portion of the Breviary, Missal, and most Catholic books of devotion, consists of Holy Scripture so arranged that the mere relative position of passage with passage diffuses over the sacred text a light such as proceeds from the countenance of her alone who ever looks on God. No doubt numerous Catholics would gain much if they read the Bible more. To such it might impart a manlier faith and an insight more keen, as their pastors often tell them; but the Rule of Faith, like the Faith itself, must remain always the same.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Notes and Remarks.

The best of the other magazines are sure to present some especially attractive illustrations every month, but one always turns to the *Atlantic* for things to read. The current number is of remarkable interest. Three articles have particularly attracted us—"The Spirit of Old West Point," by Morris Schaff; "The Statesmanship of Cavour," by Andrew D. White; and "Theology and Human Nature," by George Hodges. The first of these has the triple charm of biography, memoirs, and history. No reader of "The Spirit of Old West Point" will willingly miss any future contribution by General Schaff.

Referring to the reconstruction and enlargement of the buildings at West Point this veteran of the Civil War laments the probable removal of the chapel, to satisfy the craving of artistic ambition, and at the same time pander to the vanities and pomp of war. He says:

If the little chapel is to be moved, and the hotel is to be removed—which I think the public has a right to say "No" to,—where, in the æsthetic sense, should the chapel go? In view of first impressions, should it not go where West Point's scenery culminates? And that point, I think, is universally conceded to be somewhere near the present site of the hotel. There, close to the daily life of the cadet, with Nature as its auxiliary chancel, it would go on in sweet harmony with the scenery so imbued with celestial peace appealing to his heart, cherishing his ideals, and elevating his courage more and more to the high level of scholarship and righteousness. In selecting its choicest spot, too, the country, at its national school of war, would have conveyed its recognition of the pre-eminent element of our spiritual nature, of God, of art, and of that ideal world whence come our conceptions of truth, duty, and magnanimity. . . .

The secret of the precedence of the old chapel over the other buildings in the affections of the cadets does not seem mysterious to me. Two coexistent and intercommunicate realities supply the explanation—imagination and the sense of freedom. The latter the cadet gains as he enters the door; for there he passes beyond the restraints of rank, age, ancestry, and scholarship. There for one hour he is free from all earthly distinction; and a seriously uplifting

feeling comes over him that it makes no difference in his case whether he stands at the head or the foot of the class,—a private in the ranks, or a professor on the Board, cadet corporal, or a lieutenant-general. Nowhere else at the Academy does he rise to this freedom; and once attaining it, his imagination becomes operative with marvellous directness through the objects before him: the shields, the captured colors with their dreaming memories, and, above all, Weir's great suggestive painting, Peace and War, mounting with a sense of great height in the circular space over the chancel, and bearing this solemn admonition from Proverbs on a tablet between the figures, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

The name of Andrew D. White is not one of those we are accustomed to conjure with. He has long been regarded by us as a sort of Sancho Panza. We can recall no writing of his in which his prejudice did not sometimes get the better of his judgment; and he has often betrayed ignorance no less surprising than inexcusable in so eminent a scholar. Dr. White ought to know that the humblest priest in the world, even one not authorized to hear confessions, even a suspended priest, is empowered, on the slightest token of repentance, to absolve any dying sinner, no matter what his crimes may have been, or how long he has been under the sentence of excommunication. If the friar who attended Cavour in his dying hours "was removed from his church and sent to end his life in a distant monastery," we can assure Dr. White that it was for some other cause than this "kindly act," which the confessor would have been a thousand times more guilty than his penitent in omitting. Dr. White is a grave and dignified scholar, but his tilts with ecclesiastical windmills are sometimes very ludicrous.

Controversialists and heresy-hunters of all religious denominations would do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," as the "Book of Common Prayer" has it, the words of Dean Hodges on the essential place of human nature in the right study of theology, and on the nervousness of the

orthodox,—“the uneasy feeling that something may happen to truth; the idea that truth is of a very delicate constitution, and must be shielded and nursed like a sick child.” What an idea!

The first thing which the nervous theologian needs to do is to take himself in hand. He needs to reassure himself as to the substantial foundations of the faith, and by prayer and patience to recover the serenity of his mind. Commonly, he preaches a fierce and imprecatory sermon, or writes an irreligious letter to a church paper. He is angry and afraid because he is nervous about the everlasting truth; and being afraid, he scares his sensitive neighbors; and being angry, he stirs up a like anger in the heretic whom he attacks. And there it is.

“In order to know the truth of God, it is necessary to do the will of God; and that implies not only the love of God, but the love of our neighbor.” St. Augustine himself might have written these words. To the religious teacher who really loves his fellows, the courtesies of debate are easy. “Under these Christian conditions,” says Dean Hodges, “the heretic is shown his heresy, and is shown, at the same time, the way out of it.” To quote further:

By fairness, by friendliness, by gentle force of reason, he is convinced of error. Sometimes the same result is reached by patiently leaving him alone, and letting him follow the wrong road till he finds out his mistake, or gets tired. Most of the heresies which have distressed the Christian world would have ceased in the parish in which they began if they had been dealt with according to the plain facts of human nature.

For when the arguments of the heretic are answered with the argument of the club two consequences follow: one is the confirmation of the heretic, the other is the dissemination of the heresy. In the sight of the club, the heretic can not decently change his mind; he is forced into defences and replies which serve to strengthen him in his error. And also at the sight of the club, the crowd comes; the thing is common property, and the new doctrine or the new denial is taught to the community by the very process by which it is sought to stop it.

The settlement of a great many religious wrangles depends chiefly upon the understanding of human nature. Dean Hodges' illustrations of how it works reminds us

of a little boy whose father was once trying to force him to do something which he had made up his mind to leave undone. The castigation was severe and long-continued. Only when the little fellow blurted out between sobs, “The more you whip me, the more I won't do it!” did the irate parent realize the unwisdom of his action, and that the boy's objection was not so much to the task that was demanded of him as to the compulsion of his free will.

Writing from the Leper Hospital, at Gotemba, Japan, Father Joseph Bertrand, its devoted director, says:

I have seventy-five lepers about me now,—seventy-five children of all ages. They work as much as their affliction permits; I on my side economize all I can; and yet we can't make ends meet. For the past three years prices have steadily gone up, so that with the same amount of money I am half as poor again as I was. This year, once more, my accounts don't balance; the receipts don't equal the expenditures—far from it. What is to be done? Send the lepers back to their homes? Most of them have none. Friends? There are none for these unfortunates. Turn them out upon the road? Never! I teach them every day that there is a Providence, that they have a Father in heaven; and they believe it. To tell them now that God abandons them is impossible; to turn them out because I can no longer feed them—I will not do it. Moreover, from the faith with which they pray, “Our Father who art in heaven . . . give us this day our daily bread,” I am persuaded that God hears them. It is He who will inspire the charitable with the resolution to aid them, to become His representatives, the instruments of His providence.

Comment upon so touching and adequate an appeal would be superfluous.

The English, as a people, are not given to ultra-emotionalism. Critics of their national character are inclined to credit them with hardheaded common sense rather than ebullient enthusiasm, and their worst enemies will scarcely charge them with excessive credulity in matters religious. It is accordingly noteworthy that our British exchanges are recording the occurrence recently of a cure that

bears the evident sign-manual of the miraculous. Says the *London Catholic Times*, editorially:

In our diocesan page are given particulars of an extraordinary cure which has taken place at Buckfast Abbey, Devonshire. Brother Matthew had received the last Sacraments, and the community was assembled expecting his death, when he suddenly said Our Lady had appeared to him in a vision and told him he would recover by drinking the water she had sent for him. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the Abbot had on the previous day received a bottle of Lourdes water for him and put it aside, thinking no more of the matter. The patient now drank the water, and was at once perfectly cured.

To this bald statement of the facts we need only add that the malady of which Brother Matthew was dying was ulceration of the stomach, a disease that discounts all talk of nervous disorders, self-hypnotism, and the hundred and odd other theories on which agnostic scientists vainly strive to deny the miraculous nature of countless Lourdes miracles.

During Easter week, all Rome was invited to the venerable Church of S. Marcello al Corso, in charge of the Servite Fathers, to assist at a solemn triduum for the reunion of Christendom. This triduum, in honor of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, began on Thursday, the 4th of April, and closed on Sunday, the 7th. Many Masses were offered daily at the altar of Our Lady of Sorrows, and each evening there was a sermon, Beads of the Seven Dolours, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

An association of prayer, under the patronage of the Queen of Martyrs, for the reunion of Christendom and the conversion of bad Catholics, is canonically erected in the Church of S. Marcello; and a branch of this association has recently been established in the Church of the Assumption, Chicago, Illinois. The obligations of members are: 1. To recite seven "Hail Marys" daily in honor of Our Lady's Dolours, for the reunion of Christendom and the conversion of bad

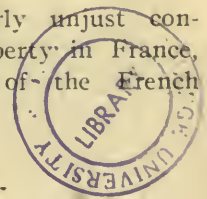
Catholics; 2. To call to mind at least twice daily—morning and evening—that mortal sin causes the ruin of the soul, renews the painful passion and death of our Blessed Saviour, and the cruel dolours of His Immaculate Mother; 3. Firmly to resolve to be most careful and diligent in the practice and observance of the Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church, and in the avoidance of every grievous sin, especially of impurity and profanity.

That the sacrifices made by a number of our bishops in furnishing priests to carry on the work of missions to non-Catholics are superabundantly rewarded by the excellent results attending such missions scarcely needs telling; but it is worth while noting such specific compensation as the following letter addressed by a non-Catholic to a Catholic bishop. We reproduce it in part from the *Missionary*:

I wish to thank you personally for sending to this town Father ——. The church here has been filled almost to overflowing from Sunday last and with growing crowds every night. It has been an intellectual treat to us non-Catholics. There has been nothing but praise for your missionary from all denominations. He has made numerous friends all over town, because the answers that he has given to the questions have been delivered in the most gentlemanly, kind, and yet forceful manner. It is a pleasure to hear these answers, and every one is delighted and instructed at the same time. . . . I hope you can see your way—and this is the reason for my writing—to allow him to remain longer with us than the week, so that he can gather the fruit of his labors. Here it is Thursday and things are just getting warm, and by the time he closes will be at fever heat. Let him continue his labors another week, and there will not remain a vestige of prejudice against your Church among the citizens of this town.

Our contemporary does not say whether or not the missionary was allowed to prolong his stay, but we feel certain he made the best possible use of his time.

Apropos of the utterly unjust confiscation of religious property in France, and more particularly of the French



robber-government's designs on the Irish College in Paris, *Rome* pertinently remarks:

Ireland is a poor country even to-day. But she was poorer still in the years that followed 1578 and up to the Emancipation Bill in 1829. It was in her poorest days that Ireland, by immense sacrifices, began, continued, and led to a certain perfection the Irish College for Irish students. Distinguished men have lived within its walls,—law-abiding men, against whom neither in the past nor in the present can any crime be imputed: men who loved France as only Irishmen can. But now, against all justice and equity and with sacrilegious audacity, the students are to be expelled, and their capital made the plaything of a government whose conduct has already been sufficiently qualified by fair-minded men.

Calling attention to the fact that the College and its property represent a capital of \$1,000,000, our contemporary adds:

If ever there was a patrimony of the poor it is this. We can not believe that the British Government will allow such wholesale robbery. Indeed we have reason to believe that the British Ambassador at Paris has already called, "Hands off!" We think it must be so; for otherwise the Irish members in the House of Commons would have made their voices heard all over the world.

In the meantime, have not the Catholic members of the French Chamber of Deputies a duty to perform by giving prospective purchasers of the like property some such warning as this: "To all whom it may concern,—the property of the Church and her religious Congregations belongs to them, and will be restored to them when the majority of the Chamber becomes overwhelmingly Catholic, as in the course of a decade it is most likely to be." In the absence of any Supreme Court in France to pass upon the justice or injustice of the Chamber's legislation, that body openly robs the Church; a future Chamber may well make restitution, and the recipients or purchasers of stolen goods will deserve no sympathy if their attention is called to the radical defect in the titles which they are acquiring.

The school question is still claiming unabated interest in England. The Catholics are apparently determined never to

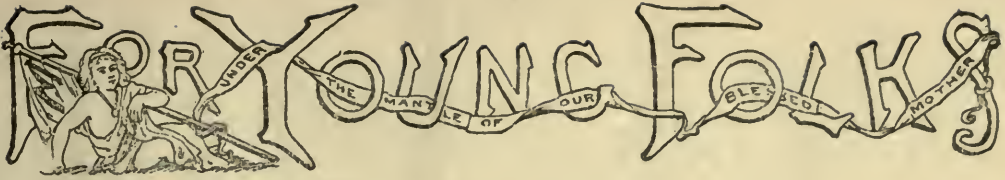
submit to the exclusion of religious teaching from their own schools, and their opinion of simple Bible teaching is thus formulated by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P.:

Bible teaching by the lay teacher and interpreted by the individual, which is Cowper-Templeism in its most irreducible minimum, is Protestantism to the Catholic, and sectarian, denominational, dogmatic. When, therefore, the Nonconformist declares that no man should pay for the education of children in the religious principles of another Church, we ask him to carry this principle to its logical conclusion. If it be wrong for Protestants to pay for Catholic teaching, by what process of reasoning can it be held right that Catholics should pay for Protestant teaching?

In the meantime the *London Catholic Weekly* speaks of a present danger that penal measures may again be put in force against Catholicity, and reproduces, as of service "in nerving us for determined action in Catholic social work," this extract from a speech delivered by O'Connell in 1840:

I stand here boldly forward as the advocate of Catholicism. Those who assail her tenets remind me of an infant's hand attempting to grasp a globe. I stand forward as the advocate of the faith of my father and of the fathers of those who calumniate and assail you. With a thorough conviction of the truth of all and every part of the Catholic Faith, I would not, for all the world could give, abandon one particle of it. Catholic truth has put itself forward with the manliness that ought to belong to the truth of God. She is no longer shrinking or timid. She is no longer terrified or abashed, but she stands forward in the plenitude of her strength and in her own peculiar loveliness.

It is perhaps worthy of record at this age of vast railroad schemes that the first suggestion of a Pan-American railroad was made to President Grant by Mr. Joseph I. Miller, of Providence, Rhode Island. Mr. Miller was a prominent engineer and patent lawyer, and a devout Catholic. His plan for a railroad to run from Alaska to Cape Horn seemed like an idle dream to General Grant, but the day of its accomplishment is now within measurable distance. Already six thousand miles of railroad stretch along the proposed route.



Jeannot's Eyes.

BY T. A. M.

TWO little sunbeams dancing,
Two little clear blue skies,
Two little smiles entrancing,—
Such are my Jeannot's eyes.

Sly little sidelong glances,
Questionings and surprise,
Each with its grace enhances
Dear little Jeannot's eyes.

Sweet when they shine in laughter,
Sweet when the floods arise,—
Though sweet before, yet after
Sweeter are Jeannot's eyes.

So, when with tears appealing,
Into my arms he flies,
Yield I with tender feeling
Captive to Jeannot's eyes.

The Secret of an Old House.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.—THE SECRET REVEALED.

THE suspense caused by the appearance of other figures in the dimly-lighted room was broken by a laugh, hearty and genial, from Mr. Redmond; in which Hugh, with his quick perception, was the first to join.

"Why, it's a mirror," he cried,—*"a long mirror! Don't you see that we're all reflected there,—first Mr. Brennan with his hand outstretched, then the Chevalier, and finally the rest of us?"*

Had not the nerves of those present been strained to an unnatural tension, they would inevitably have discovered this palpable fact before. Everyone drew a sigh of relief as Mr. Redmond added:

"We're getting nervous. We must have a light."

No one had thought, strangely enough, of bringing any means of illumination; and Patrick was about to be dispatched for a lantern when Hugh made a diversion. His eyes had been wandering around the room, which, except for its peculiar shape, did not seem so very different from other rooms; and he was reflecting that so far they had not connected the mysterious apartment with the window. Just then he uttered an exclamation and darted into a small alcove that had hitherto escaped attention.

"Come here!" he cried,—*"father, Patrick, Arthur! I am sure this is a window—the window!"*

General attention was drawn in that direction, and it was presently discovered that a heavy oaken shutter was excluding the light of day. Mr. Redmond, with the aid of Patrick, at once made an attempt to throw it open. The resistance was slight. It easily yielded, dividing in two, and then was heard a sound as if a number of building blocks were being thrown one upon the other. A second obstruction, which had obscured the panes of glass, was thus removed, falling to either side; and Hugh very soon perceived that the supposed masonry which had once so disconcerted him was but a "counterfeit presentment."

"It's the window!" he exclaimed rapturously, forgetting everything else, and joyfully wiping away the dust from the panes; while he and Arthur together peered out at the familiar scene behind the house, and the trees of the little garden. "Hurrah! hurrah! We've found out at last that it's a real window!"

The importance of this discovery, to his mind at least, outweighed whatever of interest or delight that long-hidden apartment might reveal. A flood of afternoon sunshine, moreover, came in to hearten up

the group and to make the surrounding objects distinctly visible.

Everyone began to look about, with the keenest interest and curiosity, on a room comparatively small, as the exigencies of space demanded, with strange turns and angles in its walls. Its appointments were conspicuously plain, almost too austere indeed, the furniture being of black wood and of an antique pattern. It was the revelation of the inner nature of De Villebon himself, which so dominated everything that it seemed as if he had but stepped forth yesterday, instead of so many years ago, and might at any moment return. There were his favorite books, the classics, a volume or two of modern poetry, some essays, and a well read and interlined Bible. One book lay open upon the table, a mark on the passage which the occupant of the room had been reading when he crossed the threshold to re-enter it no more. There stood upon the same table a daguerrotype of the Chevalier—for that was before the days of photographs,—upon the back of which was pasted, "My best and dearest friend."

Upon the wall hung the portrait of a lady, young and beautiful, clad in a soft gown of creamy lace, with a single rose in her hair. She seemed to smile at them out of the long ago with the smile of perpetual youth. Seeing her, the Chevalier stopped, as if he had been struck, covering his face a moment with his hand; while only the boys, who stood near, heard him utter the ejaculation: "*Et toi!*" (And thou!)

Hugh, sensitive to every impression, caught, as it were, a glimmer of that old-time romance which had kept two men single, and which had united instead of dividing them. How much of sorrow and tears and the element of tragedy in a long-forgotten love tale was contained in that lovely face, the rose tint in the cheeks, the glint of the hair, and the smile deep in the eyes, need not be set down here. Only the Chevalier and one other present knew that the brilliant jester had concealed an incurable wound under his gay banter, and had

spent many a lonely hour in that solitude before the portrait.

It was Mr. Brennan who broke the long silence, his bleared eyes peering at the representation of one whom he had last seen when he was young.

"Sure that's the young lady herself," he cried,—“Miss Lucie, who died a week before her marriage to Mr. de Villebon! The Lord give them rest! Oh, a beautiful young lady she was, with a sweet voice and smile!”

On the Chevalier's face was a look of deep pain, as at the reopening of a scarcely healed wound; and Mr. Redmond, laying his hand upon the arm of Mr. Brennan, led him away from the portrait.

Above the mantelpiece, upon the wall, was engraved a motto in gilt letters:

Fight the battle bravely,
Nor feel a coward's fear.

And over a low arched door, which led into another and still smaller apartment, were inscribed the words: "Here is the place of my repose."

When the curious inquirers passed through that arched aperture, they saw that the inner room had been fitted up as an oratory. A prayer-book, a rosary, and a "Following of Christ" lay upon a kneeling bench, placed in front of a tiny altar, whereon was an exquisite statue of the Blessed Virgin. Before this stood a vase, whence flowers had evidently fallen into dust and strewn the altar-cloth, once snowy white, now yellow. At the feet of the statue was a card in De Villebon's writing, upon which appeared the words: "*Mater mea! Mater mea!*" It was a cry from a strong man's heart,—a prayer which had remained there, and outlived him. Those who had entered withdrew again, impressed and edified; for they had come momentarily face to face with a soul which had long since passed into the presence of his Maker.

Mr. Brennan was heard to mutter:

"Sure I never knew he was so pious as that,—him that was always laughing and playing tricks on everyone!"

"That was the superficial view of my poor friend," observed the Chevalier to Mrs. Redmond. "This apartment shows him as he was—as only myself and a very few others knew him."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Redmond; "the moral atmosphere of this room and the inspiring personality of its late occupant are as good as a sermon."

And so they were. Friendship, love and faith were their dominant characteristics. Upon the boys, and especially upon the more emotional Hugh, they made an enduring impression; for there, in those mysterious precincts, were mirrored forth honor and fidelity, intellectual culture and ardent faith; and the lessons thus taught imparted to the lads something far more valuable than the fortune they had gained.

De Villebon, however, with an eye to that boy whom it had pleased him to imagine should, in one way or another, become heir upon the Chevalier's death, had catered in a more material fashion to the tastes of that favored individual. A cupboard on the opposite side of the room, from the entrance to the oratory, bore a card upon the door, whereon, in large letters, was an inscription:

"For the boy who shall one day become my heir. This cupboard and its contents are absolutely his, and he may enter upon their possession immediately on their discovery."

Now, the contents of that cupboard were so many and varied that the delighted Hugh, in concert with Arthur and the little girls, could obtain just then only a very cursory view of them. Each new discovery elicited exclamations of delight from all four of the children; while the elders stood regarding them with interest and pleasure. Some of the toys, or implements of sport, had belonged to Villebon's own boyish days; but he had continually added to the collection until it was nearly perfect. It would be impossible in these limits to specify a tithe of the things to be found in that veritable treasure-house; so they must be left to

the imagination of the youthful reader, who may rest assured that everything which the heart of a boy could desire was included in that hoard. Last but not least may be mentioned a savings-bank, with the key conveniently left in the lock. In this had been deposited from time to time sundry gold dollars, a guinea or two, and a profusion of silver coin. This Hugh declared should be divided amongst the four; then, with sudden gravity, he said:

"First of all, we shall have some Masses offered for the repose of Monsieur de Villebon's soul."

This sentiment was generally applauded; and then another debt of gratitude occurred to Hugh. He called Patrick aside.

"Patrick," he said, "you know I promised that if we found the room, and there was anything good there, I'd give you a nice present. I owe it to you for saving my life that day, and more besides."

"Ah, get along with you, Master Hugh!" cried Patrick. "As if I'd accept another thing, and your papa giving me a beautiful watch at Christmas, with words written inside the cover!"

"That was from papa," said Hugh; "but you must choose something—whatever you like—out of that cupboard; and I want you to take this too."

He tried to thrust a gold piece into Patrick's hand; but the honest fellow instantly and absolutely rejected the offering, declaring that he and the boy would not be friends if he said anything more about it. He consented, however, to choose something out of the cupboard, and took a walking-stick with a carved top.

Kind-hearted Hugh was already busy planning what he should buy for his mother and father and the Chevalier, as well as for Patrick's father; for the nurse Margaret, whom the children all loved; and for Catherine. Alphonse, Victorine, and Nathalie were likewise placed on the list; and when Alphonse returned to the Manor he had the pleasure of bringing back souvenirs from both of the boys for himself and for the two women.

It was hard to tear the four children away from that apparently inexhaustible storehouse of good things; but Mr. Redmond noticed that the Chevalier began to look pale and exhausted after the excitement and varied emotions of the day. It was therefore suggested that those delightfully mysterious regions, which gave a new charm and flavor to the old house, must be forsaken for the time being.

Just as a movement was being made to leave the room in single file as before, there was an unexpected interruption. For the Chevalier suddenly wandered away, as he had done upon one or two occasions before, into the dim realms of the past, and rehearsed, with more vehemence and passion than ever, that ancient tragedy of the *Auguste*, mingled with appeals to his friend, and to her whose portrait hung upon the wall. It was a singular scene, with those no less singular surroundings, as the spectators stood awe-stricken, the children terrified, the domestics hardly less so, while the ringing accents alone broke the stillness. The calm face of the Chevalier was afire, as it were, with the ardor of his theme; his gestures were wild and impassioned. Mr. Brennan alone was undisturbed.

"Many's the time I saw him that way before," he whispered to Mr. Redmond; "though perhaps not so wild-like. He'll be all right in a minute if you let him alone."

It ended, however, in Patrick's being sent for Alphonse, who gently led the Chevalier away to his own apartment, where his overstrained nerves were presently restored to their normal quietude. The legal gentlemen then took their leave, having satisfied themselves that the Chevalier was better; and the others resumed their usual way of life below stairs, feeling very much as if they had been dreaming a remarkably vivid dream.

By supper time the Chevalier was able to come down; and afterward, in the parlor, which seemed more homelike than ever, a pleasant party gathered, consisting of the Redmond family and their guest.

Of course the talk was entirely of the events of the afternoon, and the reminiscences which those happenings had evoked in the Chevalier's mind.

In the kitchen, Mr. Brennan was the centre of attraction for another group, consisting of his son, Margaret, Catherine, and Alphonse. He had many a wonderful thing to tell in connection with the great discovery of the day. He below stairs, as the Chevalier above stairs, fitted many a link into the chain of events from his reawakened memory, until the mystery of the window became scarce a mystery, and the secret of the dwelling was fully revealed. Hugh had, however, a last word to say upon the subject, when he exclaimed:

"Wasn't it lucky I found out that there was a window too many? For if I hadn't, we might never have discovered the secret of the old house."

(The End.)

An Old Fable with a Good Moral.

A peacock and a crane being in company together, the peacock's pride got the better of his sense, and he spread out his tail and made a proud display of its beautiful feathers. "Look at this," he exclaimed, "and acknowledge that you possess nothing to be compared to it for beauty."

The crane made no reply; but, spreading his wings, soared vigorously into the air. He darted about for a short time, then descended, and hovered over the head of the astonished peacock. "Now tell me, gaudy thing," said he, "of what use would your splendid tail be, should hunger, or peril, make it necessary for you to soar into the air, as I have just done?"

We are all, in due measure, provided with means of supplying both our necessities and our comforts; but it is a weak and vain being only who would reproach another for the want of those powers of distinction which, perchance, he himself may but unworthily possess.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The first book printed in Spain, according to some authorities, was a small volume of poems by Bernardo Fenollar and others, written in honor of the Blessed Virgin. It is said to have been printed in Valencia in 1474. No copy of this work is known to be in existence.

—"Notes on Daily Communion," by the Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J., a tastefully printed, slender volume of some sixty odd pages, is a reprint of a series of excellent papers contributed to the *Catholic Weekly*. The distinguishing note of this little volume is its practicality, and its most notable defect is its lack of either index or table of contents. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—Following the substantial one-volume edition of the poems of Coventry Patmore, the entire works in prose and poetry of this author are now available in a convenient edition consisting of five volumes. Two volumes are occupied with the poems, the other three containing respectively, "Principle in Art and Other Essays," "Religio Poetae and Other Essays," and "The Rod, the Rood, and the Flower."

—The Australian Catholic Truth Society continues its laudable work of issuing penny pamphlets dealing with questions of religion, science, history and philosophy, as well as occasional inroads into fiction. Nos. 40, 41, 42, and 43 of such pamphlets—all good—are: "Religion and Society," by Benjamin Hoare; "Religion and Amusements," by Ronald Stewart; "St. Francis of Assisi and Medieval Catholicism," by the Rev. James O'Dwyer, S. J.; and "Old Times in the Barony," by the Very Rev. J. S. Conmee, S. J.

—The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of the provincial house of New York, are preparing a volume, to be entitled "In the Footsteps of the Good Shepherd," gleaned from the annals of the convent and from personal study of its work by Katherine E. Conway. Though the book recounts the history of the New York establishment for the past fifty years, it is much more an exposition of the general work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and, as such, will be of interest to the great family of religious women of all Orders in America, and the Catholic public generally. The book will be ready about the middle of May.

—In a little volume comprising five chapters and eighty pages, E. H. Francis gives an adequate reply to the question, "Have Anglicans Full

Catholic Privileges?" The timeliness of this book, and, for that matter, its utility, will be better appreciated in England than in this country; but, at the very least, even in the United States it will, as the Rev. Norbert Jones, C. R. L., says in his introduction, "help Catholics to realize all the more the blessings of religious unity which they possess." Lucidly written, non-polemical, and free from any trace of bitterness. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—By far the fullest and clearest exposition of the recent decrees of the Holy See regarding daily Communion that we have seen is from the pen of the Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. In a neat little volume of one hundred and seventy-one pages, published by R. and T. Washbourne, this learned and zealous religious, after fully explaining the aforesaid decrees, sets forth the fruits and effects of a worthy Communion upon our souls and bodies, adding some supplementary remarks, no less practical than interesting. He says, for instance: "Let all other devotions be renewed among us, but let them all tend to the frequent worthy reception of the Sacraments."

—With the profusion of books caused by the invention of printing, the second-hand bookseller made his appearance about the middle of the sixteenth century. In the shops in the lanes of Old Paris a large number of dealers in second-hand books established themselves. The word *bouquin* now applied to such books was not then in use; or was little used in the sense it received toward the close of the last century; it was at the time of the great trade in books with Flanders and Holland that France imported this characteristic name, which recalls the musty smell of goat or calf skin. The Dutch used the word *boekje*, meaning a little book, derived in its turn from the German *buch*, a book,—the Sanskrit *pac*, to bind or tie.

—One must be on the right road to a given point, if signposts along the way are to be of use; so it is with happiness and the book-guides thereto. Of these printed directions there is no lack, and their multiplication is indicative of much altruism in this old world of ours. Late books on happiness by Professor Carl Hilty and Dr. N. D. Hillis, with limitations from the Catholic viewpoint, treat the subject convincingly. The same may be said of "The Way to Happiness," by Mr. Thomas R. Slicer. (The Macmillan Co.) It is earnest, broad and kindly,

and is informed with a certain spirituality. An illustrative passage, showing the high ground taken, is the following from the chapter entitled "The Way of Freedom":

No man is free who still has a sneaking desire to sin as nearly as he can without being found out. The freedom of the human soul is the freedom that gives itself to God. It is beyond doubt that, unless we believe we belong to God utterly, from centre to circumference of our being, in every motion of the mind and every action of life, we are not living the life of freedom on the highest plane.

—Those readers, chiefly clerical, who enjoyed from month to month the fascinating chapters of "The Training of Silas," by the Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J., as they came out serially in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, will be glad to learn that the story is now published in appropriately handsome book form by Messrs. Benzigers. Not since the appearance, some years ago, of Lelia Hardin Buggs' "The People of Our Parish" have we read a work so likely to appeal to the rank and file of the Catholic public. The author has the secret of literary realism of the better sort; his characters are no mere puppets bobbing up or ducking down as he pulls the string, but flesh-and-blood acquaintances of our own, who go their own way along the lines of individual characters, good, bad, and indifferent. The incidents of the tale cluster around the Laurenboro Catholic Library; and while the average American pastor of a large town or a small city may opine that Father Sinclair was abnormally successful in the organization and speedy development of that excellent enterprise, he will find much in the story to stimulate his zeal as well as to beguile an hour or two of leisure. We hope to see "The Training of Silas" run into several editions.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Training of Silas." Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Way to Happiness." Thomas R. Slicer. \$1.25.

"Notes on Daily Communion." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 30 cts., net.

"Have Anglicans Full Catholic Privileges?" E. H. Francis. 30 cts., net.

"Frequent and Daily Communion." Rev. Arthur Devine. 60 cts., net.

"The Great Fundamental Truths of Religion" Rev. R. C. Bodkin, C. M. \$1.

"Leading Events in the History of the Church." Part V. Sisters of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.

"Pitman's Cumulative Speller." 40 cts.

"The Story of Father Van den Broek, O. P." 25 cts.

"The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P." \$3, net.

"Chronicles of the Canons Regular of Mount St. Agnes." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.

"The Carrier Crisis." Augustine Gallagher. 50 cts.

"Francis Apricot." David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"By the Royal Road." Marie Haultmont. \$1.60.

"A Garland of Everlasting Flowers." Mrs. Innis Browne. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Rev. Joseph Still, of the diocese of Alton; Rev. Florence Sullivan, Rev. Henry Bontempo, S. J., Rev. Thomas Lennox, C. S. C., and Rev. Hubert Bove, C. SS. R.

Sister Mary Joseph, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; Miss Celestine Schottmueller, Daughters of Mary; Sister M. Anselma and Sister M. Marcus, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Joseph Whittaker, Mr. Samuel Buchanan, Mrs. P. C. Slattery, Mr. Joseph Shaw, Mr. Patrick Mason, Mrs. J. J. Clifford, Miss Sophie Foudriat, Mr. Peter Burke, Mrs. Jude Ethés, Mrs. M. F. Smith, Mr. Martin Coyne, Mr. Charles Hoffman, Mr. P. A. Itzell, Mr. Peter Murphy and Mrs. Mary Murphy, Miss M. E. Hoy, Mrs. John O'Connor, Mr. Louis Rieman, Mr. W. H. Butler, Mrs. Mary McDavitt, Mrs. Sarah Brown, Mr. Patrick Madigan, Mr. Roger Shugrue, Mr. Thade Brosnan, and Mrs. Mary Grace.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Filipino Student Fund:

M. E. M., \$2.

The Dominican Sisters, Baltimore, Md.:

C. Michel, \$1; E.S., \$2; Friend, \$5; R.E.D., \$1.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: Thomas K., \$3; Mrs. J. L., 25 cts.; Mrs. G., 25 cts.



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 27, 1907.

NO. 17.

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

My Rosary Beads.

BY MARGARET OWENS.

THE gold and gems of diadems
 That 'circle brows of clay,
 May lustre throw on empty show
 Which passes with a day;
 Gold, diamonds fair, and rubies rare
 And purest pearls that gleam,
 On death and night their borrowed light
 May shed as in a dream.
These gems of mine, in which doth shine
 My Saviour's power and worth,
 More precious far than diamonds are
 And all the gauds of earth.
 No dazzling rays of splendor blaze,
 As in my hands they lie;
 No beauty seen, no lustrous sheen,
 To charm my earthly eye.
 My soul alone the joy may own
 Of gazing with delight
 Into their veiled loveliness,
 Their hidden springs of light.
 Faith's inward ear, attuned to hear
 The Rosary's sweet story,
 Finds harmonies in mysteries
 That culminate in glory.
 Each sacred bead holds 'gainst my need,
 And for the souls that languish,
 Celestial gain, surcease of pain,
 Sure solace in all anguish.
 My chaplet old, my chaplet dear,
 Heaven's music in thee lingers;
 I con thy jewels o'er and o'er,
 With loving, reverent fingers.
 What shall I fear when death draws near
 If thou hast been my treasure?
 My Mother, *she* will comfort me
 In love's own boundless measure.

Did the Church Ever Sell Indulgences?

BY FREDERIC SIEDENBURG, S. J.

THE casual reader of history knows that the "sale of indulgences" is said to be, according to Protestant authorities, the immediate cause of the Reformation; and the stereotyped story is still told how, in order "to get money, the Pope offered indulgences, or pardons for sin, at a certain price to those who would contribute money to the building of St. Peter's." * Often the story is more sweeping as well as more dramatic; and, with a pretence to details, it tells how indulgences, sold by the Popes at market prices, gave permission to commit future sins. Thus Russell, in his "History of Modern Europe," assures us that "the Pontiffs assumed the privilege of absolving individuals from the ties of moral duty by exercising the right of pardoning sins,—which was, in other words, granting a permission to commit them; for if it is known, as had long been the case in the Romish Church, at what price the punishment of a crime may be bought off, the encouragement to vice is the same as if a dispensation had been granted beforehand. *And even this was frequently indulged in.*" †

Of late years most non-Catholic writers, trained to severer canons of history and with original documents at their disposal, have written with less imagination and

* Seebohm, "The Era of the Protestant Revolution" (1875), p. 100.

† W. Russell, vol. i, p. 334.

with more truth; and yet they nearly all, at least implicitly, accuse the Church of selling indulgences. A writer in the late Lord Acton's Cambridge Histories, which are just being published, still informs us that "some bought their spiritual treasure from the Pope for so much cash."* These are the charges which we shall consider.

At the outset, let us understand clearly what the Church is accused of selling. In the exact language of the Catechism, "an indulgence is the remission of the whole or of the part of the *temporal punishment* due to sins *after the guilt and eternal punishment* have been forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance."† That the grant of an indulgence be valid, it must be authoritative and for a just cause; and that its reception be valid, the recipient must be free from all grievous sin. Therefore an indulgence is extra-sacramental, or, rather, a sequel to the Sacrament of Penance, and, far from favoring sin in any way, it necessarily restrains the passions and induces to repentance and piety.

The power of the Church to grant indulgences is founded on "the power of the keys," given by Christ to Peter, " whatsoever you shall loose on earth will be loosed in heaven" (Matt., xvi, 19). There is no limit put to this promise, and hence the Pope, the successor of Peter, can distribute to the faithful the rich treasury of the merits of Christ which are in his keeping. This treasury of the Church, many Protestants say, was invented in the thirteenth century. The truth is, that the term "*thesaurus Ecclesiæ*" was formulated in that century, while the belief was ever in the Church from the beginning. This is stated explicitly in the third century by Tertullian, when after leaving the Church he reproached her "for granting the things reserved for God."‡ But we have an earlier evidence of an indulgence, and one which no Christian can gainsay. St. Paul, in his Second

Epistle to the Corinthians (ii, 10), has left on record his own grant of an indulgence, when, in the "person of Christ," he remitted the temporal punishment which he had previously imposed upon an incestuous Corinthian (I. Cor., v, 3).

The underlying principle of indulgences is likewise found in the O'd Testament. Thus; to mention but one example, after Nathan had told David that his sin was forgiven, it was nevertheless punished in this life by the death of his child. Here we have the guilt of sin and eternal punishment blotted out by repentance, but a temporal punishment still due. Now, this temporal punishment must be paid in this life or in purgatory; and, with a view to this fact, the Church in all ages, when giving sacramental absolution, has imposed penances on the sinner. In the early ages these penances were very severe; and for each sin there was a definitely fixed penance, and hence they were called canonical penances.

With the onward march of time and the change to less strenuous customs, and especially with the cooling of the early Christian fervor, these penances became deterrent; and the Church, ever adapting her discipline to the good of the faithful, relaxed by degrees the stern laws of the early centuries into the milder dispensation of to-day. This change was principally effected by the use of indulgences, which, from being the exception in the Apostolic Church, have gradually become the general rule; and thus, though the principle or doctrine of indulgences has always been the same, still its practice, or discipline, has varied according to time, nation, and circumstance.

Even in the first centuries the canonical penances were sometimes remitted for grave cause or if the penitent manifested great contrition. In the third century St. Cyprian,* and in the fourth, Eusebius,† the Father of Church History,

* Cambridge Modern History (1904), vol. ii, p. 122.

† See "Ablass" in Herder's Kirchenlexicon; also Catechism of Perseverance, Gaume, vol. ii, p. 511.

‡ Tertullian, De Pudicit. 22.

* St. Cyprian, Epp. 57, 7.

† See Eusebius, Hist. Eccl., V. 32.

have left us interesting accounts of how these indulgences were granted. "A confessor in prison, expecting death for Christ, sent a letter of peace (*libellus pacis*) to the bishop, in favor of some brother Christian who was under canonical penance, and the bishop, if satisfied as to his contrition, remitted the penance and restored the penitent to the peace of the Church."* Here we have an exact counterpart of the modern practice of indulgences if, for the "letter of peace," we substitute "the indulgenced prayer."

Indulgences, therefore, are a remission of canonical penances; but to be truly such, they must avail before God; otherwise the faithful, freed in vain of the punishment due to the Divine Justice would have to suffer all the more in purgatory. The Church imposes a penance by her God-given power 'to bind on earth, so that it is also bound in heaven'; and she remits that penance by a like power 'to loose on earth so that it is also loosed in heaven' (Matt., xvi, 19). And, then, to satisfy for all the temporal punishment she has remitted, the Church offers to God the merits of the saints whose penances were more than enough for the temporal punishment due their own sins; and *most especially* she offers to God the infinite merits of Christ, which are all-sufficient in themselves and can never be exhausted.

This doctrine of the efficacy and vicarious nature of an indulgence is briefly and clearly set forth by one of the early Fathers of the Church, where, speaking of those "who have received letters from the martyrs and can be assisted by this prerogative before God," he continues: "He [the Lord] can mercifully pardon him who repents, labors, prays; He can set down to his account whatever the martyrs have asked and the *bishops have done for such persons.*"† This early explanation is the explanation of the Church to-day; namely, that indulgences are an exercise of the Christ-given

power of the Church, in behalf of the penitent faithful, and are justified by the merits of Christ and His saints. From this it is evident how false are the charges of Porteus, Bretschneider, and others, who interpret indulgences to mean that the virtues and merits of one man can serve for the virtues and merits of another.

Some historians waive the charge of selling indulgences when these apply to the living; for, say they, if the Church by ecclesiastical laws can impose a penance, she can by the same power remit that penance; and if to induce her subjects the more readily to accept her concessions she places as a condition of her grant the giving of a sum of money as an alms, that is her concern. But they argue: how can the Church accept even an alms destined for a good purpose, under the pretext of granting an indulgence for which she has no power, and to persons who are not her subjects? The temporal punishments of the dead, who are outside the jurisdiction of the Church, is not ecclesiastical, for it belongs to the judgments of God. Therefore, they conclude, an indulgence for the souls in purgatory is a cheat, and to take an alms for it, is even worse than selling an indulgence.

The conclusion of these historians is logical, but their premises are false, because the Church does not claim any *direct* dominion over the departed, as was expressly stated by Sixtus IV. in 1477: "Indulgences for the dead are only given by way of suffrage." This means that the Pope has no authority in purgatory, but as the Vicar of Christ on earth, he can humbly entreat God to accept the merits of Christ and the good works of saintly men, and, having respect to them, mercifully to remit the whole or a part of the punishment due to the suffering souls. It depends on God whether He will accept the offering and apply it to the souls for whom it is made; but knowing what God has taught us that "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed

* St. Cyprian, Epp. 15-17 and 33.

† Ibid., Ep. 18; De Laps. 36.

from their sins" (II Maccb., xii, 46), we feel confident that God will hearken to the prayers that He Himself has inspired, and it is in this sense that we say an indulgence "is applicable to the souls in purgatory."

Some historians seem to imply that these suffrages for the dead were inaugurated by Leo X. for the purpose of increasing the "sale of indulgences." They are refuted by the constant tradition of the Church, and by the well-known fact that in the ninth century Popes Pascal I. and John VIII. granted indulgences applicable to the dead who had fallen in the cause of the Church. The attitude of historians with regard to indulgences for the departed is especially hostile, but their historical charges are generally founded on what they erroneously suppose to be the teaching of the Church; and hence it is that a knowledge of the doctrine and even of the history of indulgences is indispensable to a consideration of our question.

In 1095 Urban II., wishing to rescue the Holy Land from the profanation of the Mahometans, offered a plenary indulgence to all who would make the crusade,—surely a religious act. At the time of the fifth crusade, Innocent III. extended this privilege to all who would contribute toward the expedition; and later on, the same expedient was used to arouse the faithful against the Turk, threatening Christendom. As years went on indulgences were granted more and more frequently to accelerate other works of charity and religion, especially the building of churches and hospitals.

This more general use of indulgences led theologians to draw out more fully the doctrine on which they rest, and it is important to note that the attacks of the so-called Reformers did not change a jot or tittle of that doctrine; they served only to bring out a more precise teaching of the Church, and this was done in the Council of Trent (1545). In his monograph on Luther, just published, the Protestant

theologian Lindsay admits that "indulgences go back a thousand years before the time of Luther, and that the doctrine of the Council of Trent is confirmed by the most eminent mediæval theologians."* That this council did not *create*, but only *formulated* the traditional doctrine, fair-minded non-Catholics admit. Thus, Dr. Dieckhoff, a learned Lutheran theologian of Germany, affirms that "Roman Catholic writers are correct when they maintain that, according to the Roman doctrine, only the temporal punishments were remitted by indulgences. Nothing else was asserted of indulgences, even in the time of Luther and even by Tetzel."† As Catholics, we go farther and say, that from the Apostles to the present day the substance of that doctrine has ever been the same, although, its modes of expression, like its practice, have varied with time and place.

With this doctrine before them, there are not wanting historians who still charge the Church with trafficking in holy things, and the burden of their proof is the fact that the Church has in the past granted some indulgences from "*the remission of sin*" (*ad remissionem peccatorum*), and others "*from punishment and guilt*" (*a pœna et culpa*). Evidently the refutation of these two accusations is pre-requisite to a solution of our question. Has the Church given an indulgence which directly remitted the guilt of sin? We answer, No. Moreover, she *could* not. No indulgence can be valid unless the penitent has confessed, or at least is contrite; and hence when a grant was given "*ad remissionem peccatorum*," the word *sin* is put for *punishment of sin*, as is frequently done in Holy Writ itself. (e. g., I Peter, ii, 24.) Moreover, the indulgence, together with confession and repentance, which it always supposes, are a moral unit, and in that sense it is taken in the decree of Pope Martin V. (1418) that "the Pope, for a just and holy

* Cambridge Modern History, vol. ii, p. 127.

† N. Paulus, "Johann Tetzel der Ablassprediger," p. 108.

cause, has power to grant indulgences for the remission of sin, to all Christians truly contrite and confessed (*vere contritis et confessis*).” *

In a few cases indulgences have been granted under the form “*a pœna et culpa*,” but this phrase has been reprobed by Popes Benedict XIV. and Clement V. as an abuse and foreign to the mind and practice of the Church.† The presence of such ambiguous expressions is not surprising when we consider that by the permission of the Holy See indulgences were granted by bishops, who, knowing that they would be understood by the faithful, were not always precise and technical in the expression of their concessions. The question whether the Church has ever granted an indulgence giving license to sin has almost died a natural death. Not many years ago it was still current in writers like Benson‡ and Fowler§ and a contributor to the *British Review* assures us that “most Englishmen, from the poet-laureate to the parish clerk, all believe that Catholics obtain these indulgences by anticipation.” || Nor are Americans free from this fiction. Motley, in the introduction to his “Rise of the Dutch Republic,” repeats it in its vilest form; while even the gentle Longfellow puts it to verse in the “Cobbler of Hagenau,” when he says:

Indulgences were set to sale
Like ballads at a country fair.

Of course this calumny is found at random in Lea’s so-called “History of Indulgences.” But we need not mind that, since his dishonest methods of suppressing the truth and perverting quotations have been exposed again and again.¶ The last attempt to revive this calumny, known to the writer is that of a Protestant theologian in “Die Zeit-

schrift für Kirchengeschichte,” * where St. Thomas of Aquin is quoted as advising priests to guard their flocks against this error; and straightway the historian concludes that this was the prevalent notion among the laity in the thirteenth century. And this is history!! This is a proof!!

Our question has now been sifted to this: Has the Church ever sold an indulgence in the proper and strict meaning of the words? Has the Church remitted a part or the whole of the temporal punishment due to sin, purely for a money consideration and independent of any conditions on the part of the giver? Among the more reputable historians, the writer could not find one case where the charge is definitely made and proved in detail; for amid the hue and cry of “the scandalous sale of indulgences” we look in vain for a proof. We have an abundance of sentiment, innuendo and subtle arguments founded on ignorance of fact or false interpretations of doctrine; but nowhere do we find a document or a positive proof that a Pope or a bishop granted an indulgence in exchange for lucre.

The limits of this article will permit us to consider but a single charge, and we will select the one which is *par excellence* the stock accusation of the enemies of the Church; the one which every schoolboy has conned and learned by rote, for even the primer of history states it as an undeniable fact. Let us examine this “fact.” In 1514 Pope Leo X. determined to carry out the great project of his predecessor Julius II., and build at Rome a Christian temple which should be the glory of the world. To promote this grand and pious object, Leo appealed to all the nations for aid. He issued a Bull in which he promised ample indulgences to all who would contribute to this cathedral of Christendom.

In Germany, Albrecht, Archbishop of Mainz, was appointed to execute the intentions of the Pontiff, and he selected

* Denzinger, *Enchiridion*, p. 155, art. 26.

† Beringer, “Die Ablässe” (ed. 11), p. 12.

‡ Benson, “Man of Sin.”

§ Fowler, “Design of Christianity.”

|| *British Review*, 1829, vol. iii, p. 101.

¶ See “Notes on Lea,” by Casey, Philadelphia (1899); also *Athenæum*, Sept. 19, 1896. *Dub. Rev.*, Oct., 1897; *Cath. World*, March, 1897; *Cath. Quar. Rev.*, Jan. 1901.

* Dr. Joh. Dietterle, 1904, s. 266.

as the chief preacher of the indulgences a Dominican friar, named John Tetzel. In the course of his preaching, Tetzel, in 1517, came to Juterbogk, near Wittenberg, where, to quote the stereotyped version, "he granted indulgences for sins to those who could pay for them, and offered to release souls from purgatory, if any of their friends would pay for their release. As soon as the money chinked in the money-box, the souls would be let out of purgatory. This made Luther's blood boil; for he knew that the whole thing was a cheat, etc."* According to Luther in his false and filthy "Table Talk," Tetzel preached "that the red cross on the indulgences with the Pope's seal was just as powerful as the Cross of Christ; that in heaven he [Tetzel] would not take second place to St. Peter; for he with his indulgences had saved more souls than Peter by preaching; that repentance and contrition were not necessary to gain an indulgence, etc."† Then, we are told, Luther, filled with a heavenly courage, nailed his ninety-five theses upon the door of the palace church, which, according to Menzel, "like a spark of vivid light amid profound darkness rendered the truth visible, and thousands became aware of facts of which they had before timidly doubted."‡ Russell sums it up thus: "From declaiming against abuses, Luther proceeded to usurpations; from usurpations to errors, till the whole fabric of the Romish Church began to totter."§ Now, what are the facts in the case, according to the best and latest historians, Protestant and Catholic?

With regard to Tetzel, he certainly was not an immoral man; nor did he say or do the scandalous and absurd things attributed to him by Protestant slander from the days of Luther to the present time. He has been accused of inventing

tricks and frauds which are centuries older, and are found among the well-known fables of "Pfaff Amis" and the "Decameron." Not many years ago a Protestant archbishop, in a public sermon, accused him of offering "immunity from crimes and sins for money payment, warranting his ware with the confidence of a huckster." Of course no proof was given; for it seems that in all history there is no other proof of an indulgence for sin except the universal one of Luther himself: *Pecca fortiter sed fide fortius*. ("Sin bravely, provided you believe strongly"*)). In the light of the latest inquiry, it is evident that Tetzel was not responsible for any abuses, even though he may have been indiscreet in the selection of associates. It is now certain that history has done a great injustice to him, and it is gratifying to note that the calumny of his "shameless traffic," as Dr. Andrews calls it, is on the decline. Thus Shirren, the Protestant archivist, declares: "It is no credit to Lutheran historians that on the basis of worthless testimony they have been satisfied with simply heaping personal abuse on Luther's first adversary, John Tetzel."†

It seems certain that some of Tetzel's associates abused the indulgence by exaggerating its merits and neglecting to emphasize the conditions which they knew were essential to gain it; but these abuses have been magnified beyond all reason and truth. For example, D'Aubigné, a bitter enemy of the Church, reproaches Tetzel and his companions with neglecting all mention of confession and repentance; and yet on the same page he is compelled to admit that "those who gained the indulgence did so by going to confession."‡ In another place he acknowledges that for public crimes public penances were insisted upon, and then to obscure this truth he calls the penance "a wretched mummery."§ It is not

* Seebohm, id., p. 102.

† Tisch, II. c. 4, 85. See Verres "Luther, an Historical Portrait," p. 54.

‡ Menzel, "Germany from the Earliest Period," vol. ii, p. 372. (Collier, 1899.)

§ "Modern History," vol. i, p. 335.

* Verres, id., p. 48.

† N. Paulus, id., p. 13.

‡ D'Aubigné, "History of the Reformation," vol. i, p. 215.

§ Ibid., vol. i, p. 216.

likely that confession and public penance were frequently without repentance, and it is difficult to reconcile them with a "traffic in holy things."

Moreover, indulgences were not "sold for a fixed price," for the simple reason that they were not sold at all. Each one was free to contribute according to his means, and even those who could not contribute could gain the indulgence. This is proved from the fact that the archbishop reminded all who preached the indulgence of the instructions in the Papal Bull: "Not to refuse the privilege to any who fulfilled the conditions; viz., confession, Communion and fasting, the object of the indulgence being the welfare of Christians no less than the rebuilding of St. Peter's. Those who could give no alms were to substitute fasting and prayer, for the kingdom of heaven was to be accessible to the poor as to the rich."* D'Aubigné admits this; but, as usual, adds: "An angry look was cast on those who dared to close their purses."† Commenting on this remark, a Catholic historian says: "When Protestant preachers take up collections at the close of their sermons for the support of themselves and of their wives and children, can it be said with propriety that they sell their sermons for the amounts thus contributed, even should it happen that those sums more than equalled the value received, and that they cast angry looks on those who do not bestow? But the questors of indulgences did not go so far, even according to the showing of our very prejudiced D'Aubigné. He tells us "that the hand that delivered the indulgence could not receive the money; that was forbidden under the severest penalties."‡ The faithful of the sixteenth century understood that the money they contributed was an *alms*, just as we do when we contribute to a similar pious purpose.

This, however, is certain beyond all cavil: that whatever abuses there may have been, they were not authorized by the Church. The Bull of Leo X. explicitly mentioned as necessary the conditions of repentance, etc. The pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Mainz repeated them for the benefit of pastor and people. No one accuses the Pope of collusion in these abuses, and even Menzel admits that "Leo X. was free from personal vices."* In 1519 the alleged indiscretions of Tetzel were disavowed by the Papal envoy, Carl Miltitz; and later on this disavowal was confirmed by Cardinal Cajetan, as representative of the Pope, while the Sorbonne of Paris officially declared that the Papal Decree in no way justified any abuses.

Luther himself admitted that there were no authorized abuses, when in the beginning of the controversy he expressed the opinion that "the Pope must not be aware of the abuses."† And again, in writing to Tetzel, when the latter was on his death-bed, Luther assured him that the question of indulgences was not the cause of his rebellion, adding, "the child has quite a different father."‡ Again, is it not strange that Luther, who well knew the strict doctrines of the Church, should have discovered only after two years that the Papal indulgences were "scandalously sold"; for it was only after he had broken with the Church that he trumped up this charge to bolster up his revolt?

As to the dramatic nailing of his theses on the door of the palace church, that was of common occurrence in an university town; and hence the "Heaven inspired" protest against the superstition of Rome becomes an ordinary mundane invitation, bidding the learned to a theological discussion in Latin. In 1518 Luther tells us that, "contrary to his wishes, his theses were translated and spread among the people." §

* Rohrbacher-Shulte, *Universal Geschichte der Kath. Kirche* (Münster, 1873), 18-24.

† D'Aubigné, vol. i, p. 216.

‡ Spaulding, "History of Protestant Reformation," vol. i, p. 117.

* Menzel, *ib.*, vol. ii, p. 865.

† *Enc. Brit.* vol. xx, p. 326; "Reformation," by J. B. Mullinger.

‡ Quoted by Janssen, vol. ii, p. 77.

§ *Enc. Brit.* xx, p. 326.

As to the "vivid light of new truth" shed abroad by his theses, it is purely imaginary, for the theses are a motley mixture of false and sound doctrines; and as to the much-vaunted pure doctrine of the Scriptures which they contain, such as, "no forgiveness without repentance," "the Pope can not grant an indulgence from the *guilt* of sin," etc., they are, as Luther well knew, the constant teaching of the Church on those subjects. Contradictions, too, are not wanting; thus in the 6th thesis he maintains that the Pope can only *declare* a sin to be forgiven by God; while in the 44th he asserts that an indulgence absolutely frees a man from punishment. The 66th thesis hints at an abuse of indulgences, and then the 71st anathematizes "whoever shall speak against the truth of Apostolic indulgences."* The best that can be said of these theses and their purpose is that under the guise of a scholastic disputation and amid the excitement of some local abuses, Luther took advantage of the occasion to mix with sound doctrines some dangerous opinions of his own. Nor is this surprising; since for several years before this event he was suspected of holding unorthodox views on grace, justification, and free will.† All this is confirmed by the fact that he soon after attacked the authority of the Church, which was indeed the real battle ground of the revolt. Even Lindsay, an admirer of Luther, says of his theses: 'Their lack of precise theological definition and of logical arrangement are singularly unlike what was to be expected from a theologian.' ‡

The ninety-five theses of Luther were answered by one hundred and six counter theses of Tetzel, who *nailed* his defiance to the doors of the University of Frankfort on the Oder. Their clear and simple statement of Catholic teaching on the question at issue is a sufficient answer to

those who accuse Tetzel of propagating "new doctrines in order to fill his coffers with gold." Tetzel clearly says that "none could gain the indulgences unless he were in the state of true repentance and charity, at peace with God and desirous of his glory; and therefore the alms which he gave proceeded from a desire to serve God *with good works*, and, as it was well known, the God-fearing people, not loose, idle vagabonds, sought to gain the indulgence."*

Now, to clear up these historical data, suppose we grant that in those crude days some of the ignorant regarded the money which they contributed and for which they received their Papal bills, not as an alms but as a price paid for a spiritual benefit; and suppose we grant that even the educated at times failed to act according to the purpose of the indulgence. What would that prove? Simply this: that they did not act according to the intentions of the Church, and as a consequence they did not gain the indulgence. And the same would be true to-day if, for example, a Catholic did not comply with all the conditions of a Jubilee indulgence, although he contributed the customary alms.

Again, suppose we grant that some who preached the indulgence showed more ingenuity than zeal in the manner of offering the indulgence and collecting the alms, than in publishing and demanding the conditions of confession and repentance. What would that prove? Simply this: that they were unfaithful stewards of a holy work. If a priest to-day were unduly concerned about the *stipend* for saying a certain Mass, no one on that account, could reasonably say that he sold the infinite Sacrifice of the Mass for a sum of money. Nor would a Catholic take it as a proof of the sale of a Mass if some one would quote a Catholic as saying that he gave a priest a dollar for saying a Mass. Catholics, like other

* Lutheri Opera (7vol.) I. 51 B. sq. Wittenberg, 1539.

† Janssen, vol. ii, p. 74.

‡ Camb. Modern History, vol. ii, p. 129.

* Janssen, vol. ii, p. 77; Stone, "Reformation and Renaissance," p. 198.

people, are not always theologically accurate when speaking or writing on matters religious; and non-Catholics, taking advantage of this most natural fact, make such untechnical expressions the foundations of their proof.

Catholic historians freely admit that there were at times abuses and scandals in the matter of indulgences, just as they admit them in the other ministrations of the Church which depend on the free will of man. In the nineteen hundred years of the Church's existence it is quite possible that every benefit which she confers on her children has been abused, but that does not argue against its use and intrinsic goodness. Though the Church is of divine origin, and can not err in her dogmas of faith and morals, her members are human, and sometimes her priests and prelates—and not the least of such was Luther himself—have been unworthy of her sanctuary. "Scandal must come, but woe to him by whom it cometh."

When the bare truth has been sifted out of all the charges against the indulgence of Leo X.—and the same is true of those of the Jubilee and the Spanish "Bula de la Cruzada,"*—we invariably find just a grain of truth mixed up with a full measure of fiction, ignorance and prejudice. In its last analysis, the whole question, even under its worst form, comes to this: the *Church* has never sold an indulgence, although individual *churchmen* may have at times abused a sacred trust committed to them by the Vicar of Christ.

* See the *Month*, Feb. and March, 1904.

WHEN you have to make arrangements, settle quarrels, or win others to your views, take care to be as mild as possible. You will accomplish more, and conquer more readily, by yielding and humbling yourself, than by harshness and disputation. Who does not know that more flies are caught with an ounce of honey than with a hundred barrels of vinegar?

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Lute-Player of Notre Dame.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

HE sat on the stone doorstep with his knees crossed on a level with his eyes; and the eyes, which were large and dark, kept roving up and down the street. Mostly, though, they rested on the little stone figure, French Gothic, Our Lady, surrounded by angels, in the niche across the way. It was a slim, soft-jointed build of a boy, quite childish still, in a worn doublet, the long hose discolored, and shuffling foot-gear dusty with travel. The lute in his hands, soiled and weird of note, gave forth the decrepit music of age. It had seen better days and more skilful players. But he, because he had his dream and his will of song-power, called himself "Minstrel of Notre Dame."

It was a grave vocation, a great task; but the days were the days of chivalry, and the lad was a nomad born. People saw him coming, going, year in, year out. If they had ever known where he came from, they had forgotten. He was a world's denizen like the despised, twittering sparrow, too mean to account for. Sometimes they would call him in to sing at a wedding feast; or, round about Christmas time, he was brought within the glow of country firesides for a "Noël." The monks at Béguières, too, had taught him hymns. But when he broke into queer, small songs of birds on a twig, or flowers by the wayside, or water babbling in the shade of trees, he could not say where he learned them. Those were his own. The care of his life was to wander in the highroads and the byroads, looking for Our Lady's shrines. When he found them he sat himself down, or stood, singing to her, the song generally being *Ave Maria*. And though the treble voice, fluting its tender notes, brought the idle around him, he never asked for alms,—not when he sang for his Lady. This was the age of chivalry, you know.

He said his name was Adrien Dieudonné. When he was quite a small child there had been more to it, but it was too hard to remember. His mother had told him; she called him Adrien. He could remember his mother. She taught him his fingering on the lute, and told him he must always love the Blessed Virgin. After that she grew to be nothing more but the memory of a white figure on a bed, associated with the scent of certain flowers. And he was Adrien Dieudonné, the waif, good to look at, for the light shone goldenly on the white tissue of his skin; and the fringe of his black hair hung down, heavy, almost to his eyes. And happy, perhaps; for he could rise up at dawn each day and go out to meet the sun; but still a waif, having for closest companionship the rosy tree-tops and the morning birds.

The street in which he sat was narrow and dusty. The houses on either side looked down as though they felt they were too tall, and were trying hard not to crowd it. A strip of radiant blue lay overhead. The boy's eyes, from their roving, came back to the image of Our Lady. He wanted her to remember it was for her he sang. Sometimes a little shrill, sometimes a little plaintive, but with a piercing sweetness to them, the notes rose and fell, and the lute chorded its quaint measures in accompaniment: "*Ave Maria*, pray for us sinners! *Ave Maria*, full of grace!"

A cavalcade approached, the horses stepping gingerly at a footpace, the riders jesting from saddle to saddle. The villagers drew away, flattening themselves against the houses. First rode an elderly man, keen of eye and stern of face, alone. Then a woman fair as the sunrise; at her elbow, pressing forward in the narrow way, a man ruddy and dark of eye, a soldier by his gallant bearing. Then another woman, younger but less fair than the first. Lastly a servant with blazonry on his chest and arm. The leader of the cavalcade passed the little minstrel with a glance. The lady reined in and ceased

her banter. The lad sang on. "My lord calls," the cavalier protested.

"What a lovely child!" she only answered. And she leaned from her saddle. "Come here, *mon petit*. What is that you were singing?"

"*Ave Maria*, Madame. Do you not know it?"

"Will you come sing for me at my house?"

"If you so wish it." And he looked in her face. "*You* have eyes like a brook."

The woman laughed, coloring with pleasure; and the man laughed looking at her. "*Ma foi!* here is a courtier already."

"Sister, my lord calls."

"Immediately, Agnes. Will you go with me now, little minstrel? Take him up with you, Jean Paul. I will hear him sing at my leisure. Where do you live, *mon petit?*"

"Nowhere, Madame."

"Who cares for you?"

"My Lady."

"You are attached to some one's service?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Then, by my faith, child, you had better change. Your clothes are in tatters. And I could wager you have had no breakfast. Shall I not take him in my train, Henri?"

"Only too happy that your ladyship looks at him."

And the laughter, broken into by the sharp clatter of hoofs, resumed as they moved on.

Jean Paul of the grim visage and the blazonry had taken the boy in front of him. Nobody paid any further attention to him save when, at some turning, his fair captress turned back to smile on him, or rather to make sure he was there. He was certainly there as Jean Paul's knees were stiff and his arms not soft. Jean Paul, in all his retainer's life, had never disobeyed an order or forsaken a trust. Besides, the captive was submissive. The splendor of his companion's apparel impressed the boy, and he stole admir-

ing glances at the wonder of mane and bridle never seen so close before. Not that he was disturbed by this adventure. He had often been compelled to sing at others' bidding, and none too graciously. This lady who bent down and called him "*mon petit*" would surely not harm him. He had sung in many places, inns, and the cottages of husbandmen generally; but occasionally he had been brought into great halls, where numberless people ate at princely tables, and he tranquilly thought this lady must live in some such place of power.

Once outside the village, the cavalcade broke into a sharp trot along white country roads bordered by hedge-rows until they came to a tall iron gate surmounted by a coronet. A bareheaded keeper thrèw it open, and beyond it lay the great avenue shaded with trees, dim and solemn as a cathedral aisle. The cavalcade dismounted in a paved court, and the lady bethought her to ask the minstrel's name.

"Adrien Dieudonné," he answered.

The ruddy cavalier turned quickly.

"Hein? Adrien Dieudonné, and what else?"

"Nothing else, messire."

"Singular. It gave me a turn. Does your ladyship remember any one of that name?"

"Not I, Henri. But they are not uncommon—the two together."

"True. Recollection gives one curious twinges. And, sometimes, heartache."

"Fie, Marquis! A guardsman with a heartache! Sister, send down one of my women; will you? Who was it, Henri?"

"A comrade, haply dead."

Mysterious feminine whispers followed the arrival of a middle-aged duenna, to whom the minstrel was committed. Truth to tell, he had some need of her ministrations. But while she washed, scrubbed and combed him severely, her words were kind. She brought him linen garments that had belonged to one of my lady's pages, now a King's archer, she said. Then a suit of azure satin with silver

trimmings, faded enough indeed, but so fine still it made the boy gasp; and finally fed him in her own room venison pasty and *eau rouge*. After that she turned placidly to sewing, and the boy stood looking out at the window. It seemed to him that in some manner he was a prisoner,—not a real one, for he had seen the real ones, starved and half-naked, pressing their wan faces to the gratings on the street; but he had lost the liberty to come and go. Once he dared to urge that it was long past noon, that he must be gone; that he had far to travel before dusk. The woman raised her calm eyes and replied my lady had not sent for him. So he gazed out on the beautiful garden with its terraces, fair walks, and fish-ponds and grew weary.

Presently his buxom keeper saw that his two hands were being used to hide his face from her. She guessed his tears. A messenger was sent down by another youth in blue and silver and he returned to say my lady was in the rose-garden and would see the lute-player there. A bevy of maids surrounded her; the brown-eyed cavalier still kept his place at her side; foliage framed the group into a picture; my lady motioned the child to sit upon the sward. His fingers toyed with the frets and slightly, tentatively, on the single melody string, rehearsed the familiar air: "*Ave Maria!*"

"We heard that this morning," objected his patroness, gently.

"Do you not know some love ditty?"

"He is too young, Madame," laughed one of the maids saucily.

"Tut, Isabel! Sing the *Chant d'Amour*, little minstrel."

"I was going to, my lady, and you would not have it."

"Then sing a song of battle," interposed the man. "I can not understand why the child's face haunts me!"

The boy was playing an accompaniment, and when his soft voice fell in with the delicately sensitive timbre of the instrument they found he was singing in

older French than theirs the "Plaint of Notre Dame." They listened respectfully; for the day was not past when in bower and camp heads were bowed at the recital of this Mother's woes. In quick succession he gave them the "Rain Song," unrhymed words threaded to a peculiar air, and then, as though he had but remembered the soldier's request, one of the Songs of Rollo. My lady, as she rose, thanked him and praised him, bidding him make ready to sing again after dinner, for my lord would willingly hear sweet music, and reward the singer. The child stood, troubled and perplexed; he had thought his duties at an end, but the pages, to whose hall he was now conducted, told him he must not dare to leave, as my lady's wishes were commands. He sat at board among the retainers, and, at length, as my lady had said, was brought to her husband's presence. Only four or five persons were present. My lord listened with pleasure, complimented the minstrel; then took the lute and examined it with the air of one who understands rare instruments. He smiled at the name of the Padua maker, touched the strings, bent to the knots and roses of the sounding-board. Turning it over, a small silver plate in the neck of the instrument caught his eye.

"What is that?" he asked guardedly of the boy.

"My lord, I know not. A cross and five hearts, I think."

"Whence have you the lute?"

"It was my mother's."

"But how was it hers? Where did she get it?"

"She always had it, my lord. I know no more."

Then my lord grew suddenly weary and dismissed the company, and the lute-player was ordered to a great dusky bed with velvet hangings; long he lay tossing, excited with the day's adventures; but he had slept for hours, sweetly and soundly, when the soldier marquis stood up to face an ordeal in my lord's cabinet.

"There is not the slightest doubt in

my mind, my lord; the lad's features, the coincidence of the name, the family device."

"Ah! your mind, Henri! I know: always made up on every subject. And a son is, of course, always an heir?"

"Adrien's son, my lord, would be."

"Beautiful! ah! And the proofs are in your hands?"

"Ah! my lord, that is what saddens me. The boy does not know his own name, has forgotten what place his mother lived in. There are no proofs, I fear."

"Good! I am glad you grant that. And you are going to undertake this search for a son who may not be a son, and for a friend who managed to disappear very successfully during the wars in Italy. You can not swear he is dead. Are you sure he would thank you?"

"My lord, you trouble me."

"I am glad if I do. Listen to me, Henri. Your brother's wife is now in possession, a charming woman. Leave well enough alone. You do not know what bubble you are chasing. Let the boy be among my lady's pages, afterward to the army or the cloister. We will take away the unfortunate lute and give him a new one in exchange. He will be no poorer for it. Or let him go undisturbed on his minstrel's way if you prefer. He will not suffer: he is inured to poverty."

"But, my lord, justice!"

"Bah! Henri,—bah! Your delightful sister-in-law is my kinswoman too. Let us be gentlemen at least."

In the grey of dawn, over the garden wall, crept a small figure in dusty clothes. Little Adrien could not recover from his first impression that this beautiful place was a prison, and his jailers were all asleep. He had stolen softly from his tapestried chamber, down the great stairs, through the deserted hall, so still and silent. He thought it strange nobody should stop or interfere with him. He recollected the way out, beyond the shrubbery, to the long straight avenue. What he did not recollect was that the long straight avenue

sped away in absolute similarity of perspective to right and left. To the right one mile, reaching the iron gate. To the left thirty miles across forests reserved for hunting. He turned to the left quite merrily. A bell in the distance pealed out the morning Angelus. He took off his cap and sang it running and leaping for joy. Then the birds and droning insects settled down to their toil and the sun grew warm.

The boy walked slowly on, hungry but hopeful. Noon, and no end to this terrible vision of relentless road. He met a keeper who asked his business, and who laughed when he said he was going to the next village. At a rough guess, it might be eighteen miles. He gave him directions. There was a wagon road by which he could reach the huts of charcoal burners; they would feed him. Were there any shrines of Our Lady hereabouts? He did not know. Away went the boy again; presently he thought he recognized the road in question, strayed aside into a path, then lost all sense of direction, and the darkness of exhaustion overcame him. He thought he would rest awhile, then stumbled on and on, farther and farther from the right way. A solitary farm-house loomed into sight, and he attempted to reach it; but when he was far from it still, mastiffs sprang out upon him, and in his fright he turned back, and ran over the very same ground he had covered before.

He was bewildered now; he recognized the fact himself. And the afternoon sun was closing down on the warm earth, reluctant to leave it. Now, soon, would come the purple dusk. He cut across fields, over fens and through heavy bog-land set with briars,—places where no human being ever set foot. He was half dazed with fatigue and starvation, and the intangible fear and cruel anxiety of the lost. He stumbled continuously, praying to his Lady meanwhile for help and succor. Then the sun seemed to strike a spark of fire on the distant horizon, and

the boy divined a cross upon a steeple. Lower down he could detect the blaze of windows. Here was a town, therefore; somewhere, a road. Ere long he found it; and he found, too, a wayside chapel rising modestly in the dusk: over the entrance arch, "*Mater Christi, ora pro nobis!*" The minstrel fell upon his knees at the threshold. Then, because this was the only shrine he had found to-day, sick and faint with want as he was, he drew the lute from its covering and seated himself upon the step to sing. As the plaintive, weary voice rose in its delicate-noted salutation, a man, kneeling within the narrow precincts of the chapel, rose and drew near. He listened unnoticed until the singer ceased. The child grew startled at the figure bending over him, and repulsed the proffered coin.

"No, sir. I thank you,—no. I was singing for Our Lady."

"God hear the song then! But the hour is surely late for minstrelsy. Which way do you go next?"

"To the town, if I can reach it, messire."

"You can surely reach it, and we will make better travelling together. You have heard no doubt ere this that a companion shortens the way."

But the companion beside him walked all silent, too spent for conversation, and his feet lagged in the dust. In vain the stranger plied him with questions. The short answers barely parted the lips. A sickness was upon the little lute-player, though he strove manfully to overcome it. He did not wish his new friend to perceive the faintness, the sweat drops. Suddenly, in the midst of tales of war and the woes of prison days, the man saw the small figure collapse unexpectedly, and lie huddled where it fell. He called him, shook him. The soft flesh felt cold and lifeless. In the dark the stranger, groping, gathered him up in his arms and looked around for some place of shelter. Some distance farther, stood a house with lit windows. He made for that, kicking the door unceremoniously.

"Ho! Within! Open in the name of God! Here is a poor lad taken sick on the road."

A peasant woman peered out, and stood blinking suspiciously. The man pushed past her and laid his burden in the clear space before the hearth. The room was very bright with lamp and firelight. In the glow, plainly, for the first time, he beheld the child's face. A low exclamation broke from him. He could not see his own face just then; but it looked exceedingly like the boy's, white and wan with great dark eyes and the dark hair grey with dust. Even his clothes were poor and travel-stained as the boy's. Dumb-founded, he stood and looked, making no effort to revive the waif; but he reached out his hand stealthily, as one who would wish his own self not to know his acts, and took the lute. Mechanically, he unwound the wool covering, saw the pearl knots and roses, paused, and glanced at the lad anew. Then he turned over the instrument, found the device on the back, and the silence in the room grew so profound it was appalling. The fire broke out into cracklings and spittings, and the woman, mute spectator until then, moved forward:

"Sir, shall we not do something for your son?"

"Yes," he answered inarticulately,—
"yes, for my son."

The woman bustled immediately, and in a moment exclaimed:

"Ah! good! he stirs. Poor youngling! You have walked him too far. It is nothing, a slight faint. I will get water."

The heavy lids had dropped again. The man fell on his knees and so crept forward until his face was close to the child's face: "*Adrien Dieudonné*," . . . he formulated slowly in a voice solemn as if he called the dead.

The boy sighed softly.

"Aye," he answered, raising himself, and, half-unconscious still, his two hands went out and knotted themselves in the man's hair.

Love's Debt.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

TWO messages have come to me to-day,
And solemn death the burden is of each;
Yet how diverse the lessons clear they teach!
"A great man dead," the city journals say—
"One known to all the world has passed away";
And worldly sermons o'er his corpse they preach.

Then comes a simple Sister's grief-shot speech:
"My father died last night; for him please pray."

Beyond the boundaries of time and earth
The souls of both the dead are living yet,
And know, if ne'er before, the real worth
Of deeds wherewith survivors pay love's debt:
Full futile seem the world's loud plaudits there;
But precious, 'bove all price, the Sister's prayer.

Confessions of a Convert.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

IV.

THINK that it was in the summer and autumn of 1902 that I began to write a book called the "*Light Invisible*." Some stories of my eldest brother's had put the idea into my mind, and I began to write these little by little, as I had time. The stories, which are of a semi-mystical and imaginative nature, centre round a man whom I call a "*Catholic priest*"; and I have been asked again and again whether I intended this man to be a Roman Catholic or an Anglican. My only answer is that I intended him to be neither. My theory of the Church Diffusive more and more drove me to obliterate, in my preaching as well as in my thoughts, any distinction between what I believed to be the various parts of Christ's mystical Body; and in the "*Light Invisible*," accordingly, I aimed deliberately at the water-line. For by this time, too, my difficulties were once more recurring, so I tried not to indicate by the slightest hint the communion to which my hero

belonged. This I see now to have been more significant than I realized at the time: I did not have that supreme confidence in the Church of England which would naturally have made me content to call him an Anglican and have done with it.

Before, during and after the writing of this book I was more and more becoming interested in mystical lines of thought. I put away from me the contemplation of cold-cut dogma, and endeavored to clothe it with the warm realities of spiritual experience; and in the book itself I attempted to embody dogma rather than express it explicitly. I have been asked whether any of the stories were "true," and to that I have no answer except that the book itself does not claim to be anything other than fiction. I think that to some extent I must have been successful in hitting the water-line between Catholicism and Anglicanism, since the book still sells well both among Catholics and Anglicans. Yet I was undoubtedly deeply affected by Anglicanism; for when I wrote a story in the book about a nun's praying before the Blessed Sacrament, I had in my mind an Anglican convent which I knew, and was staying at the time in the clergy house of St. Cuthbert's, Kensington, where the Sacrament is reserved. Yet at the same time I remember dissociating myself internally from any actual self-committing as to what I intended; it was not that I at all disbelieved in Anglican Orders at that time, yet I never felt that the repudiation of them would be a serious obstacle to my submission to the Church.

Here, although it is something of an anachronism, I should like to explain how I managed to hold that apparently unsatisfactory position. Later on, when matters were serious, my superior told me that he could not understand it; that I appeared to be indifferent to spiritual experience; that it was a terrible thing for me to contemplate repudiating all the grace which I had received and bestowed through the sacraments of the Church of England. Yet, honestly, I did not find it a burden.

The way I expressed it to myself was this. There are two things in the reception of grace—the fact and the mode. The fact is a matter of spiritual intuition; the mode, of intellectual apprehension. As regarded the former, the actual communications between Our Lord and my soul, granted above all at moments of great solemnity, I neither had nor have the slightest doubt. Without any sort of hesitation, I still say that the times of Communion in the chapel at Mirfield, and of Anglican confession, will always be among the most sacred of my life; to deny reality to them would be indeed to betray Our Lord and repudiate His love. But the mode is quite another matter. While I was in the Church of England, I accepted, practically to the very end, her authoritative statement that I was a priest, and the consequent deduction that the grace of her ordinances was actually sacramental. But when I submitted to Rome, I accepted with far greater security, with an internal as well as an external consent, her authoritative statement that I never was a priest at all. She has never asked me to repudiate anything else on the subject, or to assert anything so entirely blasphemous and absurd as that which Anglicans occasionally pretend of her—namely, the diabolical or even illusive nature of the grace that God bestows on those who are in good faith. In my confessions in the Church of England, I, at any rate, made acts of contrition and did my best to comply with the Sacrament of Penance; in my Communions I lifted up my heart toward the Bread of Life; and, therefore, Our Lord could not be the Rewarder of those that seek Him if He had not visited me in response.

All this, I think, I saw quite plainly long before my submission was imminent; and the fact that I was told, upon explaining, that I was splitting hairs, did not trouble me. I understood that a hair's breadth is sometimes a great distance. About Jurisdiction I neither knew nor cared anything.

In the summer of 1902 I told my mother,

in a walk, that I had had Roman difficulties, but that they were gone again; and at the same time I promised her that should they recur, I would tell her at once. Sometime between that and Christmas I had to fulfil my promise. I can never feel enough gratitude that I did so, and that she received my confidence in the way that she did. I kept both her and my superior informed of every step of the process through which I went, and carried out their recommendations to the letter; I read all the books I was given on the Anglican side, and consulted all the living authorities proposed to me. They both treated me throughout with the utmost kindness and consideration. Even from secondary motives I am thankful that I acted as I did; for both of them, when my submission had taken place, and a flood of accusations as regarded underhandness and deceit poured in as usual, informed their correspondents that such accusations were entirely untrue.

I think it must have been in the October of this year that I reached such a pitch of distress that, with my superior's permission, I wrote to a distinguished priest an account of all my difficulties. (I will presently try to indicate what they were.) His answer was very surprising. He defined for me very carefully the doctrine of Papal Infallibility and the exact sense put upon it by the general feeling of the Church, and advised me to wait. He saw, I suppose, that I had not yet thought accurately enough upon the point. For a very short while I was slightly reassured; I took the letter as a kind of omen. But almost immediately my doubts recurred. I had preaching engagements that would naturally occupy me most of the winter, and these were now imminent; I asked leave to withdraw from them, but my superior thought it better not; and, looking back upon it, it seems to me now that the best chance of silencing the clamor of my ideas did indeed lie in active work.

I preached a mission or two and returned to Mirfield; I went home for

Christmas, and once more came back to the community. By this time I was really in sore distress; I had even asked a recent convert, lately ordained priest, and a great friend of mine, who came to stay at my mother's house in November, to pray for me. But my distress quieted again ever so little in the atmosphere of Mirfield; and once more I was sent out, very unwillingly, to preach a mission or two, and conduct Holy Week services and discourses in a church in the south of England. On Good Friday I preached the "Three Hours"; and on Easter Day evening for the last time I stood in an Anglican pulpit, and preached on the appearance of Our Lord to the penitent Magdalene. As I came down the steps at the end, I think I knew what would happen. I then returned to Mirfield, exhausted physically, mentally, and spiritually.

It does not seem to me that Catholic controversialists as a body in the least realize what Anglicans have to go through before they can make their submission. I am not speaking of external sufferings,—of the loss of friends, income, position, and even the barest comforts of life. From the loss of all these I was spared, though it is true that the leaving of the community was about the most severe external trial I have ever undergone; yet I did not, I think, lose the personal friendship of the individual members. I still see them occasionally, and hear from them. I mean rather the purely internal conflict. One is drawn every way at once; the soul aches as in intolerable pain; the only relief is found in a kind of passionless Quietism. To submit to the Church seems, in prospect, to be going out from the familiar and the beloved and the understood, into a huge, heartless wilderness, where one will be eyed and doubted and snubbed. Certainly that is a complete illusion; yet it is, I think, the last emotional snare spread by Satan; and I think that he is occasionally aided in spreading it by the carelessness of Catholic controversialists.

Two incidents of the kind very nearly put out the dawning light of faith in me

altogether. I will not describe them; but in both cases it was a cruel, careless sentence rapped out by a good, sincere priest in public. When a soul reaches a certain pitch of conflict, it ceases to be absolutely logical; it is rather a very tender, raw thing, with all its fibres stretched to agony, shrinking from the lightest touch, desiring to be dealt with only by Hands that have been pierced. Then it is handled roughly, pushed this way and that by a man who understands nothing, who lives in a bright light toward which the sensitive soul of the convert is reaching out with unutterable pain. Is it any wonder that again and again the miserable thing creeps back into the twilight sooner than bear any more, believing that a half light with charity must be nearer to God's Heart than the glare of a desert?...

Now, intellectually considered, the outline of my difficulties was as follows—though I have written out the arguments that especially prevailed with me, in a little pamphlet which I published soon after my submission,—and it was on these subjects in particular that, ever since the October of the previous year, I had read steadily and swiftly whenever I had an opportunity. Now once more I gave myself up entirely to reading and prayer.

First, there was the general, and what I may call the ideal, conception of God's plan. Secondly, there were the actual realistic facts about me in the world. Let me take the second first, since the second was prior in time, though not in importance to my mind. The facts were as follows:

I was an official of a church that did not seem to know her own mind. It was my duty to preach and practise the system of redemption which God had given through the life and death of Jesus Christ; and that system I knew very well to be a sacramental one. Yet when I looked about me for a clear statement as to that system I did not find it. It was true that many individuals taught and accepted what I did; there were societies to which I belonged—the "English Church Union" and

the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament"—that were practically unfaltering in these respects; but it was impossible to say that the authorities of my church were equally clear. To take one single vital point—the doctrine of penance. I was really ignorant as to whether or not it was permissible to teach that this was, nominally, essential to the forgiveness of mortal sin; practically all the bishops denied this, and a few of them denied the power of absolution altogether. But, even granting that my views were tolerated—which really they were not in any authoritative way,—the fact that mutually exclusive views were also tolerated was an evidence that mine were not enjoined; I was teaching, at the best, my private opinion upon a point that was still officially indefinite. It was becoming, for example, the clearer I saw this, more and more impossible to say that the Church of England required sacramental confession.

The way in which many clergy escape from this dilemma is very simple. They appeal not to the living voice of the Church of England, but to her written formularies, and they explain those formularies in the sense favorable to themselves. But I was finding it hard to do this sincerely, because I had begun to see that a written formulary can never be decisive in a church wherever that formulary can be taken in two senses (as it undoubtedly is) and the authorities will not decide as to which is the true sense. More and more I was beginning to see the absolute need of a living authority who can continue to speak, as new interpretations of her former words contend for the mastery. A church that appeals merely to ancient written words can be no more at the best than an antiquarian society.

Of course I was told to be content with my own interpretation; but that was impossible. My point was that, since my interpretation was disputed, I could not teach it as authoritative. Dr. Pusey was held up to me, also Mr. Keble, and others. But I said that I could not rest on

the authority of individuals however eminent, for there were other individuals equally eminent who held opposing views. By one or two advisers I was told that those points were unessential; that the main facts of the Christian Creed were all that were absolutely necessary, and that upon these the Anglican witness was clear enough. My answer was that those points were the most practical of all,—that they concerned not theological propositions but the actual details of Christian life. Might I or might I not tell penitents that they were bound to confess their mortal sins before Communion? This is only one instance out of many, for on all sides were the same questions. I saw round me a church which, even if tolerable in theory, was intolerable in practice. Her children lived and died by tens of thousands actually ignorant of what I believed to be the Catholic Gospel,—ignorant not merely through neglect, but through the deliberate instruction of men who were as fully accredited ministers as myself,—children of hers, too, who desired nothing more than to learn and obey her precepts, and who had every opportunity of doing so.

Then on the other side there was the Church of Rome. Now, I think I had heard at various times all the theoretical arguments that could possibly be brought against her claims; but, regarded practically, there was no question. Her system worked. It might be that it worked mechanically and superstitiously, but it was there. I remember comparing the rival systems to two differently laid fires. The Anglican system was as a man applying a match to a tumbled heap of fuel: where there was personal zeal and sincerity, a flame certainly shot up, souls were warmed and lighted; but when the personal influence or the private Catholic views of the individual clergymen were removed, all was left as before. In the Roman system, however, it was very different; there might be slackness and lack of piety, but, at any rate, the fire burned quite apart from the individual

influence, because the fuel was laid in order. Whether or no a priest was careless or slothful or even lax in his private views, made no essential difference; his flock knew what was necessary for salvation and how to obtain it. The smallest Roman Catholic child knew precisely how to be reconciled to God and to receive His grace.

Secondly, there was the question of Catholicity itself. The Anglican theory was simply bewildering, as I looked at it from a less provincial standpoint. I had no notion as to who was the rightful bishop, say, of Zanzibar; it would depend, I thought, chiefly on the question as to which communion, the Roman or the Anglican, happened to have landed first. In fact, Jurisdiction was represented to me as a kind of pious race-game. In Ireland I knew very well that I was in communion with persons who, according to my personal views, were simply heretics, and out of communion with persons who believed, so far as practical religion went, exactly what I myself believed. On the other hand, the Roman theory was simplicity itself. "I am in communion," the Romanist could say with St. Jerome, "with Thy Blessedness,—that is, with the Chair of Peter. On this rock I know that the Church is built." The Roman theory worked, the Anglican did not.

Yet, of course, these considerations did not settle the question. Our Lord, I was told, spoke often in mysteries; He refused to cut knots by direct and simple answers. It might very well be that the golden thread of His divine plan ran in those days through tangled woods and undergrowth, and that the plain highway was but the monument of man's impatience and lack of faith.

On these points, then, though they predisposed me toward the Catholic Church, it was necessary to read a great deal. There were, besides, other points flowing from them, that needed elucidation. How, for example, was it possible that dogmas binding now should not have been binding a hundred years ago? How about the

Immaculate Conception (which, as a matter of private opinion, I was perfectly ready to accept) and Papal Infallibility? And, then, finally, after innumerable gropings, there always remained the old vexed business of the Petrine Texts and the patristic comments upon them.

This, then, I began to see more and more overwhelmingly: that it is possible, from the huge complications of history, philosophy, exegesis, natural law and the rest—and, in fact, every single method of God's indications of His will,—to make out a case for almost any theory under the sun. The materials from which I had, all incompetent, to judge, were as a vast kaleidoscope of colors. I might say that the main scheme was red, and that the rest were accidental, or that it was blue, or green, or white. Each man, I perceived, had a natural inclination to one theory, and tended to select it. It was certainly possible to make out a claim for Anglicanism, or the Papacy, or Judaism, or the system of the Quakers. And on this, almost despairing, I had to set to work. One thing, however, began to emerge ever so slowly—namely, that intellect alone could prove very little. The puzzle which God had flung to me consisted of elements which needed for their solution not the head only, but the heart, the imagination, the intuitions; in fact, the entire human character had to deal with it. It was impossible to escape wholly from natural prejudice, but I must do my best. I must step back a little from the canvas, and regard the affair as a whole; not bend over it with a measuring-rod and seek to test the elusive ethereal whole by but one faculty of my nature. Yet at the beginning I only half realized this, and plunged, therefore, blindly into the bewildering maze of controversy.

I should be sorry to have to make a complete list of all the controversial works which I read during the last eight months of my Anglican days. I devoured everything I could find, on both sides. I read Dr. Gore's books, Salmon on Infallibility,

Richardson, Pusey, Ryder, Littledale, Puller, Darwell Stone, Percival, Mortimer, Mallock, Rivington. I studied with care a brilliant MS. book on Elizabethan history; I made profuse notes; and, supremely, I read Newman's "Development" and Mozley's answer. I also looked up various points in the Fathers, but with a kind of despair, since I knew I was wholly incompetent to decide where great scholars disagreed. I must confess that I became bewildered and hopeless. Was it not better for me to relinquish this dusty search and remain peacefully where God's Providence had placed me? After all, there had been an extraordinary revival of Catholic life in the Church of England, and I had, from the nature of my mission work, been peculiarly privileged to see its effects. Would it not be a kind of sin against the Holy Ghost to turn my back on the visible work of grace, in search for what might be no more than a brilliant phantom?

(To be continued.)

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON

XIX

A BUSY week and tiresome journey were over, and Mr. Chetwode's party comfortably established at the summer resort which they had chosen, as combining more advantages with fewer disadvantages, than any other they knew. Not ultra-fashionable, but for that very reason desirable, since on Sydney's account they preferred reasonable quiet to excessive gaiety. "As a rule, one never meets any but the best people here," Mildred said when selecting this place.

The travel had fatigued Sydney more than they anticipated. She was lying in a limp attitude, with half-closed eyes, one afternoon some days after their arrival, when Lett came to rouse her for her drive, telling her that Mr. Chetwode and the carriage were waiting.

"I don't think I'm well enough to go," she said, in her most fretful tone. "I thought the mountain air was to make me well and strong!" she cried. "That was what you all said. And I'm not one bit stronger now than I was when we left Estonville."

"The journey tired you and threw you back a little," said Lett. "But I can see some improvement in your strength. You must have a little patience. You know both the doctor and Mrs. Sterndale warned you not to expect to get quite well immediately. They told you that your recovery would be gradual."

"I had much rather be ill—positively ill—than in this half-way condition!" she exclaimed, petulantly, with a movement of one of her feet, which if she had been standing would have been a stamp. "I am out of patience,—out of all patience!"

"That is quite evident," said Mildred, who had just entered the room, dressed for their drive. "But the question is, what good will being out of patience do?"

"O Mildred, you'll kill me with your matter-of-factness!" cried Sydney.

"On the contrary, I mean to cure you of a fault that is unworthy a reasonable being," replied Mildred, brightly. "Get up like a good child, and let Aunt Jessie put your things on you. We are keeping Uncle Romuald waiting. You will not be persuaded to go, Lett?"

"Not this afternoon. I hope the air will relieve your headache."

"Of course it will," answered Mildred, who was subject to nervous headaches, and had been suffering with one that day. She laid her hand on Sydney's arm as she spoke, and led her out of the room.

It was a pleasant corner room on the northeast end of the house. More pleasant Lett remembered as she was about to leave it, than the one near by, but on the opposite side of the corridor, occupied by Mildred and herself, which was rather disagreeably sunny in the afternoon. So she sat down here at a window commanding a view of mountain landscape. Her

face was sad, as her glance wandered listlessly over exquisitely tinted hill and valley, and rested at last, but unheeding, on a misty blue peak at the very verge of the horizon; while her thoughts were yet farther away, in her convent home. And there they remained until Jessie recalled them to time and place by the announcement:

"It's time for you to dress, Miss Lett. Miss Mildred charged me to put you in mind; and she laid out this dress," the maid continued, as she preceded Lett to the other room, and pointed admiringly to a gown spread out on one of the beds,—one of several that had been received the day before from New Orleans. "My! but it's a beauty! You'll look splendid in it, Miss Lett. You won't know yourself."

"I don't think I'll wear it this evening," said Lett.

"Oh, but Miss Mildred and Miss Syd'll both be so disappointed if you don't!" remonstrated Jessie, who finally persuaded her to put it on, and whose raptures over her appearance in it were heartily echoed by Mildred and Sydney when they returned from their drive.

"How charming,—how perfectly charming!" cried Mildred. "It exceeds my expectations even, in becomingness. O Lett, how"—she paused and laughed. "I don't want to distress your modesty, so I will only say, how very well you look!"

"She looks superb," said Sydney, with uncompromising candor. "I always told her that her vocation was that of *grande dame*. If she were just an ordinarily good person instead of an embryo saint, she would look as haughty as an Austrian archduchess. Come to my room, both of you. I want to admire you, Joyeuse, at my leisure; and I am so tired I must lie down."

"How is your head, Mildred?" inquired Lett.

"Much better,—almost well," Mildred replied. "But I don't feel equal to the effort of dressing; so I shall not go down this evening."

"Isn't tea ready? It ought to be," said Sydney, who was beginning to have a convalescent appetite. "Go and see about it, Mammy. But give me my beef-wine-and-iron first, or I shall collapse utterly."

"Here it is," said Lett, who had been pouring it out. "Go and find Will at once, Aunt Jessie."

Will was one of the dining-room servants who, in consideration of a retaining fee from Mr. Chetwode, had detailed himself as special attendant upon that gentleman and his party.

"Tell him to bring me a cup of strong coffee, and—"

"Sydney, you know you ought not to drink coffee at night," interrupted Lett. "The doctor strictly forbade it. It will excite you and keep you awake."

"That's what I want it for," said Sydney. "I feel like talking, and I shall have Mildred to talk to, and I must have some strength to talk with."

"I dare say Mildred will be well enough, after she has taken a cup of tea or coffee, to dress and go downstairs," suggested Lett. "You know, Mildred, you were to try some duets with Mrs. Austin this evening."

"Never mind the duets," said Sydney. "Her head doesn't admit of her practising duets, to say nothing of the near neighborhood of the ball-room. The crash of a brass band would be enough to set her wild. Let her alone. I want her to stay with me."

"But isn't it a little inconsiderate of you, dear?" began Lett.

"Selfish, you mean," broke in Sydney. "Always call a spade a spade, my dear, as grandmamma used to say. Yes, I suppose you are right. But all the same, I intend to be selfish in this instance, if Mildred will let me. Mildred, are you going to stay with this poor sick child, as Lett calls me, when she thinks I don't hear her?"

"Oh, yes, if you want me to," answered Mildred, indulgently.

An hour later their tea was over, Lett was down in the parlor or in the ball-room, and Jessie, after undressing her young mistress and arranging everything for her comfort, had retired for the time. Sydney was in one of her silent moods, and for half an hour or more remained so motionless that Mildred, who sat by the table reading, thought she was asleep. But suddenly she started up and began pulling about her pillows in a quick, impatient manner.

"Come and arrange these for me, Mildred!" she said, in her plaintive, sick tone. "Here—pile them up higher! Thank you! Now put that book down. I want to talk."

"Very well," said Mildred. "Talk as much as you like. But don't expect any assistance from me beyond listening. I feel too dull."

"The fact is you have set your head to aching again by reading."

"I dare say I have," replied Mildred, languidly.

"I am sorry," said Sydney. "But when one brings a headache or any other trouble on oneself, one has no right to complain."

"Very true," responded Mildred. "I am not complaining, am I?"

"Mildred," cried Sydney, energetically, adjusting herself to a very upright position on her bank of pillows, of which she had twice as many as one bed is usually provided with,— "Mildred, you are a good creature. You are not a saint—thank Heaven!—like Lett, but you have the best of hearts and the best of tempers. And you are human enough not to be pharisaical in your judgment of your neighbors," she added, fervently.

"Sydney!" Mildred exclaimed, quite roused from her languor and looking grave, in fact shocked. "You surely do not mean to point that word at—" she hesitated.

"At Lett?" said Sydney, without hesitation. "Well, not in an invidious sense. But you know the Pharisees

thought they were right and everybody else wrong; and that is what Lett thinks of herself and me, and Henri. She is so 'faultily faultless' herself, that she literally can not comprehend the possibility that circumstances might force one to go out of the beaten path of what she considers right. And the consequence is that she makes mistakes occasionally in her judgments. She has been making a tremendous one in judging me—and Henri."

"I am sure she did not mean to misjudge you," said Mildred.

"That goes without saying," replied Sydney. "But if she had been just a little—no matter, though. Mildred!"

Struck by the tone of Sydney's voice, Mildred, who was sitting by the table leaning her head on her hand, glanced up and saw that the face before her was literally aglow, the great dark eyes blazing. "Mildred," Sydney went on, "Henri is here!—he has come!"

"Mr. De Wolff?"

"Yes. I caught a glimpse of him as we drove up to the door on our return this evening. He didn't see me; and I thought it best not to make a scene by rushing at him and throwing myself into his arms. That was my first impulse; and I dare say I should have given way to it if I had not been trained so severely in the proprieties by grandmamma. But I remembered in time how paralyzed Mr. Chetwode would be at such a proceeding; and that it might even be rather embarrassing to Henri himself, to be taken possession of in presence of half a hundred spectators by a wild-looking, hysterical demoiselle. So I made up my mind on the moment that I would be reasonable, and content myself with the happiness of knowing that he is under the same roof with me, and that I shall see him in the morning. Don't you call that heroic on my part?"

"I do, indeed," said Mildred, with unaffected sincerity. "It must have required great self-control."

"It did. But I am accustomed to

exercising self-control. That is one of the things that grandmamma taught me. You see now why I wanted you to stay with me this evening," she went on rapidly. "I am so excited. I must have somebody to talk to. And I am anxious for you to know the truth about this affair that Lett has so misrepresented to you all, I have no doubt."

"Sydney!"

"Unintentionally, of course," said Sydney, dryly. "She believed what she said; but that was her own fault. She never would let me tell her anything about it—and I didn't blame her so much for that, as I knew that poor papa"—she paused an instant, and her voice was very sad as she continued,—"poor papa, who was mistaken himself, had asked her not to let me mention the subject to her. But when Henri was in Estonville he offered to explain it all to her, and she positively refused to listen to him. I felt perfectly enraged when I heard of that."

"How did you hear of it?" asked Mildred.

"Henri told me in a letter which Warry brought to me. Henri was only amused at her dislike of him. It was to set her own mind at rest that he wished to explain. To think of her treating him so disrespectfully made me very angry. Whenever I remember it, I feel actually spiteful toward her."

"Sydney, how can you talk so!" said Mildred, reproachfully, "when she does everything in the world she can for you."

"Well," said Sydney, very deliberately, "I am sorry to seem ungrateful, as you no doubt consider me. Particularly after my resolutions of amendment when I went to confession the other day. But you see there is one thing that exonerates me a little in my own opinion on the charge of ingratitude. It was not with my good-will that Lett was associated with me in this way. I have half a dozen nice, pleasant cousins at home, most of

them nearer my age than Lett is, and I begged papa to let one of them come and stay with me. But he insisted on bringing Lett. She did not want to come, I am sure, not a bit more than I wanted her. And it has been very good of her, I grant you, to devote herself to poor papa and myself as she has done. But it was entirely on his account. She disapproves of me in toto. Now, to feel oneself an object of dislike—well, no, I will not say dislike, but disapproval in every way—to a person to whom you are unwillingly, and without any fault or choice on your part, under obligations, is awfully hard to human nature. It is, I tell you! And I thank God that our day of deliverance from each other is near. Henri, my Henri has come!”

She paused, a little breathless from talking so long and vehemently; but as Mildred did not speak at once, she resumed eagerly:

“Don’t you see how it is? That at least I don’t wish to be ungrateful—”

“I understand perfectly,” interposed Mildred, kindly, “and never thought you ungrateful. But I have wondered that you are not more attached to Lett than you seem to be; she is to me so very attractive.”

“So she was to me at first,” said Sydney. “I was as much infatuated about her as everybody else always is,—as you may well believe when I tell you that I thought of her as a wife for Henri.”

“What!” exclaimed Mildred, in astonishment. “A wife for Mr. De Wolff! Why, I thought you were engaged to him yourself!”

Sydney nodded.

“Temporarily,” she said. “But, my dear child” (she put out her hand in the significant gesture so habitual with her), “I never had any more idea of marrying him than I have this minute of marrying Mr. Chetwode.”

The door opened as she uttered the last word, and Lett came in.

(To be continued.)

A True Ghost Story.

WHILE it is undoubtedly true that the overwhelming majority of so-called ghost stories are either fictitious, or capable of a purely natural explanation, it is equally true that genuine ghosts, or the apparitions of dead persons, have sometimes been really seen. The one who rallies a companion that is either afraid of ghosts or talks of having seen one, is usually right; but when this sceptic goes further and declares that there is no such thing as a ghost, that no one has ever seen, or will ever see, a visitor from the other world, then he is decidedly too assertive, and needs to be reminded, with Horatio in *Hamlet*, that ‘there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy.’

Dr. Lapponi, who for many years was the physician attending Pope Leo XIII. and, later, Pius X., relates the following incident in his learned book on “Hypnotism and Spiritism,” classing it among historical data:

In a miscellany which reached the Victor Emmanuel Library in Rome from the suppressed monastery of St. Pantaleon, and numbered (in red) “59 and 84,” is to be found a deposition attested by the nobleman Domenico Denza, aged forty, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, of unimpeachable morals and highly esteemed throughout Rome. The miscellany dates undoubtedly from the seventeenth century, and the deposition which it contains was made after an inquiry held, by command of Pope Innocent XI., by Cardinal Carpegna, relatively to an apparition which had appeared to the above-mentioned D. Denza. The latter, having repeatedly dreamed of a lady dressed in white, was on the night of April 19, 1683, awakened by a voice calling him, and on opening his eyes, saw before him the very same figure that he had so frequently seen in his dreams. Denza asked her who she was, and the white figure replied that she was the Marchioness Laura Poppoli Astalli, lately dead, and come to beg Denza to let her husband know that she needed Masses. Denza having observed that he would not be believed, and that he would be looked upon as a madman, the lady laid her hand on the bed-cover, saying, “Show them what I touch,” and vanished. Denza followed the

advice of the apparition, and showed to his brother, who had come in answer to his call, the burned impression of a hand.

Referring to the sworn deposition of Denza, the chronicler adds that the impression of the hand "was strongly marked, that every detail was perfectly distinct; the outlines of the fingers and the extremities were of a dark burnt color, whilst the palm and the remainder of the hand were white. Above all was noticeable a twist of the little finger,—a defect that the Marchioness had contracted in her lifetime by a fall on the fire when a child. She had always been in the habit of hiding this defect by wearing gloves, and it seemed that Almighty God wished thus to distinguish the hand of the Marchioness, so that there might be no doubt as to the miraculous imprint. It is certain that her most familiar friends declared at once, 'This is the hand of the Marchioness Astalli.' It seemed too large to be the hand of a woman, but it corresponded exactly to the gloves of the deceased, with which it was measured several times. In this stage the impression was seen and recognized by numerous ladies and gentlemen, by prelates and cardinals, and by His Excellency D. Livio Odescalchi, but by none with more pious and religious feeling than by her Majesty the Queen of Suabia and his Holiness the Pope."

It is easy enough, of course, to say: "Oh, two or three hundred years ago, the extraordinary was the ordinary! People were disposed to believe anything in that uncritical age." Those who are best informed do not refer to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as epochs of credulity. But let that pass. Incidents quite as extraordinary as the one just cited have occurred in our own day, and are vouched for by innumerable competent and trustworthy witnesses.

Some of our readers will remember, among other instances of supernatural intervention, the narrative of the "Dead Hand of Foligno," published in *THE AVE MARIA* a few years ago. No reasonable person could be dissatisfied with the proofs afforded of that singular incident, which occurred in recent times. He who pooh-poohs anything he does not understand, or has not personally witnessed, may belong to a large class, of one of whom it has been well said that "he's a wit among dunces and a dunce among wits."

Notes and Remarks.

At long last our separated brethren are beginning to see the injustice of obliging Catholics to contribute to the support of schools which they can not conscientiously patronize. Mr. Robert Green, a prominent public school-teacher of New York, in the course of a communication to the *Tribune* of that city, remarks:

Just how the request of Catholic authorities for a reconsideration of the school question can be held to be an attack on the school system it is difficult for me, a school-teacher, to see. It is a fact, in this city at least, that if 25 persons unite in declaring that they want to learn a certain subject in our night schools, this is held to be a demand for it, and the necessary teacher is engaged. Yet it is also a fact that 70,000 or 80,000 children in this city, and about 1,000,000 in the entire country, unitedly demand a complete, not a partial, schooling, and the demand is ignored. It is difficult for me, a teacher, to think that any harm would come to the Republic by acceding to the request of the parochial school authorities, who will, in any event, maintain their schools, and be as loyal to their country as if everything was exactly to their liking.

It may be a long time yet before our countrymen will consent to a reconsideration of the school question, but that time is surely coming. Formerly we used to be accused of attacking the public schools, of being un-American, etc. Now, we are praised in many quarters for insisting upon religion in education and for being willing to make sacrifices for the maintenance of schools in which God holds the first place.

Discussing the events of Holy Week in the Eternal City, *Rome* says:

The *Tenebræ* services at St. John's, St. Peter's, St. Mary Major's, would be wonderfully impressive, the music would be exquisite, the devotion of pious Catholics would be deep and touching, were not everything spoiled and profaned by the tens of thousands of non-Catholics who frequent the basilicas as part of the great show they have come to see in Rome. No restraint whatever is put on them by anybody. They are allowed to walk about, to form groups, to keep up conversations, to criticise audibly, to use their opera

glasses,—and these, with a variety of other objectionable things, the ill-educated among them do constantly. The evil seems to be growing, and the net result to religion and devotion would be a clear gain if these beautiful and touching ceremonies were altogether suppressed in the basilicas where the strangers mostly congregate.

Why not suppress the profanations rather than the ceremonies? Surely the Church authorities in Rome have as much right to demand order and decorum in their sacred edifices as have, for instance, the lessees of a theatre to enforce silence and unobjectionable behavior during a dramatic or an operatic performance. It might be worth while to organize in Rome a society of vigorous young men devoted to the prevention of irreverence in the basilicas during ecclesiastical functions. Ill-educated foreigners might be gently but firmly admonished that their failure to observe the proprieties would result in their being forthwith conducted to the building's exit. While freely admitting that criticism at long range may not be of the most intelligent variety, we do think that we manage such matters very much better in this country.

It is a joy to fervent Catholics, and it ought to be a stinging reproach to lax ones, to read of the genuine sacrifices made for their religion by priests and people on our Western frontier. Take the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday. "I have known men and women," said Bishop Keane, of Wyoming, recently, "to drive over fifty or sixty miles of almost inaccessible roads to partake anew of the divine things of their faith. These are men and women whose lives are dominated by the great realities of the supernatural. They move within a mystic temple; for all their life is a worship, happy ever in the consciousness of a father's presence and care."

Still more notable than the Bishop's experience is that of Father J. L. Campbell, who writes to the *Catholic Sentinel* of a mission given in a far Western town. "The country around," he says, "had

been notified of our coming, and that same day the people kept arriving,—some from hidden valleys in the heart of the hills, others from the 'dugouts' of the mountain side, still others from the vast forests where live the grizzly and the mountain lion. All were bent upon assisting at Mass and many upon receiving the Sacraments. Some of these had come four hundred miles to be present at the Sunday services held in Salmon City."

Four hundred miles for the privilege of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice! What a rebuke to the effeminate, comfort-loving Catholic who allows a rain or snow-storm, a little extra cold or heat, or a trifling indisposition to keep him from the most august and most beneficent function performable on earth!

Señorita Huidobro, one of the speakers at Mr. Carnegie's great peace congress in New York last week, reminded the audience of the first international peace memorial in the world—the colossal statue of Christ, erected on the Cordillera of the Andes between Chili and Argentina, 14,500 feet above the sea. The statue cost about \$100,000, and was paid for by popular subscription. On the base of the monument is this inscription:

Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain.

Señorita Huidobro declared that this memorial, erected in March, 1904, had exerted a great influence on preserving peace between the two countries.

An appreciative paper in the *Dublin Review*—the contribution apparently of the editor,—gives a lucid and an interesting account of the victory recently won by the German Centre Party. The concluding paragraph of the article is worth reproducing, if only for the lesson which it contains for the Catholics of France in their present struggle, of Great Britain in the matter of Catholic schools, of this

country and every other land in which Catholic rights are tenable only on the condition of Catholic union:

So much for the future. In conclusion, when we contemplate the actual political situation, it is useless to argue whether the Centre has been wise in all that it has done, whether it ought to have been satisfied with the strong position which it enjoyed, and not imperilled its influence with the Government by taking up the cause of the oppressed natives. We must face facts as they are—the Centre has chosen to barter the privileges of ministerial good-will for the satisfaction of doing what it considered right and just. It has come back to Parliament with increased numbers after an arduous struggle against all the forces the Government was able to use against it. There may have been occasions on which some of its democratic leaders have shown want of taste and of judgment; there may have been others where they might have exhibited more consistency and strength of character in asserting to the fullest extent their rights and privileges as members of the Reichstag. These are but small and passing issues in the history of a great controversy. One salient fact must survive all these transient incidents. At a time when the Catholics in other lands have shown indifference and even acquiescence in the tyranny and persecution of hostile Governments, the Catholics of Germany have stood side by side united into one powerful organization, exerting their full influence upon their Imperial Parliament. They have strayed neither to the right nor to the left, but have brought together the most discordant elements under one common banner. Radicals and Conservatives have alike sacrificed their party prejudices for the common good, and they are now at the dawn of the twentieth century able to show to the world a noble example of Catholic unity and of Catholic strength.

Let us trust that the example will be followed without any unnecessary delay by all other Catholic peoples, and first of all by those of France, now the saddest as well as the eldest daughter of the Church.

An unusually clear understanding of things Catholic is shown in many passages of "Susan," a new story by Ernest Oldmeadow, published by Mr. Grant Richards. Indeed few non-Catholics have written more impartially of the anti-clerical campaign in France and its effect on the people than the imaginary diarist in

"Susan," from whom a reviewer in the *Month* quotes the following passage:

There must be thousands of parts of France like Sainte Véronique. I have seen a dozen myself—rural communities, working hard and living decently, with the slated spire of their hoary parish church looking down upon them, as it looked down ages ago on their direct ancestors who first drained the valleys and set vines upon the hillsides. Here live and toil the men—and, more remarkable still, here live and toil and suffer the women—whose hard earnings are the war-chest of France when the professional politicians of Paris wantonly thrust the nation into some vainglorious adventure. . . . And here are bred the supplies of sound human stuff—the healthy bodies, the healthy souls—to redress the awful balance of the towns, and to save France from becoming a ruin amid stinging weeds and insolent poppies. Even an atheist statesman, if he's as truly a statesman as he's truly an atheist, ought to know that, in striking at the village churches, he is striking at the heart of French rural life; and that in wounding French rural life he will be severing arteries when Bismarck and Von Moltke only lanced small veins. This morning made me so sad. The sweet little white convent is shut up, the garden is full of nettles, two of the chapel windows are broken, the nuns are in England, and the lawyers have grown fat on the pickings. At the church, the statue of St. Veronica, over the west door, has a broken arm—snapped off on the day of the inventory. Meanwhile the weeks are drifting by; and, for all the old *curé* knows, he will be saying Mass in a barn before the winter is over.

Edward Lee Aroni, the New York *Evening Mail's* special staff-correspondent, sent to Paris to study the religious question at first hand, has this to say in a recent letter:

The struggle of the State and the Church here is of importance because it is the first of the century's great battles. But the American who thinks it is merely a battle between atheism and Christianity is almost as far wrong as the one who considers it a laudable attempt by a republic to bring about real religious liberty and freedom of thought and action in all that pertains to spiritual and material affairs.

Should later and more complete observation dispel the impression of these first studies, the admission will be made frankly. But the conviction is fairly forced upon one conversant with the progress of the Marxian doctrines in other countries that the centre of the collectivist battle-line is massed in France to-day, and that

the religious policy of the Government is only one phase of the strategy that is bent upon the destruction of capitalism—under which title the Socialists group all existing institutions of government, property and individuality in the civilized countries of to-day.

This is quite in line with the opinion of a distinguished French cleric who looks for a revolution in France as the almost inevitable culmination of his native land's present distresses, social and economic as well as religious.

Apropos of a note in our issue of the 13th inst., relative to contributions to the Propagation of the Faith, the General Director of the Society writes to us from New York:

Your French Canadian exchange evidently mistook the figures of 1905 for those of last year. As a matter of fact, in 1906 France gave about \$40,000.00 less, and the United States about \$30,000.00 more, than they are credited with in your item.

That is, France contributed about \$619,000, and this country about \$187,000, or something less than one-third. A proper appreciation of their duty in this matter on the part of our people might lead to a reversal of these figures. In good sooth the United States might well contribute in 1907, not one-third, but three times, as much as afflicted France.

In a recent letter to the *Columbian-Record*, Mr. James R. Randall gives a somewhat notable statement made to him recently by a friend, "not a Catholic, but a Christian of that class among our separated brethren who cling to orthodoxy as distinct from higher criticism." The statement was to this effect:

There is one thing in this country that has not been sufficiently observed, and it fills me with alarm for the future. From personal knowledge I can state positively that more than 90 per cent of the men who control our newspapers are either infidels, skeptics, or agnostics. Not a few are indifferent, but practically irreligious.

As grounds entitling this declaration to more weight than inheres in the *obiter dicta* of a mere sciolist, Mr. Randall

mentions that his friend is "most distinguished in his profession, and has necessarily to travel over the greater part of this country. He also is brought into intimate personal relations with the newspaper fraternity, especially the leading editorial writers and managers."

Apparently, then, the gentleman is not speaking at random. Nor do we think that his statement is likely to be seriously called in question. Is it not, in fact, lamentably true of members of other professions than journalism? While we should be loath to calumniate the non-Catholic manhood of this country, our personal observation of American non-Catholic professional and business men certainly warrants the suspicion that, of those even who profess any religion at all, the majority are indifferentists, yielding a ready assent to that utterly untenable and intrinsically absurd saying, "One religion is as good as another." As has been asserted time and time again, the ultimate conflict in the religious world can only be Catholicity *versus* infidelity.

The Countess of Franqueville, in whose house at Paris the French Bishops held their historic meeting of January, 1907, is English by birth and education, and a Protestant. In view of these facts considerable interest attaches to this extract from a contribution of hers to the London *Daily Telegraph*, dealing with present conditions in France:

There is no cringing; there is every variety of individuality; but on every side in laity and clergy (both secular and religious) is one splendid, solid rally round the Pope, their head. Indeed, there is every reason to be encouraged, despite the immense difficulties of the situation. There is unity; the spirit of sacrifice is spreading like a flame. Personally, I could tell of magnificent gifts from the very poor, from artisans and tradespeople, from the daily necessities cut lower, from savings of many years. I for one look out in hope. As before in this world's history, those whose horizon is limited by flesh and blood have found that there are still other forces to be reckoned with which they had ignored: those of the Spirit. The end is yet to see.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Famous Physician.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

DOCTOR WORK'S a physician of fame and renown,

He practises both in the country and town;
For folk of all nations, for men of all tribes,
Rich and poor, high and low, this physician prescribes.

He gives, strange to say, the same treatment to all,
And the very same counsel in hovel and hall;
To the prince and the peasant, the workman and king,

He prescribes in all languages just the same thing.

And ne'er a disciple of Galen's, 'tis told,
Such experience had in the New World or Old;
For 'tis said that this doctor was famous among
The lands of the East when the world was yet young.

The drug that he gave in those days he gives still
For all sorts of evils and many an ill;
And pains and afflictions both grievous and light
Have been eased, if not cured, through its power and might.

Cadet.*

CADET was a little boy just six years old. He had a round face, big black eyes, and auburn hair. He had one great sorrow: he was very small. When he was in the parlor of an evening, sitting in the big easy-chair, looking at "Gulliver's Travels" supposedly, but in reality listening to everything that was said, one thought never left him. This was that his feet did not touch the floor. It seemed to him that everybody noticed it, and that they all thought he was a

very little boy, just as he had been when he was three years old.

Cadet had a big brother, René, eleven years old, who teased him a great deal because he was so small. But René acknowledged that he was afraid sometimes; so Cadet, who wished at all hazards to figure as somebody, stoutly maintained that he was never afraid.

One evening when there was company—grandmamma, Uncle Henry and his pretty wife, Aunt Genevieve, and a certain Mlle. Chevalier, who sang in shrill tones and was generally disagreeable,—Cadet was sitting up very straight in the big chair when he heard his name mentioned.

"I am so ashamed of René," his mother was saying; "he is afraid of everything. Small as he is, Cadet is much braver."

"Oh! is Cadet so very brave?" asked the disagreeable Mlle. Chevalier, glancing over her shoulder at the little boy, who grew red and pale by turns. Her tone showed that she had her doubts on the subject.

"I'm never afraid of anything!" suddenly exclaimed the little boy, his eyes flashing.

"Come here, Cadet," said his uncle. Cadet obeyed.

His uncle said seriously:

"So you're very brave, are you?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Would you dare go to the church alone, right now?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well, tell the priest that I have been to see old Nanette, and that she is going to get well. He will give you a book to bring back. It's quite a distance to the church. Are you *sure* that you won't be afraid?"

"I'm never afraid."

"A man must keep his word," said papa, with his terrible smile.

* Adapted from the French for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

"Wrap the child up well," said grand-mamma. "There will be a dew, and he might catch cold."

Cadet soon found himself outside. The moon was shining bright, and the little shadow in the cloak with the pointed hood looked very strange, moving along the road. The boy would have liked it if grandmamma, who was always afraid of his catching cold, had opposed the trip. Not that he was afraid,—oh, no! But he would a little rather go to the church in the daytime. It was not so very far though, and he knew the way perfectly well. He would soon be back, and then how proud of him they would all be!

Cadet soon reached the end of the garden. He could touch the iron table under the fig-tree, where his mother laid her work or her book. Here he had to go out on the road. The affair was really getting serious; but for nothing in the world would he have turned back.

The gate stood ajar, and the boy slipped through. The big, round moon beamed down on him, and he thought it had a friendly look. What disturbed him most were the noises. All the little plants seemed to be whispering together, as if they were telling secrets to one another. Should he go back and say that he was afraid? No, that would never do. He must go on. It was not so very far. He could even see the top of the white poplar that looked over the wall of the priest's garden. But all those voices kept on, and then, perhaps, in the dark hedge bordering the road, there was a wicked man with a dagger and a gun, like the one his nurse had read to him about.

The little fellow began to tremble at the thought, and he was very much afraid. The rays of moonlight falling on the hedges made strange-looking shadows. Cadet was not so sure they were not ghosts. He walked along slowly, peering to the right and to the left, listening with strained ears, when suddenly a light breeze sprang up and the shadows on the

road began to wave their arms. The boy stopped still, full of terror. His teeth chattered, and a wicked thought came into his mind. He would go back and tell them the priest was not at home. That would be easy; still, he could not decide to tell a lie.

No, he must go right on. The brave little fellow began to sing to keep himself company. Suddenly, his song died on his lips and he cried out in terror. Right before him, only a few feet away, was a man, bending over to watch for him. It was a robber, surely. Cadet did not know what to do. He crept along on tiptoe, his heart in his throat. He made himself as small as possible, hoping that he would not be seen. He dared not look up for a time, but he finally summoned courage and raised his eyes. Then he laughed right out. It wasn't a man at all. It was only the old holly bush that bore such pretty red berries, but it had looked exactly like a man.

This danger past, he began to run, and soon he was at the priest's house. He rang the bell and old Lison, the servant, opened the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"I, Cadet."

"At this hour? Is any one sick?"

"No; Uncle Henry sent me to tell the priest that old Nanette is going to get well and to get a book that he wants."

"Come right in and tell him your errand."

She led the boy to the priest's room, and he repeated his message. The kind man noticed Cadet's pale face and shining eyes and he half suspected the truth.

"Weren't you afraid, my boy?" he asked.

"Well, I came," said Cadet, not wishing to confess that he had been afraid nor to tell a falsehood.

"That's all right, my child," said the priest, taking from his pocket a little book in a brown and gold binding.

"Give this to your uncle, and present my compliments to all your family."

Lison showed Cadet out, and held the light in the door until she heard the gate close after him. He trudged along, listening to every sound with strained ears. Soon he fancied he heard footsteps. Could any one be coming? The dull thud seemed to be approaching. Something was certainly running up the road toward him. He could even hear a panting breath. What should he do? The road was straight, so he could not hide. The poor child stood motionless with fear; he could not even scream.

The beast soon came into view and rushed upon him. With one stroke of his paw he threw the boy to the ground. Poor Cadet thought he was going to be eaten up. But, with a rough tenderness, the animal began to lick his face. Mechanically, the boy threw up his hand, and it touched the shaggy coat and brass collar of Tom, his uncle's great Newfoundland dog, and his own companion and play-fellow.

He got up at once, and all fear was gone now. He kept one hand on the dog's head, and was sure of being protected from all danger. He walked very fast, and soon he saw his mother standing in the door. He heard her say:

"Henry, you did wrong in sending the child so far."

"No, I didn't," replied his uncle. "If I had been here several years ago, René would now be as brave as his little brother."

Cadet felt his heart swell with pride. He could have kept right on, but his mother caught sight of him, and soon he was in her arms. She led him into the parlor, where all the company were still sitting. He went straight up to his uncle, and said:

"Here's the book, Uncle Henry."

"You're a brave little man," replied his uncle. Now, what do you want for your trip?"

"To stay up a long time."

"Like big folks," said papa, teasingly.

Cadet cast a look of triumph in the

direction of Mlle. Chevalier, as he climbed up into the big easy chair. He opened his "Gulliver's Travels" and began to look at the pictures; but he was so worn out with his exciting trip that he could not keep his eyes open. In a very few minutes the brave little fellow was fast asleep, his open book lying on his knees.

A Legend of Lichtenthal.

In one of the German wars of long ago, the enemy approached so near the convent of Lichtenthal that the good abbess was greatly alarmed, and not without reason; for she had heard many horrible tales of the brutality of the soldiers. Calling the nuns together, she told them of her decision to seek safety in flight. They then went in procession to the chapel to pray for protection in their hour of need. At the close of the service, the abbess knelt before a beautifully carved wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, and, hanging the keys of the cloister on its arm, besought her to protect their beloved home from the fury of the enemy. The shouts of the soldiers now being heard in the distance, the nuns slipped through a side door, and were soon out of sight of the convent.

The soldiers, finding none to oppose, rapidly made their way through the silent corridors to the chapel, where they thought to find rich stores of gold and jewels and other booty which they desired. But as they were about to enter, the image of Our Lady, surrounded by a glory of dazzling light, came toward them holding the keys of the convent. The leader stood motionless for a moment, then turned, and with his men fled from the place in consternation.

When the nuns returned they found everything as they had left it; and, but for the testimony of those who had seen, would not have believed that the soldiers had entered the convent. The old statue of which the legend is told is still in the choir of the church.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—In his introduction to "The Decrees of the Vatican Council" (Benziger Brothers), the editor, the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P., calls it the "best book," and most valuable religious relic left to the twentieth century by the nineteenth. While the subject-matter of this volume is of course familiar to the great body of Catholics, the typographical neatness with which that matter is presented and the convenient form in which the decrees appear will secure for the work a genuine welcome.

—The death is announced from Paris of M. Léo Taxil (whose real name was Gabriel Antoine Jogand Pagès). He was notorious for many years as a writer and publisher of anti-Catholic books, some of which had a large sale. His violence frequently brought him into the law courts. Like numerous other scapegraces, Léo Taxil was often referred to as a "pupil of the Jesuits." The truth is that he began his studies at a Jesuit college, but was expelled. As the *Athenæum* remarks in a brief notice, he had long ceased to be a serious force.

—It is perhaps not generally known that the late Julien Klaczko, the distinguished Polish author and art critic, was born a Jew. During his studies in Germany he became a Protestaht, but soon afterward joined the Church. He wrote in French as well as in German and Polish, and was a valued contributor to leading periodicals in France, where he was almost as popular as in his own country. The most important of Klaczko's books is a Life of Pope Julius II. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a Life of Leo XIII.

—The earliest production in the nature of paper prints from wooden blocks are single sheets bearing generally the image of a saint. From their perishable nature, but few of these prints have come down to our times; though we have evidence that they were being produced, at any rate, as early as the fourteenth, perhaps even in the thirteenth, century. The earliest print with a definite and unquestioned date still in existence is the "St. Christopher" of 1423. This print was discovered in 1769 by Heineken, pasted inside the binding of a manuscript in the library of a convent in Swabia.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have brought out, in attractive book form, "Papers of a Pariah," the series of very interesting articles contributed during the past year to the *Month* by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. While readers already familiar with these papers—only one of the

fourteen is not a reprint—will be glad to have them in compact form, they will be especially interested in Father Benson's preface, in which is given an account of the "Pariah" himself. He was an Oxford graduate, an actor by profession, and an Anglican, who became a convert only a few days before his rather unexpected death. The papers were accordingly written "by one who was not only not a Catholic, but who did not at all continuously contemplate becoming one." As the impressions of an appreciative observer regarding the Church from without, the different chapters possess genuine interest for both Catholics themselves and the would-be Catholics who are still within the Anglican communion.

—From Burns & Oates comes a slender, dainty volume, "Father Gallwey," by Percy Fitzgerald, F. S. A. It is a sketch with some early letters of one whom his old pupil states to have been "schoolmaster, prefect of studies, master of novices, theological teacher at St. Benno's, rector at Farm Street, Provincial of the Society,"—presumably, the Society of Jesus, though the author takes it for granted that any explicit statement to that effect is unnecessary. The sketch is interesting, and the letters reveal an impressive personality. There is much that might be quoted from this book, small as it is, but we content ourselves with the following passage from one of the letters:

I beg to remind you of a hint which I gave you two years ago, that while you are storing your shelves, you are in all probability determining the bent of your mind. Whether you are to become a Kenelm Digby, a Montalembert, a St. Ignatius or a freethinker will depend mainly on your reading. Have one little shelf for a few interesting Catholic works, something to keep alive the spark that is so easily extinguished.

Mr. Fitzgerald has become a Kenelm Digby, at least he has written even more than that voluminous author, who surely would not have disowned books like the "Jewel Series." There are pages of "A Layman's Day" which are worthy of Montalembert; while St. Ignatius himself would have delighted in Mr. Fitzgerald's comments on the "Following of Christ," so well remembered by readers of this magazine.

—The same modesty and magnanimity which characterize the writings of Gen. Morris Schaff are revealed in every chapter of "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville," a recent volume from the pen of Gen. N. M. Curtis, another veteran of our great Civil War. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) An important contribution to the history of that stirring period and to the records of the Army

of the Potomac, this book would be still more interesting for most readers if the author had told us more about himself and been less reticent in his references to famous commanders as to whose ability at least there is still much difference of opinion. But old soldiers will probably be able to read between the lines and to fill in what Gen. Curtis has merely outlined for the casual reader. All will enjoy his anecdotes and reminiscences, and admire his simplicity and modesty. The book is specifically the story of the Sixteenth New York Infantry, and of the part it bore in the campaigns from Bull Run to Chancellorsville, when the regiment was mustered out and its members promptly re-enlisted "for the war." It was a star regiment, the bravery of whose officers and soldiers was conspicuous on many a field. Gen. Curtis does full justice to all with whom he served, and pays tribute also to men, no less brave, against whom he fought. Like all "seasoned" veterans, he appreciates the blessings of peace; but with true military instinct he advocates, as the surest guarantee of its preservation, the creation of an army and navy for the United States large enough to insure the respect of all other nations. His words—the concluding paragraph of his book—are worth quoting:

As a world power, we need more than ever before to raise our military and naval forces to the highest state of efficiency, to bring into use every discovery which will express in the shortest time and most effective manner the nation's strength. Such a policy will increase the number of the nation's days of peace, it will insure the world's respect, and, should evil days befall us, it will put the country in a position to compel peace in the shortest time and with the least cost. Writing these closing lines on the forty-first anniversary of my last battle, I feel more keenly than ever the inexpressible horrors of armed strife, and, while desiring the nation to cultivate the arts of peace with the greatest assiduity, I, nevertheless, believe that suitable preparation for war is the surest guarantee of peace.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Decrees of the Vatican Council." 60 cts., net.
 "Father Gallwey." Percy Fitzgerald. 60 cts., net.
 "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." General Newton Curtis, LL.D. \$2.15.

- "The Training of Silas." Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Way to Happiness." Thomas R. Slicer. \$1.25.
 "Pitman's Cumulative Speller." 40 cts.
 "Notes on Daily Communion." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 30 cts., net.
 "Have Anglicans Full Catholic Privileges?" E. H. Francis. 30 cts., net.
 "Frequent and Daily Communion." Rev. Arthur Devine. 60 cts., net.
 "The Great Fundamental Truths of Religion." Rev. R. C. Bodkin, C. M. \$1.
 "Leading Events in the History of the Church." Part V. Sisters of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.
 "The Story of Father Van den Broek, O. P." 25 cts.
 "The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P." \$3, net.
 "Chronicles of the Canons Regular of Mount St. Agnes." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
 "The Carrier Crisis." Augustine Gallagher. 50 cts.
 "Francis Apricot." David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts., net.
 "By the Royal Road." Marie Haultmont. \$1.60.
 "A Garland of Everlasting Flowers." Mrs. Innis Browne. \$1, net.
 "Earth to Heaven." Rt. Rev. Monsig. John Vaughan. 95 cts., net.
 "The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. I. \$1.50.
 "Jesus Crucified." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.
 "The Law of the Church." Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. \$6.75, net.
 "Irish-American History of the United States." Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, M. R. I. A. \$8.

Obituary.

Rev. Leopold Dielman, of the archdiocese of Oregon City; and Rev. John Mallen, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Agnes, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Augustine, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. J. P. Gartland, Louis Dochez, Sr., Mrs. Mary McNichol, Madame Jude Ethier, Mrs. Catherine Manley, Mr. E. B. Reynolds, Mr. Patrick McNichol, Mrs. Ellen Eisele, Mr. Michael Boyce, Miss Catherine Chute, Mrs. F. B. Nolan, Mr. Sebastian Geier, Miss Annie Myler, Mr. J. E. Moran, Mrs. John Moran, Mrs. Mary Flinch, Mr. Louis Baughman, Mary O'Neill, and Mr. Thomas Shelton.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 4, 1907.

NO. 18.

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

On Mount Sinai.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

WITHIN the lonely monastery's close
There blooms a sturdy tree from year to year,
With apples sound and ruddy as the rose
That lowland gardens rear.

Until they lay some Brother 'mid the graves
There falls no apple from the ancient boughs;
Nor grows another till some novice craves
To take the holy vows.

And thus they count their Brotherhood enrolled
As precious as on illumined page
Of flowers and gems and arabesques of gold,
That speak a vanished age.

Memorials of the Virgin Mother.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IN an interesting work published about forty years ago, and entitled "A History of Signboards from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," we find references to old Catholic signs bearing representations of the Blessed Virgin. It is very curious to trace, in the names of some of our modern inns and hotels, evidences of the ancient Faith; though in a number of instances the sign has undergone so many changes that the original meaning has become grotesquely distorted, if not entirely lost.

Before entering, however, upon a brief description of signboards in connection

with the Holy Mother of God, it may be well to recall the fact that such signs were not, in days gone by, confined exclusively to taverns or wayside hostelries, as they are at present. During the Middle Ages, each shop had its sign; and the choice of that sign was certainly, in the great majority of cases, prompted by some pious predilection, demonstrating in an outward and visible manner the inward devotion of its owner; just as now the selection of a badge or motto enables us to discover the bent of a man's mind.

If we go back to the period preceding the great Apostasy in England, we shall find that a very common signboard was that called "The Virgin," or perhaps more commonly still "Our Ladye." The sign of "The Virgin" is even yet to be found in different parts of the country, says a reliable authority, alluding to an instance at Ebury-hill, Worcestershire; but it is to be doubted whether those who see the sign swinging and creaking before some out-of-the-world village hostelry ever connect the title with her "who," to quote the words of an early English monastic writer, "was, alone amongst all virgins, saluted by the Angel as full of grace."

"Newe Inne," according to Stow, "was a gweste inne, the sign whereof was the picture of Our Ladye, and thereupon it was called Our Ladye's Inne." Another good old Catholic sign was that known as the "Bleeding Heart." This, we may add for the benefit of those unacquainted with ancient woodcuts, was the emblematical representation of the five Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, and consisted of the

Heart of the Sorrowful Mother pierced with five swords.

Jacob Larwood, the author of the above-mentioned work on signboards, tells us that at the time when he wrote there was still an ale-house called the "Bleeding Heart," in Charles Street, Hatton Garden, London; whilst "Bleeding Heart" yard, adjoining this same public house, was immortalized by Dickens, in "Little Dorrit." Again, in the very ancient and interesting city of Norwich, so famed for its picturesque old houses and numerous parish churches, we find the sign of the "Wounded Heart" (extant in 1750), the meaning of which is the same as that of the "Bleeding Heart." Indeed, throughout mediæval times the heart was a favorite emblem of the Blessed Mother of Christ; and those who have made a thorough study of the subject inform us that "on the clog-almanacs all the feasts of St. Mary were indicated by a heart,"—a fitting sign, truly, for her whose grief was "as deep as the sea."

The feast of the Annunciation, commonly called "Lady Day," being so favorite a festival in England, it is not surprising to find that a sign constantly to be found was that called "The Salutation,"—i. e., the Annunciation. As a matter of fact, this was unquestionably one of the signs most frequently met with prior to the so-called Reformation. In some old Anglo-Saxon representations of this mystery, Our Lady is seated, and wears a large mantle-veil; the Archangel is barefoot. In others she is standing up, holding in her left hand a scroll with the words, *Ecce ancilla Domini*, etc.; but the usual English form depicts the Archangel Gabriel kneeling on one knee, whilst the "Blissful Maiden" rises from prayer, as if startled by his words. She has beautiful flowing hair, and no veil. In front of her is a vase with a lily bearing three blossoms,—these flowers symbolizing, it need scarcely be added, her stainless purity before, during, and after the birth of her Divine Son.

"The Angel"—a very usual signboard even in our own day—was undoubtedly also a representation of the Annunciation, as is proved by the fact that as late as the seventeenth century in by far the greater number of tradesmen's houses having this sign, the Angel is shown with a scroll in his hand; and a careful examination of old paintings and prints gives abundant evidence that the scroll bore the words addressed by St. Gabriel to Our Lady: *Ave, gratia plena! Dominus tecum.*

"Few signs," says a modern writer, "have undergone so many changes as the well-known 'Salutation.'" Originally, as we have seen, it represented the Angel in the act of saluting our Blessed Lady, and in this form it still occasionally appeared even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; for the "tavern token" of one Daniel Grey of Holborn thus depicted it.

But in those dreadful years immediately succeeding the great Apostasy, when, though the large majority disliked the changes, comparatively few were found ready, with Fisher and More, to sacrifice all for the Faith of Christ; when the idea of tolerating freedom of opinion in matters of religion had not yet occurred to any one holding office in Church or State, the people temporized; and, whilst hoping that better times would come—still clinging secretly to the ancient belief, which outwardly they denied,—they became parties to that wholesale destruction of Our Lady's images and shrines, and the suppression of all devotion to her, which is one of the most painful features in the history of the period.

Small wonder, therefore, that the signs of innkeepers and tradesmen were distorted beyond all recognition; and that, during the Commonwealth, we find the beautiful old Catholic sign of the Salutation assuming the grotesque representation of the "Soldier and the Citizen." We can scarcely congratulate the Puritans on their substitution of a fighting man for one of God's angels, and a common citizen for the Queen of Heaven. The fact says

little either for their piety or their imagination. In this guise the sign continued, with the sole difference that gradually it became general to depict two citizens bowing to each other. The Salutation Tavern, in Billingsgate, shows it thus on its "trade's token"; and thus, says a reliable authority, "it was represented by the Salutation Tavern in Newgate Street, an engraving of which may still be seen in the parlor of that old-established house." At the present time, the sign is usually rendered by two hands conjoined, as at the Salutation Hotel, Perth, where is added a label bearing the words: "You're welcome to the city!"

"Our Lady of Pity" was another very favorite sign during the Ages of Faith. This represents, to quote the words of one who wrote in the year A. D. 1506, "the most dolorous Mother seated, and having in her lap the dead body of her dear Son now taken downe from ye [the] cross." History tells us that John Redman, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, adopted this sign. Again, we read that John Bedell, or Bydell, who apparently sold books in the year 1535, and was probably an apprentice to Wynkyn de Worde, first kept his shop "at the sign of Our Ladye of Pitie, next to Fleet Bridge"; though afterward, it seems, he removed to Paternoster Row. Fosbroke, in his "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," notes the fact that Pynson's mark, or device, was the monogram of our Blessed Lady.

"The rose," says a non-Catholic writer, "besides being the queen of flowers and the national emblem, had yet another prestige, which alone would have been sufficient to make it a favorite sign in the Middle Ages; this was its religious import." The remark is abundantly true. Evidence in plenty is forthcoming to show that the rose was held to be a special emblem of our dear Lady,—*Rosa Mystica*, as she is named in the Litany of Loreto, which, by the way, was quite unknown to Catholic England.

On the monumental brass of Abbot Kirton, formerly in Westminster Abbey,

there was a crowned rose with I. H. S. in its heart, and round it the words, *Sis, Rosa, Flos Florum, morbis medicina meorum*. And in Caxton's Psalter, above a woodcut representing an angel holding a shield with a rose on it, we find a Latin couplet which alludes to the rose in such terms as to leave no doubt whatever that Our Lady is being referred to under this title.

It has been suggested by one authority that the emblematic Rose of the Blessed Virgin might also contain some mystical allusion to the Rose of Jericho or to the Christmas Rose. With regard to the latter idea, the exquisitely stainless petals and shining green leaves of the plant, which blossoms always amidst the winter snow, and is so familiar to us all under its title of Christmas Rose, seems in truth no unfitting type of her, the Immaculate One, the "matchless Maiden," who came into this world pure as no creature ever was or ever can be. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the Christmas Rose was looked upon by the ancient Greeks as the emblem of purity; whilst it was at the same time valued on account of its healing properties. We accordingly have here another image of her whom we call Health of the Sick.

The mention of the rose reminds us how very, very often, in old English prayers and poems, Our Lady is alluded to under the name of some plant, tree, or flower. In the early days of Christianity, even so far back as the beginning of the eighth century, the Irish, always so singularly devout to the "Queen of Life," invoked her in their ancient litany—the first, be it remembered, that was composed in her honor—as the "Crimson Rose of the land of Jacob"; and an English hymn of about the year 1430 begins:

Hail be thou, Marie, that art Flour* of alle,
As rose is ever so red!

In the Sarum Prymer, Mary is addressed as the Rose without thorns, and the wide-expanding Rose of the field of Divine Charity; again, in another old book, as

* Flower.

“that Rose of most transcendent beauty, that most fragrant Rose to whom flew the Heavenly Bee.” References to Mary as a flower are, indeed, too numerous to mention at length. The learned and pious Alwine calls her the Flower of the Fields. In the life of St. Walburga, written by a monk of the Abbey of Chester, she is termed the Flower of Womankind,—“our Blessed Ladye Flowre of Femynyte”; and in an ancient Psalter, “the Flower of Flowers”; and in “a good orison of Our Ladye” (early English) she is spoken of as the “Flower of all Virgins.” In a prayer to the Blessed Virgin (fifteenth century) she is again called a flower; and we have innumerable allusions to her as the lily, which Malou considers “a simple yet evident symbol of the Immaculate Conception, because, in the language of Holy Scripture, thorns denote sin and sinners, whilst the lily is the image of innocence and purity.”

The same idea is expressed in the Vesper hymn of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, where the Virgin of all virgins is called *Lilium inter spinas*. Alwine addresses her as the Lily of the World; elsewhere we find her called the Lily of Charity; and an old hymn has this line:

Hail, pleasant Lily, most goodly in beauty!
The lily is, in very truth, a perfect emblem of that “fair Maid that was flower of all maidens; for right as the lily is white and fair among briars and other flowers, right so was Our Lady among other maidens.”

It is most interesting to note that in the old English herbals, different plants and flowers are assigned to certain feasts of Our Lady; for example, the snowdrop is called Our Ladye of February, Fair Maid of February, Purification Flower, and Purification Bell. The white clematis, of which there are many varieties, is even more familiar to us under its charming title of “Virgin’s Bower.” One kind, with large white petals and exquisitely delicate scent, blossoms in May, Our

Lady’s own month; another comes into flower about the feast of her Visitation; while the wild white variety is in perfection on the Assumption; hence the old couplet:

When Mary left us here below
The Virgin’s Bower is in full blow.

Indeed this feast was sometimes called the Feast of Herbs, probably because of an ancient custom which is recorded in the following quaint lines:

The Blessed Virgin Marie’s feast hath here its
place and time
Wherein, departing from the earth, she did the
heavens climb;
Great bundles then of herbs to church the people
fast to bear,
The which, against all hurtful things, the priest
doth hallow there.

It is sufficiently evident from the foregoing that these “hallowed” or blessed herbs were carefully preserved as a protection from evil, and possibly kept from one feast to another, as we now keep our pieces of blessed palm.

The Annunciation is not without its special flowers called after Our Lady. About this time we have the dainty “Lady-smocks all silver white,”—“Our Ladye’s-smocke at Our Ladytide,” as the old English rhyme says. Then, too, blossoms the beautiful marsh-marigold, often called “kingcup.” Was the latter term introduced after this country fell away from the true Faith? Or has the name, perchance, some hidden significance, seeing that through Mary the King of kings came down on earth to dwell?

The ordinary garden marigold appears to belong to all Our Lady’s feasts, and is believed to derive its name from the ray-like petals, which symbolize the glory round Mary’s head. The little plant with yellow blossoms known as “Our Lady’s Bedstraw” flowers about the time of her Visitation; and also about this date we find “Our Lady’s Thistle,” so called on account of the white veins on its leaves. The plant was thus named by ancient botanists, not only in England but in many other countries; for, besides its

Latin title, *Carduus Mariæ*, in France it was called *Chardon de Notre-Dame*, or *Chardon de Marie*; in Germany, *Marie Distel*; and so on according to the different languages of European nations.

There is, again, a species of gentian known as "Our Lady's Fringes," and this flowers for her Nativity. We also have in September "Our Lady's Tresses," a curious little plant from four to six inches high, with tuberous roots, and a spike of small white flowers which are fragrant in the evening. By whom its name was assigned, or why, it would be hard to say.

Many of our best-loved flowers are named after Our Lady's garments; for example, we have that lovely plant of the orchis tribe, so familiar to us all as "Our Lady's Slipper,"—in France, *Sabot*, or *Soulier de Notre-Dame*; in Dutch, *Vrouweschoen*; also "Our Lady's Mantle," a herbaceous plant belonging to the rose tribe, with beautiful, large, soft leaves, and numerous small yellowish green flowers. Then there is the "Alpine Lady's Mantle," another beautiful plant, remarkable for the lustrous, almost metallic hue of the under side of the leaves; it is found on the mountains of Scotland and in the north of England. We have, too, "Our Lady's Laces," or lace-grasses; whilst in Cornwall there is "Our Lady's Fan." Black briony, again, was always called "Our Lady's Seal." It is mentioned by Lord Bacon in his "*Sylva Sylvarum*"; and in former days, when it went by the name of *Sigillum Beatæ Mariæ Virginis*, it was believed to possess medicinal qualities.

It may not be known to all that the dear little yellow buttercup, which gleams like a tiny golden chalice amongst the green of our meadows in spring, is sometimes called "Our Lady's Bowl."

There is a quaint and pretty old legend regarding the daisy. It is said that when the Holy Child was still very young, His Blessed Mother was making Him a daisy chain; and, happening to prick her finger, a drop of blood fell on the petals of the

flower, which henceforward was often found, as we see it to-day, tipped with crimson. Granted that this pious fancy has no foundation in fact, it nevertheless proves how the faithful loved to associate the most familiar flowers with the Mother of God. The daisy, moreover, though it is one of the commonest of English wild flowers, is as intrinsically beautiful as any exotic; whilst its silver-white petals, rayed round their golden centre, seem to give it a striking resemblance to a miniature monstrance.

Whilst we are still on the subject of flowers, we may remark in passing that the pimpernel was formerly held in high esteem by the old herbalists, who considered it a cure for many diseases of the brain; and it would also seem, from the wording of different folk rhymes, that its virtue was bestowed upon it by "the Lord Jesus, when He shed His blood upon the tree"; hence the old couplet:

No heart can think, no tongue can tell
The virtues of the pimpernel.

There is little doubt that the wild arum, familiar to us under its English name of cuckoo-pint, and more familiar still, perchance, under that of "Lords-and-Ladies," must originally have been associated in the minds of the people with Our Lord and Our Lady. We all remember the childish joy with which we unfolded, now a rich crimson spike, now a delicate white one, from its glossy green sheath; and it is not unreasonable to assume that, in the days of Faith, the red bore the name of Our Lord, because its color symbolized the Precious Blood shed for our redemption; whilst the white stood for Our Lady, sweet Mother, sweet Maid.


But enough has been said. We know that our dear Lady is, in very truth, the Flower of flowers, "amongst all and above all blessed and most blessed; the most beauteous, most gracious, most glorious Mother of Him, who grants grace and glory, honor and everlasting life; to whom be all honor and glory forever and ever."*

* Sermon 38, Peter of Blois.

“Bobbie.”

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

T was, perhaps, taking a rather mean advantage of Bobbie to make his acquaintance under the particular circumstances. He was being birched in a cool and well-aired shed in the basement of a police court. The whole proceedings, short and sharp, were carried out with eminently businesslike smartness. Indeed Bobbie assured me subsequently, in a semi-confidential chat over some harmless restoratives at my expense, “that there was no blooming kid about the whole show, ‘you bet!’”

There was not a tear in his eyes, not a whimper was heard; but there was an unmistakable air of defiance on that ruddy, roguish face,—a face you took to at once, not knowing quite why, but you did. The eyes were very blue, clear and frank. Their twinkle indicated unmistakably an inborn love of mischief, and the mouth showed a will and determination beyond his age; there was defiance, too, in the vicious tug he gave to the tattered rag of a muffler, as he half-strangled himself in tying it round a very dirty neck. With a look of inimitable sauciness and bravado, he adjusted his cap to his head in such a manner as to favor one ear more than the other. Then, with one hand well in a knicker pocket, and the other firmly gripping a belated tuft of his curly, unkempt brown hair, he bowed sedately to the warder and two policemen and stalked stately out, with the parting suggestion to the wielder of the birch ‘to go into training.’

There was a gang of his “pals” waiting to give him an ovation at the back entrance to the police court. No hero with the V. C. on his breast bore himself more proudly than did Bobbie as he received their homage and deferential congratulations. My close proximity to their lion

of the hour seemed to check somewhat their communicativeness and flow of speech. More than one eyed me askance, and cast at Bobbie a look of suspicion and sorrow lest he had fallen into undesirable company. But Bobbie quickly restored confidence to their drooping feelings.

Over several cups of coffee and an unlimited supply of substantial slices of bread and butter (Bobbie, when asking for some, which he did at short and frequent intervals, called it “Tommy”), I gathered something of his history. He was uncertain as to his age, couldn’t determine it to a year or two, and did not think it was of consequence that he should. His mother was a “sickly sort,” and his stepfather was a “hot un.” Did he drink? “A whale wasn’t in it with him.” Ever in trouble? “Often, for knocking mother about and bashing the slops” (assaulting the police). This latter piece of information was given in a semi-jubilant tone of voice, a marked contrast to that in which he spoke of his mother. Coming nearer home in my inquiries as to Master Bobbie’s own personal exploits, and particularly as to that one which led to the scene in the shed, I was forced to the conclusion that he had a few decided weaknesses. One was shirking school and leading the school attendance officers many a wild-goose chase, resulting finally in violent and stormy interviews with the “hot un.” Another was an insatiable craving of bivouacking under railway arches and doorways; yet another, a very pronounced tendency for indiscriminate stone-throwing, by which much public and private property, mainly in the form of glass, was damaged and destroyed.

His latest escapade—that responsible for what passed in the shed—was his captaincy of a gang of youthful market marauders in search of loot for a breakfast. This seemed, so far as the evidence went that morning, to complete the catalogue of Bobbie’s misdeeds. The immediate result of our conference was a compact,

mutually entered into and agreed upon. On his part he was (1) to suspend all hostilities against School Board officers; (2) to bivouac at home; (3) to restrict his stone-throwing practice to open spaces and uninhabited districts; (4) to dismiss his forces, and to consider markets, provision stalls, costers' barrows and their contents neutral ground and privileged property. On my part, I was (1) to interview the "hot un"; (2) to arrange terms of truce with the School Board officers; (3) to take the necessary steps to secure for Master Bobbie a more congenial and salutary sphere of existence than the one he now occupied. With this understanding we parted, mutually satisfied, mutually convinced of each other's honesty of purpose.

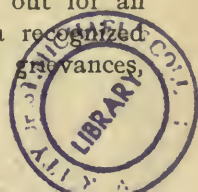
Thinking over Bobbie's position and prospects, I came to the conclusion, from the little I had heard, that, though critical, they were not hopeless; that it would be little short of a sin and a shame to allow so promising a lad to drift into the ranks of the loafing class, thence to that of the "wastrel" and the semi-criminal. It required no trained mind to grasp the fact that his character was a very malleable one, upon the surface of which evil influences and surroundings had already left their impression, but not so deeply as to be impossible of effacement. But it was high time that the remedial process should be begun. Delay would be dangerous; a few more scenes similar to that enacted within the shed, and Bobbie would probably be another "hopeless case."

From certain inquiries made the day following our conference, fresh facts came to light. The stepfather was an awful drunkard, the terror of his court; his wife, a constant victim of his ill-usage and neglect. There were four children—three of the first marriage and one of the second: a girl aged about seventeen, Bobbie about thirteen, another brother of eight, and a baby girl of eighteen months. I have forgotten to mention the fact that the husband was a non-Catholic; the unfortunate wife, a Catholic. He had been

a night-hand at some gas-works, but was now out of work through drunkenness; the elder girl was engaged in a mill, earning fair wages, which went where the father's should have gone—in an attempt to keep house and home together. With this information in hand I decided to interview the "hot un."

The rain was coming down in torrents when I set out. The wind was boisterous and bitterly cold. Overhead there was not a star to be seen among the fast-drifting and angry clouds that frowned upon the grimy and gritty factory chimneys, that wafted on amongst them their foul, vaporous smoke. Below was the hum and buzz of busy traffic, the flare of flaunting shop lights, the fitful flickering of street lamps, the hurried tramp of men, women, and children, jolting and jostling one another; all short of temper yet quick in pace, all eager to get home out of a night that was cruel and cold.

Bobbie's "home" was in a court off a court forming three sides of a square, consequently with one outlet and inlet, accessible through the main court, of which it was but one of numerous dependencies. There was no pavement to either side of the low, squalid rookeries forming the court. The thoroughfare was of cobbles unevenly laid, gravitating to the centre of the passage, where, meeting those of the side, it joined forces to form one common gutter, the receptacle of the offensive refuse, solid and liquid, of the pestiferous colony. This thoroughfare served many purposes. It was the common playground of the children, who found in its gutter an endless source and variety of distractions, the most popular of which was the damming up of its base with mud and stones. It was also the common drying ground of the colony's washing; and a perplexing maze of cordage rendered access to the tenements a matter of considerable difficulty and danger, largely aggravated when the clothing was hung out for an airing. The court was also a recognized place for the settling of



domestic and otherwise, and was, duly patronized for such purposes by both sexes.

There were ten dwellings on either side,—thus twenty in the court. They were of one story each, with no cellarage. No single family was in the position to rent one whole dwelling. Indeed, more frequently than not there was one family to each room,—one in the front, one in the back, one in the first floor front, and one in the first floor back. The average number of human beings to each dwelling was not less than eight; thus the colony mustered not less than one hundred and sixty men, women, and children. Privacy, even of the most primitive description, was impossible. It was not sought for, not expected. Should any poor, respectable, broken-down mother have made an attempt to shield herself and her little ones from the scenes of vice and corruption daily and nightly enacted within that festering spot of base and fallen humanity, her efforts would have been resented, and her life and those of her children made impossible ones.

The court was fairly quiet as I entered it. Bobbie, apprised of my coming, was awaiting me at its entrance. The "hot un" was "boozing for all he was worth at the Spotted Dog, and was fairly on the job," was the news Bobbie imparted to me as we dodged the clothes-lines and splashed ankle-deep into the streaming slush overflowing the gutter.

"Mother ain't a-being out of bed this fortnit, and Cis has a 'acking cough ye could hear a mile off; there ain't no victuals in the house, and the 'hot un' has put all the stick up the spout" (furniture gone to the pawnbroker's). "Mind your nut, gov'nor! The door be a bit low," was Bobbie's timely warning as he pushed his way into the narrow passage and opened a door on his right. "Whiffy, eh?" (I suppose he referred to the somewhat heavy quality of the atmosphere.) "Hey, mother, rouse yerself! Here be the gent as is a-going to find me a crib and look after Ben and Nell."

Looking, I saw a very pale face amid a medley of rags gazing wistfully at Bobbie, then at me. A tallow candle stuck in an empty gin bottle stood on the mantelpiece. I made a sign to Bobbie to fetch it, and together we bent over his mother, who lay on a mattress on the floor. Her poor face was very thin, her eyes sunken and dim; her arms, neck, and part of her chest were bare and ominously streaked with patches of yellow and black. The "hot un" had been at work there. Some matting and old clothes did duty for bed covering, from out of which now and again emerged a naked arm or leg of Ben or Nell, who lay burrowed therein. A tall girl of about seventeen years was washing her face and neck at a bucket in the far-off corner facing the door; and, on seeing Bobbie's visitor, she hastily covered herself with an old shawl which she took from a mattress behind her. The fire was out, the room was bitterly cold and oozing with dampness. Cis was dispatched for fuel and firing and something else, while Bobbie turned nurse and unearthed both Ben and Nell from what appeared to threaten imminent suffocation.

Meanwhile the poor mother was listening to what I had to say, and I to what she wished to be done. She had far more than a smattering of education. There was a quiet refinement, and touching resignation truly edifying. Not a bitter word escaped her thin, bloodless lips against the brute who had wrought this misery on her and her children. But there was a painful, fervid eagerness of entreaty that they should not be left to his care when she was gone; and going fast she knew and felt she was. With an agonized look she asked: "Can he claim my children? All of them? They will be lost, all lost—save perhaps Cis,—if he has his way over them."

I shall never forget the gleam of radiant joy that lit up the pallid, sunken face when I explained she could by deed of guardianship save her children their Faith; nor with what eagerness she besought me to get it ready for her to sign; nor with what

fear and trembling her eyes shifted from my face to the door, listening to every footstep that passed the threshold. Experience had long taught me the wisdom of carrying both paper and pen. On the floor by her bedside was the deed made out, read over to her, and which she was hastening to sign when the door burst open with a rebounding thud and the "hot un" reeled in.

Drunk as he was, he yet was eute enough to grasp the impression that "something was up"; and in thick utterances of a vile and blasphemous nature he bade me "sling my——hook." This it was not my intention to do,—at least not before the signature was affixed to the deed.

Bobbie, who had been squatting on the floor, with Ben and Nell on either knee, dropped them somewhat abruptly, got on his legs, edged his way to my side and whispered:

"Give me half a dollar."

I gave him the money.

Bobbie then stalked up to his stepfather and thus accosted him:

"Well, you are a mug! Don't you see mother's a-making of her last will and testament, leaving the sticks and what burial money her corpse is worth to you? Come on and get ee'self a wet. Don't you see ye be not wanted? Here's the spondulics. Come on!" And Bobbie showed the coin and got his stepfather out.

Yes, Bobbie was a "deep un." God bless you, Bobbie! For I am sure He has forgotten and forgiven that—well, little misconception.

The signature was duly attached to the deed, by which the mother appointed a guardian who would gladly find home and education for her little ones. Cis came back; the fire was kindled, and supper soon ready.

It was now late, and nothing more could be done that night. On the way down the court to the outer thoroughfare, I met Bobbie and the "hot un." We held converse together under a street lamp. The latter agreed to see me on

the morrow, when we would go further into matters. Bobbie escorted me back to the main road and offered me some change out of the "half-dollar," which I bade him keep.

"Did the trick, gov'nor?" said he.

"Yes, Bobbie. But you did, you know, tell an—"

"Stow it, gov'nor. You're grinning all over your blooming face."

I am afraid I was.

The interview took place between the "hot un" and myself next morning. There was some very plain speaking, coupled with sundry unpleasant threats and disclosures, and he "caved in" ignominiously. His wife died a few days later, and the "home" was broken up. Cis, Ben, and Nell were duly provided for. And of what happened to Bobbie the conclusion of this story will soon tell.

He was at once placed in a Home for working boys, the manager of which was acquainted with Bobbie's past in all its details, and who was advised to deal gently, yet firmly, with the lad. It was not long before he had a situation, and it was not for long that he kept it. His master, being of the opinion that an errand boy with a black eye was no recommendation to business, gave Bobbie the "sack." This was the outcome of an encounter with one of his former "pals," who gave him, as Bobbie expressed it, "too much of his lip." His experience of places was as numerous and as varied as a London general servant's; and his stay in each, if anything shorter.

Yet he was not idle or averse to work. "Settling down" to a quiet, orderly, humdrum sort of life was not in his line. His conduct in the Home was decidedly good, and he was undoubtedly popular with both the manager and the boys. He had a habit of sneaking into my office when out on errands or at meal-times to see if there was anything the "gov'nor" wanted done; and great was his delight if there was, and right well he used to

do it. One evening he waylaid me as I was homeward bound, and rather staggered me with the remark:

"That Wellington wasn't in it with Nelson."

"What do you mean, Bobbie?"

"Mean! Why, isn't a bloke that can win battles with only one eye and one arm worth a jolly sight more than a bloke with two arms and eyes?"

This was certainly a novel way of gauging the respective merits of the two illustrious warriors.

Bobbie, I learned, was wading through Nelson's life and simply revelling in it. I heard later that he cast off much of his own slang to rake up that of the seaman's; further, that on an occasion of the departure of some emigrant children to Canada, Bobbie won over one of the managers in charge to his seeing them off,—an opportunity he availed himself of to spend a day and night among the shipping at Liverpool. All this, and more for which there is no space, pointed but to one direction—the sea. We talked it over at length, and I did not fail to do my best to point out that there was a seamy side to even a life in the Royal Navy. It was the old, old story. Bobbie's vocation was there, and he knew it, and I knew it. His enthusiasm was boundless when I promised to take the necessary steps to obtain his admission to a training ship. It was also contagious, as within a week similar applications were numerous. In due course the preliminaries were settled, the outfit purchased. We met at the station, where also were Cis, Ben, and Nell. The "send-off" was a very warm one; and Bobbie certainly showed he felt leaving us.

"I may write to you, sir, mayn't I? You'll hear naught but what's good of me, s'elp me, sir," were his last words as he gripped my hand with a grip of which I was very proud.

"Yes, Bobbie, as often as you like. Don't forget your duties to God and country, Bobbie."

"I won't, sir, you bet!" And the train steamed out with the latest recruit to H. M. Royal Navy.

Yes, he did write; and his letters, like himself, were bright and vigorous. He was doing well and liked his life. Time passed, and his letters grew fewer and fewer; yet I heard of him, and all that I heard was to his credit.

One evening there was a knock at the door and a sailor entered. It was Bobbie, smart and trim, bright and buoyant as ever.

"Couldn't pass the old craft, sir, without coming aboard to salute the captain."

I was late home that night; for Bobbie had much to tell, and many to see—his "old shipmates," as he termed the boys in the Home, and, of course, Cis, Ben, and Nell. He was somewhat spoiled during the few days he was ashore, and his money soon came to an end in the presents he would give right and left.

Then back to duty's call he went, leaving us very happy, very proud, and very confident as to his future. When last he wrote, not long ago, he was evidently still the same bright and buoyant Bobbie we had grown to like—aye, to love.

A Wish.

BY M. L. ESTRANGE.

WHEN my ship has reached the landing,
 And I stand upon the shore,
 Lost in the radiant vision
 That is mine for evermore,
 May my home in the "many mansions"
 Be where the good God wills!
 But I long for a place with the children
 On the "everlasting hills."

Even now they pass before me,
 Bright forms in the mighty throng
 Who follow the meek Lamb's footsteps,
 Intoning the unknown song;
 I list to the strains angelic, while
 My heart with rapture thrills;
 For methinks they are calling me softly
 To the "everlasting hills."

Confessions of a Convert.

BY THE REV. REV. HUGH BENSON.

V.

GRADUALLY, however, three things drew out of the clamoring mob of ideas and authors. The first was a thought. I suddenly realized clearly what I had only suspected before—namely, that if the Church of Christ was, as I believed it to be, God's way of salvation, it was impossible that the finding of it should be a matter of shrewdness or scholarship; otherwise, salvation would be easier for the clever and leisured than for the dull and busy. Two or three texts of Scripture began to burn before me. "A highway shall be there," wrote Isaiah; "... the redeemed shall walk there. . . . The way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein." "A city set on a hill," said our Saviour, "cannot be hid." Again: "Unless you . . . become as little children, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And again: "I thank Thee, Father, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones."

I cannot describe the relief that this thought gave to me. I saw now that my intellectual difficulties were not the real heart of the matter, and that I had no right to be discouraged because I knew myself to be immeasurably the inferior of others who had decided against the cause that was beginning to show itself to me as true. Humility and singleness of motive, I saw now, were far more important than patristic learning. I began, therefore, more than ever to aspire toward these, and to throw myself upon God. I used, day after day, one of the acts of humility in St. Ignatius' Spiritual Exercises. In fact, I think that, owing to the violence of the reaction, I was in a certain danger of relapsing into Quietism.

But two books came to my rescue, and these were respectively Newman's "Development" and Mallock's "Doctrine and

Doctrinal Disruption." Besides these, one of Father Carson's essays helped me in the last stage,—that dealing with the growth of the Church from an embryonic condition to that of manhood; for it was, perhaps, this line of thought as much as any that especially solved my difficulties. Finally, there was Mr. Spencer Jones' "England and the Holy See." These books, each in its way, helped me, not indeed directly forward toward Faith—for that was forming as independently of intellectual effort as of emotional attraction,—but by way of breaking down on one side the definite difficulties that stood between me and Rome, and on the other the last remnants of theory that held me to the Church of England. I now began to see dawning clearly, like mountains through a mist, the outlines of what I have called in the previous chapter the general or ideal views of the two communions that claimed my allegiance.

First, there was the general view of the Church of England and her relations to Christendom; and this, as I have already said, rested now entirely upon my theory of the "Church Diffusive." Now, Mr. Mallock's book first stated this theory with complete fairness, and then demolished it utterly. As soon as I had finished his treatment of the question, I laid down the book and gasped. I knew, and told others that I knew, that I had no more to say on the Anglican side. There was but one hope left, and that, I thought, was impossible for me now—namely, a relapse into a kind of devout agnosticism on the subject of the Church. But I think that if the other books I have mentioned had not, simultaneously, disclosed to me the outline of the Catholic Church, I should in all probability have fallen back upon that agnosticism, and remained where I was; reassuring myself, as so many do, by reflections upon the tangled state of Church history, and the positive evidences that God was, after all, undoubtedly working in the Anglican communion.

I need not describe at length Mr

Mallock's argument; but, in a word, it was this: the theory of the Church Diffusive is made by Ritualists the foundation of their belief; but the Church Diffusive rejects that theory; Rome, Moscow, and Canterbury, though they may agree upon other points, do not agree upon this. Therefore, the authority to which the appeal is made implicitly denies that it is an authority at all. Therefore the whole thing is illusive.

I have asked, both before and since my submission to Rome, an answer to this argument, and I have never yet received one of any kind. One learned and zealous Anglican could only say that it was too logical to be true; that the heart has reasons which the head knows nothing of.

I began to turn now with more hope to the constructive books. In Mr. Spencer Jones' work I found an orderly systemization of the argument that greatly helped me to clear my thoughts; in Father Carson's essay I found a kind of brilliant variation upon Newman's great theme. But it was "The Development of Doctrine" that, like a magician, waved away the last floating mists, and let me see the City of God in her strength and beauty.

It is, of course, utterly impossible to lay my finger upon this or that argument as the one that finally convinced me. Besides, it was not argument that did convince me, any more than it was emotion that impelled me. It was rather my being drawn by the Spirit of God towards a vantage-ground whence I could look out and see the facts as they were; but it was Newman's book that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me how the whole glorious erection stood upon an unshakable foundation and soared to heaven.

There, then, to change the metaphor, I saw the mystical Bride of Christ, growing through the ages from the state of childhood to adolescence, increasing in wisdom and stature, not adding to but developing her knowledge, strengthening her limbs, stretching out her hands;

changing indeed her aspect and her language,—using now this set of human terms, now that, to express better and better her mind; bringing out of her treasures things new and old, which yet had been hers from the beginning, imbued with the Spirit of her Spouse, and even suffering as He had done.

She, too, was betrayed and crucified; "dying daily," like her great Lord; denied, mocked and despised; a child of sorrows and acquainted with grief; misrepresented, misconstrued, agonizing; stripped of her garments, yet, like the King's daughter that she is, "all glorious within"; dead even, it seemed at times; yet, like her natural Prototype, still united to the God-head; laid in the sepulchre, guarded by secular powers, yet ever rising again on Easter Day, spiritual and transcendent; passing through doors that men thought closed forever, spreading her mystical banquets in upper rooms and by sea-shores; and, above all, ascending forever beyond the skies, and dwelling in heavenly places with Him who is her Bridegroom and her God.

Difficulty after difficulty melted as I looked on her face. I saw now how it must be that outward aspects should change, and that the swathed child in the Catacombs should seem very different from the reigning mother and mistress of churches, the queen of the world. I saw, too, how even her constitution must appear to change: how the limbs, that at first move spasmodically and clumsily, should, as she increased in strength, become more and more controlled by the visible Head; how the great childish gestures of the early Councils should pass little by little into the serene voice issuing from the lips; how the disorderly implicit knowledge of the first centuries should express itself more and more precisely as she learned how to speak to men that which she knew from the beginning; how gradually she would announce even in our own days that principle on which she had acted from the beginning—namely, that in matters

that concerned the vital contents of her message, she was protected, in the utterances of her Head, by the Spirit of Truth that had first formed her body in the womb of the human race.

I do not say that all difficulties went at once. They did not. In fact, I do not suppose that there is any Catholic alive who would dare to say that he had no difficulties even now; but "ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt." There remain always the old eternal problems of sin and free will; but to one who has once looked sincerely into the eyes of this great Mother, those problems are as nothing. She knows, if we do not; she knows even if she does not say that she knows; for within her somewhere, far down in her great heart, there lies hid the very wisdom of God Himself.

And all this great vision I saw now for the first time fulfilled in what I had been accustomed to call the Church of Rome. I turned and looked again at the Church of England, and there was an extraordinary change. It was not that she had become unlovable. I love her even now as one may love an unsatisfactory human friend. She had a hundred virtues, a delicate speech, a romantic mind; a pleasant aroma hung about her; she was infinitely pathetic and appealing; she had the advantage of dwelling in the twilight of her own vagueness, in glorious houses, even though not of her building; she had certain gracious ways, pretty modes of expression; her music and her singing still seem to me extraordinarily beautiful; and above all she is the nursing mother of many of my best friends, and for over thirty years educated and nursed me, too, with extreme kindness. Indeed, I was not ungrateful for all this; but it had become entirely impossible for me ever to reverence her again as the divine mistress of my soul.

It is true that she had fed me with the best food she had, and that Our Lord had accompanied those gifts with better gifts of His own; she had, indeed, pointed me

to Him rather than to herself. But all this did not make her my queen; and, in fact, even in other matters she had failed me, through no fault of her own, but rather because of the misfortune of her birth and nature. When I had asked her questions that really concerned the very life I was leading under her protection, she had given me no answer. She had told me only to lie still and love her; and that was not enough. A soul cannot be eternally satisfied with kindness and a soothing murmur and the singing of hymns; and there is a liberty which is a more intolerable slavery than the heaviest of chains. I did not want to go this way and that at my own will: I wanted to know the way in which God wished me to walk.

There, then, she stood, my old mistress, pathetic and loving, claiming me as her servant by every human tie; and there, on the other side, in a blaze of fierce light, stood the Bride of Christ, dominant and imperious, but with a look in her eyes and a smile on her lips that could rise only from a heavenly vision,—claiming me, not because she had as yet done anything for me, not because I was an Englishman who loved English ways (or even Italian, for the matter of that); but simply and solely because I was a child of God, and because to her He had said, "Take this child away, and nurse it for Me; and I will give thee thy wages"; because, first and last, she was His Bride and I was His son.

If at that choice I had hesitated, and turned back to her whom I knew and loved, in preference to her whom as yet I saw only at a distance, I know that I should have fallen, without even the shadow of a doubt, under that condemnation uttered by my Lord: "Unless a man leave his father and mother and all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple." I went to my superior, therefore, in the early summer, told him once more of my state of mind, and obtained leave from him to go home to my mother's house for a few months' rest and reflection.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XX.

"**H**OW excited and feverish you look, Sydney!" said Lett in a tone of apprehension, going to the side of the bed and laying a finger on Sydney's pulse. "I knew you should not take coffee at night. Why are you so wilful, dear?"

"Because Lucifero still has some dominion over me, I am afraid. I am in one of my wicked ways to-night. I have just given Mildred a shock, and it is your turn now. What a delightful surprise was waiting for you downstairs! I suppose you have seen Henri?"

Lett started perceptibly; and, to give her time to collect herself, Mildred said:

"Is Mr. De Wolff really here? Sydney was just telling me that she saw him at a distance when we returned from driving, but I thought she might have been mistaken."

"No. He is here."

"And did you condescend to speak to him?" Sydney inquired, with a shade of sarcasm in her voice.

"I exchanged a few words with him, and then introduced him to Mr. Chetwode," Lett answered quietly.

"But why did you leave the rooms so early?" Mildred asked.

"There was nothing in particular to stay for, and it is pleasanter to me to be here."

"But wasn't it 'a little inconsiderate of you,'" said Sydney, mimicking Lett's own voice and manner, "to come away and leave Mr. Beresford disconsolate? Oh,"—recurring to her natural voice—"you needn't look so reproachfully at Mildred! It was not she who told me of your conquests. Mammy was the one. And, my dear Joyeuse, let me as a friend who has your best interests (as to appearance) at heart—let me implore you not to blush so furiously. Blushes do very well for chits of schoolgirls like myself; but for one of your stately, imperious-

looking presence, they are altogether unbecoming—in both senses of the word."

"Sydney," cried Mildred, who saw that Lett was not only blushing painfully but was really distressed, "you seem beside yourself to-night! I'm disgusted with you."

"And I am seriously apprehensive," said Lett, "that you will bring on a return of fever by exciting yourself as you are doing. See how flushed she is, Mildred,—and that is quite unusual. Pray be reasonable, Sydney! Take a composing draught and go to sleep."

"Yes, I will," Sydney responded, "because I can not afford to risk the possibility of being ill to-morrow. I must see Henri bright and early. Have you any idea, Joyeuse, my friend," she went on in a badgering tone, as Lett was getting her medicine, "how Henri discovered my address?"

"I suppose you gave it to him," said Lett.

"I did. The day before we left Estonsville I wrote to him, and asked Mrs. Sterndale to have my letter mailed."

"Mrs. Sterndale!" "Mamma!" said Lett and Mildred simultaneously.

"Mrs. Sterndale," responded Sydney. "Mrs. Sterndale is a woman of sense. As Mr. Graves used to say of grandmamma, she can read character as duller people read a printed page. She read Henri's character and mine, and knew that we are not people to be either distrusted or coerced. When I carried the letter to her and explained that, as I am not in the habit of doing things in an underhand way, and did not wish while I was in her house to do anything that she would not approve, I thought it best to ask her to send it to the post-office instead of making Mammy take it, she said at once, 'You are right, my dear. I will send it.' And she did."

"Sydney, you will talk yourself into a fever if you go on in this way much longer," said Lett, anxiously. "Do take your draught and get to sleep as soon as you can. I will ring for Aunt Jessie."

While she crossed the floor to touch the bell, Sydney beckoned Mildred to her and whispered:

"Not a word to Lett of anything I was saying to you before she came in!"

"What a weary, weary world this is!" Lett exclaimed in a tone of despondency, when she and Mildred were in their own room.

Mildred looked surprised. It was the first time she had ever heard anything like a murmur or uncheerful word from Lett.

"I am afraid you are very much worried by Mr. De Wolff's appearance," she said; wishing she could tell Lett that there was no cause for uneasiness on the subject, but restrained from saying anything by Sydney's caution.

"Yes, by that—and other things," answered Lett.

"But why distress yourself so uselessly?" demanded practical Mildred. "In your place, I should just leave the two to settle the affair themselves—particularly as they are sure to do that whether they are left alone or not."

"It is partly my promise to Major Carrington, and partly the horror I feel at the idea of her defying her father's wishes, almost his command, which make me so miserable to think of her marrying that man."

"Wait till she does marry him to be miserable," said Mildred. "You can't do anything, therefore why worry?"

"Why indeed?" said Lett, sadly. "I know it is wrong, but I can't help it. The truth is, I am feeling wretched in every way. Mildred, you must not think hardly of me or be vexed, but I can not go into the parlor or ballroom again."

"Lett! Why, what is the matter with you? Do tell me what you mean?"

"It is natural, no doubt," said Lett, her color rising and her voice quivering, notwithstanding the effort she made to speak in her usual manner, "that when a woman goes into society, she should be considered as in the world, and be—subject to attentions—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mildred. "I understand now. I suppose Mr. Beresford has been persecuting you this evening."

"I can't endure it, and I will not!" Lett exclaimed with a vehemence that quite startled Mildred. "You do not know, you can not conceive, how *abhorrent* it is to me to be made so conspicuous and ridiculous."

"My dear Lett, your imagination is running away with you," said Mildred. "I am perfectly certain that Mr. Beresford can not have done anything to make you conspicuous. He is too thorough a gentleman for that. The poor man can't help showing that he is in love with you—"

"Don't say such a thing to me!" cried Lett violently, springing to her feet and walking quickly up and down the floor, her eyes flashing with anger; while Mildred was so taken by surprise as to remain speechless. Her look of awed amazement, when Lett turned to her after an instant, recalled that irate individual to a sense of what she was doing; and she sat down at once, abashed and penitent, covering her face with her hands.

"I am so sorry," she said, in a sobbing, stifled voice, "and ashamed to have been guilty of this intemperance, Mildred! Please forgive me!" she continued, as she looked up with flushed face and eyes from which tears were dropping fast.

"Don't distress yourself in this manner, my dear Lett!" said Mildred, very kindly. "I am grieved that you should have been troubled and annoyed. I will take care that nothing of the kind shall occur again. I will make people understand that you do not want their admiration, and are not to be annoyed by it."

"I know it is very foolish and wrong to be so angry at the natural mistake people make in considering me just like any other girl in society. But I can't help it. I suppose it is because I have lived all my life in a religious house, that I don't like the society of men—"

"And resent their admiration!" said Mildred, smiling. "But why? If you

intended to be a religious, I could understand your shrinking as you do at the bare thought of some man asking you to marry him. But you say you have not a vocation?"

"My cousin, Reverend Mother, and my confessor say so. But I have never given up the hope that time may prove them mistaken. And even if I can't take religious vows, I have always intended to spend my life mostly in convents, and to try to do some good in the world with the money I have. You can not but admit that I should be making a better use of it in applying it in this way than by giving it to a fortune-hunter. But, oh!" she exclaimed, with a sudden recollection. "I have been so selfishly absorbed in my own troubles as to have forgotten to tell you that a friend of yours arrived this afternoon, at the same time that Mr. De Wolff did, I think. He was very much disappointed and concerned when he found he would not see you this evening. I heard him ask Mr. Chetwode whether you were ill or merely had one of your usual headaches; and he inquired very anxiously, just before I came upstairs, whether I thought you would be well to-morrow."

"A friend of mine?" repeated Mildred in a constrained voice. "That is very vague. I have a great many friends. What is his name?"

"Unluckily I did not catch the name when Mr. Chetwode introduced him to me, there was so much noise all around us. But I am sure you will recognize him from description. He is a tall, fair man, a strikingly fine figure, with a broad forehead, aquiline nose, large, very frank blue eyes, and beautiful blonde hair and moustache,—the handsomest moustache I ever saw. It looks like spun silk."

"Laurence Brent!" said Mildred, throwing back her hands with a gesture something between regret and annoyance. "I have been expecting this!" she went on in a tone of vexation. "Our sins are like the dragon's teeth—they always rise up against us sooner or later."

"I am sorry for you," said Lett, "if his coming is disagreeable to you."

"Disagreeable!" repeated Mildred. "It is a good deal more than that. It is painful, embarrassing, worrying to the last degree. Lett, I should like to tell you about it. But I shall fall very much in your respect if I do."

"I am not afraid of that," said Lett, smiling. "Pray tell me. I want to hear not only on your account but on Mr. Brent's. I thought him very attractive and handsome."

"Yes, poor fellow, he is handsome. And very good—in his way. But I wish he had not come. I hoped he wouldn't."

She was silent for a minute or two.

"Lett, do you think it is ever right to make a mixed marriage?" she asked.

"It is a very dangerous thing to do. And I suppose you know how strongly the Church discourages such marriages, though not absolutely forbidding them."

"Yes," said Mildred, with a sigh. "I have always known that much about the laws of the Church, and was always resolved never to marry a man who was not a real Catholic—practical, you would say,—not one merely in name, like myself. It was by accident that I became involved in this affair with Laurence Brent. And he will not give it up, though I have tried my best to make him understand how useless it is to expect any yielding on my part."

"But on his part? What is his religion?"

"He has none. I suppose he is an agnostic more than anything else, though he does not call himself so. But he has the agnostic haziness of ideas on the subject. There may or there may not be a God, is what he says. He doesn't pretend to know."

"Is he prejudiced against the Faith?"

"Not at all. He has obligingly offered to be baptized and call himself a Catholic if I will marry him. But he is honest enough to acknowledge that he would do it simply because religion is a matter of indifference to him. And he can not be

made to understand what a sacrilege such conduct would be."

Lett shook her head sadly.

"Have you prayed much for him," she asked, "or offered any good works for his conversion?"

"Sometimes I have prayed a great deal for him,—prayed every day. And then I would get out of the way of it,—forget it. You see, I was so indifferent to religion myself; so worldly and pleasure-loving. But still there was always a spiritual side to my nature. I have never been able to discover anything of the kind in his; and I have been afraid that if I were closely associated with him, I might either become as careless as he is, or else be very unhappy in thinking that his soul would not be saved. Then, again, sometimes I think I ought to marry him for this very reason—to try, to save his soul. What do you think?"

"I can not form an opinion," replied Lett. "You never asked a priest's advice?"

"I never had the opportunity. What worries me most is that if I had not allowed myself to drift into a flirtation with him, in the first place, there would have been none of this trouble. I never had the least inclination to coquetry, I assure you. Such a thing as encouraging a man's serious attentions from the mere love of admiration is what I can conscientiously say I never did. But when I first came out, two years ago, I thought there was no harm in flirting a little, if there was a clear understanding on both sides that it *was* flirting. He was a regular flirt, and the idea of any danger to him never entered my head. That is the way I became entangled in the affair. It began in pure idleness; but he chose to turn it into earnest on his side, and managed to enlist mamma and Uncle Romuald as his partisans. That is, they blamed me for encouraging his suit if I didn't intend to marry him. As if I could help his persisting in it! How it is to end Heaven only knows."

(To be continued.)

On the Way to Emmaus.

BY PETER K. GUILDAY.

IT was growing late into the beautiful April afternoon, and the long mellow rays of the golden sunshine were streaming through the stained-glass windows of the little seminary chapel, lighting up with their sweetness the last conference of the Easter retreat. As the sun sank lower and lower beneath the west, its reflection embraced the saintly figure of a priest who sat silent in the sanctuary before the Tabernacle, caressing in its upward course his cassock, his joined hands and his bent shoulders, and then enfolding his venerable white head in a cluster of sparkling red rose-like jets of flame.

We had long known Father Gregory. From the first his frail form and gentle face had attracted us and drawn us to him as children are drawn to those they love. As students of philosophy, we had been his constant disciples for two short, happy years; and the magic influence of his personality, and the admiration we felt for his philosophy—I had almost said his poetry, for it was both the one and the other,—were potent factors in moulding our hearts and our minds for the long after-days of the deep, calm ocean of theology.

So the little chapel was still; the holy place was quiet—as Wordsworth would say—as a nun breathless with adoration. And, glancing up with expectation for Father Gregory to begin, our eyes saw in the centre of the table in front of him a flower that looked at first like a marigold; but as we looked, the sunlight burst across the table and brought clearly into view the outlines of a dandelion.—one of those dear, common flowers

That grow beside the way
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.

"*Si consurrexistis cum Christo, quæ sursum sunt, querite*,"—"If ye be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above."

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language;

and I have chosen for your instruction
 this afternoon one of the least among the
 springtime flowers; but one which, when
 seen with the eyes of the poet, brings to
 our souls a reflection of the golden sun-
 beams which now brood over its petals.
 How tenderly does Lowell speak of it at
 the close of his familiar poem!—

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of heaven; and could some wondrous secret
 show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

“The dandelion contains many lessons
 for us. It is known in every land under
 the sun, from the limits of the ice-fields
 to the luxuriant growth of the tropics;
 everywhere throughout the broad earth
 it takes root and flourishes when all
 other flowers languish and die. It
 fastens its roots in the tiniest crevices of
 the rocks, in places where no other flower
 could grow, and it holds tenaciously
 wherever a seed has fallen. So it is with
 the Church: there is no land where her
 doctrine is not known; and neither the
 scorn of men, nor the trials and hard-
 ships she experiences in overcoming the
 ignorance and prejudice of those to whom
 she preaches the word of God, nor the
 rebellion of her children against the voice
 of her divine authority, avail against her
 solid foundation in the Rock of Peter.

“The roots of the dandelion are remark-
 able because of the way in which they
 force themselves into the soil and cling
 to it. We, too, can not seek the things
 that are above unless our lives be founded
 on the natural virtues of honesty and
 self-control; we must take root in the
 things of earth,—in the natural sciences,
 in the intellectual progress which is going
 on all around us; and we must hold

manfully to those natural qualities upon
 which the supernatural life is built, and
 without which the higher life is weak and
 unstable. The stem of the dandelion
 contains the milk which it draws from
 the soil and which constitutes the food
 of the hundred little plants of its bud.
 So, in our life, the common stem should
 contain the milk of charity and of kindness
 one toward the other. This stem with
 its food is also a symbol of the Blessed
 Sacrament of the Altar, which is the
 centre of our faith, the source of our
 supernatural strength, and the life-giver to
 the many other mysteries which grow out
 of it and are supported by it. The bud
 of the dandelion is marvellously protected
 by little bracts which prevent its enemies
 of the insect world from entering its golden
 treasury to steal away the honey before
 it is ripe. We likewise should guard our
 hearts by prayer and mortification against
 all those enemies who would rob us of
 the purity of our intentions and the
 whole-heartedness of our affections, which
 are as sweet as honey in the sight of God.

“But, though the dandelion digs deep
 into the earth, it seeks the air and the
 sunlight, the rains and the dews. And we
 also should seek the things that are above
 the earth,—the heavenly, the spiritual
 things; as Saint Bernard says, whatever
 is real, abiding and permanent; avoiding
 in our lives all sham, instability and
 hypocrisy; whatever is just, seeking first
 the Kingdom of God and His justice;
 whatever is clean and pure and chaste,
 giving up all worldly affections and con-
 secrating our hearts entirely to God;
 whatever is loving, whatever is dear to
 the interest of the Heart of Jesus, our
 Divine Master. And as the dandelion
 opens its dark green cloak in the morning
 with the rise of the sun and closes it as
 the sun sinks to rest, so we should open our
 hearts on waking in the morning to the
 love which Jesus, the Son of God, wishes
 to breathe into our souls; and our last
 thought on retiring should be a thanks-
 giving to Him, in whom we live and move

and have our being, for all the graces and blessings of the day.

"This is but a glimpse into this open page of Nature's book; for, in the commonest flower that blooms, there is a whole treatise for a sound philosophy of life, which will unfailingly aid us on toward the immortal goal of our existence,—the vision of the one, true God and Creator of all."

Father Gregory went on developing this beautiful allegory; and at times his words and the intensity of his feeling reminded us of Wordsworth's passionate love of the woods and hills and streams; and then again there would flash across the imagination, while he was speaking, the vision of Saint Paul of the Cross going through the meadows of his native Italy, chiding the flowers, and beseeching them not to speak so loudly of God. But when the conference was over and the preacher had left us to meditate a while on what he had said, there came back to the soul the remembrance of a silvery gray-haired saint of modern times, who drew all Europe to his little home in Ars by the simplicity of his sanctity and the wisdom of his preaching.

We reached Emmaus early the next morning, when the great city lying at our feet was silent in slumber; and in that Emmaus of Holy Communion, as we received the Precious Body from Father Gregory's almost transparent fingers, we tasted of the joy and the peace which our risen Lord gave to the two disciples.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; of adversity, fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor.—*Bacon.*

I NEVER turn a beggar unrelieved from my door, for fear of offending the beautiful angel that guided his footsteps to it.

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Told by a Veteran General.

THE most interesting chapter in "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville,"—a book noticed in these pages last week—is the one entitled "On the Battlefield at Night." It was the battlefield of Antietam. Both armies had advanced and retreated over the ground more than once during the day, and it was thickly strewn with the wounded, the dying and the dead, "Blues" and "Grays." The author tells of going to the front at midnight, to bring to the surgeons such of the wounded as could be reached, and of meeting there a priest who, regardless of danger, was ministering to friend and foe alike. But the incident must be related in Gen. Curtis' own words, which are as follows:

Later, and when nearer the enemy's lines than before, I was an interested witness of actions which have exerted a strong influence in making me more tolerant of the views of those whose faith and practices differ from my own. Born and reared under the rigid rules of New England Protestantism, never too tolerant, though growing more so as generations come and go, I did not expect to see kindly attention paid to an outsider by the representative of a sect which I had been taught to believe were for their church first and last, recognizing no other. I saw a man kneeling beside a wounded soldier whose feeble moans indicated that he was near the end. "What," said the kneeling man, "can I do for you?"—"Nothing, I fear; I am dying." The visitor said: "Are you prepared to die? Have you faith in Him who alone can save you?" The dying soldier gave an affirmative reply, and named an evangelical church of which he had been a member from his youth. "I hope it is well with you; I am a clergyman, and will gladly pray for you."—"Please do," whispered the soldier. The clergyman prayed for the man who had given his life for his country.

Later, and still nearer the enemy's lines, I came again upon this clergyman just as he approached a man who was crying in bitterness of spirit that he had sinned away the day of grace, and must now go down to perdition. "No, my friend," said the clergyman, "it is not too late, if you will confess your sins, ask for forgiveness, and put your trust in Him who alone can save you. I am a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and will give you absolution on your fulfilling the requirements of the Church."

To the one who had tried to follow his Master's teachings he gave approbation and encouragement with a brother's unction. To the one without faith or hope he gave the consolations of the Church of which he was a devoted priest. I asked the name of the man who had gone forth on this battlefield in the late watches of the night, regardless of imminent danger, to minister to those passing beyond human aid, and was told he was Francis McAtee, chaplain of the Thirty-first New York. From that night he held a warm place in my heart.

While the army was in camp at Bakersville, previous to the general advance into Virginia, Gen. Curtis was proud to hold an umbrella over the head of the same devoted chaplain during a sermon to the regiment. (Father McAtee had recently suffered a partial sunstroke, and the heat—it was midsummer—was overpowering.) The old General is as kind-hearted as he is brave, and the act was characteristic of him.

* * *

Another story, told of Gen. Calvin E. Pratt of New York, is no less edifying, and will doubtless be new to most readers. This brave officer was obliged to resign his commission on account of wounds received at the battle of Gaines's Mill. He carried an ounce ball, received in that battle, under his left cheek, near the base of the skull for thirty years, discharging the duties of a Justice of the Supreme Court, meantime, in a manner to win the reputation of a learned and upright judge. It seems that when he was wounded, and supposed by those around him to be dying, he was baptized by Father McAtee, who probably lost sight of him after he left the army.

Gen. Curtis relates that in the Presidential campaign of 1880, a large number of influential members of the Democratic Party united in bringing the name of Gen. Pratt before the convention called to select a candidate to head the ticket, and great progress was being made in winning the support of delegates for his nomination, when it was quietly stated that Gen. Pratt was a member of the Roman

Catholic Church. A self-appointed committee waited on him to request him to deny the charge and to stand forth as a Protestant. The committee said to him: "It is recognized that you are an attendant of a Protestant church, but is stated that you have been baptized by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and unless you deny the charge, and confess your adhesion to the Protestant faith, your nomination is impossible. With such confession the way is clear for your nomination as the candidate of the party for the Presidency."

"His answer," says Gen. Curtis, "was no surprise to those who knew him as a brave soldier, an upright judge, a broad-minded and irreproachable man." He turned to the spokesman and said: "I will neither affirm nor deny the charge that I am a Roman Catholic. I will say that I have been informed by reputable persons who were present, that, when under the impression conveyed to him by the medical officers in attendance that I was about to die from wounds received in action, Chaplain McAtee administered to me the sacred rites of baptism and absolution which priests of his Church administer to those regarded worthy when approaching death. That I should repudiate or cast a reproach on the action of that pious priest is an impossibility. I have carried in my head for eighteen years the ball which produced the prostration which was thought by all then present a premonition of death, and may carry it to my grave; but I assure you I would not by word or action discountenance the act of my faithful chaplain, if in so doing it would dislodge this tormenting ball, or place me in the highest office in the gift of the people for whose national existence I stood when disabled. No, sir, I can not be made an instrument for bigotry!"

Soon after, the tide was turned toward General Hancock, and, as Gen. Curtis significantly observes, "his nomination was secured without profession of adhesion to any particular religious sect."

A Timely Lesson.

A LESSON for the great majority of English-speaking Catholics is contained in a letter to the *London Tablet* from a correspondent in Egypt. Writing of public elementary education there, he says:

Mindful of our controversies at home, I was curious to learn how a British Administration dealt with the problems of denominational education as they present themselves in a Mohammedan country. I may say at once that the religious difficulty in England would simply disappear if the wishes of English and Irish Catholics were treated with a tenth part of the considerateness which is shown to those of the Moslems of Egypt. In his last year's report, Lord Cromer uses these remarkable words:

I wish to add a few remarks on the subject of instruction in the Koran. Moslems very rightly and naturally attach the utmost importance to the continuance of this instruction. It can not be too clearly understood that neither the Egyptian Government nor any of its British advisers in any degree wish that it should be discontinued. All they contend for is that, whilst adequate attention is paid to religious instruction, the teaching in the village schools should not be wholly religious, and that some reasonable proportion of the time of the scholars should be devoted to such secular instruction as may fit them for their careers in after life.

Quite so. Only now consider what, in Lord Cromer's opinion, is a "reasonable proportion" of time to devote exclusively to denominational instruction. The Catholics of Lancashire and Durham have to fight to the utmost to get more than a beggarly half-hour in the day for the religious instruction of their children; but when it is a case of teaching Mohammedanism, half of the whole school-day is not thought excessive. In Lord Cromer's report for this year, which has just reached me, after noting that religious lessons have been increased from two to three in the day, he observes:

From a purely educational standpoint, the devotion of such a large proportion of the limited time available for education to mere memorizing (learning the Koran by heart) is open to some objection; but Moslem feeling sincerely and earnestly demanded that more time should be set apart for teaching the Koran, and it was obviously undesirable for the Ministry of Education to isolate itself from Mohammedan support on such a question.

Now apply those words *mutatis mutandis* to the Catholic schools at home. Have not we "sincerely and earnestly demanded" more time for religious instruction in our schools, and is it not "obviously undesirable for the Ministry of Education to isolate itself" from Catholic support on such a question? Surely the contrast is instructive,—we can not get an hour a day, the Moslems have half the school-time. If the time for learning the Koran—what

Lord Cromer complacently describes as "the sacred text"—were curtailed, the Mohammedans would kick.

Is there not here a lesson which he who runs may read? asks the writer. There certainly is,—a lesson for American as well as English Catholics. We take it to be this, and we venture to employ the correspondent's slang in formulating it: Keep on kicking, kick with both feet, and kick altogether until our fellow-citizens are convinced of the injustice of obliging us to support a system of education which we can not in conscience patronize,—until municipal, State and Federal governments are made to realize the undesirability of isolating themselves from Catholic support.

 May Day.

AS the Puritans of England hated mince-pie, calling it "Popish pie," because for centuries it had been a Catholic custom to have it upon the Feast of the Nativity, they hated May Day festivities on account of opposing all honor to Christ's Mother. Catholics dedicated the first day of May to Our Lady, and then held various harmless celebrations; but these were suppressed by Cromwell and his stern Puritans.

According to Puritanic ideas, all May-poles were "a heathenish vanity generally abused to superstition and wickedness"; and an ordinance was passed that they were to be "taken down by constables, church-wardens, and householders."

After the Restoration the ordinance was rescinded, but only in rural England did the pretty May customs regain a foothold. There, even yet, especially in Devon, one can witness old-time May games,—the May Queen crowned with flowers, and the hanging of May baskets upon the doors of the houses, etc. The church altars are adorned with candles and flowers, and in many places even the Church of England participates in the May Day services in honor of our Blessed Mother.

Notes and Remarks.

It is not perhaps generally known that the theory which derives the origin of the name *America* from the Florentine navigator, Americus Vesputius, is far from being universally accepted. M. Jules Marcou, a French *savant* of note, published, in 1875 and 1888, in the *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Paris, two papers in which the genuine origin of the name of this continent was learnedly discussed; and in the later paper "he demonstrated," to quote the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, "with decisive authority that the name America is of Indian origin, an indigenous term having the twofold sense of 'a land rich in gold' and 'a land of wind.'" According to M. Marcou, the name designated the high lands in Nicaragua between Juigalpa and Libertad. These mountains contained gold; and the supposition is that when the Spanish discoverers inquired where the natives obtained their gold, these latter always replied *America*, so that the name became equivalent in Spanish minds to a real Eldorado, and in European circles it was synonymous with the new countries found beyond the ocean. As for the Florentine navigator, it appears that his real name was *Albericus* (not Americus) Vesputius. The German geographer, Waldseemüller, writing in 1509, took Albericus as a corrupted form of Americus, and so confounded the name of the Italian adventurer with the geographical appellation, Americus or America. The surname Americus, or Americo, is admittedly unknown in Italy, though frequent enough in Germany in the forms Almarich, Almerich.

The oft-recurring question whether or not Lincoln was a Christian is again being discussed. In contradistinction to Dr. Lyman Abbot's statement that the great President was an agnostic, General Horatio C. King asserts (in the *Christian Work*

and *Evangelist*) that, in all respects save that of church membership, Lincoln was a Christian. "That he was sincerely devout in his belief and professions," says General King, "his frequent letters and addresses clearly show. 'They bear,' say his biographers, 'the imprint of a sincere devotion and a steadfast reliance upon the power and benignity of an overruling Providence.' Let me cite a single example: 'When I left Springfield I asked the people to pray for me; I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ.'"

Personally, we incline to believe that Lincoln was a much better Christian than a considerable number of twentieth-century non-Catholics who possess the qualification of "church membership" in which he was lacking. To call oneself a Christian while denying the divinity of Christ is to use the term in an equivocal sense which Lincoln's rugged honesty would have treated with merited scorn.

A new volume of lectures by Dr. F. W. Bussell, entitled "Christian Theology and Social Progress," is described as "the most important contribution to apologetics which has been published in recent years." The work is at least full of ideas, and can not fail to stimulate thought. To Catholic readers it is of special interest, as showing the paradoxicalness now prevailing among religious thinkers and guides outside the Church. Dr. Bussell is not ashamed to confess that he prefers Anarchism to Socialism (in its strict and non-religious form); he does not shrink from admitting that it is legitimate to talk, as most men do nowadays, of rights rather than duties; he repeatedly affirms the antagonism of the religious and the scientific conceptions of life; he speaks with something like disgust of "the State," which in his view has become steadily "unmoralized since

the Reformation"; declares that the future of our threatened State lies with the Church; and openly scoffs at the idea of reverence for law.

On the other hand, the eminent Doctor insists upon the bankruptcy of the modern world in ideals, hopes, and even practical activity, apart from faith, whether Christian or merely ethical; the hopelessness in the long run of maintaining Christian ethics without Christian dogma; and the utter and irretrievable divorce between intellectualism and democracy. He declares that "that which binds together rulers and ruled can never be a common culture, but only a common moral aim." This moral aim he finds solely in the Christian ideal.

It will be seen that the lecturer pours out his thoughts as they came to him, so fast that it is hard for an ordinary reader to follow. His last words, we think, will have general approval: "Christian belief and the welfare of society are one."

To the current *Dublin Review*, Bertram Collingwood, M. D., contributes a paper which, by way of contrast to pamphlets, leaflets, and marked articles that not infrequently reach our table, is of not a little interest. The physician writes on "The Task before the Anti-Vivisectionists," and expresses himself as an avowed advocate of vivisection. Premising that, from the ethical standpoint, the total abolition of any given practice can be legitimately demanded on the ground that the practice is evil in itself, or that it produces more evil than good, or that the good obtained can be brought about by some other means apart from the evil, Dr. Collingwood argues at considerable length (and with notable cogency) that none of these possible grounds has an actual existence. "If this writer," he says, "were bold enough to offer advice to the anti-vivisection societies, he would suggest, firstly, that they eliminate from their writings and utterances all that is unfair, unscientific or inaccurate; and,

secondly, that they make the attempt to understand the theories of modern science before attacking them. Again, if they find themselves unable to accept the veracity of the statements of vivisectionists in regard to the methods employed in our laboratories, let them come and investigate for themselves. At the present moment these laboratories are to all intents open to duly qualified medical men; and if it would tend to set uneasiness at rest, it might be enacted that all such should have a legal right of entry. The vivisectionist does not fear the light; for, indeed, he has no reason to do so."

That all abuses in the practice of vivisection should be corrected, all unnecessary pain be spared the animals operated upon,—this will be readily conceded by everyone; but to go to the extreme of favoring the radical prohibition of the practice altogether is, we think, to partake of what Father Muckermann in a recent book styles "the senseless mania of regarding the animal as a brother of man, his equal in nature and essence." The merciful man is, no doubt, merciful to his beast; but, as the *Review* writer tersely remarks, "mercy without wisdom is mercy powerless"; and perhaps the totality of wisdom as to this matter is not monopolized by vivisection's aggressive and clamorous opponents.

Though a staunch Anglican, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, a recent writer on the ruined abbeys of Great Britain, does not hesitate to say, with the historian Green, that the period of monastic suppression, when "the masterful and unscrupulous Henry held England in the leash of utter terrorism," corresponds with the years of Robespierre's rule in France. "Every sound historical student," remarks a writer in the *Athenæum*, reviewing Mr. Cram's book, "whatever may have been his original theological or political bias, who deals conscientiously at first hand with the mass of records and correspondence pertaining to this epoch at the Public

Record Office, has perforce to fall into line with such conclusions. But as feeble, though persistent, attempts continue to be made to turn back the course of English opinion into the bigoted views that used, in the days of ignorance, to prevail as to the supposed crimes of the cloisters, it may be as well to cite one or two extracts from this most recent writer." We reproduce them thus abbreviated:

The task [of bringing about the Great Suppression] was carried out to admiration: the "Vicar-General" chose four men in whom he could trust, creatures of his own, and four of the most perfect knaves ever recorded in history—Doctors London, Layton, Legh, and Ap Rice,—and sent them forth on their unsavory errand. Fortunately, their letters to their master have been preserved, and a more shocking revelation of essential depravity is unimaginable. . . . It is an actual matter of fact that every indictment against the monks and nuns of the period rests on the sole and totally unsubstantiated word of the four "visitors," and no man would condemn a dog to-day on the oath of any one of these worthies.

The reviewer's comment on these extracts is also worth quoting. He says:

It is, of course, frankly admitted that among ten thousand men and women under vows, there were certain to be some who failed, being human, to live up to the expected standard. There were bad abbots, priors, and monks, just as there were bad bishops and priests, or bad nobles and commoners. But no evidence can be found, as the writer contends, that the cloister fostered wickedness of any kind.

Not as definitely settling the question of the authenticity of the Holy House, but as a gratification to those of our readers who are intimately convinced of that authenticity, we reproduce the following note, sent by Mgr. di Lai, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council, to Mgr. Faloci Pulignani. This latter prelate has published a book about the celebrated fresco of Gubbio, reference to which, in its bearing on the Holy House controversy, was made in these columns a few weeks ago:

The Holy Father has entrusted me with the honorable task of letting you know that he has been very pleased to receive your recent pamphlet—"The Holy House of Loreto According

to a Fresco in Gubbio,"—and that he highly approves and blesses your studies for the defence of a tradition, venerated for so many centuries, so dear to the Church and to the piety of the faithful, which is so intimately connected with that celebrated shrine.

It may be an avowal of one's ultra-conservatism, defective mentality, out-of-dateness, etc., still to believe in the translation of the Holy House from Nazareth to Loreto; but one has at least the consolation of knowing that he shares his belief with some excellent company.

"When a Catholic is in trouble," says the *New Zealand Tablet*, "the first thing he thinks of is the priest; and, as he is sure to be in need of either spiritual or temporal help, there is little likelihood of his denying his faith." It is otherwise with other religious denominations; and, by a system of false declarations at the Police Office, the Catholic body is continually being saddled with the crimes and misdemeanors of the black sheep in other folds."

Our contemporary cites a striking case in point that occurred recently in a Sydney police court. One Edward Nathan, charged with illegally selling liquor, was being examined by the magistrate, and this colloquy took place:

Of what religion are you?—A Jew.—Then why did you put yourself down on the charge-sheet as a Roman Catholic?—When I was locked up I gave my religion as Roman Catholic.—But why?—I always am a Roman Catholic when I get locked up.

It appears to be a cosmopolitan device, this being a Catholic when one gets "locked up." It is notorious that in the police courts of our own large cities, Catholic (and generally Irish) names are habitually taken by delinquents whose physiognomies give the lie to their chosen aliases as emphatically as did that of Marion Crawford's little Italian bootblack to the cognomen "Murphy" which he had proudly adopted. By the same token, we notice that the name "John Murphy" was given in New York the other day by a clergyman involved in some police case.

It developed, later on, that the name was an assumed one, and the clergyman a sectarian preacher, not a Catholic priest, as would be the natural connotation of "the Rev. John Murphy." An authoritative record of "Who's Who" in the police court would disclose some woful misfits of names to nationalities and religions.

Mr. McKenna's proposed solution of the school question in England is not acceptable to our co-religionists across the water. And they are not leaving him in any doubt as to their sentiments, either. In an open letter addressed to him, the *Catholic Times and Opinion* is thus outspoken and emphatic:

On you, sir, it devolves to grant justice or to refuse it. Grant it, and what rights you recognize for us we shall be glad to see you recognize for others. Refuse it, and though all other denominationalists bend before your power, Catholics will never bend. They will fight every inch of ground. They will troop triumphantly to gaol. But they will pay no rate for the teaching of other people's religion if they may not receive rates for the teaching of their own. They are poor in this world's goods, but they are rich in their Faith. For that Faith, and for the teaching of it to their children, they have suffered much in the past. For that Faith they will gladly suffer still more in the present. The Faith that can move mountains will not fail to remove the molehill of a Liberal Government's illiberal, unfair, unjust, and penalizing Education Act. On what day soever your Bill passes, on that day the heather is on fire. And the flame once started will not soon be quenched. It will devour your Bill and your party that passed it.

There is in these statements a certain ring that we very much admire; and we have no doubt that, given the occasion, the prediction they contain will be amply verified.

The late Major Edmund Mallet, of Washington, D. C., deserves the grateful remembrance of American Catholics. A French-Canadian by birth, the deceased gentleman was a resident of this country for the past fifty-eight years, and proved himself a thoroughly patriotic American citizen and soldier. He served with dis-

tingtion throughout the War of Secession, and in 1867, after graduating in law, entered the Civil Service, in which he remained until his death. Major Mallet was a prominent figure in the Catholic circles which he frequented, and occupied important offices in various charitable and educational societies. He founded the Carroll Institute, and was a delegate to the Catholic Congress at Baltimore. A wide circle of friends in all walks of life will pay tribute to his genial disposition and noble character. *R. I. P.*

"Shall Methodists pray for the dead?" is the somewhat surprising title of a brief article in the *Literary Digest*. It appears that a Methodist editor has recently published a book, "The Hereafter and Heaven," in which the plea is advanced that prayers for the dead should be introduced into Methodism; and that a brother editor, also a Methodist, thinks such action would be "repugnant historically to the entire Protestant world." As to the logical limits of such an innovation, the latter journalist inquires:

May we be permitted to ask by whom and with what intentions we may expect prayers for the dead ultimately to be offered? And from whom as well as for whom we may ultimately be expected to draw the suffrages of these prayers? We do not argue now: we ask definitions and limits. For we must remember that not even Rome allows us to pray for the damned. Her system of purgatory is only a system of purification, of discipline, and heavenly leading. Would our prayers mean less? Would we adopt the word "purgatory"? To be sure there is the understanding in Rome that this purification is purchased by the Sacrifice of the Mass and by the superabundance of good works on the part of those now alive and dead. We would not expect to cross that chasm—though many might.

The mere fact of the question's being discussed at all in Methodist journals is corroborative of the oldtime statement that the doctrine of purgatory is thoroughly consonant to right reason, and immeasurably grateful to loving hearts bereft of friends or kindred.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Coming of Spring.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

HOW lovely 'tis in May,—
Flowers all around my feet!
I gather them all day,
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet!

The lambs are coming in,
A white and fleecy crowd;
They bleat, and make a din
So loud, so loud, so loud!

When I got up to-day,
I heard the dear cuckoo.
Go, Winter, go! 'Tis May,—
We want no more of you.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—"LANKY TOM."

IT was the eve of Commencement. Classes had broken up and discipline relaxed, and the boys of St. Omer's were scattered over the wide grounds, racing, wrestling, and in various ways relieving the exuberance of holiday spirits. A dozen or more of the "Prep" boat crew had been out for a final pull on the river; the gymnasium echoed with the encouraging shouts of an enthusiastic audience, watching Billy Bond break his last record on the bars; "The Pilgrims' Chorus" sounded in triumphant harmony from the music hall, where Signor Luigi, after weeks of soul-stirring trial, had his juvenile orchestra in time and tune.

The Stars and Stripes fluttered festively from flag-staff and belfry, and Brother Martin had hinted of ice cream for supper as a concluding treat to the Class of 1901.

Altogether, the delightful thrill of joyous expectation that comes at Commencement time was in the air, and everything in the hoary old college seemed electric with life and hope. Even the Professor of Astronomy had come down from his path among the stars, and was laughing with a group of Seniors on the wide porch.

But Tom Langley, stretched out under the big oak that shaded the south wall, and buried in the last chapter of a Life of Napoleon, seemed quite untouched by the prevailing spirit. Long and gaunt and rawboned, studious and thoughtful beyond his fourteen years, "Lanky," as he had been christened by his classmates, was a being apart from the light-hearted, lucky boys around him. He had won a scholarship at St. Omer's the year before, and was holding it triumphantly, working day and night with a passionate eagerness that gained his teachers' hearts. Lanky had no time, as he said, for play; though once or twice he had taken hold of bat and oar with a skill and vigor that his antagonists had found startling.

None of the boys had ever seen Lanky's home. It was "across the river," he said vaguely; but a quarter to nine every morning found him promptly at his place, in spite of snow or storm; though, as he acknowledged, he always walked in. Shabby and silent, seeking neither pleasures nor privileges, Lanky Tom kept on his upward way, distancing all competitors in two classes of the "Prep," and making only one friend, Charlie or "Chip" Irving, the good-looking, rosy-cheeked fellow who, in a suit of gay boating togs, came up behind him now.

"Gee whizz! I thought I'd never find you, Lank! I've been looking the place over from wall to wall."

"What for?" inquired Lanky, calmly, without lifting his eyes from his book.

"What for? To knock some sense into you, if I can. I want to see if you won't change that stubborn mule mind of yours at the last minute. Here's a letter from Dorothy that came in the last mail. I'll read you what she says:

"Be sure and have that nice, brave Tom Langley in your party. I can't forget how he pulled you out of the ice last winter. Tell him he must come,—I say so. I want to know him for saving my darling brother."

"There," concluded Chip, throwing the violet-scented note-paper on the grass before Lank, "you can read it yourself, if you don't believe me! Now what do you say, old mule head? Will you come to Camp Tiptop with us or not?"

Lanky glanced at the pretty crested sheet, and a flush rose on his weather-beaten, freckled face.

"It's awful good of you and good of your sister to want me, Chip. But I—I can't—"

"Why not?" asked Chip, impatiently.

"Because—because—" the speaker hesitated, and then a humorous gleam in the clear blue eye relieved the rough words,—
"I am not such a fool as I look."

"I don't know what you mean," said Chip, rather indignantly.

"Nothing wrong to you or yours, Chip, old fellow; but I'm not your sort, and you know it. I heard Weston and Manning chaffing about your fancy for me the other day. That beggar 'Lanky Tom' they called me."

"Weston and Manning are measly little snobs, and I'll mash their turned-up noses if they meddle in my business," said Chip, hotly. "I thought you had too much sense to mind anything they said."

"I have," answered Lanky, slowly. "They might buzz around me all day and I wouldn't take the trouble to brush them off. But, all the same, they buzz right this time, Chip. It's true. We're good friends here at St. Omer's, and—and—maybe the day will come when we can be good friends outside, but it hasn't

come yet," concluded Lanky, slowly,—
"not yet, Chip."

"Yes, it has," responded Chip, eagerly. "It came last winter, when you went down in the broken ice on the river and hauled me out half dead. And it came this spring, when I'd have been off on that lark with Ned Mercer and Dick Wynne if you hadn't got word of it somehow, and vowed you'd blow the whole thing to Father Rector, if I didn't swear to you I'd keep out of it. My! I was hot with you, Lanky; but if I'd been expelled for it as the others were, it would have broken mother's heart. You saved me both times, Lanky—"

"Pooh! I didn't do anything, Chip; only I've learned to keep my head, and you haven't, old boy. And I'm keeping it now. Look there!" and Lanky doubled up a patched elbow to show Chip. "I'd be a nice-looking jay among those fine feathered folks of yours; wouldn't I, now?"

"Fudge! Clothes don't make a bit of difference camping, Lank. Fellows try to look rough. Mat Pearson fairly rolled his new corduroys in the mud at the mountains last summer to make them look 'hunterfied.' And Dorothy wrote me to bring her a nice banged-up hat; the girls were all wearing their brothers' worst. I have a dozen sweaters, and you can take your pick."

"You'd be all right, I know, Chip," answered Lanky, rising and laying his big hand on his friend's shoulder,—
"all right to a fellow, I know. But, still, I can't—*can't* come. I've a little kid brother at home that needs me, Chip. He isn't well—and—and the hot weather is hard on him. It's always a tough pull through for him. No, I can't come with you, Chip. I know my place, and I keep it, old boy. Though just now it's a free scholarship at St. Omer's, and I'm trying to make the best of it."

"You can bet you are!" said Chip, warmly. "If I only had half your go, Lank. My! I don't see how you stand it, studying as you do."

"I like it," said Lanky, his rugged face kindling. "I love it, Chip. And, then—then,—it's my one chance. You can't guess what that means to a fellow. My *one* chance. You've got a thousand. I've got to grip it for life and death. Three o'clock!" he continued, as the college clock struck the hour. "Jerusalem! it's time I was off. Put this book back in the library for me, will you, Chip? I wanted to finish it before I left."

"But you are not off for good!" exclaimed Chip, blankly.

"Until next year," said Lanky. "I'll tramp over once in a while to see Father Durham and Father Grey, but I must say good-bye to you until September."

"You mean you're not coming to the Commencement?"

"No," answered Lanky. "My tailor hasn't finished my new suit," he added, with a smile that showed a set of perfect teeth between the well-shaped lips; "so it's good-bye, Chip,—good-bye! A happy and jolly summer to you, old boy! And tell your sister—" he hesitated. "I suppose I ought to make up some pretty lying story for a girl, but I don't know how. Just tell her the truth, Chip. Good-bye again, and take care of yourself, old fellow! Don't get drowned or shot, up in the mountains."

And, squeezing Chip's hand in a mighty grip, Lanky leaped the stone wall behind him and was gone, leaving the disappointed Chip to take his way back to the gay group of fellow-boatmen gathered on the campus for a parting song, that, to the old tune of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" soon made the hills ring:

Pull, boys, pull,—with sure and steady stroke,
boys!

Pull, boys, pull! They must not pass us by!
Pull, boys, pull! Hurrah! we're off ahead, boys!
We'll win, win, win—if we try, try, try!

The refrain, swelled by a score of boyish voices, reached Lanky's ear as he strode down the college hill. It was the effusion of a student who had evidently not reached the poetry class, but the

swing of the old tune had been taken up by the Prep boat crew with enthusiasm:

We'll win, win, win—if we try, try, try!

More than once the full-toned chorus had floated up from the river, as Lanky bent over the books and themes deserted by his happier classmates for holiday sport; but the words of the song seemed to touch a new chord to-day.

Parting with Chip, leaving college for three long months, whose dull dreariness he foresaw, the very light and gladness of Commencement had made his own lot seem more gloomy and hopeless; and he was striding homeward with a heavy heart and shadowed brow, when the joyous music burst upon him with a rousing thrill:

Pull, boys, pull,—with sure and steady stroke,
boys!

We'll win, win, win—if we try, try, try!

Lanky paused for a moment on the brow of the hill that commanded a last view of the college grounds, his sunburned, rugged face kindling into life and light. He took off his cap and waved it above his head, while in a strong voice he swelled the chorus:

We'll win, win, win—if we try, try, try!

And then, with a lightened heart and step, he sprang down the dusty road that led to the river, beyond which lay all that he knew of home.

Crossing the bridge, he turned down a grassy road that led into the low marsh lands,—the "Bottoms," as they were called by the Negroes whose shanties rose here and there among the pools and quagmires.

Drawn up in a somewhat steadier stretch of ground was an old canal-boat that showed signs of habitation. A scant but variegated "wash" fluttered from its deck; a brood of spiritless chickens scratched in the shelter of the blackened hull; and perched like a little ghostly lookout in front was a boy of about seven,—a very small boy indeed, with ragged trousers falling in a fringe around his little bare spindle-legs, and one thin

arm flung around an equally spindly, ragged-looking dog, that started up with a sharp bark of delight as Lanky strode into view.

"Tom, Tom!" piped the little lookout, eagerly. "Oh, I've been watching for you so long, Tom! You said you'd be home soon, Tom."

"I know I ought to have hurried, Bobby. But it's my last day at college for ever so long, and I sort of hated to leave. But I'm home for the summer. Now you've got me good, Bobby boy. Where's stepmother?"

"Gone to town," answered Bobby. "Hush barking so loud, Tatters, and let me talk! Somebody she called Brother Ben came and took her and the baby. She went off this morning."

"Good! Then we'll go off too," said his brother, heartily. "We'll go down to the river and give Tatters a swim; he needs it. Jump down, Bobby."

"Oh, I dassent!" said Bobby, surveying the six feet of space below him fearfully. "I'm afraid, Tom."

"Pooh! no, don't be a scare cat, Bob. I'll catch you. Jump!"

And thus urged, Bobby made a timorous spring and landed breathless and trembling in his brother's strong outstretched arms; Tatters making a scrambling tumble after him, and leaping in wild delight around his young master.

"Down, Tatters,—down, you old fool! One would suppose I had been gone a month! Down, I say! My, but you're light and shaky, Bob! Had any dinner to-day?"

"Yes," answered Bobby; "but it—it didn't taste good, Tom. I gave it all to Tatters. I was sort of sick, you see."

"Yes, I do see," said his brother, grimly. "You've got one of those durned chills on you now. No river for us to-day, Tatters. Come, Bobby boy, I'll fix you up snug and warm in my bunk, and find you something nice and hot to drink."

"Oh, if you would, Tom!" said the little fellow, with chattering teeth. "I'm so—so cold!"

"Poor little kid!" said Lanky, his own voice shaking as Bobby nestled pitifully on his shoulder. "But never mind. I'm home now,—home to look after you, Bobby. And—and—but I promised Father Grey I wouldn't use cuss words any more. But I'll do it right,—do it right, Bobby."

And Lanky pressed his lips unseen to Bobby's yellow curls, as if he were sealing a vow which Father Grey would not reprove.

(To be continued.)

The Whipping Boy.

BY IDA RHODUS BENSEN.

Many children in these days seem to feel that they are being very badly treated when they receive punishment for their own wrong-doing. I wonder what they would think if they had to be punished because some other child had been idle or disobedient? I am afraid they would not like it very well. But this was just what happened sometimes in the olden days. Nor did it happen only to poor, friendless boys, but to wealthy noblemen's sons.

Often, in olden times, a lad of good family was chosen as a companion for the young prince, and was brought to the court and educated with him. When the prince was in a lazy mood and did not see fit to learn his lesson, the tutor would punish his companion, who was called the "whipping boy." The sight of his friend receiving a flogging which should have fallen on his own shoulders would, it was thought, produce a beneficial effect on the prince. Sometimes it did; but, judging by the kind of kings some of these princes became, I am afraid more generally it did not.

In an old English play, the prince says to his whipping boy: "Why, how now, Browne, what's the matter?" And Browne replies: "Your Grace loiters and will not ply your book, and your tutors have

whipped me for it." And the prince is moved to say: "Alas! poor Ned, I am sorry for it. I'll take the more pains, and entreat my tutors for thee."

Sometimes the whipping boy became the fast friend of his prince, and was not forgotten by him in after years. We learn of one whom the king favored greatly, "appointed him four servants, gave him three hundred French crowns in his purse, and a letter to the French king in his favor, declaring that the writer had sent him thither to remain in his court to learn fashions, for the better serving him at his return."

The use of a whipping boy was occasional in England, France, and Spain, but was not generally practised. For we are told that King Louis XIV. of France was so conscious of his defective education that he exclaimed: "Were there no switches in my kingdom to force me to study?" King George III. of England, when asked how he wished the princes treated, replied: "Like the sons of any private English gentleman. If they deserve it, let them be flogged."

The modern princes of Europe have no whipping boys, but only about thirty years ago attention was called to the appointment of a whipping boy for the young Chinese Emperor. Let us hope that the prince was good and studious, or that the shoulders of the whipping boy were broad and strong.

The Pedometer.

When a person has travelled a considerable distance either on foot or on a bicycle, it is altogether natural that he should like to know just how many miles he has ridden or walked. If he has no means of determining the distance with any accuracy, it is pretty certain that the average person will "guess" the distance to be a great deal longer than it really was. For those who wish exact information about the length of their trips, two instruments have been

invented: the cyclometer for the bicyclist, and the pedometer for the pedestrian, or walker. Most boys nowadays are familiar with the former,—the little cylinder attached to the front wheel of his bicycle, and registering the number of miles and tenths of miles traversed by the wheel; but not so many, probably, are acquainted with the latter, the walker's measurer.

The pedometer, then, is a watch-like instrument with a dial-plate and hands. It is carried in one's pocket. Every time one takes a step, one moves a pendulum in the instrument; and the works are so adjusted that, when once set for the average or ordinary pace of the walker, the number of miles and fractions of miles walked appear on the dial-plate. The scientific explanation of the mechanism might be tedious, but this is the way to use the instrument.

Having fastened the pedometer to the pocket by the clip attached to what looks like the stem of a watch, walk a measured mile (in a gymnasium or on a railway track furnished with mile-posts), and then see what the dial registers. If the distance marked be just one mile, the instrument is correctly set for your length of step. If the distance marked be more or less than a mile, remove the back part of the case and move the regulator toward "Slow" or "Fast." Then walk another mile, and note the result on the dial. If still inexact, regulate it again, and if necessary yet again, until the instrument records exactly a mile for the measured mile walked. Then all you have to do is to carry it in your pocket, and it will register the distance you travel at your ordinary gait for an hour, or two hours, or ten, or a hundred.

While a man or boy, of course, sometimes takes longer and sometimes shorter steps than usual, as a rule his pace is uniform, and accordingly the pedometer is for all practical purposes an accurate measurer. It is accordingly a useful as well as an ingenious contrivance, and is held in great favor by all habitual pedestrians.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The interesting paper on University College, Oxford, contributed by Mr. Dudley Baxter, B. A., to the *Catholic Fireside*, has been reprinted in the form of a twelve-page pamphlet, which should have many readers.

—A memoir of Thomas William Allies, the author of "The Formation of Christendom," from the pen of his daughter, Miss Mary H. Allies, is a welcome announcement. The volume will contain two portraits of the distinguished convert to whom Catholic literature and Catholic education in England are so much indebted.

—Vol. II. of "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," by Mary E. Mannix, contains sketches—needless to state well-written and in suitable style—of SS. Bernard, Martin of Tours, Blaise, Michael, Cecilia, Helena, Monica, and Bridget. Each sketch is accompanied with a good picture, and the volume is attractively printed and bound, as all books for children should be. Still another recommendation is the low price. Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

—To the courtesy of an Hawaiian friend we are indebted for three important pamphlets dealing with hygienic and social matters in one of our recently acquired territories. They are the "Report of the President of the Board of Health" of Hawaii, "The Molokai Settlement," and a brief account of the Kapiolani Girls' Home and the proposed Boys' Home at Waimea. The second of these three pamphlets is notably interesting, the text being supplemented by illustrations of scenes and buildings in the leper settlement.

—*La Figlia di Maria*, Rome, and the *Child of Mary*, Cornwall, England, have now a counterpart in this country. The American *Child of Mary*, the first issue of which, though dated December, only lately came to hand, is to be published quarterly by the Sisters of Providence, St. Mary's, Vigo Co., Ind. Besides a variety of Marian reading in prose and verse, this initial number contains some excellent pictures. It is admirably printed on paper of superior quality. The cover of the *Child of Mary* is a thing of beauty, and would be a thing of utility also if a table of contents were printed upon it.

—We have read with unflinching interest and not a little edification the "Life of the Venerable Maria Diomira," translated from the Italian by the Rev. E. Bononcini, D. D., LL. D. (B. Herder, St. Louis.) Three-fourths of the book is an autobiography, the saintly Capuchin nun having been commanded under holy obedience

by her spiritual directors to tell the story of her life, and recount the signal graces and favors which she habitually received from God. Truth is proverbially stranger than fiction, and this truthful narrative is strange enough to hold the attention of even an inveterate devourer of contemporary novels. The last quarter of the volume is a supplement to the autobiography proper, and rounds out an effective portrait of an exceptionally holy and beneficent life.

—The following paragraph from "Oxford Jottings," in the *Catholic Weekly*, will prove of interest to a wide circle of readers:

The question of Cardinal Newman's Jewish ancestry has again been opened by M. Paul Brémond in his "Mystery of Newman," and is denied with some vehemence by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. A writer in the *Westminster Gazette* is so confident of the truth of the theory that he challenges Mr. Ward "to produce the descent of Newman in the direct male line for six generations," and more than doubts "whether he would be able to do this without tapping a Hebrew taint." A rather mixed metaphor, but why should there be thought to be any taint in Hebrew blood at all? The price of our redemption was Hebrew Blood. We shall look in Oxford with much interest to the settlement of this question: it will probably be found to be a cast of atavism, and may as well have come from a female strain as from "the direct male line." Certainly the name Newman, or Neumann, to give another variety of it, is eminently Jewish; and the pronounced Hebraic character of the Cardinal's face is striking.

Perhaps most people will share the Oxford correspondent's mild surprise that Mr. Ward should put any vehemence into a denial of a Hebrew strain in the great Cardinal's ancestry, and will echo the query, "Why should there be thought to be any taint in Hebrew blood at all?"

—There is encouragement for Catholic writers generally in the following letter which the Holy Father lately addressed to the editor of the *Croce* of Naples. The translation is by the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet*:

"In face of the unrestrained license of the anti-Catholic press, which impugns or denies the eternal laws of truth and justice, which stirs up hatred against the Church, which insinuates into the hearts of the people the most pernicious doctrines, corrupting the mind, fostering evil appetites, flattering the senses and perverting the heart, all ought to recognize the great importance of the union of all good people in turning to the advantage of the Church and of society a weapon which the enemy is using for the injury of both. We have therefore only the highest praise for Catholic writers who strive to oppose the antidote of the good press to the poison of the bad press; and, that they may

not lose courage amid the labors, trials and difficulties inseparable from all good works, We bestow upon all of them Our blessing, that the Lord may support them in the good fight and pour out on them an abundance of heavenly assistance."

—A capacious shelf or two in a well-appointed private library nowadays may well be reserved for pamphlets, paper-covered booklets, and brochures of various kinds. The inexpensiveness of an assorted collection of such minor publications is altogether disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and to the genuine utility which they will be found to possess when the transitory interest that called many of them into being has practically died out. Half a dozen brochures recently published on the question of Church and State in France, for instance, will furnish a decade hence fuller information on that subject than is likely to be found in any of the forthcoming encyclopedias. Another subject, which promises to conserve its interest for religious-minded people during many years yet, is that of the status of clergymen in the Church of England; and to those who desire a thoroughly lucid exposition of that subject we can unreservedly recommend a pamphlet just issued from our office, "The Question of Anglican Ordinations," by Abbot Gasquet. Those of our readers who are familiar with this scholarly work of the Benedictine historian—having read the series of papers in our columns,—will be glad to learn that the reprint is clear, tasteful, and of convenient size.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Question of Anglican Ordinations." Abbot Gasquet. 15 cts.
- "Life of the Ven. Maria Diomira." 90 cts., net.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "The Decrees of the Vatican Council." 60 cts., net.
- "Father Gallwey." Percy Fitzgerald. 60 cts., net.
- "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." General Newton Curtis, LL.D. \$2.15.

- "The Training of Silas." Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Way to Happiness." Thomas R. Slicer \$1.25.
- "Pitman's Cumulative Speller." 40 cts.
- "Notes on Daily Communion." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 30 cts., net.
- "Have Anglicans Full Catholic Privileges?" E. H. Francis. 30 cts., net.
- "Frequent and Daily Communion." Rev. Arthur Devine. 60 cts., net.
- "The Great Fundamental Truths of Religion." Rev. R. C. Bodkin, C. M. \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. C. Gieseler and Rev. Richard Dunne, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Michael Brennan, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Lawrence Breen, O. P.; and Rev. Joseph Rieux, O. M. I.

Sister M. Xavier, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Lucy, Sisters of Loretto; and Mother Ursula (Dodds), Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Duncan Chisholm, Mr. Thomas Ashford, Sr., Mr. Peter Mitchell, Mr. Edward Ryan, Don Scipione Salviati, Mr. John Striker, Mr. George Murphy, Mr. Joseph Wehmer, Mr. P. Hackett, Jane Rogers, Miss Mary Rielley, Mrs. Anna Verkamp, Mr. Andrew Maher, Mr. J. A. Wier, Mr. J. P. Sullivan, Mr. M. J. Betz, Mr. Timothy Ronan, Miss Alice Saunders, Mr. Edward McBarron, Mrs. Dorothy Daucher, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Mr. Anton Reihing, Mrs. Bridget Dundon, Mr. Harry Walter, Mr. P. G. Rooney, Mrs. Rose Tuffts, Mrs. Adaline Hurd, James and Frank Kealy, Mrs. Elizabeth Nowack, Mr. Henry McHannan, and Mr. Bernard Thelken.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Gotemba lepers:

- P. A. B., \$1; F. E. F., \$10; E. J. F., \$25; B. F. J., \$5; Friend, Racine, \$1; Friend, Dayton, \$1; J. H., \$5; T. F., \$10; Rev. J. O., \$10; "Cash," \$1; R. W. B., \$1; Friend, \$10; R. M. C., \$5; McS., 2\$; J. J. D., \$5; Dr. W., \$10; J. C. Burke, \$1; Annie Devine, \$5; J. N. P. and children, \$2.25; M. E. M., \$10; Rev. J. M., \$2; Friend, Iowa City, \$2; Friend, Halifax, \$5; Old Subscriber, \$5; E. J. Higgins, \$2; Mrs. H. V. J., \$5; S. H. Conference St. V. de P. Society, Pittsburg, \$10; Mr. O. F. S., \$10; Mr. A. S. C., \$5.



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

VOL LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 11, 1907.

NO. 19.

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

On an Hourglass.

ONE grain, another, falls below,—
I can not count them as they flow,
Yet each one shortens life I know.

How many grains of sand shall fall
Ere I, obedient to Death's call,
Shall silent rest beneath the pall?

Stay, spendthrift sand! Go not so fast:
Haste not to join the voiceless past.
Each grain but nearer brings the last.

Oh, when my portioned work is done,
And all the sands of life are run,
Will heaven for me be lost or won?

R.

The Holy Wells of Scotland.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

A STRIKING unanimity is evident in the writings of Protestants anent the holy wells which are to be met with in so many localities in Great Britain, and are no less abundant in Scotland than in the oft-quoted treasury of such antiquities—Ireland. The writers in question, with very few exceptions, attribute to paganism not only the sacredness claimed for such fountains in primitive ages, but even the reverence which they have evoked in later and Christian times.

Thus the eminent Irish archæologist, Dr. Reeves, after quoting the Book of Armagh as witness to the fact that St. Patrick found in Ireland Druids who

brought offerings to a certain well and worshipped it as a deity, draws the following conclusion: "The transmission of this feeling to succeeding generations, under Christianity, may account for the esteem in which holy wells have ever been held by the Irish; a sentiment not likely to have been prompted by rarity or intrinsic value in an over-irrigated country." * A Catholic can not help resenting such a reflection upon the character of Irish Christianity; it was undoubtedly of a peculiar nature, if the "feeling" that a fountain had been at one time looked upon as a pagan deity was sufficient to move Christians to regard that fountain as worthy of religious respect.

In much the same spirit the writer of the article on "Wells" in Chambers' Encyclopædia confuses Catholic devotion with pagan superstition. "Christianity," he remarks, "only substituted a saint's name for the indigenous nature-deity; and water-worship held its place—in Brittany, in Ireland, in St. Chad's baptismal well at Lichfield, St. Milburga's at Much Wenloch, and hundreds of other places. The worship of fountains is condemned in the Canons of St. Anselm (1102), but it continued for centuries afterward." Here Christian reverence for holy wells is clearly identified with pagan water-worship; for the writer seems to deplore the inability of the Church to root out an evil which had become fixed in the customary devotions of the people. The casual reader of the words just quoted would gather from them the idea that

* Reeves, "Adamnan," p. 119.

the Canons referred to had condemned the honor shown to holy wells as a relic of paganism; this was by no means the case. We have here an instance of the unscrupulous way in which some writers treat the Catholic religion. No matter how inane the charges brought against it, they are content to hand them on without taking the trouble to verify the authorities they quote. The Council of London, in 1102, far from condemning what the above writer styles "the worship of fountains," actually approved of the practice of holding in reverence those which were pronounced worthy of honor by the Church. The decree forbids the faithful to regard as holy, "fountains, or anything else, without the sanction of the bishop."

It can not be denied that the worship of water held a prominent place in ancient mythologies. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and others, had, all of them, water-deities. The same is true of the savage tribes of America and Africa. The Hindus of the present day have still their sacred streams. Such veneration sprang, no doubt, from the absolute necessity of pure water for the sustentation of life, and would be encouraged by a pagan priesthood as a powerful means of preserving fountains and streams from defilement. A traveller in South Africa can not help being struck by the superstitious care with which the native tribes, as long as they retain their heathenism, guard the purity of such natural reservoirs; although as soon as they have become even nominal Christians they neglect every ordinary precaution to the same end.

It is no less true that the Catholic Church, though combating idolatry in every form, permitted the retention by converted nations of many customs belonging originally to heathenism. An example in point is the attitude of St. Gregory the Great toward the Anglo-Saxons. He had ordered the destruction of all pagan temples; but later on he sent a message to St. Augustine, through Mel-litus, modifying his previous injunctions.

The temples were not to be cast down, but were to be sprinkled with holy water and set apart for the worship of the true God; altars were to be erected within them, and the relics of the saints enshrined there. The reason given by the Pontiff for such a mode of action is that when the people embrace Christianity they will "more readily resort to the places with which they are familiar." The same wise policy is shown in another enactment made by St. Gregory at that time. "Since it is their practice," says the saint, "to slay numerous oxen in the service of their devils, for this solemnity let some corresponding one, be substituted. On the day of the dedication of the church, or of the martyrs whose relics are deposited therein, they may construct tents of the branches of trees near the same churches into which the old temples have been converted, and celebrate their solemnities with religious festivity. Let them no longer sacrifice animals to the devil, but kill them for their own use, to the glory of God, and give thanks of their abundance to the Giver of all good things."*

It is not unlikely that the Church, in some instances, may have carried out a similar policy with regard to certain fountains, and by her solemn blessing rendered worthy of religious honor what had been previously consecrated to pagan worship. Little direct evidence, however, is to be found of this. An example will be given later which tends to strengthen the opinion. No Catholic can doubt that the clergy would take care to impress upon their people the utterly different nature of the honor paid by pagans and Christians respectively. Taking this for granted, it is impossible to believe that the superstitions would exercise a stronger influence than the teachings of faith. That in course of time, practices which originated in Catholic piety should degenerate into superstition when the Catholic faith had been lost, is more credible; indeed it must be owned that such was often the case. To this

* St. Greg., Ep. xi, 76.

fact may be attributed, in great measure, the confusion evident in the minds of so many Protestant antiquarians.

The subject of holy wells, while interesting to the Protestant as well as to the Catholic, must of necessity attract each for reasons widely differing. The former sees in them nothing more than relics of antiquity, useful as affording information about the customs of men in ages past, and as supplying data in topographical and historical research, and the like. As to anything supernatural connected with them, he is altogether incredulous. If he believes in miracles at all, he limits their occurrence to the Apostolic age. The cure of sick Jews in the Pool of Probatia will not move him to accept like wonders in a later era; and this in spite of undoubted miracles worked in our own day at Lourdes and Holywell.

A Catholic, on the other hand, firmly holds that God never disdains to exhibit the loving-kindness of His Providence in all that concerns His creatures, even to the extent of sometimes setting aside His ordinary laws in their regard. To such a one the cure of disease by means of some sacred spring presents no difficulty; he is persuaded that God can now, as always, make use of any instrument He may choose to work His will.

It is clear, then, that in the interesting inquiry as to the origin of holy wells, non-Catholic writers, as a rule, can help us little. One notable exception to those who would regard them as mere pagan relics must not, however, be passed over. Dr. Hill Burton attributes their origin to early Christian missionaries. "The principal cause," he says, "of the sanctification of springs must, of course, be explained by the first of Christian ordinances. The spring close by the dwelling or cell of the saint, the spring on account of which he probably selected the centre of his mission, had not only washed the forefathers of the district from the stain of primeval heathenism, but had applied the visible sign by which all, from generation to gen-

eration, had been admitted into the bosom of the Church." *

The explanation is thoroughly satisfactory so far as it goes; but, while accounting for the origin of not a few holy wells, it can not be extended to those which bear the names of Our Lady, the Apostles, and other saints who never visited the country in which they are to be found. In at least two instances on record Dr. Burton's view is borne out by tradition. St. Adamnan tells us that St. Columba, in the course of his missionary journeys, was asked by a child's parents to baptize their infant. As no water was available, the saint, after praying awhile, signed with the cross a rock hard by, and forthwith a stream of water flowed from it, with which the saint regenerated the little pagan.† The spot where the incident occurred is said to have been situated in Ardnamurchan, Argyleshire; and it is worthy of note that a spring of water there still bears St. Columba's name.‡ A similar origin has been attributed to a spring which was produced from a grassy meadow by St. Palladius. The "Breviary of Aberdeen" relates, in the lessons appointed for his feast, that the saint, desiring water wherewith to baptize his disciple, St. Ternan, caused by his prayers a spring of water to gush forth. Though some modern critics take exception to the ancient legends of St. Palladius, the tradition bears witness, at least, to the widely spread belief that in such a manner had been produced some of the wells considered sacred.

In many instances, though there is every reason to believe that the well in question derived its saintly character from the blessing imparted to its waters by its traditional patron, yet the nearness of a stream or river disproves any miraculous origin either for baptism or any other purpose. In such cases the blessing imparted by the saint would set apart the spring as holy. An ancient life of St.

* Hill Burton, "Book Hunter," p. 398.

† Adamnan, "Life of St. Columba."

‡ Reeves, "Adamnan," p. 40 (note).

Columba, preserved in the collection of Gaelic remains known as the "Leabhar Breac," says of him:

He blessed three hundred miraculous crosses,
He blessed three hundred wells which were
constant.*

An example is not wanting of the sanctifying by a saint's blessing of a spring once the object of pagan superstition. St. Adamnan tells how St. Columba discovered, in the country of the Picts, a certain well upon which sorcerers had cast magic spells. Any persons rash enough to drink of its water or wash therein were afflicted with disease or weakness. The saint blessed the well, and then both he and his companions drank of its water, and took some to wash their hands and feet. The spring in future, far from working ill to any one, became instrumental in curing the sick.† This well is thought to be identical with that still venerated at Invermoriston, Inverness-shire.

Some other cause must be sought for in considering the origin of holy wells bearing the name of Our Lady, St. Michael, or saints who could not have blessed them in person. The explanation given by a competent authority for the existence of such springs in Ireland may well be quoted here, as affording light on the subject. Canon O'Hanlon thus speaks in his "Lives of Irish Saints" (Vol. I, p. 167):

"In many cases, when the saints were foreign, or probably when the holy persons themselves did not officiate, several of those wells and crosses were regarded as memorials, or commemorative of their places when living, or as marking their resting-places when dead. At all events, for some sufficient reason, such objects were placed under their special patronage, and were dedicated to particular saints. In after times, those wells and crosses were resorted to during the year as spots especially suitable for devotions and peni-

tential exercises. . . . There can hardly be a doubt, from the number of votive offerings affixed to the branches of trees immediately near the wells, that many miraculous cures, both of soul and body, were popularly held to have been effected as a result of such pilgrimages."

As to the origin of some of these holy wells, the Bollandists propound a theory suggested by a custom observed in some parts of France. On the anniversary of the feast of the patron of the parish church, the priest would impart to the springs near the church a special blessing, similar to the customary grace before meals. He prayed that those who had assembled there to celebrate the festival might make use of that water without harm to soul or body. This provided for the crowds of devout worshippers a means of refreshment after their travel.* It is quite possible that in some such way may have originated the sacred character borne by so many springs, situated near parish churches, that claim as titulars Our Lady, St. Michael, or the Apostles, or saints of another country. The well once hallowed in the name of the patron would henceforth be looked upon as sacred, especially if the blessing were repeated for many succeeding anniversaries.

In one or other of these ways must have originated the greater number of the holy wells of Scotland; mention will be made later of some whose reputation for sanctity has arisen otherwise. Regarding the majority of these sacred fountains, nothing can be said except that they exist, and that the water they produce is invariably of excellent purity, and often of unusual abundance. In too many cases the name of the patron can no longer be identified; in some instances it appears in so corrupt a form as to be altogether unrecognizable; in others it has been entirely forgotten.

Though an attempt has been made to draw up a list of the wells still known in Scotland, the enumeration can not

* O'Hanlon, "Lives of Irish Saints," vol. i, p. clxvii (note).

† Adamnan, "Life of St. Columba," lib. ii, c. 10.

* Acta Sanctorum, vol. lix, p. 1038.

claim to be exhaustive even as regards those which still possess a local tradition. It would be necessary to search through every village and hamlet in the kingdom, however remote, and to make diligent inquiry on all sides as to memories and folklore, before one could hope to ascertain the site of every holy well which was honored by our ancestors. The following list of the various patrons whose wells can yet be traced is arranged in the order of counties; the wells given number more than three hundred and seventy, but some of them no longer continue to flow. It will be remarked that every county is represented except two—Nairn and Caithness.* The saints who can not be identified with any whose names are known are marked with a note of interrogation.

ABERDEENSHIRE.—St. Adamnan: Aboyne, Rathen. St. Bride: Kildrummy, Peterculter. St. Columba: Birse. St. Devenick: Methlick. St. Donnan: Auchterless. St. Drostan: New Aberdour, Old Deer. St. Englatius: Tarves. St. Finan: Gartley. St. Hilary: Drumlait. St. John: New Aberdour, Fyvie (two wells), Kinneithmont, Logie Coldstone, Slap. St. Katharine: Fyvie. St. Laurence: Kinnord, Rayne. St. Machar: Old Aberdeen, Corgarf. St. Maelrubha: Aboyne. St. Mayota: Drumoak. St. Michael: Culsamond. St. Mungo: Glogairn, Huntly. St. Muriel: Rathmuriel. St. Nathalan: Old Meldrum. The Nine Maidens: Old Aberdeen, Pitsligo. St. Olaf: Kirk of Cruden. Our Lady: Aboyne, Culsamond, Daviot, Drumoak, Chapel of Garioch, Fyvie, Kintore, Meldrum, Strichen, Turriff. St. Paul: Fyvie. St. Peter: Drumoak, Foveran, Fyvie, Peterculter. St. Ronan: Chapelton (Strathdon), Lewis. St. Ternan: Kirkton of Slains.

ARGYLESHIRE.—St. Andrew: Saddell. St. Columba: Ardsignish, Colonsay, Garveloch Isles, Iona. St. Conan: Dalmally. St. Katharine: Southend. St. Modan: Ardchattan. St. Ninian: Mull. St. Oran: Colonsay. Our Lady: Tobermory, Mull.

AYRSHIRE.—St. Anthony: Maybole. St. Brendan: Kilbirnie. St. Bride: Beith. St. Domina (?): Barr. St. Fillan: Largs, Skel-

morlie. St. Helen: Maybole. St. Inan: Beith. St. Mungo: Ayr. Our Lady: Auchinleck, Kilmarnock, Loudoun, Maybole. St. Wynnin: Dalry, Kilwinning.

BANFFSHIRE.—St. Adamnan: Forglen. St. Anne: Glass. St. Brendan: Alvah. St. Caral (?): Ruthven. St. Colman: Alvah. St. Columba: Portsoy. St. Drostan: Charleston of Aberlour. St. Fergus: Kirkmichael. St. Fumac: Botriphnie. St. Hugh: Aberchirder, Forglen. St. John: Kirkton of Deskford, Enzie, Gamrie, Gardenstone, Ordiquhill. St. Katharine: Alvah. St. Machalus: Chapelton of Kilmaichlie. St. Marnan: Aberchirder. St. Martin: Cairnie. St. Moluag: Mortlach. Our Lady: Aberchirder, Banff, Glass, Chapelton of Glenlivat, Grange, Inverhaven, Letterfourie, Ordiquhill, Port Knockie, Rathven. St. Peter: Aberchirder, Forglen, Garmouth. St. Ronald: Banff. St. Stephen: Inverhaven. St. Talarican: Fordyce. St. Voloc: Glass.

BERWICKSHIRE.—St. Abb (Ebba): Ayton. St. Anne: Ladykirk. St. Bathan: Abbey St. Bathans. Our Lady: Coldstream, Ladykirk, Longformacus.

BUTESHIRE.—St. Cathan: Kilcattan Bay. St. Molios: Holy Island.

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.—Our Lady: Alloa, Clackmannan, Tullibody.

CROMARTYSHIRE.—St. Bennet: Cromarty. St. Duthac: Cromarty.

DUMBARTONSHIRE.—St. Bride: Luss. St. Matthew: Kirkton. St. Michael: Row (two wells). St. Patrick: Kilpatrick. St. Serf: Dumbarton.

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—St. Bride: Hoddam. St. Davius: Langholm. St. Helen: Kirkpatrick-Fleming. St. John: Moffat. St. Laurence: Fairgirth. St. Michael: Applegarth. St. Mungo: Brow. Our Lady: Dumfries, Kirconnel, Middlebie, Morton, St. Mungo. St. Peter: Mouswald. St. Quintan: Morton. St. Thomas: Lochmaben.

EDINBURGHSHIRE.—St. Anthony: Edinburgh. St. Clement: Musselburgh. St. Davius: Edinburgh, Newbattle. Holy Trinity: Soutra. St. Katharine: Liberton. St. Margaret: Restalrig. St. Matthew: Roslin. St. Michael: Edinburgh. St. Mungo: Currie, Mid-Calder, Penicuik. Nine Maidens: Mid-Calder. St. Ninian: Edinburgh. Our Lady: Liberton, Ratho, Stow.

ELGINSHIRE.—St. Ethan: Burghead. St. Geradin: Elgin. St. John: Fochabers. St. Laurence: New Duffus. St. Leonard: Fochabers. St. Michael: Dallas. Our Lady: Elgin, Speyside. St. Peter: New Duffus.

FIFESHIRE.—St. Aidan: Balmerino. St. Andrew: Lindores. St. Bride: Balmerino. St. Ethernan: Kilrenny. St. Fillan: Aberdour (?), Pittenweem. St. Glascian: Kinglassie. St. John: Balmerino, Falkland, Inverkeithing. St.

* In drawing up this list, much use has been made of one compiled by Mr. J. Russel Walker, F. S. A., from the large Ordnance Map of Scotland, and published in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland," vol. v, New Series. The present writer has, however, added to it from other sources, and in some instances from personal investigation.

Leonard: Dunfermline, St. Andrews. St. Margaret: Dunfermline. St. Monan: St. Monan. Nine Maidens: Newburgh. Our Lady: Balmerino, Falkland, Isle of May, Leuchars. St. Salvator (Holy Saviour): St. Andrews.

FORFARSHIRE.—St. Aidan: Fearn. St. Andrew: Longdrum. St. Brail (?): Stracathro. St. Bride: Templeton. St. Drostan: Edzell, Invermark Castle. St. Fechin (Vigean): Grange of Conon. St. Fergus: Glammis, Montrose. St. Francis: Dundee. St. Kane (?): Ardestie. St. Medan: Airlie, Kingoldrum. Nine Maidens: Drumhead, Glammis, Oathlaw. St. Ninian: Arbilot, Arbroath, Mains. Our Lady: Arbroath, Drumcairn, Edzell, Glenisla, Milton of Carmylie, Oathlaw. St. Ouret (?): Brechin. St. Vidan (?): Kirkton of Menmuir.

HADDINGTONSHIRE.—St. Andrew: North Berwick. St. Baldred: Aldhame, Prestonkirk. St. Columba: Carlaverock. Holy Rood: Stenton. St. John: Spott. Our Lady: Haddington, Whitekirk.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.—St. Annet (?): Skye. St. Asaph: Skye. St. Barr: Barra. St. Clement: Skye. St. Columba: Eigg, Invermoriston. St. Congan: Skye. St. Constantine: Skye. St. Donnan: Eigg. St. Drostan: Glen Urquhart. St. John: Fort Augustus. St. Katharine: Eigg; Fort Augustus. St. Kilda: Island of St. Kilda. St. Lata: Alvie. St. Merchar: Glenmoriston. St. Michael: Inverlochy. St. Norie (?): Stuarton. Our Lady: Culloden Moor, Eskadale.

KINCARDINESHIRE.—St. Aidan: Menmuir. St. Columba: Menmuir. St. Cyrus: St. Cyrus. St. Fiacre: Nigg. St. James: Garvock. St. John: Balmanno. St. Kieran: Drumlithie, Glenbervie. St. Medan: Inglismaldie. St. Mungo: Kinneff. St. Ninian: Menmuir. Our Lady: Banchory-Ternan. St. Palladius: Fordoun. St. Ronald: Stonehaven. St. Ternan: Findon.

KINROSS-SHIRE.—Our Lady: Cleish.

KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE.—St. Glascian: Dundrennan. St. Kieran: Troqueer. St. Margaret: Kirkcudbright. St. Mungo: Carsphairn. St. Ninian: Mayfield. Our Lady: Carsphairn.

LANARKSHIRE.—St. Aidan: Cambusnethan. St. Bride: Dunsyre. St. Columba: Cambusnethan. St. Inan: Lamington. St. John: Shettleston. St. Katharine: Shotts. St. Mungo: Glasgow (two wells). St. Nethan: Liberton. Our Lady: Glasgow, Lamington, Old Monkland, Motherwell. St. Patrick: Dalziel. St. Thenew: Glasgow.

LINLITHGOWSHIRE.—St. John: Torphichen. St. Michael: Linlithgow. Our Lady: Bathgate, Linlithgow. St. Paul: Linlithgow.

ORKNEY.—St. Magnus: Birsay. St. Ninian: Sandwick.

PEEBLESSHIRE.—St. Bride: Traquair. St. Mungo: Peebles. Our Lady: Traquair.

PERTHSHIRE.—St. Adamnan: Dull. St. Anne: Dowally. St. Bride: Auchtergaven, Fortingall. St. Cuthbert: Strathtay. St. Davius: Weem. St. Fillan: Strathfillan, Struan. Holy Trinity: Trinity-Gask. St. Mackessog: Kirkton of Auchterarder. St. Mureach: Dunkeld. St. Ninian: Alyth, Dull. St. Patrick: Muthill. St. Peter: Logierait, Rait. St. Ronan: Stoward of Monzievaird. St. Serf: Monzievaird. St. Thomas: Crieff.

RENFREWSHIRE.—St. Bride: Kilbarchan. St. Fillan: Houston. St. Peter: Houston.

ROSS-SHIRE.—St. Boniface: Fortrose. St. Colman: Kiltearn. St. Columba: Alness. St. Maelrubha: Loch Maree. Our Lady: Alness, Avoch, Kincardine, Tain.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.—St. Boisil: St. Boswells. St. Cuthbert: St. Boswells. St. Dunstan: Melrose. St. Helen: Darnick. St. Laurence: Morebattle. St. Ninian: Ashkirk. Our Lady: Bedrule, Hobkirk, Jedburgh, Linton, Melrose. St. William: Melrose.

SELKIRKSHIRE.—St. Andrew: Selkirk. St. Philip: Yarrow.

STIRLINGSHIRE.—St. John: Stirling. St. Laurence: Slamannan (two wells). St. Machan: Campsie. St. Mirin: Kilsyth. St. Ninian: Stirling. Our Lady: Airth, Kippen. St. Serf: Alva. St. Talarican: Kilsyth. St. Thomas: Stirling. St. Valdrin (?): Drymen.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—St. John: Dunrobin. St. John Baptist: Helmsdale.

WIGTONSHIRE.—St. Bride: Kirkcolm, Kirkmaiden. St. Columba: Kirkcolm. St. Fillan: Kilfillan. St. John: Stranraer. St. Katharine: Kirkmaiden, Old Luce, Stoneykirk. St. Medan: Glasserton, Kirkmaiden. St. Ninian: Penninghame, Wigton. Our Lady: Kirkcolm, Kirkmaiden, New Luce (two wells), Newton Stewart. St. Patrick: Port Patrick. St. Peter: Kirkmaiden.

The foregoing list will enable the reader to see at a glance the districts in which such wells are most numerous. It will be noticed that these are the northeastern and eastern counties, for the most part; the Highland districts having fewer wells than the Lowland. Inverness-shire, for example, which is wholly Highland, can show but twenty; yet it is the largest county in Scotland. Aberdeen, which is partly Lowland, has fifty; Banffshire, its neighbor, nearly forty. The few sacred springs to be found in the western and northwestern shires may be accounted for by the sparsely populated tracts of country which exist there, even in these days.

The Child of the Rogations.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THE Rogation Days had their origin in the fifth century. Scourge after scourge had descended upon that part of Gaul in which the festival was afterward instituted. St. Mamert was then Bishop of Vienne, in Dauphiny. The spring had brought dreadful rains, the summer terrible heats, the autumn and winter awful inundations. Lurid comets swept through the heavens; the earth trembled; at night strange and incomprehensible noises were heard; people said they saw wonderful visions in the clouds; weird phenomena were observed everywhere. The fields were neglected. "Of what use to work," murmured the farmers, "when God has forsaken us? We are nearing the end of the world." The wild beasts came out of the woods and ravaged the villages, going so far as to tear open the graves in the cemeteries.

St. Mamert, seeing that things were going from bad to worse, that stupor and despair were succeeding fear in the souls of his people, decided that these extraordinary evils must be cured by extraordinary remedies. He assembled his flock about him and related the story of Ninive, stricken more sorely than Vienne, yet saved by repentance. Removing his stole and taking off his shoes, he knotted a rope about his neck like a criminal, replaced the gold cross he wore by a wooden crucifix, and, in an inspired voice which electrified his audience, he cried: "Follow me, my children; let us seek to disarm the anger of God!"

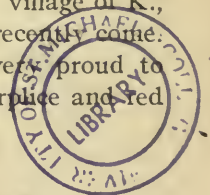
He then descended from the episcopal chair and began his march through the city. All the population followed him. He invoked the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin and the saints; and after each invocation the people cried: "Have mercy upon us!" "Pray for us!" They soon left the city behind,

and continued along the road into the open country. From church to church they went in procession, from graveyard to graveyard. The crowd augmented as they passed. In short, the whole diocese was soon in a state of pious ferment and supplication; and during the three days preceding the feast of the Ascension the prayerful clamors of the entire people were raised in a sort of holy violence to Almighty God.

The Lord of heaven and earth heard their fervent prayers; and the Rogations of St. Mamert, having produced effects the most wonderful, were successively adopted by the bishops of Gaul. St. Césaire, Bishop of Arles, who presided at the Council of Agde in 506, mentions the Rogations of St. Mamert in a manner which leads us to presume they were established in the Gaulish provinces under the domination of Visigoths. About the beginning of the sixth century we also hear of them in the dominion of Clovis. This custom passed over to Spain in the seventh century, and was adopted in Rome toward the end of the eighth, under Pope Leo III.

In the beginning the three Rogation Days were strictly kept as holydays, but later this obligation was restricted to the hearing of Mass and joining in the processions. The Church did not wish the days on which man asked God to bless the fruits of the earth to degenerate into days of idleness. After the procession, everyone returned to his work. Firm and buoyant was the hope with which the laborer once more inserted his spade into the soil, after having implored the assistance of Him who directs the sun in its passage, and holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of His hand.

"The festival of the Rogation Days," says a reverend writer, "always recalls one of the most interesting incidents of my childhood. It was in the village of K., in Brittany, to which I had recently come. I followed the procession, very proud to be marching in my white surplice and red



cassock, with the rest of the acolytes. From repository to repository we passed, bearing all the religious glory of the parish,—the canopy of red velvet, the statues of the Blessed Virgin and our patron saint, the reliquaries carved and gilded, young girls strewing flowers before us as we passed.

“But that which most attracted my attention was a young man, attired in a costume of velvet embroidered with gold, such as was worn in the time of Louis XIV. He marched behind the canopy, bearing a huge candle in his hand, while the principal persons of the parish gathered about him like a guard of honor. ‘Who is that great personage?’ I inquired of an old man, our neighbor.—‘That great personage is an orphan; he is the Child of the Rogations,’ was the reply. ‘I will tell you his history when the ceremony is over.’

“On our return to the church, my curiosity was greatly increased. The *curé* addressed the unknown in a discourse which moved everybody to tears. Then he presented him with a basket full of gold, and copies of papers more than a hundred years old. You may rest assured that I lost no time in questioning my friend as to the identity of the strange young man.

“‘It is nearly one hundred and fifty years ago,’ said my friend, the Nestor of the village, ‘since my grandfather, a child about your age, joined in the Rogation procession, as we have done to-day. He walked in front, carrying the cross, and was therefore the first to perceive on the roadside a basket covered with white linen, from which issued a plaintive cry. He whispered to the *curé*, a very kind-hearted man, who paused, and, leaning over, opened the basket, in which lay an infant newly-born. The people all gathered about it, some with pity in their hearts, others filled with indignation. ‘My friends,’ said the priest, taking the child in his arms, ‘instead of judging of an action without knowing the cause of it, let us accomplish the divine mission which Providence has evidently committed to our

charge. Though this babe has been abandoned by, perhaps stolen from, its mother, we have encountered it on a holy quest. Therefore I propose that we adopt it in God’s name, carry it to the church, where I shall baptize it, and call it, in memory of this day, the Child of the Rogations.’—“‘Yes, yes!’” cried the people without a dissenting voice. And the procession resumed its march with one more added to the ranks.

“‘The baptism finished, the church bells ringing joyfully in carillons of welcome, the child became the *protégé* of the whole village. The care of it was confided to the parents of my grandfather, who had first seen it; and the child, brought up in the family, became an honest and intelligent laborer.

“‘But the boy, who was by far the brightest and handsomest lad in the village, was not content with the life that lay before him. One day he went to the war, and those who had reared and sheltered him heard of him no more. Twenty years afterward, the steward of a rich personage, who said that his master bore the name of De K. (that of our village), attended the sale of the chateau in our neighborhood, outbid all prospective buyers, and announced that his employer would soon come to reside in his new abode. The name and evident wealth of the new chatelain, his carriages and servants which had preceded him, soon put the whole village on the *qui vive*. Day after day people stretched their necks from their windows to discover if they could see him coming; but day after day they were doomed to disappointment.

“‘Once more they were holding the feast of the Rogations. Suddenly, as the procession was about to leave the church, an elegant carriage drew up in front of the door, and a man of mature age descended from it,—a man remarkably handsome, and remarkably well attired. He dismissed his carriage, took a candle from the sacristan, to whom he gave a *louis-d’or*, and followed the cortege on

foot like everybody else. Somehow his appearance created an indescribable emotion among the old villagers, particularly my grandfather and the venerable *curé*, whose eyes were now dimmed by age. The stranger was apparently also much affected; from time to time he wiped away the tears which bedewed his cheeks.

“When they reached the place where, thirty-eight years before, the child had been found, the procession halted, according to custom. The pastor, pointing to the spot, related, as he had done every year, the story of the babe whom no one had ever forgotten, and whom even the children felt they knew, having heard his history so frequently related. The *curé* concluded as follows: “Let us pray here with all our hearts for him whom we have always remembered, although perhaps he has forgotten the friends who loved and cherished him.” — “He has never forgotten!” cried the stranger; and M. de K. (for it was he) threw himself into the arms of his first friend and benefactor. “It is here on this spot, where I was abandoned, where you found and protected me, that I wish to assure you of my eternal devotion and remembrance. Yes, I am still the Child of the Rogations,—your child, my Father; yours, my friends. In me Providence has blessed your charity to a poor deserted infant; and I desire that you may all share in its benedictions. After the procession, come, all of you, to the chateau. I will tell you my story, and renew our acquaintance.”

“He walked up and down the ranks of the villagers, shaking hands with everybody; and the cortege joyfully took up its march once more.

“An hour later, the entire parish, the *curé* at the head, were assembled in the chateau. When the rich and plentiful dinner was over, M. de K. related what had befallen him since his departure. He had been fortunate enough, in the war with Holland, to attract the attention of Peter the Great, whose service he had entered. That monarch had continued

his friendship. At the battle of Pultowa, M. de K. had rescued his sovereign from imminent danger. Suffering from an old wound, he had retired from the army. Riches were bestowed upon him. The great Czar said to him: “Tell me what more you desire and it shall be yours.”—“You know my history, Sire,” he had replied. “Confer upon me, the nameless one, the name of the village that adopted me. And allow me to return there to end my days.”

“After some objections the Czar consented. “And now,” continued M. de K., “I am in the midst of you again, here to remain. I have set aside the sum of two hundred thousand francs, the interest of which, on the feast of the Rogations every year, shall be given to that orphan of the parish whom the pastor shall consider most worthy of it. And I request that it shall be given him in the same kind of basket in which, naked and abandoned, I was left to the mercy of Providence. I also desire that, as long as I live, we shall all meet here every year, on the feast of the Ascension, as we have done to-day.”

“Now you understand,” said the old man who related the story, ‘why this festival is more solemn here than in other places; and who the young man is, attired in the rich costume of M. de K., that received ten thousand francs as the Child of the Rogations. You can also understand the reason of the prosperity that, thanks be to God, always reigns in our village. Seldom is that ten thousand francs taken out of it. For more than a hundred years this money has contributed to swell the fortunes of our agriculturists. Never once has the gift been bestowed upon an unworthy soul. Many philanthropic schemes are not worth the paper on which they are drawn. Not so with that of the Child of the Rogations. The hand of God was in his adoption, the blessing of God has attended all the successive recipients of his bounty.’”

EVERY worldly glory has a grimace very near its aureola.—*Cuvillier-Fleury*.

The Son of Man.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

HE lit the lilies' lamps of snow,
 And fired the rose's sunset heart;
 He set the light's long ebb and flow,
 And drove the coursing winds apart.

 He gathered armfuls of the dew
 And shook it over earth again;
 He spread the heaven's cloth of blue,
 And topped the fields with plenteous grain.

 He tuned the spheres to harmony
 As twilight soft, as first love wild,
 Who learned beside His Mother's knee
 His prayers, like any other child.

Confessions of a Convert.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

VI.

I WAS in a very curious and unsatisfactory state when I came home. I do not propose to discuss these symptoms in public; but, to sum it up in a word, I was entirely exhausted on the spiritual side. Yet it was now absolutely clear to me, so far as I could see intellectually, that my submission was a duty. I made this clear also to my mother, from whom I had had no secrets from the beginning; and I settled down, as she desired me, towards, I think, the end of May, to allow myself time and energy for a reaction, if such should come. Occasionally I celebrated the Communion still in the little chapel of the house, for the reasons that I have already explained; but I refused all invitations to preach, saying that my plans were at present undecided. This, of course, was absolutely true, as I sufficiently trusted my superior's and my mother's judgment to allow of the possibility of a change of mind. I was still a member of the Community of the Resurrection, said my Office regularly, and observed the other details

of the Rule that were binding upon me. I had told, however, a few intimate friends of what I thought would happen.

I have mentioned before a certain MS. book upon the Elizabethan days of the Church of England. This had aroused my interest, and I began to consider whether, as a kind of reaction, I could not make some sort of historical novel upon the subject. The result was that I was soon hard at work upon a book, afterwards published under the title "By what Authority?" It was extraordinary how excited I became. I worked for about eight or ten hours every day, either writing, or reading and annotating every history and pamphlet I could lay my hands upon. I found paragraphs in magazines, single sentences in certain essays, and all of these I somehow worked into the material from which my book grew. By the beginning of September the novel was three-quarters finished. This work, I think, was an exceptionally good safety-valve for my spirits; and if I had not found it, I do not quite know what would have happened.

Now, more than ever my resolution began to run clear. In book after book that I read I found the old lines of the Church of England burning themselves upwards, like the lines of buried foundations showing through the grass in a hot summer. I began to marvel more than ever how in the world I could have even imagined that the Anglican communion possessed an identity of life with the ancient Church in England. For years past I had claimed to be saying Mass, and that the Sacrifice of the Mass was held as a doctrine by the Church of England; and here in Elizabethan days were priests hunted to death for the crime of doing that which I had claimed to do. I had supposed that our wooden Communion tables were altars; and here in Tudor times were the old stones of the altars defiled and insulted deliberately by the officials of the church to which I still nominally belonged. Things which were dear to me at Mirfield—vestments, cru-

ornaments, rosaries—in Elizabethan days were denounced as “trinkets” and “muniments of superstition.” I began to wonder at myself, and a little while later gave up celebrating the Communion service.

Sometime in the course of the summer, at my mother’s wish, I went to consult three eminent members of the Church of England—a well-known parish clergyman, an eminent dignitary, and a no less eminent layman. They were all three as kind as possible.

The parish clergyman did not affect me at all. He hardly argued, and he said very little that I can remember, except to call attention to the revival of spiritual life in the Church of England during the last century. I did not see that this proved anything except that God rewarded an increase of zeal by an increase of blessing. He himself was an excellent example of both.

The dignitary, with whom I stayed a day or two, and who was also extremely forbearing, did not, I think, understand my position. He asked me whether there were not devotions in the Roman Church to which I felt a repugnance. I told him that there were, notably the popular devotions to our Blessed Lady. He then expressed great surprise that I could seriously contemplate submitting to a communion in which I should have to use methods of worship of which I disapproved. I tried in vain to make it clear that I proposed becoming a Roman Catholic not because I was necessarily attracted by her customs, but because I believed that Church to be the Church of God; and that therefore if my opinions on minor details differed from hers, it was all the worse for me; that I had better, in fact, correct my notions as soon as possible; for I should go to Rome not as a critic or a teacher, but as a child and a learner. I think he thought this an immoral point of view. Religion seemed for him to be a matter more or less of individual choice and tastes.

The layman, with whom also I stayed,

had showed me many kindnesses before, and now crowned them all by his charity and sympathy. He emphasized the issues with extreme clearness, telling me that if I believed the Pope to be the necessary centre of Christian unity, of course I must submit to him at once; but he asked me to be quite certain that this was so, and not to submit merely because I thought the Pope an extremely useful aid to unity. The layman further told me that he himself believed it quite possible that the Pope was the natural outcome of ecclesiastical development; that he was Vicar of Christ *jure ecclesiastico*, but not *jure divino*; and he pointed out to me that, unless I was absolutely certain of the latter point, I should be far happier in the Church of England, and far more useful in the work of promoting Christian unity. With all this I heartily agreed. It was more or less what the priest with whom I had corresponded in the previous autumn had himself said. A further curious circumstance was that, at this time, a prelate was staying in the house with me who had had a great influence upon my previous life. He knew why I was there, but I do not think we spoke of it at all. After my return home again, my late host sent me a quantity of extraordinarily interesting private documents, which I read and returned. But they did not affect me. They were documents that will make history some day.

Towards the end of July I was once more tired out in mind and soul; and was in further misery because an ultimatum had come from Mirfield, perfectly kind and perfectly firm, telling me that I must now either return to the annual assembling of the community or consider myself no longer a member. The Brother who was commissioned to write this was my fellow-probationer, with whom I had been on terms of great intimacy. He wrote in obvious distress; and after my answer, written in equal distress, telling him that I could not come back, I have never since received any communication from him.

Further, about this time I was engaged in another rather painful correspondence. A dignitary of the Church of England, an old friend of my family, hearing somehow that I was in distress of mind as to my spiritual allegiance, wrote to me an extremely kind letter, asking me to come and stay with him. I answered that I was indeed in trouble, but had already looked into the matter so far as I was capable. But I think that I must have seemed to hint that I was still open to conviction, for he wrote again, still more affectionately; and then somehow the correspondence became a re-traversing of the old ground I had passed months before. Finally I told him plainly that I was already intellectually decided, and received in answer a very sharp letter or two, telling me that if I would only go and work hard in some slum parish all my difficulties would disappear. He might equally well have told me to go and teach Buddhism. In his last letter he prophesied one of three things would happen to me: either (which he hoped) I should return quickly to the Church of England with my sanity regained, or (which he feared) I should lose my Christian belief altogether, or (which he feared still more) I should become an obstinate, hardened Romanist. It appeared to him impossible that charity and reasonableness should survive conversion. I hope I have not wronged him in this representation of his views. I destroyed his letter immediately.

In order to distract myself from all this, I then went for a few days' bicycling tour alone in the south of England, dressed as a layman,—calling first at the Carthusian Monastery of St. Hugh, Parkminster, with an introduction to one of the Fathers, himself a convert clergyman. He received me very courteously; but the visit depressed me even further, if that were possible. He seemed to me not to understand that I really asked nothing but to be taught; that I was not coming as a critic, but as a child. I do not think that I resented this, because my whole

soul told me it was not quite just; if it had been just, I think I should have assumed a kind of internal indignation as a salve to wounded vanity. I went on in despair, and stayed a Sunday in lodgings at Chichester, where for the last time I made my Anglican confession, telling the clergyman plainly that I was practically certain I should become a Roman Catholic. He very kindly gave me his absolution, and told me to cheer up.

Then for the last time I attended, as an Anglican, cathedral services and received Communion; for I still thought it my duty to use every conceivable means of grace within my reach. On the Monday I rode on to Lewes, thence to Rye, where, at supper, I had a long conversation with a distinguished actor in the "George Inn," talking to him for the most part about the Catholic Church, which he also loved from a distance, but not saying anything about my intentions. As a matter of fact, he did nearly all the talking. On the following day I rode home through Mayfield, looking with a kind of gnawing envy at the convent walls as I passed them.

Now, it seems very difficult to say why I had not submitted before this. The reasons, I think, were as follows. First, there was the wish of my mother and family that I should allow myself every possible opportunity for a change of mind under new surroundings; and this, even by itself, would have been sufficient to hold me back for a while. I was trying to be docile, it must be remembered, and to take every hint that could possibly come from God. Secondly, there was my own state of mind, which, though intellectually convinced, was still in an extraordinary condition. I entirely refuse to describe it elaborately,—it would not be decent; but the sum of it was a sense of a huge, soulless spiritual wilderness, in which, as clear as a view before rain, towered up the City of God. It was there before me, as vivid and overwhelming as a revelation; and I stood there and eyed it, watching for the least wavering if it were a mirage,

or the least hint of evil if it were of the devil's building.

I had no kind of emotional attraction towards it, no illusions of any kind about it. I knew perfectly well that it was human as well as divine, that crimes had been committed within its walls; that the ways and customs and language of its citizens would be other than those of the dear mud-built town which I had left; that I should find hardness there, unfamiliar manners, even suspicion and blame. But for all that it was divine; it was built upon the Rock of rocks; its foundations were jewelled even if its streets were stony; and the Lamb was the light of it.

But the setting out towards its gates was a hard task; I had no energy, no sense of welcome or exultation; I hardly knew more than three or four of its inmates. I was deadly sick and tired of the whole thing.

But God was merciful very soon. Even now I do not know exactly what precipitated the final step; the whole world seemed to me poised in a kind of paralysis: I could not move; there was no other to suggest it to me. But at the beginning of September, with my mother's knowledge, I wrote a letter to the only priest I knew personally, putting myself in his hands. This friend of mine was now contemplating entering the Dominican Order, and recommended me, therefore, to Father Reginald Buckler, O. P., then living at Woodchester. Two or three days later I received notice that I was expected at the Priory; and on Monday, September 7, in lay clothes, I set out on my journey. My mother said good-bye to me at the station.

(To be continued.)

MAIDEN-HAIR FERN is another form of Our Lady's hair; and in many old prayers she is called by the name of some tree—e. g., "Cedar of Mount Lebanon," "Cypress of Mount Sion," "Blooming like the olive tree," "the Pine Tree outstretching its branches of grace and salvation."

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXI.

WHEN Lett and Mildred went to Sydney's room the next morning as usual, on their way downstairs to breakfast, they found Jessie its only occupant. She was standing at an open window, looking out; but turned as they entered, and, in response to their surprised looks—Sydney's habit being to breakfast in bed,—exclaimed glibly:

"Law, Miss Lett, Miss Syd's been downstairs this hour an' mo'e, talkin' to Mass Henri. There wasn't a soul in the dinin'-room when she went down 'ceptin' people we don't have nothin' to do with. An' she sent me for Mass Henri, an' made Will bring in breakfas' for her an' him; an' they had a nice time all by theselves. An' then they went for a walk. Yonder they go now!"

She pointed through the window triumphantly, maliciously perhaps, with a slight toss of her head, which signified "Help it if you can!" For she had always much resented what she considered Lett's impertinent attempts to control her young mistress.

Involuntarily stepping forward to follow the motion of her hand, Lett and Mildred saw Mr. De Wolff, with Sydney leaning on his arm, walking across the lawn toward a shady seat under a huge, gnarled old tree.

"Well," said Mildred, when they had left the empty nest from which their bird was flown, "she is determined to have her own way. You might as well make up your mind to that."

"I have made up my mind to it," Lett answered. But she sighed as she added: "I have done my best and failed."

"Perhaps not," Mildred observed, suddenly remembering Sydney's remarks of the night before; particularly the concluding one, which had greatly aston-

ished her at the moment, though she had until now forgotten it in the subsequent surprise that awaited her. "That child is such a strange being there is no judging what she may intend."

"Yes, she is very peculiar. I have never been able to understand her," Lett replied in a spiritless tone.

Here a door near them suddenly unclosed, and a pretty, delicate-looking girl came out and joined them.

"Good-morning, Mildred! Good-morning, Miss Hereford!" she said. "We are rather early, aren't we? I suppose you were wakened, as I was, by the noise that party going to the Fall made when starting."

"Yes, indeed!" responded Mildred. "Everybody on this side of the house must have been wakened by it. I tried to go to sleep after they were finally off, but could not."

"I hope the noise did not penetrate to your mother's room and wake her, Miss Spencer," said Lett. "She was not so near as we were, and may not have heard it."

"I hope she did not," Miss Spencer replied, as she half paused and cast an anxious glance at a door they were just passing, which was on the opposite side of the corridor to her own and Mildred's and Lett's chambers. "How shameful it is for people to be so indifferent to the comfort of others as to act in this way!" she cried warmly. "It was that disgusting Miss Claiborn who was the leader of the expedition."

"Yes: there is no mistaking her odious laugh," said Mildred. "But," she hastened to add, as she noticed the expression of Lett's face at these remarks, "I suppose she can't help having an objectionable manner and laugh."

"She could help being so selfish," Miss Spencer began,—but at this moment a number of doors were opened in quick succession in every direction around; and from four long converging corridors, white dresses and brown, black dresses and gray, and blue and pink and violet and green

and gold-color, interspersed liberally with the plainer element of men's attire, rustled and fluttered and strode in a stream of chattering humanity downstairs to breakfast.

"O Mildred," whispered Lett, in a tone of intense annoyance, as they paused a minute at the foot of the steps to exchange a few words with an acquaintance, "yonder comes that man!"

"So much the better," returned Mildred, reassuringly. "At the first available opportunity I will give him his—"

She did not conclude her sentence, but turned and welcomed in the most cordial manner possible a gentleman who came eagerly and smiling to meet them as they entered the dining-room. She answered his inquiries about her headache of the day before, and invited him to join them at their table, to which she led the way. Mr. Beresford—it was he—was a pleasant, rather distinguished-looking man in air and manner, with square, clean-cut but somewhat heavy features, and very handsome dark eyes and moustache.

Having blessed herself when they were seated, Mildred began at once to eat her breakfast, with less appetite but more expedition than usual; Lett following her example. They were equally anxious to dispatch what was scarcely more than a ceremony to either of them this morning, and retire; though Mildred at least knew that to do so would only be deferring temporarily the evil hour—the meeting Mr. Brent, which she was dreading.

"You ladies are earlier than usual this morning, it strikes me," said Mr. Beresford, as he helped himself to butter.

"Yes," answered Mildred. "Is it possible that you were not roused by the loud laughing and talking and blowing of horns that attended the departure of Miss Claiborn and her party to the Fall?"

"My room is quite at the other end of the house, and I heard nothing," he replied.

"You were fortunate," she said. "It defrauded me of my usual morning sleep,

and in consequence I am condemned to another day of headache. I shall have to return to my room and keep quiet, instead of taking a walk as we intended after breakfast, Lett."

The last speech was uttered for the benefit of Mr. Brent, whose step she had been listening for, and now heard approaching; and as she had thus disposed of her own movements in advance for the day, she received him graciously, if a little stiffly. Mr. Chetwode was with him; and in the slight bustle of good-mornings all round, and making room for them at table, she managed to avoid betraying the embarrassment and annoyance she felt.

All three gentlemen were in excellent spirits, and to them the hour that followed was an extremely pleasant one. But Lett, though outwardly as serene as usual, was ill at ease under the battery of Mr. Beresford's glances; and Mildred was glad of the excuse her headache gave for the dulness she could not control.

"By the way," said Mr. Chetwode when breakfast was nearly over, "how is Sydney this morning?"

"As well as usual, I hope," answered Lett, to whom he spoke. "I have not seen her yet. She came downstairs quite early, Aunt Jessie tells me, and has gone to walk with Mr. De Wolff."

"Hum!" said Mr. Chetwode in a tone which drew a slight laugh from Mildred.

"De Wolff?" repeated Mr. Brent. "The man who came with me last night? We met at the hotel in Gaylleville yesterday morning, and hired a conveyance together to come up. He is a friend of yours?"

"No. He was introduced to me last night. I never saw him before. But he is very well known to one of my wards—the little girl I was asking about."

He glanced at Mildred as he spoke, and she made the motion to rise from table. As the party were leaving the dining-room, she put her hand through his arm, saying:

"We will take a turn or two on the

veranda, and then I must go and keep quiet. My head is beginning to ache again."

"And I promised Mrs. Spencer to read to her this morning," said Lett. "So I must leave you all, and this delightful air. What a lovely morning it is!"

With a smile and little graceful nod of the head bestowed generally, she turned in an opposite direction and walked away.

"You ought to have something for your headache," said Mr. Brent to Mildred; while Mr. Beresford, looking regretfully after Lett, dropped off from the little group. "Let me find Dr. Tracy and bring him to you. I saw him just before breakfast."

"No, thanks!" said Mildred quickly. "These headaches of mine almost always last two days. Its departure is not due until I go to sleep to-night; though I think that if I had not been waked at such an unearthly hour this morning by the atrocious noise Miss Claiborn and her friend and their train of men and horses made, I might not have had it again to-day."

"Miss Claiborn and her friend," repeated Mr. Brent in a tone of apprehension. "Who is her friend at present, may I ask? She has a new one every year."

"She has departed from her usual custom this season," said Mildred, with a suspicion of laughing malice in face and voice. "She is still faithful to her last year's friendship, or rather friendships. She is again with Mrs. Rutherford, and her friend is with her."

"You mean that *that* girl is here!" exclaimed Mr. Brent, looking blank, exasperated, almost alarmed.

"If by 'that girl' you mean Harriet Hilliard, yes, she is certainly here," answered Mildred. "I must go now, Uncle Romuald," she said languidly. "I have been awake since four o'clock, for I could not sleep after those people left; and I am feeling awfully dull. As you have Mr. Brent to talk to, you will do very well."

"Is she still so determined against me?"

said the young man to Mr. Chetwode when she was gone. "Both you and Mrs. Sterndale promised to do all you could for me."

"Yes, and we would, if anything could be done. But it is not a case for the exercise of influence—if influence would have any effect. And it would not, now even less than when we spoke of it last."

"Why?" inquired Mr. Brent, anxiously.

"Because she is less likely to give up her ultimatum now. Having lately become a practical Catholic herself, she will never marry a man who is not the same."

"But I offered to become one," said the young man earnestly. "I have not the slightest prejudice or objection to the faith. I am—"

"Willing to call yourself a Catholic, I am aware. But that is not being one."

"If I am baptized—you shake your head! What can I do, then? I will do anything I can. But you know I can't say I believe what I don't believe. And that is what she demands."

"You are mistaken. She wants you to believe, not to say that you do. You must study the subject, and you will have no difficulty in believing. It is ignorance which causes unbelief."

"I have studied it,—that is, I have read several books she gave me; but—"

The pause he made here was expressive.

"Oh, the books she gave you were not worth much in the way of argument, I dare say!" Mr. Chetwode consolingly said. "I will give you one that was the finishing stroke to convince me."

"You! Do you mean that you have become a Catholic, Mr. Chetwode?"

"Yes. And you know that my case was rather more hopeless than your own,—at least of longer standing."

"I am astonished," said Mr. Brent. "You sincerely believe in Transubstantiation, and that there is any real necessity that one man should reveal all the most secret acts and thoughts of his life to another man?" he asked very gravely,

the two points he mentioned being his special stumbling-blocks.

"Yes. And so will you when you have studied carefully an essay of Newman's which I will give you. Catholic Theology is the logical sequence for which it clears the ground."

"Newman's logical sequences are rather hard nuts for me to attempt to crack," said Brent, despondently. "You know I'm not much of a bookman."

Mr. Chetwode, glancing at his rueful countenance, smiled as he perceived his unconcealed dismay at the prospect before him.

(To be continued.)

The Culdees.

BY E. BECK.

MANY learned writers have disputed over the Culdees of early Christian Ireland. Some have mistakenly held them to be identical with the monks who followed the rules and teaching of the great Saint Columba of Iona; others have, more erroneously still, supposed them to have been an order of priests or monks who taught Christianity in Ireland prior to the coming of Saint Patrick. In reality the Culdees were lay-brothers attached to nearly all the great monasteries of Ireland in the eighth and ninth centuries. They attended the sick in the hospitals, and were particularly noted for their care of the lepers who, then as now, were usually shunned by their fellowmen.

In the life of Saint Bridget there is told a story illustrating the horror with which the poor lepers were commonly regarded. Two of these afflicted persons came begging the holy virgin's help and aid. At her prayer one became sound and whole; and Saint Bridget asked him to perform some slight act of kindness for the one who remained uncured. "What!" cried the man who had benefited by the saint's

prayers. "Shall I who am clean attend a leper? No, no!" The story adds that the second leper was then cured through Saint Bridget's intercession.

Among the Culdees is one specially noted. Saint Angus was learned in more than holy subjects; for he had early been acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages. In his humility, however, he managed to conceal his scholarship, and sought and found admission, as a common laborer into the monastery of Saint Maclruan at Tallaght, near Dublin. While thus employed he once saw a child weeping because of his inability to learn a Greek and Latin lesson. Angus took the child aside and slowly repeated the lines of the task assigned, till the little scholar fell asleep. When he woke he knew the lesson perfectly. The abbot wondered at the sudden progress, and made inquiries as to the method by which the lesson had been mastered; and in this way the secret of Angus' learning was revealed to his brethren.

The chief literary work by which he is known is his litany of the saints, and this ancient litany is proof of the number of foreigners in the Irish schools at that period. The litany is supposed to have been written toward the close of the eighth century, and in it Angus invokes the intercession of not only Irish saints but also Romans, Gauls, Germans, and Britons, who had died in Ireland during a pestilence commonly called the yellow plague. Venerable Bede thus alludes to it: "This pestilence did no less harm in Ireland. Many of the nobility and of the lower ranks of the English nation were there at the time,—some devoted to the monastic life, others to study. The Irish received them all willingly, and supplied them with food, books to read, and their teaching gratis."

There is a tradition to the effect that Angus was encouraged to write this litany by seeing a vast number of angels round a new-made grave. On inquiring as to who lay therein and what were his

particular virtues, he was told the man was a simple countryman, and remarkable only for his habit of daily invoking all the saints with whose names he was acquainted.

The Culdees are often mentioned in the Brehon Laws, and they were in Armagh till the end of the sixteenth century. There were masons, carpenters, etc., among them; but all were laymen and unmarried, very much like the Tertiary Orders of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis. They were attached to several monastic houses in Scotland and Wales, but their only settlement in England was at Saint Peter's in York.

Concerning Convent Schools.

COMMENTING on a portion of an address to the Daughters of the Faith by Archbishop Farley, and more particularly on his citing the example of a Catholic girl's refusing, after six months in a woman's college, to accompany her mother to confession on Holy Thursday, the *New York Freeman's Journal* says:

The words the Archbishop of New York addressed to the Daughters of the Faith should serve as a solemn warning to any Catholic mother who is contemplating sending her daughter to a Protestant educational institution. Any Catholic parent who thus exposes his or her daughter to the loss of the priceless gift of faith will be indirectly responsible if that daughter becomes an apostate from the religion of her fathers. That mother of whom Archbishop Farley spoke now bitterly realizes the fatal mistake she made when she exposed her child to spiritual dangers that may mar her whole life.

It would be interesting to know where this young person received her earlier education. She certainly had not learned to set high value on "the priceless gift of faith." We feel sure that she never mastered the Little Catechism. Catholics who are grounded in their religion never forget and very seldom renounce it, though they may utterly neglect its practice. "Losing the faith" is not so easy a thing—if one has ever had a firm attach-

ment to it. A threatened calamity, or a sore personal affliction of any sort, generally has the effect of bringing fallen-away Catholics to a sense of their duty. And the shocks and the trials are almost sure to come and frequently to recur. It is the greatest of misfortunes indeed when they do not.

We have no wish, of course, to minimize the effect of the Archbishop's words; for they are wise and weighty. Any one familiar with the course of study now provided by some of our convent schools in different parts of the Union knows that there exists not the slightest well-founded reason for deeming such institutions inferior, on the score of intellectual training, to the most famous of the non-Catholic "woman's colleges." As for moral training, the convent school is distinctly superior, as a great many non-Catholics admit by patronizing them.

Our one fear regarding convent schools is that they may relax their discipline and so forfeit their prestige. Attempts to compete with fashionable schools would be sure, in the long run, to be attended with regrettable results. The fashionable boarding-school is now less popular than ever with careful parents. A non-Catholic gentleman of our acquaintance, who had intended to send his daughter to a well-known convent school abroad, changed his mind when he learned that its discipline was less strict than formerly, and entered her at another school conducted by Protestant ladies who make much, and rightly, of conservatism.

THE Lord measures our perfection not by the number and greatness of the works we do for Him, but by our manner of doing them. And this manner is only the love of God with which, and for which, we do them. They are more perfect as they are done with more pure and perfect love, and as they are less mingled with the thoughts of pleasure or praise in this life or the other.—*St. John of the Cross.*

Notes and Remarks.

That there are some things in the Scriptures "hard to be understood," we know from the testimony of St. Peter himself. One of these things, according to the Rev. Dr. James Orr, is the text of St. John's Gospel (ii, 12): "After this He went down to Capharnaum, He, and His Mother, and His brethren, etc." And this text Brother Orr 'wrests unto his own destruction' and that of any who will listen to him; though the error grounded upon it was repudiated and condemned by the primitive Church, as repugnant to the established belief, and diametrically opposed to the predominantly ancient and orthodox conception of the Incarnation. Brother Orr is, we understand, a Presbyterian; and he should know that Calvin himself, the founder of Presbyterianism, vehemently rejected the detestable and sacrilegious theory, which seems to have originated with Helvidius (380). Says Calvin: "According to the custom of the Hebrews, all relations are called brothers. Consequently Helvidius gave proof of his profound ignorance in saying that Mary had several children merely because the Gospel speaks of the brethren of Christ." Other words of Calvin to the same effect might be quoted.

The sentiments of all the most learned Protestant commentators on this question are thus expressed by Dr. Lightfoot in his well-known work on "The Harmony of the Gospels": "Our Blessed Lord, when dying, left His Mother to St. John, passing over His 'brethren,' which He certainly would not have done had there been other sons."

The testimony of a missionary who has spent ten years in the Congo ought certainly to have more weight with intelligent, unprejudiced readers in this country than the anonymous pamphlets inspired by certain English merchants for the purpose of encouraging another grab in Africa.

These worthies are still trying to convince the world that the Belgian Government is responsible for horrible cruelties toward the natives, and the Powers are called upon to interfere in the interests of humanity, etc. The Very Rev. Father Bruno Schmite, superior of the White Fathers, maintains that Congo State officials as a rule incline to leniency rather than harshness in the case of Negroes; he even blames the administration for not taking more effective steps than it has yet done to create and develop a spirit of industry among the natives, their natural indolence being one of the chief obstacles to improvement of their moral status.

"As for the atrocities of which the papers are so full," writes Father Schmite, "I should make it my duty to denounce any such had they been committed here during the ten years of my residence. In all sincerity, instead of bringing complaints against administrative atrocities, I should be inclined to reproach the administration for exhibiting with regard to the natives a feebleness that is entirely impolitic. For fear of committing what might be called atrocities, they abstain from absolutely just and even necessary reprisals. They let a Negro go free where a white man would be condemned. They have adopted for the Negro a mitigated system of justice which is absolutely deplorable. Then, again, the good administration of the country demands more energy and rigor. . . . I finish by saying that in the Tanganyika, the Congo Administration seems rather to err by lack of energy and rigor toward the Negroes than by an excess of the contrary."

The restoration of the façade of the Duomo of Milan will not be completed until 1915. Eight years for a partial renovation! They take their time in the Old World, and they can afford to do so. Here we pile up bricks in the depth of winter, using heated mortar. Scores of costly churches will be erected in the United States during the next eight years. Of course they will

be very different from the far-famed Cathedral of Milan. No foreigner will ever ask who were the architects of them, but will probably think they were designed—most of them—by the builders, put up o' nights by the aid of electric light, decorated by color-blind artists, and furnished by shopkeepers.

A discussion which took place recently at a meeting of the Rheims municipal council, reported by the *London Tablet*, shows that ratepayers in France are beginning to realize what the laicization of hospitals means,—not better service at less cost, but neglect of patients and increased expense. In a report on the budget of the city, the reporter, M. Aron, dealt with the situation of the hospitals, and stated how the deficit had been met. On this a Socialist member complained that the food was unsuitable, and that little care was shown to the sick. Besides this, the staff was being continually changed, and altogether the hospitals seemed simply to be at the mercy of political considerations. A Radical followed with strong complaints against the state of the town hospital,—draughts from windows, unclean rooms and wards, bad attendance. If a doctor ordered a beef-steak, the patient might get it, but two days afterward. Then a Radical Socialist retorted that the previous speaker had voted for laicization, implying that he, along with others, was responsible for the present unsatisfactory state of things. In fact, he explained, the administration was much more expensive since the departure of the Sisters. Whilst the Municipal grant still stood at its old figure, the hospital was costing 60,000 francs a year more for maintenance.

A priest of saintlike piety and faith, as well as of great learning, and with an unusually varied career, was the venerable Monsignor O'Reilly, who passed to his reward at Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y., on the

27th ult., in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was ordained in Quebec Sept. 12, 1843. Some years afterward he joined the Society of Jesus, from which he withdrew during a residence in France, where he subsequently became almost as well known as in the United States and Canada. During the Civil War he served as chaplain to the famous Sixty-Ninth New York Infantry. He had numerous friends among distinguished people all over the world, by whom he was held in highest regard. Adelaide Anne Procter was one of his numerous converts. Monsignor O'Reilly's literary labors were continued as long as he was able to hold a pen, and one of the regrets of his last years was his inability to furnish *THE AVE MARIA* with a series of reminiscences. He collaborated with Mr. George Ripley and Mr. Charles A. Dana in the editing of the *American Cyclopædia*, and was for a long time one of the leading contributors to Mr. Dana's paper, his foreign letters being one of its most notable features. Monsignor O'Reilly was the biographer of Pius IX. and of Leo XIII., by whom he was made a Domestic Prelate; and besides these *Lives*, wrote numerous other books. We bespeak many prayers in behalf of this great priest, most of whose more intimate friends had long preceded him to the grave. *R. I. P.*

Not the least interesting columns in the splendid "pallium edition" of the *New Orleans Morning Star* are those detailing the biography of the pallium's recipient, Archbishop Blenk. We learn that he was the youngest of sixteen children, and born of Lutheran parents at Neustadt, Bavaria, in 1856. "While James was yet a child the family came to live in this city [New Orleans]; and here, in the strong Catholic atmosphere of forty years ago, rambling among the old churches, the light of the one true faith began to dawn upon the boy, and doubts came to him concerning the Lutheran faith which his parents professed. The

beauty of the Catholic ceremonial first appealed to him. He was lifted heavenward as the grand pæans of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass rose from the lips of the priest; he was filled with solemnity and awe at the still moment of Consecration; he placed his young heart in the Heart of God at the hour of Holy Communion. More and more he grew to love our Blessed Lady; and for hours he would sit in the church looking up at the 'Beautiful Lady,' as he called her, and repeating in his little heart, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me.' Finally, as his reason grew, he began to ponder more seriously within himself, and became convinced—from the instructions that he attended, alone and unobserved, as the yearly classes were prepared for First Communion—that the Catholic Church was the one, true Church. He placed himself under the instruction of a good Redemptorist Father; and at the age of twelve, one quiet evening at the Angelus hour, he stood before the altar in St. Alphonsus' Church, renounced his former faith, and was received into the Fold."

Ordained in 1885, after a number of years spent in different Marist houses of study in this country, France, and Ireland, Father Blenk returned to Louisiana and became a professor in Jefferson College in that State, of which institution he was president from 1891 to 1897. In 1899 he was consecrated Bishop of Porto Rico; and was promoted to his present archiepiscopal See in 1906.

Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, known to our readers as an authoritative Catholic exponent of the dangers of Spiritism, and the author of valuable works on that subject, is at present in this country on a mission of which the *Catholic News* says editorially:

Among the works of zeal and charity to which he has devoted himself as a Catholic layman, the nearest to his heart is that of the "Crusade of Rescue," which aims at saving the faith and morality of the destitute Catholic children of London by securing them suitable homes in

the colonies. These children, mainly of Irish descent, are exposed to dangers of all sorts; and until recently the placing-out bureaus were agencies of proselytism. Since the attack made by Henry Labouchere and others on the Barnardo Society, Catholic children are handed over to the "Crusade of Rescue." This organization can secure homes for them without difficulty, but it finds it hard to collect in England sufficient funds to pay the expenses of transporting the children. On this account Mr. Raupert and Father James Goggin, assistant administrator of the work, have been on a tour around the world for the purpose of interesting Catholics in the matter. They have spent a year in Australia, New Zealand, and South America, and are now beginning their tour of the United States and Canada. They bear a warm recommendation from the Holy Father himself, who is much interested in their undertaking.

Our New York contemporary expresses the hope that Mr. Raupert may be induced, while in the United States, to deliver a course of lectures on Spiritism. In case he should do so, we can promise his prospective audiences that they will learn of abundant reasons why they should have a horror of that essentially diabolical cult.

Notable among Mr. Aroni's most recent statements in the New York *Evening Mail* anent matters in France is this:

If the events of the past year have proved anything, they have proved that Rome and the Catholics of France have kept faith with the French Republic. Keeping that faith did not, however, mean the sacrifice of their religious faith. A minority—a large minority, but not a majority, as is repeatedly stated by the Socialists—of the French bishops, speaking in behalf of what probably was a majority of laymen, and almost certainly was a majority of French priests, were in favor of saving what was possible, if even for a time, and accepting the terms of the new law. It was a question of retaining a hundred million dollars' worth of property or relinquishing it. The head of the Church spoke, the hierarchy echoed his words; and to-day there is not a symptom of schism, of mutiny or discontent with the conclusion. This superb example of discipline is one of the first things that impress an American observer.

It has impressed English and Continental observers as well; and, best of

all, it has marvellously impressed and thoroughly disconcerted the short-sighted anti-clerical fanatics who jubilantly prophesied, a few months ago, an inevitable schism, the establishment of a French national church, and similar happenings.

Apropos of an alleged memorandum asking for better representation of Anglo-Saxon peoples in the Sacred College of Cardinals, *Rome* points out that "the Sacred College is not meant to be a 'representative' body,—in fact, there is absolutely nothing of a 'representative' character in the organization of the Church. A few years ago England, with less than 2,000,000 Catholics, had three Cardinals—Newman, Manning, and Howard,—to-day she has not even one; for the last quarter of a century the United States has had one Cardinal, to-morrow or after it will very probably have three. South America, with 40,000,000 Catholics, was for centuries without a Cardinal; the entire Orient is without one to-day. On the 'one man, one vote' system, South America ought to have four times as many Cardinals as the United States."

The activity that is being displayed by the Police commissioners of New York, Chicago, and others of our large cities in suppressing the great majority of the "nickel theatres" and "penny arcades," is worthy of commendation. Nine out of ten of these exhibitions, far from being unobjectionable forms of cheap amusement, are veritable pitfalls for juvenile morality. Says the *Catholic News* on this subject:

These arcades are penny-in-the-slot moving picture shows; and investigators have ascertained that the managers of them are pretty careless in selecting the pictures that are on view. As a result, boys and girls are treated to exhibitions that would shock many a hardened grown-up. In every big city there are already too many demoralizing influences for children; and the suppression of the "penny arcades" will remove one of the worst promoters of juvenile depravity.

Notable New Books.

The Mother of Jesus. By J. Herbert Williams. Benziger Brothers.

We never tire of hearing the praises of one we love; and accordingly the presumption is that a favorable reception from the great body of Catholics awaits each new contribution to Marian literature. The specific purpose of Mr. Williams' contribution is thus stated in his preface: "I propose to discover the office and dignity of Our Lady to exist in the first age and to form an integral portion of the Apostolic tradition; and I shall hope to vindicate the entire existing devotion and belief as the explication of what is unavoidably implicit in the Revelation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." As throwing considerable light on the spirit of the author and his polemical methods, it may be worth while to quote the remainder of the paragraph from which the foregoing extract is taken: "I can not spoil my workmanship, such as it may be, out of kindness for the self-imposed beliefs of Protestants and through fear of unsettling them. Incidentally it belongs to my design, on the contrary, to unsettle them. Nor have I any temptation to go out of my way to conciliate any one or to avoid giving offence. The friends whom I care to retain are possessed of ordinary intelligence." In penning these lines, Mr. Williams probably foresaw that his rather slighting references to Newman were of a nature to offend many staunch (and ordinarily intelligent) admirers of that great father of souls; and we are of those who would prefer to see such references omitted.

It needs not, however, that the reader should be at one with the author in all his opinions and views, his likes and dislikes, to recognize that his volume is, in the main, a valuable addition to the apologetic department of the literature that deals with Our Lady. His argument is quite unhackneyed in its presentation, is well-grounded, closely knit, and to unprejudiced minds ought to be fairly convincing. Among the blemishes that detract from the excellence of the author's literary style is his fondness for making modifying clauses do duty as complete sentences, and punctuating them as such. "After this fashion." "In especial then." The publishers have given the work good paper, clear print, and an attractive binding.

Aspects of Anglicanism. By Mgr. Moyes, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

The average cultured Catholic naturally takes a somewhat lively interest in very many, if not all, of the topics discussed in this goodly-

sized volume, whose sub-title, "Some Comments on Certain Events in the Nineties," fixes with sufficient precision both the period covered and the main subjects treated by Canon Moyes. To habitual readers of the London *Tablet*, the sixty-two chapters that make up the book's five hundred pages will proffer nothing new, as they all appeared, substantially at least, in the columns of that periodical at various dates between July, 1890, and January, 1899. Even such readers, however, will welcome the appearance in book form of so scholarly, adequate, and withal thoroughly readable a series of papers on subjects whose interest is perennial, though the import of the concrete incidents which gave rise to their treatment may have been more or less ephemeral.

Mgr. Moyes' conviction that certain principles of faith are more easily set forth in the light of such concrete illustrations than by abstract statements was the *raison d'être* of the original composition of these papers and of their reproduction in the present volume; and it needs only a very cursory examination of the volume's contents to discover that the conviction was a sound one. The exposition of the fallacies of the Anglican position as to a multiplicity of facts and incidents of the religious world in the last decade necessarily carries with it a vindication of Catholic principles in connection therewith; and, apart from those who have made a special study of the Anglican position, there are few Catholics who will not derive from the perusal of this work both more lucid notions of what Anglicanism really is and additional reasons for the faith that is in themselves. A chapter of exceptional interest to the majority of our readers is "Anglicanism in America—How the Reformation is Being Found Out."

Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study. By Dr. Joseph Lapponi. Longmans, Green & Co.

In his preface to this revised edition of his valuable study of always interesting and sometimes utterly bewildering phenomena, the late distinguished chief physician to their Holinesses Leo XIII. and Pius X. expressed the hope that his work would "help to throw a little light on a much discussed and perplexing question." Most readers of the book will agree that the hope has been realized. The study throws a veritable flood of light on both subjects which give the book its title. Even those readers who are passably familiar with the comparatively modern revival of spiritistic practices will find very much to interest them in the different chapters, and not least in that particular chapter dealing with "Historical Data." Many a person, for instance, who knows practically all about

spiritualism from the days of the Fox sisters down to the latest reports of the Society for Psychical Research, will read with surprise this extract: "In his 'Apologia' Tertullian [150-230 A. D.] indicates clearly all the practices that have been revived by spiritists. . . . He speaks of *séances* and table-rappings, . . . of visions conjured up, . . . of materializations; . . . nor does he conceal the fraud that then, as now-days, was mixed up with these practices." It would appear, indeed, that in spiritism, as in most other matters, we have a verification of the dictum attributed to Marie Antoinette's milliner: "There is nothing new except what is forgotten."

Within the compass of some two hundred and sixty pages, Dr. Lapponi has given a fairly exhaustive treatment of the various forms of hypnotic and spiritistic manifestations, and—of most import to the general reader—has given, too, a most emphatic condemnation of their use as absolutely reprehensible, harmful, and immoral. Hypnotism, it is true, may be, with proper safeguards, employed by physicians; but spiritism is to be prohibited without reserve. A perusal of the book will confirm one in the conviction that, granting much human fraud in the spiritualistic cult, it is essentially a dealing with diabolism, and, as such, to be shunned by all Christians.

A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects. By the Rev. John A. Ryan, S. T. L. The Macmillan Company.

Dr. Richard T. Ely, to whom this exceptionally timely and valuable volume is dedicated, and who contributes the introduction thereto, declares that the work contains "a clear-cut, well-defined theory of wages, based upon his [the author's] understanding of the approved doctrines of his religious body." The perusal of half a dozen pages of the book will disclose the appropriateness of the epithets "clear-cut" and "well-defined"; and an attentive reading of the whole volume will only confirm one's first impression that here, at last, is a Catholic work on economics that eschews the convenient, if quite unsatisfactory, plan of dealing in vague generalities and thoroughly indefinite phraseology. Father Ryan's economic views may or may not commend themselves to all his readers—and to some of those views not a few Catholic theologians will probably demur,—but he has indubitably succeeded in making perfectly plain just what his views are, and exactly what he means when he employs the stock phrases which are so often tossed about by economic sciolists with a lack of precision that robs their argument of all effectiveness.

A case in point is afforded by the very title

of the book. A "living wage" has not infrequently been defined as a remuneration sufficiently large to enable the laborer to live in a manner consistent with the dignity of a human being. As an abstract proposition, this is undoubtedly true; but its truth does not materially assist the general reader in determining just what amount, in concrete terms of dollars and cents, the said remuneration should represent. Father Ryan does assist him. The reader is told (page 150): "First, anything less than \$600 per year is *not* a Living Wage in any of the cities of the United States; second, this sum is *probably* a Living Wage in those cities of the Southern States in which fuel, clothing, food, and some other items of expenditure are cheaper than in the North; third, it is *possibly* a Living Wage in the moderately-sized cities of the West, North, and East; and, fourth, in some of the largest cities of the last-named regions, it is certainly not a Living Wage."

The author's whole argument is based upon the contention that the laborer has a generic right, inherent in him as a person, to obtain on reasonable conditions sufficient of the earth's products to afford him a decent livelihood. In his development of the argument he is both logical and lucid, throwing considerable and much-needed light upon what must always prove a complicated problem. More than most treatises on economic subjects, "A Living Wage" will, we venture to say, *interest* the general reader who has made no special study of such subjects; and the interest that secures his perusal of the book will ensure his gaining no small amount of valuable information. It is gratifying to add that the work is provided with a table of contents, an index, and an excellent bibliography.

The Coming of the Saints. By John W. Taylor. Methuen & Co.

This interesting and scholarly work marks the full acceptance in Church history and haglography of the new historical method. Written records, tradition, legend and inference have furnished material for these vital pages, which tell of the early Hebrew missionaries in the work of evangelizing Europe, and also of the Greeks of a later coming. The author makes concrete the men and women, too often book abstractions, who were well known to be followers of Christ, and who, therefore, in common with Lazarus (St. John, xii, 10, 11) and with Saul (Acts, ix, 23), went about in danger of their lives, and were forced to escape from Jerusalem at the earliest opportunity. Many of these fugitive early Christians are traced to the various Phœnician trading

ports or colonies — at Marseilles, in Sardinia, in Spain, and in England; and so convincing are the accounts that one forgets the centuries that have been bridged by the historian.

Dr. Taylor has done a distinct service to history, sacred and profane, as well as to the literature of hagiology, in this volume, which shows not only a remarkable grasp of history and folklore of the centuries under review, but a charm of presentation born of appreciation and sympathy. In references, index, and illustration, the book is all that could be desired, and it should find place in every library.

Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer. By Leo L. Dubois, S. M. Benziger Brothers.

This volume is described by its author as an attempt to supply a lack which is noticeable in the bibliography of St. Francis—the absence of any study professedly treating of the saint in the character attributed to him in the volume's title, that of a social reformer. The work accordingly differs in its whole scope from the great bulk of the rapidly growing literature of St. Francis; it is written entirely from the sociological point of view. Father Dubois has made an honest, and on the whole a measurably successful, effort to describe the steps by which the saint became a reformer, the work which he accomplished, the mental processes and personal traits that affected his reform work, and the social ideas and principles on which that work was grounded.

The book is made up of a somewhat lengthy but informative introduction, which gives a good bird's-eye view of the age in which St. Francis lived and labored; of three chapters, dealing respectively with "History," "The Character of St. Francis," and "The Ideas of St. Francis on Social Reform"; and of a Conclusion and an Appendix. It is a valuable and welcome addition to the accumulating literature, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, that is growing up around the fascinating figure of Lady Poverty's Knight *par excellence*, Francis of Assisi.

The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism. By A. A. McGinley. Longmans, Green & Co.

The keynote of this noteworthy book is struck in these words of the preface:

Not till we realize that the inward life, from which all true and fruitful beneficence must spring, consists neither in the service of self nor in the service of our neighbor, but in that of God, shall we be delivered from the counter-fallacies of unspiritual altruism and spiritual egoism.

Only the best and the highest come within the scheme for the world's betterment advocated by the author of these thoughtful and thought-compelling studies. Into them enter the mysti-

cism of a St. Catherine of Siena and the practical psychological teaching of Professor Stanley Hall. Many of the ideas embodied are in the forefront of modern thought, and yet are as old as truth. The author tells us that "love is the wider vision, the clearer knowledge, the deeper understanding of God"; and he holds as essential to spiritual development, which he distinguishes from mere moral growth, the following of St. Bernard's dictum: "The measure and manner of loving God is to love Him immeasurably and without any prescribed manner."

The chapter entitled "The Ways of Love" is the heart of the book—we had almost said its soul; for it is full of other-worldliness, and sets a standard not of earth's measurements. "The Singularity of the Saints" urges a study of the motive behind their sanctity before we attempt to imitate the method of it. All through these pages there is a wholesomeness of thought and teaching, which, like a sharp, bracing wind, sometimes makes one lose breath for an instant; but such a process clears the mental and spiritual atmosphere. Part II. sums up in a general way Christian—rather than distinctively Catholic perhaps—questions of the day, on "Motherhood," "The School," and the relation between mother and child and teacher and child. Altogether, this is a book which will be read with profound interest by any who read it at all.

Great Catholic Laymen. By John J. Horgan. Benziger Brothers.

This book, with its suggestive title, is one that makes its appearance at a time when it is most needed and most opportune. When even Catholics in many places seem indifferent to acts of spoliation and sacrilege, and Protestants, for the most part, either applaud or lift no finger in deprecation, the hour is fully ripe for the dissemination of just such literature as this.

The model men whom the author has selected as the subjects of his cleverly written and comprehensive sketches are from as many ranks of life as the readers who will enjoy his interesting pages. The influence and example of those whose lives are depicted should be a fruitful incentive to faith, hope, courage, charity, patriotism, and devotion to the Church that formed and developed their characters.

Would that this book were in every Catholic household, with the prospect of others in the same vein to follow! The field of such biographical sketches is broad, though undeveloped. It awaits only the deft hand of the skilled and pious Catholic writer to turn it into a blooming and fruitful garden.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Flower of May.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

EVENING was descending upon the mountain,—a sweet evening in springtime, veiled by a soft, transparent haze, and fragrant with odors of the forest. The river murmured gaily in its rocky bed, and this is what it seemed to say, “Clip-clap! clip-clap! Up above there the fir-trees are green; already the heather is in blossom. As I rambled down the mountain side, I heard all the neighboring bells singing ‘Alleluia!’ And I have seen the flitting of the first storks. Clip-clap! Let us rejoice: the springtime is here.”

The birds were all singing songs of May; and a voice, pure and sweet as a silver bell, repeated in melancholy rhythm the refrain of an old German canticle. It was a little shepherdess who was coming through the valley, at the foot of the Odilienberg, leading her modest flock—two sheep and a goat,—escorted by a mountain dog with intelligent eyes and hairy coat.

“You are returning early, *petite!*” exclaimed an old woman with some fagots on her back, who hurried to her side.

“Oh, don’t you know, Mother Catherine?” the child joyously responded. “To-morrow the Month of Mary begins, and I do not wish to miss the opening service.”

Lightly as a bird the young girl ran down the rocky declivity which led to the little village. She would be sixteen to-morrow, that sweet, gentle Marguerite. More delicately built than the ordinary mountain girl, blonde and golden-haired, her lips always smiling in spite of the melancholy expression that sometimes

dwelt in her eyes, she well deserved the name the old schoolmaster (a poet without being aware of it) had given her—“Flower of May.”

The priest who had baptized her, and loved her dearly, was wont to vary this appellation somewhat, and often said to her: “You are the flower of Mary, opening your leaves on the first day of Mary’s month; and she will make you bloom in the gardens of Paradise.” And the child was so warmly attached to her Virgin Mother that she liked nothing so well as to kneel before her shrine; taking the greatest pleasure in decorating her altar, while the other young girls of the village were amusing themselves according to their age.

Poor little one! Her mother was dead, and her father had forsaken her. On the death of his wife he had left the infant in her cradle, saying that he was going to Paris to seek his fortune; but nothing had ever been heard of him since. Marguerite, pretty Flower of May, had been taken by the parents of her dead mother. She was their ray of sunshine, the joy of their declining years, and often expressed her intentions with regard to them. “I will be the staff of your old age,” she would say. “I shall never leave you; I shall never love any one but you.” And then she would smile upon them with such a wealth of affection in her large, beautiful eyes that they would look at each other, wondering what they had done to be worthy of so great a blessing.

Sometimes, however, thinking of the future, her grandfather would reply: “Poor little one! What will become of you after we are gone, if you do not marry some good lad of the village?” But her grandmother would say, with the bright smile Marguerite had inherited: “Never fear! The Blessed Virgin will take care of her

little Flower of May; she will never be forsaken."

As the little shepherdess reached the gate of the garden, where she always found her grandfather working, while the old woman sat knitting on the porch, to her surprise neither of them was in sight. Something must have happened! She hastened into the house. The two old people were seated in their own room, their heads bent, their faces pallid, their eyes suffused with the unshed tears of old age.

"He has sent for you!" gasped the grandmother, in answer to Marguerite's astonished gaze.

The child grew white; she needed no further explanation. Falling on her knees, she covered the hands of her grandparents with kisses, exclaiming again and again:

"No, no! I will not leave you! I would die away from you and my dear mountains. Tell him so, grandfather,—tell him grandmother. I can not leave you,—I can not."

But the old man feebly shook his head.

"He is your father!" he responded,—
"he is your father! He has the first claim upon you."

"No, I do not belong to him!" replied the child. "He deserted me, he was not good to my mother; he would never have left me, a tiny infant in the cradle, if he had loved me. I will not go to him, grandpapa,—I can not!"

"You belonged to him before you belonged to us," the old man continued. "Whatever he may have done, whatever we may think, he is still your father. But your grandmother has already seen M. le Curé, who will write to him, begging him not to take away from us the light of our eyes, our little mountain flower, to make of her a servant in the miserable inn he is keeping in some wretched quarter of Paris."

Suddenly Marguerite's spirits seemed to revive.

"Never mind!" she exclaimed. "We will not cry any more. *This* is my father!"

she persisted, kissing the old man on the cheek. "Let us have confidence. God will help us."

Every day after this Marguerite awaited the arrival of the postman; and, after he had passed through the valley, looked eagerly out to see if the Curé was coming with an answer to the letter. On the fourth day, as she passed the window, she saw the good priest advancing slowly toward the house. A shudder ran through her, the smile died away on her lips. Right well she divined that he was not a bearer of good tidings. If he had been, he would not have walked with his head bowed down, his eyes bent on the ground.

"My poor child!" was all he could say as he entered and glanced around at the three apprehensive faces. "Ah, my poor child!" he repeated in a voice tremulous with regret, as he sank heavily into the arm-chair Marguerite had drawn forward.

Then, standing close to his side, her hands clasped, Marguerite said in a clear, firm voice:

"M. le Curé, you may tell my father, if you please, that I no longer refuse to go to him; that I shall obey him. I ask but one favor: that he will allow me to remain here during the Month of Mary. On the last day I will go to him—unless God in His goodness comes to my assistance."

The Curé went away to write another letter. The favor was granted, the delay accorded. Swiftly flew the days and the hours,—days replete with regrets, hours full of anguish, the last the little Flower of May was to pass under the roof of her beloved and sorrowing grandparents.

Meanwhile the two old people, without saying a word, regarded the child with a tenderness anxious and redoubled. She seemed transfigured, their little Flower of May. Under the touch of her great trial the child had become a woman. She spent many hours at the foot of the altar; her smile, sweet and tender as of old, had lost its brightness: now it was only sad.

Thus passed the month. But as the grandparents became sorrowful, Marguerite grew more calm. "Do not weep!" she would say, kissing each withered cheek. "The time has not come yet. I have not left you. Something will happen. I feel that God has heard my prayers."

In the last week of May she came in from church one evening, her eyes unnaturally bright, her cheeks burning with fever. Her grandmother sent her to bed. The following morning the doctor was summoned, and before night fell the desolate grandparents comprehended that Our Lord had indeed heard her prayers, and had sent to her assistance the great liberator, Death.

The child realized it also, and received her pastor with one of her old radiant smiles. When, the fever abating, she sank into a state of terrible weakness, she made her innocent confession. Referring to the old people, she said:

"It will be hard for them, I know, Father; but not nearly so hard as if I had gone to my father. I am going now to my Father in heaven; and when they come, which must be soon, I shall be there to welcome them."

On the last evening of May, as the Angelus was ringing from the tower of the old Gothic church, Marguerite folded her transparent hands together, lifted her eyes to the image of the Mother of God that stood opposite her bed, and, smiling sweetly, passed to the gardens of Paradise.

June was laughing on the hillsides and through the valleys as they bore her down the mountain to her grave. Gently they placed her in it. A fragrant bed of flowers it was, radiant and sweet. But the fairest among them, purer than the daisies her companions had scattered everywhere, was the white-souled Marguerite, the dear little Flower of May.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—"BOBBY."

With his little brother in his arms, Tom (for his surname of "Lanky" was merely a collegiate honor that did not extend to the family circle) climbed a rude flight of steps that led to the deck of the boat, and, making his way through the drying clothes and scattered kitchen utensils of a careless housekeeper, descended a sort of cabin stairway to a little room below, bare and neat as a hermit's cell. The rough board walls had been whitewashed; the sheets and pillow-covers of the rude bunk were spotlessly clean; a three-cornered shelf held a tin basin and pitcher; on the ledge of the small window were a dozen or so books; and above the tin lamp fastened by a bracket to the wall were Lanky Tom's only treasures—the crucifix and beads taken from his dead mother's hand four years ago, when, with a last low whisper, "Take care of your baby brother, Tom dear!" she had closed her tired eyes on earth.

"There now!" Tom deposited Bobby in the bunk and covered him with a coarse gray blanket. "You lie there and I'll see if I can stir up a blaze in that mess upstairs and get you something nice and warm. Headache, Bobby?"

"Yes,—oh, yes! But I don't mind that much now. It's nice down here, Tom."

"Just wait a bit, and I'll fix up your head too." And Tom dipped a cloth in the pitcher and fastened it around his little brother's throbbing brow. "I'm all the doctor you want yet. I haven't been helping Brother Thomas round the infirmary in half holidays for nothing. My! that infirmary is a nice place, Bobby. I wish I could tumble you into one of those little white sweet beds for a week or two, and let old Brother Thomas coddle you on broths and custards. But never

THE lady-bird is termed by the Germans *Marienvöglein* (Mary's Little Bird).

mind. Maybe we will come to that yet."

"It's nice enough down here," said Bobby, restfully; "and the wet feels so good and cool on my head, Tom. Oh, I wish there was room for me down here all the time!"

"There is," replied his brother,—“I mean there is going to be after this. Bobby, I thought a little kid like you would be better upstairs; but since that fat-legged baby came, you don't stand any chance. Cuddle up now while I see what I can find upstairs.”

And Bobby cuddled up like a little chilled, half-starved kitten, listening with a delicious sense of safety and protection to big Tom tramping about overhead, growling his opinion to Tatters about the dirt and disorder of his stepmother's housekeeping; for, gaunt and shabby and patched though our Lanky Tom might be, he was clean and wholesome both in body and mind.

In a little while he was back with a bottle of hot water to put to Bobby's feet, and bowl of gruel on a clean plate.

"Oh, it's good!" said the little fellow, as, held up by Tom's strong arm, he sipped tremulously. "It's so good and hot and sweet, Tom!"

"It's like what mother used to make for us when we were sick. Do you remember her, Bobby?"

"A little," answered Bobby. "I remember she used to take me in her arms at night and sing me to sleep. Stepmother never sings Dicky to sleep. I don't think she knows how. She just puts him in bed with me and lets him cry and kick. Oh, why did God take our real, true mamma away from us, Tom?"

"I don't know, Bobby," was the low answer. "There are some things boys or men either can't understand. Maybe"—with a remembrance of his gentle mother's sad life,—“maybe it was to take her out of trouble, Bobby.”

"Sometimes when I'm awake at night and my back hurts, and Dicky is kicking me, I wish she had taken me with her,

Tom," said Bobby, lifting his blue eyes to his brother's face.

"Look here, now: no talk like that," said Tom, gruffly. "I am working and studying just to fix things up and get you into college and make a man of you."

"It takes so long to get a man!" said Bobby, wearily. "And I'm so tired, and Dicky kicks so hard, and stepmother is so cross."

"We'll give Dicky the shake," replied Tom, briefly. "After this you stay down here with me."

"But there isn't any room," said Bobby, hopelessly surveying the six foot of space around him.

"Yes, there is plenty. I can camp on the floor. Now shut your eyes and go to sleep, Bob. You'll wake up all right, see if you don't!" And Tom's big fingers threaded his little brother's fair curls gently.

The blue eyes closed restfully. No woman's soft hand could have soothed Bobby's little quivering nerves like this strong touch upon his head now; for Tom had always been the rock and refuge of Bobby's brief but storm-tossed life. Long after the little fellow's quiet breathing told he was off in a land of dreams, Tom sat at his post, anxious and watchful.

How thin Bobby looked! How pale! How the blue veins showed like prophetic writing under the delicate skin of the little hand! Tom took it up softly in his own big rough palm, where it lay weak and hot and tremulous, even while Bobby slept. Tom had had so rough a time of it himself that he had always thought boys tumbled up somehow; but Bobby was different: he was not the tumbling-up kind.

If—if—a new fear, sharp and keen as a knife blade, struck through the big brother's loving heart,—if Bobby should not "tumble up"; if he should fall by the hard, rough way; if his pitiful little sigh should be heard, and he should go to his mother out of all trouble! Tom set his teeth together and bit back the hoarse

sob that rose in his throat at the thought. Ah, no, no! Bobby was all he had to love, and he must keep him,—he *would* keep him.

In the three years of his father's widowerhood, Tom had done his best for his little brother in his own boyish way. He had been nurse and caretaker, sometimes cook and laundress all in one. Then came a brief interval of prosperity, when Mr. Thomas Langley, senior, had "sworn off," and kept a job up on the lock of the canal, and had married again, a coarse, hard-working woman indeed, but who seemed likely to make a home for his children. And for a while she had been kind to Bobby in her own rough way, and Tom felt he could leave his little brother to her woman's care.

Then came the scholarship, the reward of a competitive examination at the parochial school,—the wonderful life at St. Omer's that seemed to open the gates of another world to Tom. So he had given every hour he could to his books, while Bobby and Tatters tumbled up together, and his father forgot his pledge and lost his job, and the new baby came to add his roar and kick to the general hubbub. The second mother was not like the first, but grew sharp-tongued and slatternly under the strain. Tom and his father were usually out of her reach, but Bobby—poor little Bobby—was left to be drudge and victim.

Tom realized it all remorsefully as he sat by his little brother's side to-day. He must spare Bobby, he must save him, though it cost him all his own hopes and plans. He must take Bobby out of this wretched life, or—Tom choked back another sob—he might lose forever the little brother he loved.

And while he sat facing the hopeless situation, the sound of voices and footsteps came to him from the deck above. Dicky's roar mingled with his mother's sharp, peevish tones. The mistress of the houseboat had evidently returned in no good humor.

"Aye, it's the poor hole of a place to come back to, as you may well say, Ben; and I was the fool of a woman to marry a man that can't even keep a decent roof over my head. Hush yer squalling, ye little brat ye! Bobby! Bobby, here come take the baby! He's off too, though I gave him orders not to leave the place till I got back. He'll feel the weight of my hand for this, or my name isn't Melinda Langley."

"Ye needn't mind me of that. I said her companion, with a gruff laugh.

"Ye needn't mind me of that. I know it well. I must have lost the little wits I had when I walked into such a hole with a drunken, good-for-nothing man and two brats of boys that I can't get to do a hand's turn for me."

"You won't be bothered with that youngest chap long, if I can see straight," said Brother Ben, consolingly. "He will be well boxed up and out of your way before another year. But the biggest one—fourteen years old, you say,—he ought to be some good to you, Lindy."

"Well he ain't, not a cent's worth. Didn't I tell you he was at college, that he ained his schooling there somehow, and his fool of a father lets him keep it? I'd have had him out by the scruff of his neck long ago. College, indeed! College! A beggar like him, and me slaving night and day with scarcely a decent rag to wear and not a roof to my head!"

"Well, I can't see as how it's the boy's business to look out for you, Lindy. You've always been able to take pretty good care of yourself. But don't he aim anything for his own board and keep?"

"He does figuring for old Dixon up on the canal, and he gives him three dollars a week; but what's that, with Langley out of work half the time this last six months? I tell you I'm sick of it all. I wish to Heaven you'd take me home with you out of it, Ben! I do indeed." And Mistress Langley sank down on a rickety rocking-chair and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, look here, now," said Brother Ben, gruffly; "this going on ain't like you, Lindy. Whar's your spirit? I guess you ain't over strong, and that beer we took for lunch made you sort of hysterricky. Things do look a little tough just now; but, gosh! you've had just as tough times before, every bit. And, from all accounts, Langley ain't a bad sort when he is sober; and all you've got to do is to get the whip-hand and keep him steady in the track. Any rate, you took him and hev got to make the best of it. I know where he can get a job right now, if he'll take it."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Langley, rousing into sharp and sudden interest.

"Never mind that yet; we'll talk about it later. But it's a job that will pay; and if he chances to get muddled once or twice, he can lay off like a gentleman, and it won't count against him. It ain't—well, it ain't what you'd call Sunday-school work, I must say."

"I don't care what sort of work it is, he shall take it," said the woman, fiercely. "I'll take the broomstick to him if he don't, the lazy sot!"

"Thar, that sounds natural; that's the way to talk," said her brother, approvingly. "Jest you keep that up, Lindy, and you'll be in a three-story house with a piazza in the front, and hev all the fine gowns you want this time next year."

"Here he comes now," said the wife, sharply.

And as poor Tom, who had heard all, saw his father slouching up the marshy path, he started up from Bobby's side, stung into action. He sprang up the narrow stair to the deck, where his stepmother sat, red-faced and blowzy, in the shining green silk that had been her wedding gown; and Brother Ben, thick-set and hoarse-voiced, leaned against the cabin wall smoking his pipe; and baby Dick sprawled on the floor sucking a peppermint stick that was oozing over him in a red, sugary flood.

"The land sakes!" gasped his step-

mother. "Where did you come from, Tom Langley?"

"From downstairs in my own place," answered the boy, curtly. "Father," he continued to the dull, blear-eyed man who came slowly forward to join the family group, "Bobby is down in my bunk very sick—"

"He is nothing of the sort," interrupted Bobby's stepmother, sharply. "I left him this morning as well as anybody. Like as not he's been stuffing himself with cherries from old Pettibone's trees up the hill. As if I hadn't enough on my hands now!"

"You won't have Bob on your hands long, stepmother, if I can help it," said Tom, and there was a flash in the blue eyes that lady had never seen before. "Look after Bobby, father. Don't let any one trouble him until I get back. I won't be very long. I am going to see what I can do for him."

Tom's voice shook, he pressed his lips tight together, as if he dared not trust himself to say more; then, springing down the steps, he dashed away over the marshes.

(To be continued.)

A Wise Queen.

King Pythis, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them, whence tilling was wholly neglected insomuch that a great famine resulted. His Queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the King, her husband, to a specially-prepared dinner, as he came home one day, hungry from overseeing the workmen in the mines. She so contrived it that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold, and the King was much delighted at the conceit, till at last he called for real food to satisfy his hunger. "Nay," said the Queen, "if you employ all your subjects in your mines, you must expect to feed upon gold; for nothing else can your kingdom afford."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The word "dictionary" was first used—in its Latin form—by Joannes de Garlandia in the thirteenth century. He described his book, containing a classified list of words, as a *dictionary*. The notion that dictionaries, encyclopedias, and concordances, especially Scriptural concordances, were unknown until modern times is as common as it is erroneous.

—It will be a gratification to many persons to learn that the Smith Professorship at Harvard College, which has been vacant since the death of Lowell, has been filled by the appointment of Prof. J. D. M. Ford, author and editor of numerous works connected with the Spanish and Italian languages. He is a recognized authority on the Romance languages. Like Dr. Dwight, of the Harvard Medical School, Prof. Ford is a practical Catholic.

—An ably-written and informative series of articles now appearing in leading New Zealand journals is Mr. Guy H. Scholefield's "The Making of a Nation: Beginnings of New Zealand Nationality." Mr. Scholefield is, we understand, a non-Catholic; so there is no reason for discounting his statement that "the Roman Catholic belief has probably the most powerful religious influence in the country." And an excellent augury for New Zealand's future is the fact thus stated.

—The publisher of "Educational Briefs," a series of pamphlets often warmly commended in these columns, was well-inspired when he chose, for No. 18 of the series, Mr. Vance Thompson's famous "War against Christ" article in *Everybody's Magazine* for March; and, as a congruous pendant thereto, Father Gerard's briefer paper, "The Pope and the French Government—Who's to Blame?" A fitting frontispiece to the attractive pamphlet is an excellent portrait of Cardinal Merry del Val.

—From the Réplique, Tours, we have received a French brochure called "L'Anti-Cléricalisme, Voilà L'Ennemi." It is an interesting and convincing exposition of the truth that the present war against the Church in France is merely the realization of a Masonic plot. Very few well-informed students of contemporary French history are inclined, we fancy, to doubt this truth; and the ill-informed will discover in the present booklet abundant reasons for modifying some of their opinions.

—An illustrated Latin Bible in what seems to be the original binding, printed in 1491, is offered for sale by a Boston bookseller. It is

to be hoped that this precious old tome will find its way into some public library, there to remain forever. What an object-lesson for Protestant persons who still believe that Luther "discovered" the Bible in 1505! The fact is, before that worthy was old enough to wear knickerbockers—the very year of his birth—a Bible in the German language, with one hundred illustrations, was issued by the Koburger press.

—At the annual meeting of the English Catholic Truth Society last month protest was made against the piratical reprinting in this country of the Society's publications, "not only without our permission, but without our knowledge, by societies bearing our name, . . . even the Society's die having been reproduced." We should probably give great offence if we were to characterize this conduct as it deserves, but we hereby give notice that in future all pirated reprints of the English Catholic Truth Society's publications will be ignored by THE AVE MARIA.

—From the A. R. Elliott Publishing Co. we have received two discourses by Dr. Charles E. Nammack, reprinted from the *New York Medical Journal*, and well worth reprinting. The first and longer of the two, "The Irish Riviera," is a plea for the southern and western coasts of Ireland as a substitute for the Mediterranean country in the case of overworked professional and business men or of convalescents. The second, "The Essentials for Success in Medicine," is a short but stirring and inspiring address, delivered to the medical students of Cornell University a few weeks ago.

—Sermons and meditation books, we suppose, are somewhat of a drug in the market; but a new edition, in two convenient volumes, of Chaignon's "Meditations for Secular Priests" may well secure a wide sale. The first volume contains an excellent introduction, together with an epitome of Father Roothan's well-known method of mental prayer, and a number of meditations, based to a great extent on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, on the duties of the priest, and on the Life of Our Lord. The second volume comprises meditations on the ecclesiastical year and the feasts of the Church. The considerations are solid without being too heavy, and can not fail to stimulate thought. The arguments are strengthened by frequent quotations from Holy Scripture, the Fathers, and other spiritual writers, thus making the work useful not only for mental prayer, but also for sermons. The points are stated shortly at the head of each

meditation, and there is an excellent résumé at the end. Exercises for retreats are outlined in an appendix. The work is well printed and substantially bound. Messrs. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—As we have often had occasion to observe, a collection of the more important admissions constantly made by eminent non-Catholic scholars, historians, scientists, travellers, etc., would form a most interesting volume for general reading as well as a most useful work for controversial purposes. There has been a very remarkable change in the tone of all serious literature during the last decade. Catholics should take note of this and turn it to advantage. Our readers will recall some striking admissions regarding the Papacy by Dr. Charles Briggs lately quoted in these pages. The Rev. James Whitney is another recent writer who seems disposed to tell the truth so far as he knows it. In his work on "The Reformation," writing of the Middle Ages, Mr. Whitney says, among other things:

The power of the mediæval world lay partly in the loftiness of its ideals and partly in the strength of its institutions. No age ever showed in individual lives a keener sense of duty, a greater readiness for self-sacrifice. The ideals of the monastic life, of the Mendicant Friars, of the greater bishops, and of the simpler parish priests, can hardly be surpassed.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Mother of Jesus." J. Herbert Williams. \$1.60, net.
- "Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." Dr. Joseph Lapponi. \$1.50, net.
- "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.
- "The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism." A. A. McGinley. \$1.50.
- "Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer." Leo L. Dubois, S. M. \$1, net.
- "Great Catholic Laymen." John J. Horgan. \$1.50.

- "Aspects of Anglicanism." Mgr. Moyes, D. D. \$2.50.
- "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." Rev. John A. Ryan, S.T. L. \$1, net.
- Chaignon's "Meditations." 2 vols. \$4.50, postage extra.
- "The Question of Anglican Ordinations." Abbot Gasquet. 15 cts.
- "Life of the Ven. Maria Diomira." 90 cts., net.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "The Decrees of the Vatican Council." 60 cts., net.
- "Father Gallwey." Percy Fitzgerald. 60 cts., net.
- "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." General Newton Curtis, I.L.D. \$2.15.
- "The Training of Silas." Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Way to Happiness." Thomas R. Slices. \$1.25.
- "Notes on Daily Communion." Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 30 cts., net.
- "Have Anglicans Full Catholic Privileges?" E. H. Francis. 30 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Louis Barth, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Charles Coelenbier, diocese of Shrewsbury.

Brother Sylvester, C. S. C.

Sister M. Paschalis, of the Sisters of St. Francis; and Sister Loretto, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Edward Geis, Mrs. B. I. Durward, Mrs. Patrick O'Donnell, Mr. Maurice Tissier, Mr. Edward Dugann, Mr. James Woods, Mrs. E. Rodgers, Mr. James Kennedy, Miss E. Galvin, Mrs. Annie Floyd, Mrs. D. Golden, Mary Conole, Mr. Hypolite Semortier, Mr. James Kelley, Mrs. Prudence Golder, Mr. John Dittmer, Miss Catherine Reynolds, Mr. James Hughes, Mary E. Ewing, Mrs. M. A. Faherty, Mrs. Catherine Behr, Mr. John Doherty, and Mr. George Longyear.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the lepers of Gotemba:

R. S., \$5; Friend, \$20; F. H., \$10.25; Child of Mary, 48 cts.; S. E. C., \$5; M. R. O., \$20; A Priest, \$25; In the name of THE AVE MARIA, \$8.80; M. A. I. E., \$1; A Friend, \$1.
The Dominican Sisters, Baltimore, Md.:
Mr. G. H. R., \$2; Friend, \$2.



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 25, 1907.

NO. 21.

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

When Spring Came Late.

BY RODERICK GILL.

UNTIL the spring—until the blessed May—
She mutely craved her Lord that she might stay.

“Yea, till the spring,” He whispered her apart,—
“Until the May, thou gentle, gracious heart!”

But bleak and tardy crept the spring along:
There came no bloom for her, no flit of song.

And at the last she sighed: “The flowers delay,—
Perchance they wait to meet me on the way.”

And when at morn we threw her windows wide,
Anemones filled all the garden-side.

Confessions of a Convert.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

VIII.

AND now I do not know whether it is respectful to my holy mother the Church to attempt to say what she has been to me ever since the day that I walked blind and dumb and deaf into her arms. But I have said so much of others that I will venture even this. She, too, needs no charity of mine, for she is the fount and river of it.

It seems very remarkable to be obliged to say that the idea of returning to the Church of England is as inconceivable as the idea of seeking to enter the Choctaw fold. Yet, humanly speaking, and looking at it from the Anglican side, so far as that is possible, I quite understand why it is

that Anglicans are always accustomed to say of every convert that he is certain to come back. First of all, they naturally desire that all persons, however obscure, who are not likely to disgrace themselves, should be under the same allegiance as that to which they pay their own homage. (Why, Catholics have a similar wish on their side!) Secondly, in a word, they do not understand the situation. It is an old saying, but it appears to me more true every day that I live, that those few persons who do return do so either by the road of complete unbelief, or through some grave sin in their lives, or through a species of insanity, or through the fact that they never really grasped the Catholic position at all.

It is of no use to pile up asseverations; but, in a word, it may be said that to return from the Catholic Church to the Anglican would be the exchange of certitude for doubt, of faith for agnosticism, of substance for shadow, of brilliant light for sombre gloom, of historical, world-wide fact for unhistorical, provincial theory. I do not know how to express myself more mildly than that; though even this, no doubt, will appear a monstrous extravagance, at the least, to the sincere and whole-hearted members of the Anglican communion. Only yesterday, in fact, an educated young High-Churchman looked me unblenchingly in the face and said that the “Roman idea is all very well in theory; but as a practical system it does not work,—it does not square with history; whereas the Anglican communion—!” Well, well!

In Rome I learned one supremely large

lesson, among a hundred others. It has been very well said that Gothic architecture represents the soul aspiring to God, and that Renaissance or Romanesque architecture represents God tabernacling with men. Both sides are true, yet neither, in the religion of the Incarnation, is complete without the other. On the one side, it is true that the soul must always be seeking, always gazing up through the darkness to a God who hides Himself; always remembering that the Infinite transcends the finite, and that an immense agnosticism must be an element in every creed; the lines of this world, as it were, run up into gloom; the light that glimmers through carved tracery and heavy stains is enough to walk by, but little more. It is in silence that God is known, and through mysteries that He declares Himself. "God is a spirit," formless, infinite, invisible, and eternal; and "they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Here, then, is mysticism and the darkness of spiritual experience.

Then, on the other side, God became man,—“the Word was made flesh.” The divine, unknowable Nature struck itself into flesh and “tabernacled amongst us, and we beheld His glory.” What was hidden was made known. It is not only we who thirst and knock: it is God who, thirsting for our love, died upon the cross that He might open the kingdom of heaven to all believers, who rent the veil of the Temple by His death-groan, and who still stands knocking at every human heart, that He may come in and sup with man. The round dome of heaven is brought down to earth; the walls of the world are plain to the sight; its limitations are known in the light of God; the broad sunshine of Revelation streams on all sides through clear windows upon a gorgeous pavement; angels and gods and men riot together in an intoxication of divine love; the high altar stands plain to view in a blaze of gilding and candles; and above it the round brazen and silken tent of God-made-man stands, that all alike may see and adore.

Now, this side of the religion of the Incarnation meant almost nothing to me. I was a Northerner pure and simple, educated in Northern ways. I loved twilight and mysterious music and the shadow of deep woods; I hated open spaces of sun, and trumpets in unison, and the round and square in architecture. I preferred meditation to vocal prayer, Mme. Guyon to Mother Julian, “John Inglesant” to St. Thomas, the thirteenth century (as I imagined it) to the sixteenth. Until towards the end of my Anglican life I should frankly have acknowledged this; then I should have resented the accusation, for I was beginning to understand—and therefore thought that I entirely understood—that the world was as material as it was spiritual, and that creeds were as necessary as aspirations. But when I came to Rome I acknowledged to myself once more how little I had understood.

Here was this city, Renaissance from end to end, set under clear skies and a burning sun; and the religion in it was the soul dwelling in the body. It was the assertion of the reality of the human principle as embodying the divine. Even the exclusive tenets of Christianity were expressed under pagan images. Revelation spoke through forms of natural religion; God dwelt unashamed in the light of day; priests were priests, not aspiring clergymen; they sacrificed, sprinkled lustral water, went in long, rolling processions with incense and lights, and called heaven Olympus. *Sacrum Divo Sebastiano*, I saw inscribed on a granite altar. I sat under professors who shouted, laughed, and demonstrated before six nations, in one lecture-room. I saw the picture of the “Father of princes and kings and Lord of the world” exposed in the streets on His name-day, surrounded by flowers and oil lamps, in the manner in which, two centuries ago, other lords of the world were honored. I went down into the Catacombs on St. Cecilia’s Day, and St. Valentine’s, and smelled the box and the myrtle underfoot that did reverence to

the fragrance of their memories, as centuries ago they had done reverence to victors in another kind of contest. In one sentence, I began to understand that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; that as He took the created substance of a Virgin to fashion for Himself a natural body, so still He takes the created substance of men—their thoughts, their expressions, and their methods—to make for Himself that mystical body by which He is with us always; in short, I perceived that "there is nothing secular but sin." Catholicism, then, is "materialistic"? Certainly; it is as materialistic as the Creation and the Incarnation, neither more nor less.

It is impossible to describe what this discovery means to a Northern soul. Certainly it means the obscuring of some of the old lights that had once seemed so beautiful in the half-gloom of individual experience,—or, rather, their drowning in the strong sunshine. Set beside some Roman pomp an exquisite Anglican service: how provincial, domestic, and individual becomes the latter! Set beside a Gregorian professor lecturing to Greeks, Roumanians, and Frenchmen, on the principles of restitution or the duty of citizens to the State; an Anglican divine expounding St. Paul's Epistles to theological students; a friar in S. Carlo beside the most passionate mission preacher in the Church of England; the olive-laden peasants shouting hymns in S. Giovanne in Laterano beside a devout company of Anglicans gathered for Even-song; an hieratic sacrificer in S. Maria Maggiore beside the most perfectly drilled Ritualist in Mass vestments! Oh! Set any section of Catholic faith and worship seen in holy Rome beside the corresponding section of Anglican faith and worship! Yet Anglicans are shocked in Rome, and Dissenters exclaim at the paganism, and Free-thinkers smile at the narrowness of it all. Of course they are shocked and exclaim and smile. How should they not?

Thus, in truth, a sojourn in Rome means an expansion of view that is beyond words.

Whereas up to that time I had been accustomed to image Christianity to myself as a delicate flower, divine because of its supernatural fragility: now I saw that it was a tree in whose branches the fowls of the air, once the enemies of its tender growth, can lodge in security,—divine because of the wideness of its reach and the strength of its mighty roots. Before I had thought of it as of a fine, sweet aroma, to be appreciated apart: now I saw that it was the leaven, hid in the heavy measures of the world, expressing itself in terms coarser than itself, until the whole is leavened.

So day after day the teaching went on. I was as a boy introduced for the first time to some great engine shed; the wheels roared round me; huge, remorseless movements went on; the noise and the power were bewildering; yet little by little the lesson was dinned into my head—that here was something other than I had ever known,—something I could never have learned in my quiet Northern dwelling. Here were the business offices of the spiritual world; here grace was dispensed, dogma defined, and provision made for souls across the world. Here God had taken His seat to rule His people, where once Domitian—*Dominus et Deus noster*—God's Ape, had ruled in His despite, yet shadowing God's Vicar. On Good Friday, below the ruins of the Palatine, I stood in "S. Toto's" church, and heard, "If thou let this Man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Now this Man is King, and Cæsar is nothing. Here indeed, if ever anywhere, had the leaven, plunged nineteen centuries ago by God's hand into the heaving soddenness of the Empire of Rome, gradually expressed itself in law and dogma under images of secular thought; here was the blood of Peter, that soaked into the ground below the obelisk, pulsing once more in the veins of Pius—*Pontifex Maximus et Pater Patrum*—scarcely a hundred yards away.

That at least I learned in Rome; and it was a lesson worth the conflict ten

thousand times over. I had come out from a warm firelit room, full of shadows, into the shouting wind and great air spaces of human history. I understood at last that nothing human was alien to God, that the gropings of pre-Christian nations had brought them very near to the Gate of Truth; that their little systems and efforts and images had not been despised by Him who permitted them; and that "God, having spoken on divers occasions, and many ways, in times past, to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the world; who, being the splendor of His glory and the figure of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, making purgation of sins, sitteth on the right Hand of the Majesty on high."

And if I learned that in Rome, I have learned once more in England that the Church of God is as tender as she is strong. She, like her Spouse, and her type, His Mother, views all things, sees all men, controls giant forces; yet in her divinity does not despise "one of these little ones." To the world she is a Queen, rigid, arrogant and imperious, robed in stiff gold and jewels, looking superbly out upon crime and revolt; but to her own children she is Mother even more than Queen. She fingers the hurts of her tiniest sons, listens to their infinitesimal sorrows, teaches them patiently their lessons, desires passionately that they should grow up as princes should. And, supremely above all, she knows how to speak to them of their Father and Lord, how to interpret His will to them, how to tell them the story of His exploits; she breathes into them something of her own love and reverence; she encourages them to be open and unafraid with both her and Him; she takes them apart by a secret way to introduce them to His presence.

All that I ever found in my old home, of guidance and rebuke and encouragement, I have found again at the hands of her

priests, endowed, too, with knowledge as well as love. All the freedom of individual worship and thought that some think is the glory of non-Catholic bodies I have found expressly secured to me in her temples, and have used it with far more confidence, since I know that her searching eye is upon me, and that she will first call and at last strike swiftly if I wander too far. Her arms are as open to those who would serve God in silence and seclusion as to those who "dance before Him with all their might." For, like Charity, of which she is the embodiment, she is patient, she is kind; . . . she beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; she never faileth. In her "we know in part, and we prophesy in part"; we are secure of what we have received, we are expectant of that which we shall receive. No one better than she recognizes that "we see now through a glass in an obscure manner," yet some day "face to face"; that now we "know in part, but then we shall know even as we are known." In her supremely I understand that "when I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man, I put away the things of a child."

All, then, that is to be found in every other system, however eclectic, however adapted to the individual, is to be found here,—all the mysticism of the North, the patience of the East, the joyful confidence of the South, and the fearless enterprise of the West. She understands and kindles the heart as well as she guides and informs the head. She alone holds up virginity as the most honorable state, and matrimony as an indissoluble and holy Sacrament. She alone recognizes explicitly the individual vocation as perfectly as the ideals of the race; is reverent towards subjective faith as well as faithful to objective truth. She alone, in fact, is perfectly familiar and tender with the separate soul, understands its wants, supplies its deficiencies, deals carefully

with its weaknesses and sins; simply because she is as wide as the world, as old as the ages, and as great-hearted as God.

As, then, I look back from this present moment, reading again the first page of these Confessions, and sitting here in the house which once I visited years ago as a suspicious, timid, complacent boy, I see God's plan with me lying like a golden thread through all the tumbled country through which I have come, up from the pleasant meadows of home and school, the broken slopes of ministerial work, the caverns and cliffs of the shadow of death, up to this walled and battlemented plateau, from which for the first time the world is visible as it really is, not as I had thought it to be. I understand now that there is coherence in all that God has made,—that He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth; that there is not one aspiration out of the darkness that does not find its way to Him; not one broken or distorted system of thought that does not flash back at least one ray of eternal glory; not one soul but has her place in His economy. On the one side there is thirst and desire and restlessness; on the other, satisfaction and peace; there is no instinct but has its object, no pool but it reflects the sun, no spot of disfigured earth but has the sky above it. And through all this ruined wilderness, He has brought me, of His infinite goodness, to that place where Jerusalem has descended from on high, which is the mother of us all; He has brought me out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon the rock; He has lifted me from those straying paths that lead nowhere, on to the broad road that leads to Him.

What yet lies beyond I do not know: the towers of this City of God rise immediately into the clouds that are about His Throne; the City is too vast, its streets too glorious, its houses too stupendous for any soul to dream that she knows them all or understands their secret. In this world at least not even the saint or the theologian, or the old man who has lived

all his life within her walls, can dare to think that he has advanced more than a few steps within her heavenly gates. He stands within her; and, thank God, I stand there with him, as does every soul to whom God has shown this great mercy. But all of us together are but a party of children wandering in from the country, travel-stained, tired, and bewildered with glory. About us are the great palaces, where the princes dwell; behind us, that gate of pearl which, somehow, we have passed; the streets before us are crowded with heavenly forms too bright to look upon; and supremely high above us rises that great inner stairway that leads to the King.

It is there that we must go presently, after a few more steps across the market square. Yet there is nothing to fear for those who stand where we stand; there are no precipices to be climbed any more, and no torrents to be crossed; God has made all easy for those He has admitted through the Gate of Heaven that He has built upon the earth; the very River of Death itself is no more than a dwindled stream, bridged and protected on every side; the shadow of death is little more than twilight for those who look on it in the light of the Lamb.

“Behold, the tabernacle of God with men; and He will dwell with them. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more. . . . And the City needeth not sun or moon to shine in it; for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.”

(The End.)

Do not say the people must be educated, when, after all, you mean only amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humor, or kept from vicious excesses. . . . Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle, but it is not education: it does not form or cultivate the intellect.—*Newman*,

His Last Picture.

BY ELEANOR F. KELLY.

I.

HERE were tears in Mrs. Daleswood's eyes as she sat in the old arm-chair and looked around the familiar room. It was her last evening at Laburnum Cottage, the pretty home where she had lived so happily during the twenty years of her married life, and to which she still clung after she had become a widow ten years ago. When her husband died leaving her in rather straitened circumstances, she resolved to take in boarders; for she had three spare rooms, and visitors to Moorchamp, the village where she lived, were plentiful, as the place offered many attractions to tourists. There was beautiful scenery which the artist loved to paint, and a lake which had equal fascinations for the artist and the oarsman.

For a time she did very well, and managed to live comfortably. Sometimes, also, she managed to put a little by for a rainy day. Just lately, however, she had had a run of bad luck which had exhausted all her resources. Her two "permanent" boarders had gone abroad, and visitors to Moorchamp became fewer and fewer. Besides, two men who had stayed at the cottage all the summer had gone without saying a word as to where they were going, and without paying a penny of their bills. This swindling made Mrs. Daleswood bankrupt. All the furniture of the little home was now to be auctioned to help to pay her debts, and directly afterward she was to proceed to London to seek for a situation as housekeeper.

As she sat thus, brooding over the sad circumstances in which she found herself in the evening of her days, the solemn, sweet notes of the Angelus bell, ringing out from the little Catholic church on the neighboring hillside, fell on her ears. How often have those sweet notes cheered the weary worker and poured balm on

the afflicted heart! Mrs. Daleswood was a devout Catholic, and the sound of the bell at once sent her thoughts heavenward. When she had finished her prayer, the tears had ceased to trickle down her face, nor did they start afresh that evening.

With a brighter countenance, she went to take a look at all the rooms in order to have everything neat and ready for the auctioneer's visit in the morning. Last of all she went to her own bedroom. All the furniture was piled up in one corner ready for removal to the ground-floor, where the auction was to take place. There was, however, still hanging on the wall one picture which did not seem destined to share the general fate. It was an exquisite oil-painting of the Madonna bearing the initials G. F. The face was beautiful, though perhaps not sufficiently Jewish in character. The eyes seemed to follow you everywhere with motherly tenderness and love. It was evidently the work of a genius who had deserved but not attained fame.

Mrs. Daleswood now stood before it and gazed at it with a pensive, contemplative air. When it had become known that she was leaving Moorchamp and that her furniture was to be auctioned, she had received several handsome offers for this picture, but had declined them all.

There now came a knock at the front door, and she hastened down to admit her visitor. This was her nearest neighbor, good-natured Mrs. Dennison, who was always ready to lend a helping hand wherever it was needed.

"I have come, my dear," said she, explaining the purpose of her visit, "to see if I could be of any assistance in getting things ready for to-morrow. You are looking over-fatigued already; pray let me help you."

"It is kind of you to come, Laura; but there was so very little to do—as I haven't much of this world's goods, you know,—that I got everything in order quite easily. Come along and see."

Mrs. Daleswood now took her friend

round to see the various rooms and the order in which the furniture was arranged. At last they came to her bedroom.

"Don't you intend to have that painting auctioned, Esther?" inquired her visitor, glancing at the Madonna. "I am quite sure you would get a very good price for it."

"No. I have already been offered a good deal for it by several people, but I couldn't think of parting with it. It was bequeathed to me by poor Geoffrey Fraser, who painted it himself. He finished it only a few days before he died, and almost with his last breath he asked me to keep it as a parting gift from him. He told me also that some day it would bring me good fortune; so, you see, I am not going to part with my luck. Do you remember Mr. Fraser?"

"No. He must have been with you before I came to Moorchamp. I can not recollect the name."

"Well, then, I must tell you about him. He was my first boarder, and very much the most interesting of all my visitors, with something of mystery attaching to him. He was first introduced to me by Father Conway, who, as you know, is our parish priest. Why he came to Moorchamp or where he came from, nobody seemed to know. It appeared that it was more due to accident than to anything else. At all events, he conceived a great liking for the place, on account of the scenery being so pretty. He was an artist and wished to paint some of the views, so he resolved to settle down for a few months here. Being a Catholic, he applied to Father Conway for information as to where he might obtain lodgings; and, as I had just started a boarding-house at the time, Father Conway sent him to me. Poor boy! he seemed so pale and delicate that I thought he couldn't live long. That was in the spring; but when the fine summer days came he grew much better, and spent most of his time out of doors, painting. He also spent a good deal of time at the little church yonder. Not a

day passed that he didn't hear Mass, and generally he assisted at two Masses on Sundays. Sometimes the fatigue seemed too great for him, so I used to remonstrate; but he used always laughingly tell me that if one heard Mass every day, it was the proper thing to hear two Masses on Sunday. And he was so devout to Our Lady! You might have seen him constantly kneeling before her statue. Poor boy! he was so kind and gentle, everybody loved him. The little children used to follow him about, he had always such a sweet smile for them. I thought he was going to keep strong, but with the darkening autumn days he grew weak again. One cold afternoon he came home complaining of a chill. He had been painting an October sunset, and, though not feeling very well, had remained to finish it. The next day he was confined to bed; and, though he rallied sufficiently to do some more painting, he never left the house again until he was carried out. Poor boy! his friends, whoever they were, seemed to have completely deserted him."

"Did you not suggest writing to them when he became very ill?"

"Oh, yes! But he always shook his head and answered that he didn't think there was any one to whom he would be a loss. He always impressed me as having experienced a great sorrow of some kind. What it was I could not divine, as he spoke very little about himself or his own affairs."

Soon afterward the friends parted, and Mrs. Daleswood retired to rest, not feeling quite so sad as she had been.

There was one thing, however, concerning Geoffrey Fraser which she had not confided to her friend, and that was the fact that for several months before his death he was almost penniless, and during the last few weeks had not a coin to call his own. Had it not been for her care and kindness, he might have died of starvation. Trying to make her some return for her kindness, he summoned all his remaining strength to paint the

picture of the Madonna which he had bequeathed to her. Scarcely had he given it the finishing touch when he breathed his last.

II.

Out of the small sum realized by the sale of her furniture, Mrs. Daleswood now paid all her debts to the Moorchamp tradespeople. There still remained five pounds, and with this, her sole worldly fortune, she proceeded to London to earn her daily bread. In spite of all her fortitude, the tears trickled down her pale cheeks as the train steamed out of the station and Moorchamp faded in the distance. It was indeed very hard for a woman of her age to begin the battle of life over again; and the chances of her obtaining employment at all were very small. Housekeepers were a drug in the market, and how could she compete with young and energetic women? Even if she obtained a position, it could only be something inferior and unremunerative. Still, hope did not desert her, and she had great trust in God.

On her arrival in London, she took up her residence in a boarding-house in Bloomsbury. It was much cheaper than a hotel, but still the little money which she possessed could not go very far even with the utmost economy. She resolved, therefore, not to lose a moment in looking for a position, and every morning she scanned eagerly the advertisement columns of the daily papers in the hope of seeing something to suit her. The greater part of each day was spent in journeying hither and thither to interview the people who had advertised for housekeepers and lady helps. But, alas! she met with no success. Nobody wanted her. For every vacant appointment there were several applicants, all younger and stronger than she was.

After a few weeks had been spent, not a single coin remained to her in the world. Nor did she possess anything of value except the picture. It was her most precious possession. It had been blessed by the priest directly on its coming into

her possession, and every night since then she had knelt before it to say her Rosary. Even in the sore straits to which she was now reduced she would not think of selling it. She would, however, be obliged to part with it temporarily, and even that distressed her sorely. Necessity, however, has no choice, and it must go to the pawn shop on the morrow.

When she at last came to this decision, she knelt down before it to say her Rosary, and very fervently did she pray that Our Lady would rescue her from her distress. As she was finishing her devotions, she heard a rather peremptory knock at her door. She rose from her knees and opened it. The landlady was standing outside and requested an interview.

"I have come," said she, in a tone of voice in which there was as little human feeling as in the sound of steel,—“I have come to request that you will pay me in advance this week. I have found that it is a much better arrangement to make, and hope it will not inconvenience you. Will you please pay me now?”

Here was a predicament. Poor Mrs. Daleswood was obliged to confess that she had no money, and pleaded for time. The landlady was not to be moved.

"Madam," said she, in the same steely voice, "I don't run a charitable institution, and I now give you notice to leave to-morrow morning as early as possible,—to-morrow morning!" she repeated, as she slammed the door and went downstairs.

When she had gone, Mrs. Daleswood flung herself on the bed and burst into a fit of weeping. The landlady's abrupt notice to leave seemed a strange answer to her prayer. But the flood of tears relieved her, and she looked again at the picture and felt strangely comforted. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; God will provide for to-morrow," she said, as she laid her head on the pillow. Soon all her cares were drowned in a refreshing sleep.

Next morning she rose early, and, having said her prayers even more fer-

vently than usual, she took her beloved picture in her arms and left the house before any one was astir. She put no wrappings round it, but simply carried it underneath her cloak.

The pawn shop was not yet open and the day's business would not begin for about two hours. This was distressing, as she had had nothing to eat for almost two whole days, and was very anxious of course to get the wherewithal to buy some breakfast. But she could only wait. She turned into Hyde Park, walked a little way down the road running parallel with Park Lane, and sat down on one of the free seats, intending to remain there until the shop should open. She placed the picture on the seat beside her.

Presently the door of one of the Park Lane mansions opened and a gentleman issued forth, evidently bent on taking a morning constitutional. He had with him a little white fox-terrier, which appeared to be very frolicsome. As they approached Mrs. Daleswood, the dog espied the picture, and, with the spirit of mischief for which small dogs are remarkable, jumped up on the seat and tumbled it onto the grass before its owner could prevent him.

"I'm so sorry, Madam!" said the gentleman, coming forward and picking it up. "I hope it is not injured."

The picture was not injured in any way, but a great change came over the gentleman's countenance as his eyes rested on the face, and he looked scrutinizingly at it for several minutes, quite oblivious of the fact that its owner was waiting to receive it back.

"Pardon me, Madam!" he said, on returning the picture; "but the face reminded me so forcibly of a lady whom I knew some years ago, and whom I have only too great cause to remember, that I couldn't help looking at it. Do you mind telling me the name of the artist?"

"He was a boarder of mine, sir,—a young gentleman named Geoffrey Fraser. There are his initials on the picture. He has been dead now for some years; but

I'm sure he is happy where he is, for he was as good a young gentleman as you could wish to meet. The picture he left me as a parting gift. I believe he painted it specially for—"

Here the speaker ended abruptly. Great heavens, what had happened? The gentleman had staggered on to the seat and lay there motionless, his countenance overspread with a deathly pallor and his hand pressed against his heart. Mrs. Daleswood was thoroughly alarmed, and was about to rush for assistance when, with a great effort, the gentleman recovered himself and staggered to his feet.

"I am sorry to have alarmed you, Madam," said he, in a broken voice; "but I fear the information which you have given me makes me childless and desolate. The young gentleman was a Catholic, was he not?"

"Yes, sir,—a convert, I believe."

"Ay, the same! My God, how am I punished for my hardness of heart! He was my only son; against my express command he married a Papist, the young lady he must have had in mind when he painted that picture of the Madonna. There is too great a resemblance of feature for it to be otherwise. She was very beautiful, and seemed to have completely bewitched my poor boy. I have heard that she was good; but who could be good given up to the practice of Papish idolatries! I could, perhaps, after a time, have forgiven his marrying her, had he not allowed himself to be caught in the meshes of Rome. That step I could not forgive, and I ordered him never afterward to darken my door with his presence. I heard that his wife died a few months after her marriage. But please tell me all about my poor boy. I am deeply sorry now that I was so harsh."

Mrs. Daleswood, who was utterly astonished at this strange meeting, gave him all the details which he wished for, and comforted him with the assurance that his boy wanted nothing in the way of care and kindness during his days of illness.

As she concluded, Mr. Fraser's eye alighted on her countenance, and he was struck by her haggard appearance. He inquired if she was ill.

"Only exhausted, sir," she replied in weak tones. "I have eaten nothing for some time. I sought for a position as housekeeper or even housemaid, but they all said I was too old. And now I have to pawn this picture of Our Lady, though it breaks my heart to part with it even for a time."

"Thank God for throwing you in my way, then! My poor boy's benefactress must want for nothing. I am in want of a housekeeper at present, and shall be very glad if you will accept the position. But come in and have some breakfast now, and afterward you can see about the housekeeping."

Needless to say, Mrs. Daleswood gladly accepted the position. It suited her admirably, and carried with it substantial wages, which enabled her to save a considerable sum every year. But saving proved in her case to have been unnecessary; for, on his death, Mr. Fraser bequeathed her an ample legacy, which enabled her to live in ease and comfort during the remainder of her days.

Notwithstanding his bigotry, Mr. Fraser had the happiness of dying a Catholic. Esther Daleswood had prayed for him every day before the picture of the Madonna which had brought so much good fortune to herself.

The Dark.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

I DO not fear the outer dark,—
 The God who made the light, made it;
 His arm can shield in blackness stark,
 By kindly ray of sun unlit.
 But from the inner dark I shrink,
 Petitioning my God for grace
 To walk secure from that deep brink
 Where lurk the demons of disgrace.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the boast she had just made as to her strength, Sydney was almost overcome with fatigue as she toiled up the long stairs and through the still longer corridor, toward her chamber, to the door of which De Wolf conducted her. She looked so pale and exhausted when she turned to speak to him as he was about to leave her, that he was conscience-stricken and alarmed.

"You must lie down at once and keep quiet the rest of the day," he said, in a tone of authority. "I am uneasy at your appearance, Sydney."

Mildred, the door of whose room was just opposite where he stood, heard his words, and then his retiring steps as he walked away; and, putting down the book she was reading, she hurried over to Sydney's room.

"You bad child!" she said, as she went to the bed upon which Sydney had managed to throw herself in a heap, and where she now lay panting and very pale,—so pale that, without again speaking, Mildred lifted the light form to a more comfortable position, and fanned her for an instant.

"Don't scold!" pleaded Sydney, looking up with a faint little laugh,—the first laugh Mildred had ever heard from her. "Thank you! I am better now."

"You deserve a scolding," Mildred replied, as she walked across the floor with the intention of touching the bell. But as she put out her hand to do so, Jessie came in with a pitcher in her hand.

"Is that Sydney's milk? I was just going to ring for it."

"Mildred," Sydney began, "I want—"
 "Don't talk!" interrupted Mildred. "Drink this milk and go to sleep. You must keep perfectly quiet and not exert yourself further. You don't want to bring your fever back, I suppose? Well, that is

precisely what you will do, as Lett told you last night, if you act in such an irrational manner."

"I want to ask you just one question."

"I will not answer it," said Mildred, resolutely. "I blame Mr. de Wolff very much for letting you over-exert yourself so. Close the curtains, Aunt Jessie. Now, Sydney, go to sleep."

Sydney, overpowered for once by a will stronger than her own, obeyed by trying at least to go to sleep. Mildred softly withdrew, returning to her own room and the not cheerful meditations from which she was endeavoring in vain to divert her mind by reading. Mr. Brent, and the question what she was to do with him, were much more in her thoughts than anything in the pages down which her eye travelled mechanically during the next hour or two. Like many another woman standing on the verge of a mixed marriage, the conflict of feeling and conscience kept her mind on a balance,—inclining now to one side, now to the other. A most harassing condition to one usually so prompt and unhesitating in her decisions. She was still undecided when Lett, returning from a round of visits to all the invalids of her acquaintance in the house, entered.

"Sydney is asleep, I see," she said.

"I am glad of that," answered Mildred. "She came in from the lawn nearly fainting from fatigue. You must be tired yourself, Lett, if you have been reading to Mrs. Spencer all this time."

"I have not. Miss Spencer returned from her walk sooner than, on her own account, I wished. She seems a very nice girl, and devoted to her mother."

"She is both the one and the other. I pity her sincerely: Mrs. Spencer is such a querulous, disagreeable person."

"She suffers so much," said Lett, in a tone of excuse; "and suffering of any kind makes one very selfish,—even imaginary troubles, as I fear mine might be considered. How disgusted you must have been at the exhibition I made of myself last night, Mildred!"

"Not at all disgusted, but surprised," answered Mildred. "And I will tell you what I was thinking just before you came in: that if I had nothing more to worry me than merely being admired against my will, without the least fault on my own part, I should be very happy."

"I am ashamed of my folly," said Lett. "I know it is folly,—particularly as I do not take the admiration to myself at all, but am perfectly aware that it is my fortune which is the attraction."

"There you are mistaken so far as Mr. Beresford is concerned. The other two men who were hovering round you are fortune-hunters; but Mr.—"

"But," interrupted Lett, coloring and looking very unhappy, "you do not understand, Mildred—"

"Yes, I do," said Mildred. "I understand perfectly that you do not want to marry, and therefore for any one to consider it possible that you might be revolting to you. But, Lett"—she hesitated an instant, speaking more slowly than usual when she resumed,—"if you don't object to my telling you what I think?"

Lett made a sign of assent, her face taking the expression of one about to submit resolutely to the extraction of a tooth or the amputation of a limb; and Mildred went on in her ordinary manner:

"If you could and would make up your mind to marry and live in the world, I do believe you might do more good by the indefinable influence you exert on those around you than by the sort of charity you propose to dispense. You have a very peculiar manner; I can not describe it,—indeed it is indescribable. But everyone who comes in contact with you is conscious of it. You are so good-natured and kind in your feelings toward everybody, that whatever you say is pleasant and leaves a pleasant impression,—a sweet taste in the mouth mentally," she added, with a half laugh at her comparison. "And you are so graceful, and have such charming little motions of your head and hands when you forget yourself

into what would be your natural manner if you lived in the world. Now, isn't it true that you have always subdued your naturally lively disposition to the quiet manner suited to the conventual atmosphere in which you lived?"

Lett had interlaced her fingers while Mildred spoke, and shook them thus clasped together with a look of distress and perplexity almost painful to see. Nevertheless, Mildred was silent, leaving her words to take full effect; for she thought that Lett ought to be enlightened as to the mistake she was making, and determined to let her be pained for her good.

"I have always meant to act conscientiously," she said, in a tone of utter despondency.

"Nobody who knows you could doubt that for an instant!" cried Mildred. "But don't you think we ought all to live the life nature intended us for?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply, as Lett bent her head until her forehead rested on the table by which she sat. When after some minutes she looked up, her face was calm; but her eyes, though tearless, had a weary expression. "I have fought desperately against it, but I think I shall have to yield at last. I did not want to go into the world at all; but my guardian said that he should feel that he was not doing his duty to me if he did not insist on my seeing something of the world, before making my final choice of a state of life; and my cousin, the Mother Superior of the convent, assured me that he was right. So it was settled that I should spend the last year of my minority with Mrs. Elliott, his mother-in-law. They both thought that, under her chaperonage, I would soon give up my idea of wanting to be a religious. In which expectation they would have found themselves mistaken. She died, you know. Something Father Kenyon said to me in Estonville, and a letter I received from Reverend Mother just before I spoke to him, have made me fear that it is God's will for me to live

in the world. But—I would rather die!"

There was an intonation of such suffering in the last words that Mildred exclaimed hastily:

"O Lett, I am afraid I have been both cruel and impertinent to force my advice on you! It was presumptuous of me to think that I could judge for you half as well as you can judge for yourself."

"Don't regret saying what you did," answered Lett. "You have only echoed thoughts that have been pressing on me and tormenting me. I feel that you are right."

She rose as she spoke, saying:

"I must see about Sydney. She ought to take her tonic if she is awake, and I dare say she is by this time."

"I will go," said Mildred. "You look so tired. Lie down and rest. I will stay with her if she is awake."

Without giving Lett time to reply, she hurried out of the room.

XXIV.

Turning the handle of Sydney's door noiselessly, Mildred glanced in; and, all being dark and silent, she was about to retire. But in closing the door there was a little click of the latch, and Sydney, starting instantly from her slumbers, lifted her head and looked round.

"O Mildred, I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Come in. And you needn't say a word. I'm not going to be bullied a second time, I assure you. Open the curtains. I'm wide awake, and I feel like a giant refreshed. But you may give me my tonic, and then come and sit down here. I want to talk to you."

"You do look better," Mildred remarked, as, after opening the windows, she glanced at the sparkling face Sydney turned toward her, and then went to pour out the tonic. "But—"

"Don't dawdle!" cried Sydney, impatiently. "Do make haste! I want—oh, so much—to ask you a question, and I am so afraid Lett will be coming in and interrupting us before—"

Prophetic instinct! At that moment the door opened again and Lett appeared.

Sydney clenched her hand with a little motion of disappointment and annoyance, but smiled as Lett drew near.

"I stole a march on you this morning, Joyeuse my friend," she said, with a nod of amused triumph. "Forgetful of the watch and ward you have so long held, or fancied you held, over this poor sick child, you slumbered slothfully; whilst I, 'dull sleep and a drowsy bed scorning,' rose almost with the sun, and went out for a conference with that ogre of your imagination, Henri. And we have settled everything positively. Mildred, look on the table yonder and find my salts, please. Thank you! Sit down, my dear friend," she said in a compassionate tone to Lett; and, leaning over the edge of the bed on which she remained lying, she placed in Lett's hand the smelling-bottle Mildred had just given her. "You will need it, I am afraid," she said feelingly. "And you, Mildred,—do sit down, too! It rasps my nerves to see you standing at the foot of the bed there, and with such a judicial air! Nerve yourself now, Joyeuse: I have a communication to make. But, first, Father Kenyon is to be here next week; isn't he, Mildred?"

"He promised to come if he could," answered Mildred, looking a little startled.

"I hope he will come," said Sydney, earnestly. "It is true," she went on in a meditative tone, "Henri may be able to find a priest in Gaylleville; I suppose there is at least a mission priest to be heard of there. But no matter about that. It can be seen to later. What I want to tell you now is that it seems to me I have given trouble enough,—to you, Joyeuse, principally. And Henri agrees with me in thinking so. And we have decided to deliver you and Mr. Chetwode from all further burden and worry about me."

Lett gasped. Her worst fear was about to be realized, she thought. Sydney's words, uttered deliberately with malice prepense, conveyed to her the impression

that an immediate marriage had been decided upon.

"O Sydney!" was all she could say, as she turned a shade pale,—forgetting to sustain her nerves with the salts so considerably provided for her and which she unconsciously held.

Mildred was not equally overcome.

"Is it possible, Sydney," she asked in a grave, regretful tone, and with a look of reproach, "that you can think of such a mad proceeding, and that Mr. de Wolff" (she spoke indignantly now) "is persuading you to do such a wrong thing? I would not have believed it of him. He must be very ignorant of the law not to know that Uncle Romuald will have a word to say. Without his consent as your guardian, the marriage of a girl of your age would not be legal."

"Marriage!" repeated Sydney, with admirably affected innocence. "What do you mean?"

As neither of the two replied, only looking puzzled and rather foolish, she said, smiling indulgently:

"Oh, I see! You thought I meant to be married at once. No! But if I had meant it, I should say *that*"—she tossed her hand carelessly—"for Mr. Chetwode and the law. No, I am not thinking of making a further victim of my dear Henri, who has already been quite sufficiently victimized on my account. He forgot, poor dear! to make his Easter duty this year, and that is why I inquired about a priest. He must attend to it just as soon as possible. As for myself, we have decided for me to go to the convent to which papa intended sending me (your heaven on earth, Joyeuse), and, like any other well-conducted schoolgirl, study lessons and keep rules for the next two years. We needn't say what may happen afterward. But for the present, I don't intend to give any more trouble to anybody, not even Henri. And now—what time is it?"

"Half-past twelve," answered Mildred, looking at her watch.

"There is plenty of time, then," said

Sydney. "I am going to tell you, if you care to hear, how I came to be engaged to Henri, and how mistaken poor papa was in blaming Henri as he did. You don't want to hear, Joyeuse, I perceive!" she exclaimed quickly, as Lett seemed about to speak. "Very well. I am perfectly resigned to your continuing to misjudge me. But, Mildred, I do hope that you are not too prejudiced against Henri, and have sufficient sense of justice, and feel interest enough in me, to listen to the truth."

"I am not the least prejudiced against Mr. de Wolff, and I love justice, and I feel the greatest interest in you—bad child as you are!—and the greatest curiosity on the subject besides," Mildred replied in her quick, energetic tone. "But you are doing injustice to Lett. She was not going to say she didn't want to hear you: she is uneasy at your exciting yourself by so much exertion."

"Yes, I am afraid of the effect so much excitement and exertion may have on you," Lett said quietly. "You have been walking as well as talking a good deal, no doubt, this morning. Can't you rest before—"

"No. I must get this explanation off my mind. And please understand that I make it in justice to Henri. I should not utter a word of blame against grand-mamma and papa, if only myself were concerned. But, Joyeuse, don't stay to listen if you don't wish to. I have most unwillingly been made the cause of much trouble to you, and I don't want to add a valedictory boring to all that has gone before."

"I think, dear," said Lett, very gently, "that you have misjudged me a little too."

"If so, I beg your pardon," Sydney answered. "But you know that soon after you came to stay with us I wanted to tell you all about this affair, and—"

"And you surely remember that I declined to listen to you because my guardian particularly requested me to do so," Lett interposed.

"You thought it right that he should

have tried to compel me by moral force to a marriage against my will?"

Lett colored as she replied:

"It would have been entirely unbecoming in me to judge my guardian's conduct. The idea of doing so never once entered my mind."

"On the same principle, if you had seen him attempting to cut my throat, you would have considered that it was no business of yours to interfere so much as by a mere suggestion that he might be stretching parental rights a little beyond their legitimate limits."

"You know, Sydney, that such a comparison is—"

"Ridiculous you would say," interrupted Sydney, hastily. "But it is not. It was just as wrong and cruel," she went on passionately, "to want to chain me in a hateful, loathful bondage as it would have been to kill me outright. I should a thousand times rather have been killed."

She paused, her chest heaving violently; then, controlling herself, went on in a very quiet voice:

"But I will not talk of that any more. Only one thing let me ask you. How would you have liked being dealt with as I was? Suppose your father were living now, and insisted on your marrying Mr. Beresford, though he knew the idea was intolerable to you, and you knew that Mr. Beresford had consented to the affair only because he did not have the moral courage to refuse; that he was desperately in love with another woman, and hated the idea of this marriage just as much as you did. Would you think it your duty to obey your father, when to do so would be to make yourself and Mr. Beresford utterly wretched, and to violate the truth, and desecrate one of the sacraments of the Church?"

Lett did not reply. She was so startled, shocked, confounded in fact, by this view of the matter, which had never occurred to her before, that she was speechless; and after an instant's silence, Sydney resumed:

"Thank God and our dear Lady, to

whom I had been crying continually, papa heard the truth at last, and gave me his blessing! That dreadful day when you told me he was dying and wished to speak to me, I was wild at the thought of his dying without knowing that I was not to blame. I ran into his room and threw myself down by the bed and told him the truth in the fewest possible words. And then he listened while I explained all, and he said how sorry he was that he had not known the truth before; that, now he *did* know it, he not only did not blame me, he was proud of my being such a brave as well as sensible child, in having acted as I did about grandmamma; and he blamed only himself for doubting for a moment that there was a good reason for Henri's acting as he did. He smiled and blessed me, and sent love and his blessing to Henri—and to Warren, though Warren so little deserved it. If he had died without knowing and giving me his blessing, I think I should have died too,—though I have done nothing wrong, that I could help.

“The way that all this horrible business began was that grandmamma had French blood, and French opinions about marriage. If she had been born and had lived all her life in the Faubourg St. Germaine, she could not have entertained more inflexible convictions that it was the duty of every mother or grandmother or aunt to arrange matrimonial connections for the younger generation, and equally the duty of the younger generation to submit to these arrangements. She had carried out her principles in the marriages of her two daughters, and expected to do the same with their children—Warren and myself. And she had set her heart on our marrying each other. There were so many reasons, she told us, which made this arrangement desirable and proper that she had no doubt of obtaining the necessary dispensation.

“She was very good—kind-hearted and generous, and very charitable. But she had a violent temper,—not in little things, but in anything of importance she was

very arbitrary. Warry was simply wax in her hands. She never spoiled him as she did me, and he was afraid of her. The idea of this marriage was as hateful to him as it was to me, but he did not dare to say so. I said at once that it was a hateful and disgusting idea, and told grandmamma that I would be chopped into bits sooner than be forced into it. And Warry knew I would not be forced into it—at least we both thought so at first,—and so he said he was willing to marry me if I consented to marry him. Of course this was moral cowardice on his part. He knew that himself, but he couldn't help it. Grandmamma was satisfied with his consent, believing that my submission was only a matter of time. She announced the engagement formally, and told all her friends that the marriage would take place as soon as my education was completed.

“Still I had no intention of yielding, and always declared openly that nothing would induce me to consent. But one day Mammy found out that grandmamma had heart disease, and that her doctor had told her she might die any minute. When I heard this I was nearly distracted. I persuaded Miss Berry (my governess) to go out with me to the doctor, to ask him if it was true. He didn't want to say anything about it. But I begged so hard that he told me at last that grandmamma did have heart disease, and might die suddenly; but that if she would take good care of her general health, and above all avoid all worry and excitement of mind, she had as good a prospect for a long life as any one he knew. I made up my mind on the instant that she should not have any more worry about me: that I would set my teeth and marry Warry, and be miserable for life, since she was determined upon it. I hurried home, and was on my way upstairs to tell her so when, as I was passing the schoolroom door, Warry opened it and motioned me to come in.

“He and I did not hate each other as two people in such circumstances often do, because we each knew that it was not

the fault of the other. We were as good friends as we had always been, and I think it was this which encouraged grandmamma in the belief that she would carry her point finally. When he stopped me, I was very glad to see that he had returned home—he had been away several days,—and I ran into the room, shut the door, and, before he had time to speak even, told him of the awful discovery I had made: that grandmamma had heart disease, what the doctor had said about excitement and worry, and that there was no help for it—we must sacrifice ourselves to save her life.

“As he heard this, I thought he would faint. He fell into a chair and leaned his head back, and his face was literally as white as if he had been dead. He gasped as if he were choking, and could not utter a word for a minute or two. But at last he managed to articulate, and told me what he had been doing. And I did not wonder that he wished he could die then and there, as he said he did.

“He had been in love for years—ever since he was fifteen—with a girl about his own age, and the most outrageous flirt it is possible to conceive. She amused herself by encouraging his idiocy; but I am sure she never had an idea of marrying him, and I don't believe he ever thought she would, until grandmamma announced that he was engaged to me. Caroline—that is her name—was furious at this, and made the poor boy believe that she had always intended to marry him and was in despair at his faithlessness. Now, you know that the next thing a man loses after his heart is his head, almost invariably. Poor Warry lost his completely. He is one of the people who have terribly strong passions in a sentimental way,—the sort of man who never gets over his first love. From the time that grandmamma took this idea into her head, I feared it would end in brain fever for him, he was in such a state of mind,—between a cross fire: grandmamma's authority on one side, and Caroline's protestations and reproaches on the other.

“It was in vain that I declared I never would consent to the marriage—this was before I had heard of the heart disease and had determined on the sacrifice,—and reminded him that in the teeth of my openly expressed opposition no dispensation could be obtained. Caroline told him that it was preposterous to suppose I could persist in defying grandmamma's and papa's authority, and that they might as well give up their engagement. Warry was silly enough to believe she was in earnest, particularly as she was playing off another man against him. He was so desperate at the thought that she might marry the other man, as she threatened, that he proposed a secret marriage. She agreed, and went over to Mobile on pretext of visiting some friends. He pretended that he was going on a hunting expedition for a few days, and joined her, and they were married.”

(To be continued.)

Our Lady and the Flowers.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

THERE seems something peculiarly appropriate in the pretty custom of dedicating to the Blessed Virgin flowers and blossoms, since she herself is the fairest blossom in the heavenly garden. Quaint conceits have ever lurked about her in connection with flowers, and a Spanish poet of long ago says she was

Endued

So by Him who all disposes,
That the grass whereon she stood
Bloomed with lilies and with roses.

The Holy Scriptures call her the Mystical Rose, and the rose has been her flower in many lands; though the lily may be more generally considered her emblem, especially in art.

When the child Mary went to the temple to begin her life of prayer within its sacred precincts, she passed by a field of the gorgeous Eastern lilies, of which Our Lord said that “Solomon in all his

glory was not arrayed like one of these." Plucking a scarlet bloom, she laid it on her breast, and, lo! it turned to purest white, symbol of chastity.

When the many applicants for the hand of the young Princess of Israel approached the high-priest, St. Joseph's staff bloomed into lily buds and blossoms in honor of Our Lady; and St. Gabriel bore to her the lily when he announced the coming of Our Lord. The French call the lily the *Fleur de Marie*, and lilies of the valley have been poetically named Our Lady's Tears.

Wherever Our Lady went upon the earth, the flowers welcomed her. When she went to visit St. Elizabeth, the hazel tree bloomed fragrantly, and the delicate snowdrops sprang up beneath her feet and rang a chime which gained for them the name of Candlemas Bells.

When Our Lady's Purification,
Her first feast, comes around,
The early spring flowers to greet her
Just opening are found;
And pure and white and spotless,
The snowdrop will pierce the dark ground.

Rosemary, or Mary's Rose, the flower so loved by Sir Thomas More, was so named from the Spanish legend that Our Lady, washing Our Lord's baby garments in a Judean brook on the way to Egypt, dried them on a rosemary bush; and when she took them off, the erstwhile barren boughs were sweet with a most heavenly fragrance. The briony, too, is called Our Lady's Vine because it grew over the lattice of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth; and holly is called Mary's Tree because it blooms at Christmas time. Delicate maiden-hair ferns, little English children call Our Lady's Tresses; and the dainty blue speedwell is Mary's Rest.

One of the prettiest legends about Our Lady's flowers is that of the mignonette, called Our Lady's Weed, and daintily written about by Harriet Skidmore:

The Maid Mother walked in the meadows one day,
In the meadows so dewy and sweet,
And the bright flowers sprang up to border the
way

And pour out their balm on her feet,
But a weed, bending low, in humility said:
"I'm not fit by her pathway to be,
But I'll soften the ground where her holy feet
tread

By bidding them trample on me."
So blithe was the weed by the Maid Mother
pressed

It smileth in happiness yet,
And so pure is the balm exhaled from its breast
Men call it the sweet mignonette.

There is a pretty legend in regard to Our Lady and the rose which has been a favorite with poets. When Eve left the Garden of Eden, where white roses had bloomed in purity and peace, she plucked one, and, weeping, bore it away with her; and, blushing deeply at her unhappy plight, she lent the rosy hue of her cheek to the roses within her hand; and

That first blush lent
The rose its color over all our land.

When Our Lady was wrongfully accused by the Jews and condemned to death, she prayed to God for help; and, lo! the flames were quenched, and the brands which were burning became red roses, and those which had not ignited became white roses, and she was saved.

All white flowers are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and during the month of May her altar is decked in snowy blossoms; a pretty French festival being that of the Breton peasants, who search the woods and orchards for all the white flowers to bear to Our Lady's altar.

A quaint old book on botany gives a whimsical description of Our Lady's flowers: "How liberal we have been toward her Ladyship will appear when I enumerate some of the plants with which she is endowed. As she reclines in her bower we provide her with boots and slippers. We have found her a needle and a thimble with which to sew, a smock and a mantle with which to garb herself, a cushion on which to recline, and a comb and a looking-glass for her tresses. When she writes to her friends, we give her a signet with which to sign her letters. Lest she lose her money, we give her a purse; and we

plant around her bower trees, grass, fern, clover, and bracken, to make her garden gay."

French maidens, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin is fervent, name the spearmint Our Lady's Mint; and in America the quaint orchid *cypridium humile* is called Our Lady's Slipper. Grecian children called this Venus' foot, from its pouch-like petal; and Indian children termed it the moccasin flower; but Lady's Slipper is the name by which it is known to-day all over our own land.

The German children are not far behind in devotion to Our Lady; and they call the "rathe primrose," the beauty of which poets have long sung, Our Lady's Key, because it opens the gate of Spring.

A dainty little poem has been written by Gertrude Heath about the blossom called the Madonna Flower:

When blessed Mary walked the fields,
The little flowerets sweet
All breathed their fragrance out to her
And gently kissed her feet.

And one she loved above the rest,
And always from that hour
This little blossom has been called
The fair Madonna Flower.

How sweet to think the holy Two
Have held the flowerets sweet!
Ah, to have been a blossom then,
To kiss those holy feet!

Venus' looking-glass, vainly gazing at herself in the woodland stream, is better known by the name Our Lady's Mirror; and beside this we have Mary's Cradle and Mary's Candle.

During the flight into Egypt, the Rose of Jericho, Our Lady's Rose, blossomed all along the path where never roses bloomed before.

Dry roses bloomed
Back into beauty when her garments touched
The rosebush.

And the stately palm of the desert bowed
its head to give her of its fruit; while,
equally kind,

A wayside sycamore,
Beneath whose leaves she rested, moved his
boughs

From noon till evening with the moving sun,
To make her shade,—
from which the sycamore is ever called
Our Lady's Tree.

Italian babies call the strawberry Our Lady's Berry, and the cherry Our Lady's Fruit, because of the legend that a cherry-tree lowered its branches to allow her to pick the fruit. Irish damsels have a favorite plant called Our Lady's Bedstraw; and Scotch lasses have named the primula Our Lady's Candlestick, and the morning-glory Our Lady's Nightcap.

The devotional feeling toward Our Lady is shown very beautifully in Adelaide Procter's poem, "Flowers at Christmas," which closes—

Love counts but the will,
And the heart hath its flowers of devotion
No winter can chill.
In the chaplet, on Jesus and Mary
From our hearts let us call;
At each *Ave Maria* we whisper
A rosebud shall fall;
And at each *Gloria Patri*, a lily,
The crown of them all.

Recalled by the Jamestown Exposition.

THE Jamestown Exposition will lead many to a re-perusal of the history of Virginia, with its records of bravery, its pages of adventure, its stories of privation and of oppression, its accounts of indentured slaves, and its gleams of romance flashing out here and there like the forest streams of that English governed land. The annals of Virginia from the May Day in 1607 which marked the foundation of Jamestown, to 1784, are not complete, however, unless they stand as testimonials of the heroic spirit of Catholics who kept the faith despite the prescript of 1641, when they were excluded from the privilege of holding office; that of 1699, which deprived them of their vote; that of 1705, which declared them unfit to be witnesses before a court; and that of 1756, which prevented them from keeping arms or owning a horse. This in

the native State of George Washington!

In the days when Virginia was called Mocosca there were brave adherents of the faith in the New World. In 1613 Fathers Quëntin, Biard and Masse, and Brother Gilbert Du Thet, all of the Society of Jesus, were among those who felt the hand of the English under Argal of Virginia. Du Thet, who died from wounds received in the attack on Mt. Desert Island, was, according to the Jesuit Relations, cared for by an English surgeon who was himself a Catholic. It was in the seventeenth century, that the men about to sail from England for Virginia, with Lord Delaware, were thus warned in a parting sermon: "Suffer no Papists; let them not nestle there; nay, let not the name of the Pope or Poperie be ever heard of in Virginia."

The Toleration Act passed in the neighboring State of Maryland, by an assembly made up of eleven Catholics and three Protestants, had little or no effect on the Virginians. All through the eighteenth century, the records tell us, the action of the Church among them was restricted to desultory efforts on the part of travelling missionaries, among whom were the Rev. Demetrius Gallitzin and the Rev. John Carroll, the founder of the American hierarchy. It is not until 1821 that we find a bishop directly charged with that portion of the American fold where persecution had so long held sway. Since then, five bishops have held the See of the State capital,—one our beloved Cardinal Gibbons. The diocese of Wheeling, West Virginia, was established only in 1850. The present Catholic population of the State, not including some counties which belong to the diocese of Wilmington, is estimated at 36,400.

A gratifying sign of our times, as evidenced in the celebration of the foundation of Jamestown, is that no prejudice against the Church is now manifested in the Old Dominion. It still exists in remote districts, but it has forever ceased to be a force.

Notes and Remarks.

The sensational title of Mr. Douglas Sladen's new book, "The Secrets of the Vatican," has led many persons to suppose that the work is of the court memoirs kind, full of revelations and scandals. It is nothing of the kind. The author's object was to provide general readers with a reliable history of the Vatican Hill and of the Vatican Palace, with some account of its treasures; a description of Papal functions, an explanation of the work of the Sacred Congregations, etc.,—a variety of information not to be found in Baedeker or Murray, or easily accessible in other books. Graphic descriptions and historical reminiscences render "The Secrets of the Vatican" pleasant reading. There is nothing in the least suggestive of the *chronique scandaleuse*. "Even if Mr. Sladen were inclined for such an ignoble task," observes one reviewer, "the Vatican, as at present regulated, gives no opportunity for it. The existing administration of the Papal Palace, as he points out, with its plain living and high thinking, leaves no room for scandal. It is a very dignified and correct court, and one in which an enormous amount of business is transacted; it is an office in which attention is paid to the affairs of a large portion of the human race; it is the seat of an august sovereign, whose elective monarchy dates back beyond the origin of any European throne; it is the chapter of the central cathedral of Christendom; and it is a museum of art, antiquities, and literary collections which has no parallel on earth."

An evil that, in a greater or less degree, threatens to be a permanent one in this country, as in a good many others, is rather graphically portrayed in the following paragraph:

The points of difference between a husband and wife of two different faiths will make themselves felt sooner or later. In those great crises of joy or sorrow, of good or evil fortune, that

come within the experience of all family life, the gulf that separates them will show itself. Trifling disagreements, perhaps, at first arise between them. In other cases these inevitable shadows that fall occasionally athwart the happiest home are soon lifted. With them they assume each day a darker hue. There is a lurking suspicion, not unmixed with contempt, in the heart of each against the other. Children are born. The stronger the parental instinct, the deeper and wider the chasm between them now becomes. What binds other couples together separates them. These children, who shall own them? Who shall train them? Shall husband and wife divide them, and perpetuate in their offspring that difference of faith so fatal to themselves? Shall either yield them to the other? Sickness pays its unwelcome visits to their home. Death perhaps invades it. At the very moment when the closest, the most absolute sympathy between them is needed, it is found that sympathy has vanished; it becomes doubtful whether it ever existed. Why, this husband and wife can not pray together in the same sanctuary; they can not even visit together—with an easy conscience—the same graveyard. What wretchedness, what distraction, what ruin is preparing for that household where there is more than one hope, more than one faith, more than one God!

Should this note meet the eye of any disgruntled Catholic who thinks the Church's attitude toward mixed marriages unduly severe, he may find matter for reflection in the statement that the foregoing extract is quoted, not from a Catholic bishop or priest, but from a Jewish rabbi, Isidore Lewinthal, in the *Chicago Israelite* of recent date.

The current *Month* contains an able paper on Galileo. Its writer, "J. G."—presumably Father John Gerard, S. J.—once more refutes the charge that the Inquisition's treatment of the inventor of the telescope incontestably proves the authorities of the Church to be, or at least to have been, the implacable enemies of science and the determined opponents of its discoveries. The whole article merits careful reading; we mention it here simply to reproduce, for the benefit of young students, two brief quotations that are worth while preserving. In November,

1885, Professor Huxley wrote to Professor Mivart: "I gave some attention to the case of Galileo when I was in Italy; and I arrived at the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it." The second extract is from "Galileistudien," in which Father Grisar says: "During the whole course of his life, Galileo spent not one single hour in a prison properly so called." The simple truth of the matter is, as "J. G." points out, that the "prisons" provided for Galileo were lodgings, always comfortable, and generally luxurious, in the houses or palaces of his friends and patrons.

One reads in anti-Catholic, or even merely secular, publications so much superheated extravagance about the reactionary, liberty-destroying influence of the Roman Index, that it is positively refreshing to meet with so common-sense a view of the subject as the following, which we find in the *Catholic Standard and Times*, credited to George Sampson in the *London Daily Chronicle*:

How far is the State, or any similar body standing in parental relation to its members, justified in obstructing the circulation of literature esteemed dangerous? It is a question that involves the clash between individual and community which troubles us so often, and we can not answer it by windy apostrophes to Freedom (with a capital letter), or by denunciations of the Roman Index. A personal application of the difficulty may emphasize it, and so I ask any father, What would you do if you found your lad poring over some objectionable book, and what would you say to those who attempted to circulate such books among your children? Or, going to matters more directly illustrative of the Church censorship, let me ask this: Would you, as a Nonconformist, allow your impressionable lads and girls to read, unchecked, attractive Catholic stories written with an eye to conversions? And would you, as a Catholic, allow your children to browse at will on what I may call Maria Monkery? I think not; and I fancy, too, that if some bright lad were to retort on you with the Freedom of the Press and the March of Ideas, you would answer, not ineffectively, with the strap.

It is precisely this parental right of prohibition and punishment that the Church claims and

enforces. One thinks naturally of the Church of Rome in this respect, first because she has faced this matter of obnoxious literature with the deliberate organization and relentless logic that go together as one secret of her marvellous vitality; and next because she has usually had power to make decrees effective when other bodies have had only desire.

The foregoing is a good instance of the non-Catholic criticism of many a doctrine or practice of the Church when once prejudice and preconceived judgments are resolutely put aside, and plain, everyday intelligence examines the question at issue. The underlying principle of the Index is, of course, habitually acted upon in daily life by the non-Catholic parent who is loudest in his unintelligent condemnation of the Roman Congregation.

A writer in *Success* makes a strong plea for fair play to children's minds in the matter of the unspeakable "comic supplements" of the Sunday papers. "It is sad enough," he says, "when the parent himself wastes his time over the so-called funnyisms and distorted art (!) which these supplements contain. But, at least, he is supposed to have the intelligence to give the poor stuff the low relative place to which, if it has any place at all, it is entitled. But the child can not do this. He accepts the slang in which the low wit is couched as current speech, adopts it and uses it as his own. He accepts the meaningless wit as his idea of humor, and receives the distorted figures and badly-drawn pictures as his conception of art. So, in language, in literature and in art, he receives his first ideas at the most impressionable part of his life from these hideous American plagues."

There is no exaggeration in this view of the matter. Any one who has had to do with the child-mind will recognize the perfect justice of the position taken, and will agree also with the following:

We may choose to excuse these "supplements" as fleeting in their influence, and on the ground that they "amuse the children," who forget them. But we need only look back to

our own childhood and quickly prove to ourselves the untruth of such an argument. Childhood influences are tremendously potent; impressions made upon us in the first fifteen years of our lives are practically ineffaceable.

The simple truth of the matter is that these so-called comic supplements are a pernicious and demoralizing influence from which children, at least, should be protected. The adult who condones their blatant vulgarity is to be pitied, and the otherwise sane individual who actually defends these supplements as a harmless source of legitimate amusement avows a taste that is hopelessly vitiated.

Discussing the unrest of the working-class all over France, and characterizing it as perhaps the gravest difficulty which the "discredited and discreditable government" has to face, the *Catholic Weekly* adds the comment:

We have not had long to wait for object-lessons of the consequences of banishing religion from the schools and confiscating the property of the Church. To many it is becoming daily more apparent that this shameless repudiation of the rights of contract, this trampling on the elementary principles of morality and justice, must have most fatal effects on the emotional and generally unstable character of the people, and that it is only a matter of a little time when we may be face to face with all the horrors of another French Revolution.

The signs of impending storm are indeed multiplying in army, navy, and all branches of the civil service, as well as in the proletariat; and to weather the storm France will need far other pilots than the Godless staff who are now at her helm.

"Why don't people go to church on Sunday?" is a question which periodically calls forth innumerable answers in the correspondence columns of city dailies. An Episcopalian rector of Chicago, who has just resigned his charge, contributes the following solution of the problem:

The principal reason why I am leaving St. Chrysostom's is because of the appalling drain on the attendance caused by the social fads of the hour—automobiling, golfing, and country

outing generally, . . . The whole world is becoming pleasure-mad. Where or when it will end nobody knows. There is a steady decline all along the social fabric in church-going and the enthusiasm for church work.

Commenting on the foregoing, the editor of the *Pilot* writes:

A striking instance of the contrast between Catholic and Protestant ideas as to the matter of church-going on Sunday came recently under the writer's observation in one of Boston's suburbs. A new Catholic parish had been marked out in the district, and a temporary chapel provided until the church could be built. About the same time a new clergyman, young and earnest, had been "called" to a Protestant church in the neighborhood. His congregation was so dispiritingly small that he made a tour of the section to look up a flock. "If a Catholic church is opened even in an unlikely place," he said, with grim humor, "forthwith the people are tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get in, while I have trouble in securing a congregation of fifty."

If this earnest young clergyman could authoritatively inform his parishioners that failure to attend church on Sunday, exceptional cases apart, is a grievous sin, and if the parishioners really believed the statement, he would easily secure five hundred attendants where he now with difficulty gets only fifty. Missing Mass through one's own fault on Sunday is a mortal sin for Catholics; missing "meeting" or other sectarian service is—*what* is it?

We think it highly probable that nothing which has yet appeared in the *Evening Mail's* staff correspondence from Paris is so likely to open the eyes of Americans to the fact that the boasted liberty of France is in reality only thinly-veiled tyranny as Mr. Aroni's Letter XVIII, dated May 2. Its opening sentence is:

No letter is posted and no telegram filed in France to-day with any assurance that it will not be read in "the black cabinet" a few hours later.

Such a statement, made of a modern republic, and made not during a war but in ordinary time of peace, throws an illuminative X-ray on the actual despotism

to which the people of France are subjected. Says the American correspondent, in corroboration of his statement:

In this land, which makes the word "liberty" a fetish, you can hear in a week more of cipher messages and roundabout, underground disguised methods of communication than even the hardened novel-reader could believe a twentieth-century reality, outside of Russia.

That the sanctity of private correspondence is habitually violated by government officials, and that even foreigners are subjected to the most odious espionage, is not denied by the officials themselves. Witness this reply of a postal agent to an Englishman who protested because one of his letters, four days overdue, at last reached him in a soiled condition and torn open:

"I tell you your letter was not opened officially. When you receive a letter like that, know always it is an accident." Open letters, yes! Remove seals, yes! But never, never so that the recipient can see a trace of what has been done!

The more we learn of actual conditions in France, the stronger grows our conviction that Clemenceau and Company are dancing on a volcano.

We should like to publish every word of "a parent's protest" against the prominence given to athletics in American colleges, and the uncalled-for encouragement of sport on the part of the majority of their presidents and professors. This is assuredly a great and growing evil. But we see no remedy for it. Our educational institutions naturally and inevitably reflect the spirit of the age and country. The adoration of the athlete and the indifference to the vital interests of citizenship are part and parcel of the later-day American character. "The charge lies against the whole, which is greater than the part." We like to believe that it is the steady endeavor of the heads of all Catholic colleges, at least, to control what can not be done away with. On this point of the subject, "a parent" says:

I am not iconoclast enough to wish spors banished from school life; but in the interest

of our sons it should be kept in its place. For one thing, the inter-school competitions should be abolished. They are unnecessary, and only unsettle the minds of the boys. So long as they play their games among themselves as simple recreation, no harm is done. The interest in "scratch matches" is very ephemeral, and a boy does not carry memories of them back to the class-room; but when it is a question of college against college, with a spirit of the most jealous rivalry abroad, it is easy to see how work is interfered with, and how schoolboy minds are set roaming miles away from lessons. So far as health is concerned, the boys can get it on their own play-fields among themselves. Their recreation should be recreation in a legitimate sense. Their real business is not to play football or baseball, but to acquire that knowledge, those steady habits, and that moral tone which will ensure them success in the battle of life. The duty of their instructors is to make intelligent men of them, keeping before them their responsibilities, and helping to wean them away from an over-indulgence in sport and idleness.

Our hopes are not bright for the manhood of any youth who has learned to make an idol of sport. That in later life he will have a disregard for whatever interferes with his pleasure is to our mind as certain as sunrise.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Holy Father's ordination to the priesthood will be Sept. 18, 1908; but, owing to the oppressive heat generally prevailing in Rome at that season of the year, the celebration has been fixed for Nov. 16. This latter date will be the twenty-fourth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop of Mantua. In connection with the Pontifical Jubilee, *Rome* prints the following advice:

All who are preparing to contribute to the offering of vestments and other altar requisites for poor churches to be made to the Holy Father are hereby informed that all such objects should be sent to Rome not later than May 31, 1908; and that all parcels and boxes containing them should be addressed to "Comm. Edmondo Puccinelli, Vatican, Rome." And each case or parcel should be marked with the letters G. P. (Giubileo Pontificio). With regard to the offering to be made to the Holy Father for his Jubilee Mass, it is earnestly hoped that it will become as popular as possible.

A Notable New Book.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion. By the Rev. H. G. Hughes. THE AVE MARIA Press.

We rejoice to see issued in book form these admirable papers which appeared last year in the pages of THE AVE MARIA. We do not know of a more readable book, or of one more directly to the point.

The author divides his essay into seven chapters. The first deals with "Faith and Practice," explaining very clearly what each term means; but the chapter opens with some remarks as to why such a treatise is called for. "There can be no doubt," he says, "that misapprehension of what the Holy Catholic Church demands of her children, in regard to faith and practice, keeps a large number of persons, who are really people of good-will, outside the true fold of Christ." And again: "Many remain where they are, outside the Ark of Salvation (at least as regards visible communion), because of some strange misunderstanding of what they would be expected to believe and to do if they submitted to the Church's authority. It is in the hope of helping such souls that this series of papers is written." But Father Hughes is careful to subjoin: "Let me say at the outset that nothing is further from my mind than any desire to *dilute* or *minimize* in the slightest degree the obligations of Catholics in matters of faith or practice. To do so would not only be most disloyal to the divinely appointed authority of the Church, but also a very short-sighted proceeding, which would produce only disastrous results."

He then shows that "faith and practice are intimately related"; because "practice, whether obligatory or optional, follows from what we believe according to the *earnestness* of our belief." He is careful, again, to state that "belief, though an act of the intellect, *is prompted by the will and affections*; so that *no one will be able to believe who persistently sets himself against believing*." A truth of immense importance, and a fact which accounts for the obstinate position of many who ought to be Catholics. Of practice he says that it is "an affair of the heart and will directed by the belief of the mind. . . . If faith does not thus lead to right practice, there is something wrong with our religion. . . . Correspondingly, any religious practice which does not find its justification in some religious truth, and its motive in a living faith, is equally to be condemned. . . . As wrong belief will produce wrong action, so a wrong practice, or no practice at all, will be sure to react harmfully upon belief.

Thus religious practices can not be neglected, or divorced from sound teaching, without harm to faith, any more than false doctrine can fail to issue in wrong practice."

He therefore concludes that "what we are to believe, and what we are to do as a consequence of our belief, are questions of primary importance in the affair of our salvation. And, as regards both, the Catholic Church is our divinely appointed and infallible guide. . . . By listening to her voice we can be sure that our faith will not be harmed by wrong practice, nor our religious practices be the outcome of wrong belief." And he undertakes to answer four questions: 1. What are Catholics bound to believe? 2. What are Catholics free to believe or not? 3. What are Catholics bound to practise? 4. What are Catholics free to practise or not? To the first and second of these questions he devotes two chapters apiece; one to the third, and one to the fourth.

He argues that "the Catholic Creed is, after all, a short one; that the believer is not required to know explicitly *every* decision of the Church as to every question and point of doctrine upon which she has found it necessary in the course of centuries to pronounce; that the Church has *no secret and hidden doctrines proposed to the initiated only*" (a notion which prevails among many Protestants); "and, finally, that not one of her children, simple or learned, is required to accept the Church's teaching blindly and unreasonably, or in any way to abdicate that sovereign faculty of reason which raises man so high above the level of all other created beings upon earth."

Father Hughes then proceeds to "consider the nature of that intellectual act, of assent or adherence to truth, which we call faith,—the act which we signify by the words 'I believe.'" He says very truly that the erroneous ideas which he aims at removing arise in great measure "from a misunderstanding—or rather from the want of a clear conception—of the nature of divine faith, of the grounds upon which it rests, and of the position of the Church in regard to it."

The way he explains an act of faith is felicitously simple. When a person says, "I believe I have seen you before," is that an act of faith? No, for the speaker is uncertain. But if he says, "A friend of mine, who is a great astronomer, tells me an eclipse of the sun will take place next month, and I believe him," is that an act of faith? Yes, of *human* faith. The speaker believes because he knows his friend to be possessed of sufficient knowledge and veracity to tell him what is certain. "Transfer this," says Father Hughes, "to something that is told me not by man but by God Himself—and add that the

saving assent to what God reveals is not made by our own unaided intellect, but under the influence of a divine and supernatural assistance,—and we have an act of *divine* faith. . . . The act of divine faith, then, is taking God's word for a thing: a submission of our intellect to His,—a submission which He helps us to make, and which, far from being an abasement of our understanding, is its noblest perfection; since by it we are made cognizant, with the highest certainty, of divine facts utterly beyond the reach of our unaided faculties."

So, again, as to "the position of the Church in regard to the act of divine faith." "She is simply God's messenger," says Father Hughes, "who comes to us with claims to that office which are entirely unimpeachable, and tells us what is the subject-matter upon which we are to exercise our faith,—tells us, that is, what God has said, and what we must, in consequence, believe and do." Again: "We believe her doctrines because it is God who speaks by her mouth. She is the intermediary through whom He makes them known to us." And "from this," he continues, "it is clear that the Church has not an unrestricted right to impose upon us any belief whatever upon any subject whatever. The terms of her commission are defined. *She is the custodian and teacher, not the originator, of divine revelation.*"

Surely nothing could be clearer than all this. And equally lucid is the explanation of what Catholics are bound to believe. The "general answer" is that "Catholics are bound to believe whatever God has revealed *and* the Church proposes to them as to be believed." But it is necessary to state how the Church "delivers her message."

"First and foremost, and as her chief duty, she makes known to us truths which have been revealed by God. This she does (1) by solemnly *defining* truths as divinely revealed; (2) by her unanimous teaching of similarly revealed truths through the voice of her united pastorate throughout the world in conjunction with the Apostolic See; (3) by delivering to us the Holy Scriptures with the declaration that they are the written word of God."

Our author here subjoins that, of these three modes, the second is worthy of special notice because it is "*prior in time* to the others, and is also the normal and *ordinary* way in which the Church teaches her children"; and that "there are to be found Catholics even who forget this important fact, and are inclined to restrict their obligations to believing those truths only which have been solemnly defined." He reminds such Catholics that "the Holy Spirit, dwelling in the Church, confers upon her the gift of infallibility *in her universal preaching and belief*; so that it

is impossible either for her pastorate—that is, the bishops as a body in union with their head, the Roman Pontiff—to teach false doctrine; or for the faithful as a body, united to their pastors under the same supreme head, to err in belief.”

Secondly, there is another class of truths, taught by the Church, but *not* proposed to us as divinely revealed, to which, nevertheless, Catholics are bound to assent. For the Church is not only the *teacher* but the *custodian* of divine revelation. “It is her office, therefore, to protect and *keep intact* the body of revealed truth. . . . When, therefore, she defines a truth, not as revealed but as necessary to the defence of revealed truth; when, too, she proscribes some error incompatible with revealed doctrine, Catholics are bound to assent to her judgment, to accept the truth and reject the error.”

Here is quoted a valuable passage from the joint Pastoral Letter of the English Bishops, written in December, 1899, and *approved by a special letter of the late Pope Leo XIII.* “It may be well to insist, with the same [Vatican] Council, on the further truth—namely, that Catholics are bound to give their assent* also to the decisions of the Church concerning matters *appertaining to or affecting* revelation, though these matters be not found, strictly speaking, within the deposit of faith. Such matters are, for instance, the interpretation of Scripture, the canonization of saints; the matter and form of sacraments in a given case, in which a dogmatic fact is under consideration;* other facts which are called dogmatic, and the condemnation of false doctrines by the Holy See.”

“Some theologians, indeed, hold,” says Father Hughes, “that *every* truth thus defined is, *in fact*, contained in the original deposit of faith, inasmuch as such truths come under *the revealed general proposition* that whatever the Church defines is infallibly true. It seems preferable, however, to consider, with others of equal authority, that such truths are not strictly revealed. As to the Church’s infallibility in this class of definition, there is no question amongst Catholics. The latter theologians speak of the act of assent to such decisions as an act not of divine but of *ecclesiastical* faith, since we assent to them directly on the authority of the Church, indirectly only on the authority of God, who has included in her teaching office the power of infallibly pronouncing such definitions.” Well, then, whichever theological opinion we

* Allusion is here made, evidently, to the condemnation of Anglican Orders by Leo XIII. That illustrious Pontiff told a French bishop, in answer to an inquiry from the latter, that he intended his decision about Anglican Orders to be final and irreformable—therefore infallible. We noticed also, in an account of some canonizations, that the same Pope said: “*Et definitus esse sanctos.*” (And We define that they are saints.)

prefer, these decisions are infallible, and to be assented to by an act of *faith*.

But, thirdly, there is a class of “authoritative decisions which have also a binding force upon the faithful,” though the Church does not exercise her prerogative of infallibility in making them. “She frequently utters . . . words of warning, exhortation or direction, in virtue, not of her infallibility, but of her ordinary ecclesiastical authority. When she thus speaks, it is without doubt the duty of Catholics to listen, and to submit their judgment to that of their pastors. This assent is one of *religious obedience* rather than of faith,—though it does pertain, in a certain degree, to the latter virtue.”

Here we must pass on to “What are Catholics Free to Believe or Not?” “The matters in which a Catholic is thus free,” says our author, “may be classed under the three heads of (1) opinions of theological schools or of individual theologians, (2) pious beliefs, and (3) private revelations and particular alleged miracles.”

As an instance of school-theology, he cites the disputation among “Thomists, Scotists, and Augustinians concerning the best mode of reconciling the action of divine grace with the free will of man.” And, as an example of individual opinion, he gives the interpretation by some learned doctor of a difficult text of Holy Scripture, wherein he differs from that of another equally learned. In all such matters “Catholics are free to choose.” But Father Hughes is careful to add that “when *all* schools of theology *unanimously* hold any doctrine to be a truth of revelation, we have a sure indication that this doctrine is the belief of the universal Church,” and are therefore bound to accept it.

The question of “pious beliefs” is more important in dealing with non-Catholics. “They consist,” says our author, “for the most part, in a pious persuasion, resting upon some tradition or some private revelation made to a saint, that certain spiritual benefits will be obtained by the devout performance of specified religious practices.” And he gives as a well-known instance “the persuasion that those who communicate devoutly on the first Friday of nine consecutive months in honor of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord will obtain the grace of final perseverance”; a belief which rests upon what is known as “the twelfth promise” made to Blessed Margaret Mary. As another instance, he mentions “the widespread belief that those who die wearing the little Carmelite Scapular will be saved.”

“Beliefs of this kind,” he says, “are usually connected in this way with some practice of real piety and utility; many of them have been expressly encouraged and approved by Popes;

and they have without doubt been the source of many good works and consequent grace or merit." Therefore he concludes that to "cast ridicule upon pious beliefs in general, to despise or scoff at those who hold them, could not be excused either from uncharitableness or a certain disloyalty to the Church, which approves or at least tolerates them. But they are not matters of faith or obligation."

We may be pardoned for inserting here a remark of our own about pious beliefs and practices. It is this: that a true convert will soon discover that there are certain infallible *instincts* of faith, which will attract him to devotion to the Sacred Heart and to our Blessed Lady. He will be drawn to join the Apostleship of Prayer, to love the Rosary, and to wear the Brown Scapular. He will not require *proof* of the excellence of these devotions. An unerring instinct will guide him.

Our author's chapter on "What are Catholics Bound to Practise?" is admirable throughout. The Church, he says, "recognizing that true religion is a *right life moulded upon true beliefs*, from her speculative doctrines draws practical conclusions,—that is, she instructs the understanding in order to guide the will; and in this work she is infallibly preserved from error by the spirit of her Master, who is not only the Truth, but the Way and the Life."

Hence all that Catholics are bound to practise is comprised in the Church's "code of morality"—based upon the Ten Commandments—and what are known as her Six Precepts. Each of these Precepts is then expounded in the author's happy style. He afterwards adds: "When we have said that the Church teaches us to worship God by faith, hope, and charity, and that the greatest of these virtues is charity—love of God, and of men for His sake,—we have summed up the Catholic religion." But he is careful to observe further that, "while providing for what we may call the *minimum* in Christian practice, the Church has never ceased to put before her children the higher standard of *evangelical perfection*, to be aimed at for love of and in imitation of the perfections of God. . . . With what fruit she does this the lives of her saints and the holiness of many thousands of her children, in all periods of her history, bear ample witness."

In his last chapter—"What are Catholics Free to Practise or Not?"—Father Hughes begins with the "general ignorance prevalent among those outside the Church as to the true meaning of what we call 'devotional practices,' and their place in the religious system of which they form a part." "Finding some of these practices very distasteful to them, failing to see any significance or usefulness in others, they deem that they

could never bring themselves to embrace them even for the sake of that peace and certainty of faith which they often instinctively feel is not to be found elsewhere than in the Catholic Church." All this comes from not knowing the distinction between essentials and nonessentials.

He explains very clearly the attitude of the Church toward "devotions": that "she reserves to herself a certain right of discrimination in this matter; that she approves some, tolerates others, and condemns others." Again, "all of our devotional practices do not stand upon the same footing. . . . There are some which experience has proved to be so generally helpful to a fuller and more fruitful Catholic life that they have obtained almost universal acceptance among the faithful, and have been encouraged and promoted far and wide by the Church, who has set her seal upon them in an unmistakable manner." These devotions are not obligatory, but "any child of the Church" who should contemptuously disregard them "would be depriving himself of a means of furtherance in the Christian life, of the efficacy of which, in view of the strong approbation of the Church, there can be no doubt."

So with regard to indulgences and sacramentals. "Here again," says Father Hughes, "although there is no compulsion to use these things, a Catholic who should withdraw himself from the universal practice of the Church at large would rightly be suspected of some want of harmony with her spirit."

In conclusion, he contends he has made it clear—as he certainly has done for all inquirers of good-will—that "no one who submits to the Catholic Church will be called upon to take up any form of devotion as a compulsory duty. The Sacraments, the Holy Mass, the Commandments of the Church will certainly be imposed upon him as conditions of membership. In all other things he will be free." But he rightly adds that, once a duly instructed convert is received into the Church, he will "feel no difficulty in availing himself of the rich treasure of approved devotional practices which she offers to him and which he is free to take or to leave. He will thank God for having found the religion which was made to meet every need of every soul. . . . In the great brotherhood of the Catholic Church he will learn to exercise toward the devotional practices of others that respect which Christian charity, as well as the approval of the Church, demands from him, and which he, in turn, will receive from his brethren in the faith. *He will see things in their due proportion, as they can be seen only from within.*"

We hope and pray that this very excellent book may have the wide circulation it deserves.

E. H.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Mysteries of English.

BY M. E. M.

"WHAT shall we do?"

Yawned Alice Drew.

"All this long day I've felt quite blue;
My storybook I've read quite through,
My crochet-work is finished too."

"'Tis a dull day!"

Sighed Dora Creagh.

"Just now I heard my pony neigh;

And, dear, I thought

He might be caught,

And we might go

And visit Aunt Adough."

And so the pair,

Without a care,

Rode everywhere,—

Called on their aunt

At Corisante,

Above the dunes,

Until the moon's


Face smiled, and then

They galloped home again.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—A FRIENDLY VISIT.

T was the day after Commencement at St. Omer's, and Father Grey was making his way slowly along the grassy road that led through the Bottoms, looking for his "crack" pupil. There was pity and wonder in his kind eyes as he picked his steps through pool and quagmire, past the miserable hovels propped up by stakes on the uncertain ground. Poor as he knew Tom Langley to be, he scarcely expected to find him in so wretched a place as this. But as the good Father paused

doubtfully, thinking that he must have misunderstood the directions given him at the bridge, a cheery, familiar voice came from the river-bank, where on a low clump of bushes fluttered a variegated wash.

"Only one more shirt, Bobby, and then I'll take you for a row on the river in Uncle Pete's boat, while our clothes are drying. I'll iron them to-night, and you can bet they'll be as smooth as if they came from any pigtailed Chinaman in town. I want you to look all right when you get to Orchard Hill."

And, with sleeves and trousers rolled up, and his soapy arms filled with dripping clothes, Tom emerged from the alder bushes to hang out the rest of his wash, when his eye fell on the tall, grave figure on the path beyond. A hot flush rose to his cheek, and he stood shamed and speechless before his kind teacher.

"Good-morning!" said Father Grey, as cheerily as if laundry work was a part of Tom's collegiate course. "I'm looking for my pupil, Tom, as you see."

"And you find him in rather bad shape, Father," replied Tom, trying to pull down his sleeves. "But Bobby here needed some clothes—and—and—"

"Good!" said Father Grey, heartily. "This is putting your chemistry to some account, my boy. I've washed out altar linen myself many a time, and know all about it. And this is Bobby?" continued the speaker, stepping to the old baby carriage where Bobby, white and listless, was propped up with Tom's pillow and blanket. "Not sick, I hope?" he added, laying a kind hand on the little fellow's pale brow.

"Yes, Father, he is right sick, I am sorry to say. He got the chills and fever this spring down in these Bottoms."

"Too bad, too bad!" said Father Grey, sympathetically. "Chills are dreadful things to get hold of a chap; aren't they,

Bobby? They stick fast and won't be shaken off. I've had them myself pretty bad when I was a missionary down in the Florida swamps." (Father Grey had seated himself sociably on an old log that jutted out beside the road.) "Ah, those were swamps indeed! Bobby, if Tom should leave you there by the riverside like this, a big alligator would very likely come along and snap you up in one bite for his breakfast. When I used to paddle up and down the streams after dark, looking up my stray sheep, I had to have a big torch blazing at the end of my canoe to scare the alligators off. They don't like the light; nothing cruel or evil does. And the old chills used to shake me as I went until my bones almost rattled in my skin."

"You must have seen tough times of it down there, Father," remarked Tom, bracing up to his usual self at this friendly confidence.

"Not a bit of it!" laughed Father Grey. "Tough times for a missionary mean a good deal more than that. They mean cangue* and cage and red-hot pincers for your eyes and tongue, Tom. That is what we go into the business for. I thought I was going to have a little touch of it in Tonquin a few years ago; but my good Christians hustled me down a trap-door and into a boat, and I was brought home to listen to you boys murder Homer and Virgil. And that reminds me of what I came for to-day. We had Commencement yesterday, and you got this."

He took a little case from his pocket as he spoke. The lid flew up at his touch, showing a beautiful silver Maltese cross gleaming against the blue velvet within.

"The class medal for mathematics, Tom. It was never more honestly earned, and never have I awarded it with such heartfelt pleasure."

And Father Grey handed the medal to the big, gaunt boy who stood barefooted and barearmed before him.

Tom took the medal without a word,—

* The Chinese portable pillory or wooden collar placed on the neck of criminals.

he literally could not speak. He had not dreamed of this; he had not even thought of himself as in the race. He could only stare at the prize with eyes that seemed dazzled, while the tremor of the dumb lips went to Father Grey's kind heart.

"O Tom, Tom!" piped little Bobby, rousing into sudden life and interest. "Hurray for Tom,—for *my* Tom!"

"Hurrah, indeed!" echoed Father Grey, heartily. "It means more than most medals, I think, Tom. It means the first step of the ladder has been bravely won against all odds. It means we are going to keep on and up, and let nothing stop us; doesn't it, Tom?"

"No, Father, it—doesn't!" stammered the boy hoarsely, finding voice at last.

"Why—why, Tom, what do you mean?" asked the good priest, startled by the strange look in the young face.

"I mean I've got—got to give up, Father. I'm needed at home," continued Tom slowly, as if he found it hard to speak. "I can't tell you how I thank you for this, and all your other kindness; but—but I promised mother when she was dying—that I'd look out for Bobby, and—and—" Tom's voice broke utterly.

"I see," said Father Grey, quietly, his grave eyes resting on Bobby's little pale, puny face, and then turning to the wash fluttering from the alder bushes, as if it spoke volumes to him. "I see, my good son; but how—how do you propose to do it, Tom?"

"I have a job offered me on the canal, if I'll agree to take it for six months, Father; and I know Bobby will never get well down on these Bottoms. So I thought I would get Brother Thomas' sister, Mrs. Ryan, to take him at Orchard Hill, where the little Nunez boys were last summer. I could keep him there until Christmas."

"Very good,—an excellent plan, indeed. You couldn't find a better place for him. But to do this you must give up your scholarship. Have you counted on all that means to you, Tom?"

"Yes, Father," answered the boy, with

a look that went to Father Grey's heart. "But Bobby means more, Father."

"Right,—all right, my boy! That's the way to talk, to think, to feel, Tom. But," remarked Father Grey, "I have a little change to propose in your plans. I did not intend to speak of it if you had made other arrangements for the summer; but now here it is, Tom. I understand Charlie Irving asked you to go camping with him this vacation, and you refused."

"Yes, Father," answered Tom, flushing again. "You can see why, Father. Chip is a fine fellow, and we are good friends; but I'm not in it with him out of school. It would be pushing where I don't belong."

"I am not so sure of that," said Father Grey. "Still, I understand, Tom, and rather like your honest pride. Chip is a fine fellow, as you say; but a wretched student, as you know. He made such a poor showing yesterday that his mother was greatly distressed and disappointed. She says his father—who is abroad just now, and is a plain, hard-headed business man—will be very angry if he learns how Chip is fooling away time and money, and won't stand for it. He will send the boy off to rough it on one of his ranches out West, and that will quite break the poor lady's heart. So she says the boy must study all summer and make up his 'conditions'; and they want you to go away with him as coach, Tom?"

"I?" said Tom, blankly. "A boy like me, Father?"

"Yes: it's a boy they want, not a man. Chip would give a tutor the slip and cut up all sorts of capers with him. But he likes you, and you have a sort of hold on him, and can give him all the help he wants. You have a clear head, my boy,—a clear head and a strong will,—gifts from our good God which Chip, with all his money, lacks. If you can bring him up in all his classes as far as you stand, it's as much as—nay, even more than—we ask. And it will be twenty-five dollars a month for you, and all your expenses paid until the last of September."

Tom's face as Father Grey talked to him was a study. Lights and shadows chased each other over the strong, rugged features; the blue eyes darkened with doubt and flashed with hope in turn.

"This will give Bobby three months at Orchard Hill," observed Father Grey; "and then—and then, Tom,—well, it's philosophy as well as religion to take short views in cloudy weather. We'll trust to the good God to clear the way beyond."

"Yes, Father," said Tom, drawing a long breath, while his face and eyes kindled into light and resolve. "*We will!* I'll go, Father. I haven't bound myself to Captain Dixon yet. He told me to wait and think, and talk with father about it. I'll go with Chip."

"There's another thing to remember," continued Father Grey. "Chip is a fine, noble fellow, who will never go back on you, I am sure. But his friends, his family, may be different, Tom. They are rich, proud, perhaps haughty people."

"And they will snub me you mean, Father. 'Oh, I won't care for that as long as I'm not pushing in where I don't belong! I'm working my way now, and it's different. But I must settle Bobby first,'" added Tom, looking tenderly at his little brother's bewildered face. "Don't scare, Bobby boy; I'm not going to leave until I see you safe at Orchard Hill. I thought that perhaps Brother Thomas would give me a letter to his sister, telling her that he knows me and that I will pay all right."

"He will do so assuredly; I will ask him myself. This is Thursday. I think you can be ready to start Monday morning. Come to the college. Mrs. Irving left money for your travelling expenses, and your first month's pay in advance."

"I don't know how to thank you, Father," blurted out Tom, with a queer shake in his voice as his good friend rose to go.

"Don't try," said Father Grey, smiling. "Just keep up your record, my boy, and it is all the thanks I ask. And I'll expect Bobby to shake off the old chills, and come

back with roses blooming on these white cheeks that will do credit to Orchard Hill."

And Father Grey patted Bobby's pale face kindly, and said good-bye hurriedly; for there was a mist gathering in Tom's eyes that he did not want to see.

"Tom," said Bobby in dismay, "you ain't—ain't crying, Tom?"

"No!" said Tom, fiercely brushing his ragged sleeve across his eyes. "What should I be crying for, you little booby, when—when people are good to you like that? The medal, Bobby,—the class medal for mathematics! Dick Roger's father said he'd give him a hundred dollars if he could win it. Gee whiz! isn't it beautiful? Just see how it shines! And my name on it, Bobby—my name! Doesn't it look queer—'Thomas E. Langley'?"

Tom was staring at his prize with eyes that shone through their mist now.

"I never thought of getting the medal,—never once. I didn't know they'd give it to free scholars like me."

"What are you going to do with it, Tom?" asked Bobby.

"What am I going to do with it?" echoed Tom. "Why, keep it, of course,—keep it forever and forever. I wouldn't part with that medal if I was starving, Bobby boy. 'Thomas E. Langley.'" Tom reread the words as if they stirred some queer chord in his heart. "Bobby, I am going to keep that name shining, see if I don't! And you're going to Orchard Hill to-morrow, sir; you're going to get fat on peaches and cream. You're going to sleep in a nice little white bed, with no red-legged Dicky to kick you; you're going to run and swing and ride and frolic the whole summer through. And if I don't haul Chip Irving through all his conditions, my name isn't Thomas E. Langley! So hurrah for St. Omer's, Bobby!" And in a burst of triumph, Tom caught his little brother up out of his carriage and swung him high in his big, strong arms. "Hurrah!"

Hurrah! we're off ahead, boys!

We'll win, win, win,—if we try, try, try!

(To be continued.)

Spinning-Tops.

Spinning a top has been a favorite amusement of small boys—yes, and of some fairly big boys, too—for a good many hundred years. Suidas mentions tops among the toys of Grecian lads away back in remote times, and Roman boys spun them in the days of Virgil.

As for the name, top, it is probably just one form of the old word, toy. The notion that a top is so called "because it is sharpened to a tip or top on which it is spun," or "from whirling around on its top or point," is quite incorrect. Any boy knows that a top doesn't spin on its top, which is not a point at all; but on its tip, which is the bottom. One of the big dictionaries defines the top as "a children's toy of conical, ovoid [egg-shaped], or circular shape, whether solid or hollow, sometimes of wood with a point of metal, sometimes entirely of metal, made to whirl on its point by the rapid unwinding of a string wound about it, or by lashing with a whip, or by utilizing the power of a spring."

Now, this definition is not complete. It says nothing of the old-time top, or peg-top, which one's big brother, or one's self, used to make by taking a wooden spool from which the thread had all been unwound, and whittling half of it into a miniature cone, then putting a round stick through the hole, sharpening the lower end to a point and leaving the upper end projecting from the top of the spool. The spinning used to be done by taking this upper end of the stick, or axis, between the thumb and either the index or the second finger, and whirling it vigorously. Whenever the top began to wobble, one used to talk of "watching the old cat die,"—a process of which, by the way, the unsatisfactory big dictionary referred to above makes no mention at all. We haven't any doubt that this was the particular variety of the toy which Blessed Thomas More meant when he wrote:

A toppe can I set, and dryve it in his kynde.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The Ursulines of New Rochelle, N. Y., have published in convenient form the "Little Office of St. Angela," as a souvenir of the centenary of the canonization of St. Angela, their beloved foundress. The Angel of Merici was born in 1470, but she was not formally proclaimed a saint until 1807, under the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII.

—"Nature Studies on the Farm," by Charles A. Keffer, professor of Horticulture and Forestry in the University of Tennessee, is a useful addition to the American Book Co.'s "Eclectic Readings." The topics interestingly discussed are soil values, irrigation, weeds, plowing, sowing the seed, and kindred subjects.

—Spanish-speaking correspondents who require the aid of shorthand will welcome an entirely new and thoroughly practical adaptation of Isaac Pitman's system of phonography to the Spanish language. The general plan of this text-book, which is primarily intended for commercial correspondents, is the same as that which has proved so satisfactory in Isaac Pitman's "Short Course in Shorthand."

—A writer in the *Catholic Tribune* of Dubuque scores Ridpath's Library for its apparently systematic ignoring of Catholic authors and their works. It appears that, among other omissions, the Ridpath Library of Universal Literature has no space in its twenty-five volumes for even a brief mention of such orators and statesmen as O'Connell and Windthorst. And the *Tribune* correspondent indignantly exclaims:

Never heard of the Jesuit Relations, a set of volumes three times as large as the whole Ridpath Library of Universal Literature? They form a kind of literature by themselves,—a kind which no educated American can afford to ignore,—at least not if he is supposed to have any interest in the history of his country.

The moral, of course, is obvious. There is no sort of compulsion forcing a Catholic to subscribe to Ridpath's Library; and there appear to be several excellent reasons for his refusing to subscribe.

—"His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has said on a number of occasions, in the writer's hearing, that, generally speaking, a priest has no business in the pulpit for more than half an hour." Thus, the Rev. Thomas S. Dolan, in the preface to his volume of "Plain Sermons." (B. Herder.) In accordance with the Cardinal's ideas as to the proper length of a preacher's discourse, the average number of words in one of Father Dolan's sermons is a little more than

three thousand. They range from about twenty-two hundred, in "Consolatrix Afflictorum," to about thirty-eight hundred, in "Prayer." These discourses are partly dogmatic and partly moral; they are both meaty in substance and lucid in style, and may well prove of genuine assistance.

—The Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., has given new testimony of his appreciation of Father Faber's writings by compiling another collection of his thoughts, this time culling from the poems of his favorite author. ("Selected Poetry of Father Faber.") The extracts are from his "Poems," published in 1856, from "Sir Lancelot" and the more familiar "Hymns." These poems will be read and reread with delight by Father Faber's admirers; for in them are lines gem-like in beauty and passages rich in color and imagery. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—A good many readers whose first favorites among novelists were Scott and Thackeray, and who still turn occasionally to one of the Waverlies as a relief from even the best of the "best-sellers," will agree with this bit of criticism from a writer in the *London Times*:

Scott is still the one man who has a breath of the Shakespearian air about him. We come away from both with a feeling that the world is a big place full of stir and business, full of life and love and beauty. We think of both as looking on at the spectacle of it all with kindly eyes, and telling its tale with something of the same air of prodigal and magnificent ease. Both give us the impression of companionable men, who are going a journey with their creations, and take pleasure in being with them; not, as so many modern novelists do, of statisticians collecting dull facts, or anatomists dissecting dead bodies, for which we must be thankful if they are not worse than dead.

—While Elias Barclay, the strenuous and vituperative Quaker of Darley Dale's latest novel, "Naomi's Transgression," is a less lovable and, we should hope, a less typical representative of the Society of Friends than is our good old acquaintance, Joshua Geddes, in "Redgauntlet"; and while the Quaker meetings recorded in this twentieth-century story hardly possess the idyllic charm so delightfully described in the "Essays of Elia," the average novel-reader will probably pronounce "Naomi's Transgression" a very good story. In the first place, it is a story, not a treatise on sociology, theology, or any other "ology." It is no problem novel, the perusal of which is intellectual work rather than mental relaxation. There is a respectable, if not a very ingenious, plot, a sufficiency of action, entertaining dialogue, sustained interest, and a satisfactory denouement. Naomi, despite her

transgression, is a gracious personality; and Miriam, her servant, is "a joy forever." Here is a taste of her quality. Jane Special has been denouncing Kitty Martin at conference with considerable warmth. Miriam offers a few remarks, concluding with: "Tale-bearers and busybodies are an abomination to the Lord and a curse to their fellow-creatures; and if any one wants to know where that text comes from, they'll find it written in the book of Miriam; and if Friend Special would like a chapter of it, I am willing to oblige her." Warne's Colonial Library.

—Of "Growth," a novel by Graham Travers (Margaret Todd, M. D.), the publishers say that it is "a story of unusual intellectual quality, with scenes of dramatic interest and pathos, and enough comedy to relieve them." Intellectual quality is not precisely the main ingredient for which the average novel-reader looks in a new work of fiction; and the fact that the intellectuality has to do with the question of religion is not likely to reassure such a reader. But "Growth" is a readable enough book notwithstanding. The treatment accorded to Catholicity in the abstract, and to Catholics in the concrete, is rather better, or fairer, than one is prepared to expect from Dr. Todd; and while discriminating critics will probably fail to see why Dalglish's spiritual growth remained stunted, they will find some relief in Thatcher's symmetrical development. Henry Holt & 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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." Rev. H. G. Hughes. 75 cts.
 "Plain Sermons." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. \$1.25.
 "Selected Poetry of Father Faber." Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. 75 cts.
 "The Book of the Children of Mary." Father Mullan, S. J. 75 cts.
 "The Mother of Jesus." J. Herbert Williams. \$1.60, net.
 "Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." Dr. Joseph Lapponi. \$1.50, net.

- "The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism." A. A. McGinley. \$1.50.
 "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.
 "Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer." Leo L. Dubois, S. M. \$1, net.
 "Great Catholic Laymen." John J. Horgan. \$1.50.
 "Aspects of Anglicanism." Mgr. Moyes, D. D. \$2.50.
 "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." Rev. John A. Ryan, S.T.L. \$1, net.
 Chaignon's "Meditations." 2 vols. \$4.50, postage extra.
 "The Question of Anglican Ordinations." Abbot Gasquet. 15 cts.
 "Life of the Ven. Maria Diomira." 90 cts., net.
 "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
 "The Decrees of the Vatican Council." 60 cts., net.
 "Father Gallwey." Percy Fitzgerald. 60 cts., net.
 "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." General Newton Curtis, I.L. D. \$2.15.
 "The Training of Silas." Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Chisholm, of the diocese of Antigonish; Rev. Thomas Ott and Rev. Edward Donnelly, diocese of Covington; Rev. Richard Foley, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Michael McEvoy, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. A. M. Fourmond, C. S. C.

Sister M. Loretta, of the Sisters of St. Ann; Sister M. of the Holy Infant, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Mother Mary Stanislaus, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. George Lucas, Mrs. Elizabeth Schneider, Mr. Denis Cleary, Mrs. Mary Robey, Mrs. M. P. Carlisle, Mr. M. Fiedler, Mrs. Ellen O'Donnell, Mr. Henry Franz, Mr. Frank McDonough, Mr. L. H. Schott, Mr. Duncan Grant, Mr. William Flatley, Mrs. Mary Flatley, and Miss Anne Chisholm.

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Gotemba lepers:

William Byrne, \$20; R. A. J., \$100; Friend, \$3; Mrs. V. Shebat, \$4; Marie McK., \$10; Edward Splaine, \$2.50; Jennie Lawler, 50 cts.; H. A., \$5; M. I., \$5; J. M. D., \$1; H. K., \$1.





Sepulchral Monument of Cardinal Giovanni de Castro,
Church of S^a M^a del Popolo, Rome..



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 1, 1907.

NO. 22

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

The Red Rose and the White.

BY S. M. R.

THE red rose is, with its guard of thorns,
The Rose of Calvary;
The fair white rose that the vale adorns
Is the Rose of Purity.
The red, red rose a cross entwines;
And there, in sun and rain,
The Heart of suffering it enshrines
On the rose-crowned mount of pain.
The white, white rose with its spotless heart,
Whence peace and pity flow,
To the weary soul new strength imparts
As the rose-months come and go.
O seek ye the roses, white and red!
Nor will your search be vain,
If to Mary's feet your steps are led,
And to Christ's on the mount of pain.

Catholic Progress in Denmark.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A. OXON.

FEW thoughts are more distressing to Catholic contemplation than Scandinavia's almost total loss of the ancient Faith; nowhere did that so-called Reformation meet with such permanent success as in Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Here, as, alas! elsewhere, Christ's poor were robbed of their priceless treasure by faithless spiritual shepherds, unworthy kings or avaricious nobles. The work of destruction, however, did not proceed without resistance, and once-

faithful Norway more especially burst into legitimate rebellion, but in vain.

The royal patron saint of Norway was its King, Olaf I., who about A. D. 990 was baptized in the Scilly Isles, off Cornwall, and thenceforth introduced Christianity. Over his shrine rose Trondhjem Cathedral, wherein the King of England's youngest daughter was recently crowned Queen of Norway. Moreover, St. Sigfrid, the missionary who baptized the convert Swedish King in the year of Our Lord 1000, was an Englishman.

Curiously, Sweden had again a Catholic king (Sigismund, 1592-1600), over forty years after its national Diet had adopted the new Protestantism from Germany; but he had to abdicate. Subsequently, her Queen Christina was the first sovereign to return to the old religion.* This remarkable woman was the only child of Gustavus Adolphus, and became queen at the age of six. Twenty-two years later came her Majesty's sensational conversion, and consequent enforced abdication, whereupon she hastened with joy to Rome itself, wearing male attire. This singular ex-Queen entered the Eternal City astride a white horse, being thus received by the Pope and Cardinals. Twenty years afterward she died there, and was accorded a state funeral in St. Peter's.

When we consider the many fine qualities of these Northern peoples, and

* In A. D. 1818 an apostate, General Bernadotte of Pau, became King Charles XIV. of Sweden and Norway, from whom the present venerable Swedish monarch is descended; the latter's eldest grandson married an English princess two years ago. It may be added that Sweden's Crown Princess is a frequent visitor to Rome, if not also to the Vatican.

the increasing inroads of immorality or agnosticism, their loss of sacramental grace seems doubly deplorable. If it had not been for its missionary priests and glorious martyrs, England would undoubtedly have succumbed to a similar fate; unhappily, Scandinavia had no Douay, no Tyburn.

At first most of Scandinavia lay under the jurisdiction of Hamburg's archbishops, successors of its apostle St. Ansgar; but in 1103 a new metropolitan See was erected at Lund, in Southern Sweden. Thereupon the Norwegians demanded an archbishop of their own, and now comes another interesting link with Catholic England. For eventually, in 1152, the Roman Pontiff appointed an English Cardinal as his Legate Apostolic to Scandinavia upon a special mission of reorganization; this was Nicholas Breakspear, afterward our only English Pope. After pacifying civil strifes, as desired by its Kings, the Cardinal Legate selected royal Trondhjem as the seat of Norway's new metropolitan *cathedra*. Moreover, he included in its wide "insular" jurisdiction Iceland, the Faroës, the Orkneys and Shetlands, the Hebrides, and even the Isle of Man.

This diplomatic prelate then visited Sweden, and appeased the Archbishop of Lund by creating him Primate of Scandinavia.* Upon his return to Rome via Denmark, in 1154, Cardinal Breakspear was hailed as "Apostle of the North," and shortly afterward came his accession to St. Peter's Throne as Pope Adrian IV. The entire Danish kingdom remained within the Province of Lund, even after the Primacy itself had been transferred to Upsala.

* In A. D. 1412, Philippa, daughter of King Henry IV. of England, became queen-consort of Scandinavia and subsequently an enthusiastic patron of St. Bridget's Order. We may also note that at present Sweden and Norway still form a joint Vicariate Apostolic; in both countries the Catholic religion is liberally treated, especially in Norway, whose new King, Haakon VII., courteously notified his unexpected accession to Pope Pius X.

Some souvenirs of the old religion of its forefathers still remain in Scandinavia, including a popular veneration for our Blessed Lady, the universal retention of the crucifix, and, still more remarkable, that of the *chasuble*,—a most curious phenomenon as there is no "High Church" party there. Meanwhile even the Established Church of England, which can not boast of such important externals except among extremists, declines to recognize Scandinavian Orders, though these also include an episcopate.

As regards the old cathedral churches, in Denmark the most famous was and is that of Roskilde, near Copenhagen. Here, for centuries, the kings have been buried, together with their queen-consorts and children, including the parents of England's Danish Queen, Alexandra. Most of the actual coffins, each surmounted by a large crucifix, are placed in rows on the various chapel pavements, and form a remarkably unique spectacle. The fabric itself is a fine brick edifice, dating from the thirteenth century, and recently restored in admirable taste.

Other cathedrals once Catholic, now of course in Lutheran hands, remain at Aarhus (founded in 1201), Viborg (also Romanesque), and Odense (dedicated to St. Canute, K. M.), with several monuments of other Danish kings. England herself, under Canute the Great, was once a tributary kingdom of Denmark; and the precious relics of St. Alban, her first martyr, were taken by the invading Danes to Odense, but are supposed to have been recovered by stealth. However, I understand it is claimed at Odense itself that they still remain there, or at least a portion of them,—a question of considerable interest.

Now, at length, the long night of desolation is being pierced by a few rays of Rome's sunshine, especially in Denmark,—*Jam lucis orto sidere!* At present there are between seven and eight thousand Catholics in this Danish realm of islands, which includes distant Iceland. Of these,

nearly three thousand dwell in Copenhagen itself, and perhaps another thousand in its neighborhood,—half the total number. In addition there come, in increasing numbers, Catholic artisans from the Continent for a temporary sojourn; these are mostly Poles, and altogether numbered five thousand last year. Some of them marry Danish girls, and thus swell the Catholic population; on the other hand, placed in the midst of lax Protestantism or encroaching agnosticism, there are occasional apostasies too.

Although it has been so long in coming, a "second spring" has decidedly begun to dawn in this fascinating little kingdom. The cold and barren forms of Lutheranism can not satisfy the average human soul when once it becomes aware of Catholic Faith, replete with life and grace. Perhaps our stalwart Teutonic brethren in Northern Europe are in this twentieth century to acquire that which corrupted or enervated Romance nations are now partially rejecting—the pearl of great price. At present the average number of adult conversions in Denmark is about one hundred and sixty-six; last year a general in the army was among the converts, and no doubt the movement will gradually increase when once firmly started.

At first the few Danish Catholics were placed under the jurisdiction of the German Bishop of Osnabruck; but on March 15, 1892, Pope Leo XIII. gave Denmark a Vicar-Apostolic of her own in the person of Monsignor John von Euel, titular Bishop of Anastasiopolis. His Lordship was consecrated in Osnabruck Cathedral on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity that year.

The following is a complete list of the various missions, with the official number of Catholic souls in each: Aalborg, 160; Aarhus, 340; the island of Esbjerg, 52; Fredericia, 382; Frederiksberg, 1600; Helsingör, 51; Horsens, 380; Kolding, 135; Köbenhavn, or Copenhagen, 2400; Mariebo, 21; Naestved, 75; Odense, 424; Ordrup, 343; Randers, 231; Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, 31; Roskilde, 127;

Silkeborg, 52; Sundby, 326; Svendborg, 172; and Vejle, 104;—together with several smaller missions served from some of the above centres. There are altogether 34 stations, 27 missionaries, and 1533 scholars; but, including the various religious Orders, about 60 priests in all.

The principal church at Copenhagen is, of course, the pro-Cathedral in the Bredgade, a main thoroughfare of the city; and here is the episcopal *cathedra* of Denmark. It is a fine Renaissance edifice, with beautiful paintings in its apse, portraying the Holy Trinity, our Blessed Lord in glory, the Madonna, and SS. Ketillus of Viborg; Canute, or *Knud*, Duke and martyr; Ansgar the *patronus*; Canute the King; William, Abbot of Eskill; and the nun-princess, Bridget of Sweden.

Each morning there were two Masses,—the second being the *Scholemesse*, at which the children sang "chorales" according to the excellent German custom. I happened to be in Copenhagen for this church's dedication festival, when it was beautifully decorated with flowers (for the Exposition), and many banners hung above its pews. The central pews are raised somewhat and provided with doors, the first two being reserved for court personages, etc. In front, on either side, stand the *prie-dieus* of the French Catholic Princess Waldemar and her daughter. Her Royal Highness is a member of the Royal House of Orleans, who married a brother of the present King. Here the old Protestant rule as regards mixed marriages is in force, and consequently the two sons are being perforce brought up as Lutherans. The *prie-dieu* of Princess Waldemar is appropriately draped with purple velvet and embroidered with golden *fleur-de-lis*. No doubt her presence is a considerable asset to the Catholic position in Denmark, especially as she is very popular and accomplished.

The Jesuit Fathers, in 1895, built at Copenhagen a fine new Church of the Sacred Heart (*Jesu Hjerte Kirke*), in the Gothic style, with beautiful altar-pieces; it stands near the central railway station.

As regards the Lutheran churches, one Sunday morning, after High Mass, I visited the "Marble Church," a splendid rotunda with a lofty dome. The Communion service was just over, and a crimson velvet chasuble, with a gold cross and orphreys, lay upon its marble "altar." Moreover, on the latter was a frontal to match and a lace-edged linen cloth, a gilt crucifix, and four *electric* "candlesticks," several books, a spoon, etc., with standard candelabra on either side. In Norway and Sweden the chasuble is always yellow, with a gold cross embroidered on the back; but in Denmark, apparently, it is crimson; yet in neither case is any sacrificial doctrine taught.

The pastor, wearing a black gown and white frilled ruff, was then busy baptizing children. I noticed that he made the Sign of the Cross. Meanwhile a very mixed choir sang chorales; the female vocalists had neither hats nor veils! In another church I saw even a bride thus devoid of any head-covering, in defiance of the Apostolic injunction. One city church was fitted up exactly like a *theatre*, with triple rows of "boxes," each having doors, sash windows, and deck-chair stools.

Upon the Crown Prince's birthday, when Copenhagen was one waving mass of national flags, about five o'clock I found some service in progress at the beautiful little Russian church. An unaccompanied choir of men sang very well; and presently the doors of its *iconstasis*, or painted screen, opened, whereupon two priests could be seen within censing its very small square altar. When they next came out to cense the *icons*, and then the few persons present, I thought it was time for me to be really "orthodox" and depart.

At the Catholic church, I noticed that the Epistle and Gospel were read in the vernacular and the sermon preached *before* the High Mass; as in France, nobody stood for the Creed, and there was a mixed choir here too. The subdeacon himself censed the people, who sang a hymn at the end with edifying fervor.

Very remarkable is the large number of religious communities now in Denmark, headed by the Sisters of St. Joseph from Chambéry, who were the first nuns to re-enter this realm, just fifty years ago. Their headquarters and the novitiate of their twenty Danish convents, near Copenhagen, is a very fine brick structure, particularly its spacious new chapel in the northern style of Gothic. They teach in the parochial schools, even in Iceland, and also now have two "high schools" for girls; moreover, these good nuns have built nine hospitals, including a large one in Copenhagen and a small one at Reykjavik, Iceland.

After their expulsion from Germany, some of its Jesuit Fathers settled in Denmark, and now they possess a large college at Charlottenlund; the former cathedral town of Aarhus is another new mission of the Society of Jesus. The nursing Order of St. Camillus of Lellis has a hospital at Aalborg, and its priests attend to the isolated Catholics of northern Jutland. Then the Redemptorist Fathers have settled at Odense, the principal town of the island of Funen, where the holy King St. Canute was murdered in the church of St. Alban. The old cathedral is now, of course, Lutheran property; and in its crypt, as already stated, St. Alban's relics, or a portion of them, are said still to repose. These Redemptorists are building a new church here in honor of England's glorious martyr.

Some years ago the "Company of Mary," a French Congregation, courageously undertook the mission of Iceland, rendered doubly difficult by reason of the language. It is now flourishing, however; and their school at the capital is so crowded by the children of Protestant families that many have to be rejected for want of room. In 1901 these same Marist Fathers started a new mission in the historic cathedral town of royal Roskilde; hence, too, they are endeavoring to evangelize northwestern Zealand. Quite recently Premonstratensian Canons of St. Norbert, from Belgium,

settled in Jutland; while the Christian Brothers have a school at Frederiksberg, a suburb of Copenhagen. At Helsingör, or Elsinore, famous for its association with "Hamlet," are the Lazarists, one of whom hails from Catholic Ireland.

There are at present several female Congregations represented in Denmark, besides the large Sisterhood of St. Joseph already mentioned. At Maribo and elsewhere Franciscans from Poland and Germany have settled, while at Roskilde "Les Filles de Sagesse" have just built a hospital. The German Sisterhood of Christian Charity teach in the parochial schools at three missions in Jutland. Happily, those angelic Sisters of Charity founded by St. Vincent de Paul now also adorn Denmark, and have settled at Elsinore and two other places. Lastly have come German Sisters of St. Hedwig, who, in addition to a school, are about to build a sanatorium for consumptives at Odense. Altogether, there are said to be forty religious houses and nearly four hundred religious in this northern realm to-day.*

The Catholic Church, although not favored of course, now enjoys the greatest liberty and absolute freedom in Denmark. Her pastors, but not her Bishop, are officially recognized; her schools and convents are sanctioned without any restriction,—the former, indeed, being greatly assisted by the government. Even converts are not in any way handicapped in their civil career by having abjured the State religion, while the chivalrous Danes treat everything Catholic with all respect.

Readers of THE AVE MARIA are, therefore, asked to pray much for the conversion of this charming realm, that its gallant people may return to the old religion of their Catholic forefathers,—to the living Church of the Living God.

* For nearly all these details, which must be quite new to most readers, I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Father Philip, Baron de Kettenburg, one of the clergy at St. Ansgar's pro-Cathedral in Copenhagen. This illustrious priest speaks English remarkably well, although he learned it only as a boy at college.

The Isle of Apple Blossoms.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

ABOUT six o'clock Jerome drew his canoe up on the beach and prepared to camp for the night. Usually he travelled until nearly dark, finding it pleasant to light his fire in the gathering darkness, and hear the coffee-pot sputtering while he put up his tent and made things tight for the evening. The big cross standing out boldly on this point of land had caught his eye like a good omen. He saw that original people lived here, worth while knowing, who had some belief and tried to express it. He had travelled for days among healthy, generous "cattle," who never spoke a prayer from birth to death, being lower than savages in that respect. This tall, rude cross indicated people of faith as well as intelligence and courage. He hoped to spend the evening with them, and learn the reason for this emblem. The place was holy ground; for around the cross in a large circle stood the Stations of the Cross, fixed in box frames, upheld by wooden posts; a little shrine of the Virgin Mother—painted wood enclosing a painted statue—had the place of honor near the first Station; and beside it was a well, from which Jerome drank in a tin cup very sweet water. The whole space resembled an arena hedged in by bushes quite open to the lake breezes, but backed by a thick grove in which stood a farmhouse. The land rose behind the house like a stage scene.

A native ambled down to his camping-place just outside the holy circle, greeted Jerome briefly, and watched him light the fire, fix the water-pot, put up the tent, and get out his supplies. He seemed a very old man and somewhat reticent. When the last peg had been driven in he asked:

"Goin' to camp out here long?"

"A day or two maybe."

"I was jes' thinkin' if ye meant to stay

long, puttin' a tent in this open space, a good south wind might come along about two a. m. an' blow you an' the hull shootin' match to bung-gum."

Jerome took a fit of laughing at this, which made the old man uneasy.

"What ye laughin' at?"

"Why didn't you tell me before I got the tent all fixed?" he replied. "Just like you old duffers with nothing to do but talk to be mighty sparing of it. Well, I'm not going to stay long, and I happen to know enough to keep out of a south wind. Anyway there's an east wind to-night. What's the meaning of this cross here?"

"I think we'll hev some rain to-morrer. This cross? Father Antwine put it there; he's the priest up to the Corners,—mebbe you know him? No? Right smart man. There useter be an old fort on this spot,—a French fort; think it was called Fort St. Anne. Yes, siree, a real fort, by gum! Father Antwine is French, real French, an' he put up the cross and them Stations jes' to keep it in mind. An' he brings the people here in summer time to pray an' picnic. They do have real good times."

"Have a little coffee and a sandwich, grandpa?"

"No, thankee! Done eatin' long ago. But, if ye don't mind, I see ye have some New York papers there. I'm jes' dyin' to git a look at 'em."

"Take them all, and welcome. And here's a cigar to go with them. Light up and be happy, old man."

They sat and smoked beside the pleasant fire, and the oldest inhabitant revelled in his happiness. Jerome at intervals learned all about Father Antoine Kerlidou,—his sayings and doings, his successes and failures, his hopes and his dreams, and in particular his plan to build a shrine and a place of pilgrimage in honor of St. Anne on the place where the old French fort stood in the seventeenth century, and where the first Mass was offered in Vermont. The June twilight fell softly on the wonderful scene, all celestial color and peace.

There was nothing striking in the scenery, nothing bold. The opposite shore showed like a green ribbon under the sunset, and the water of Lake Champlain lay like a polished shield under the blue sky. That was all; but, oh! the delicacy, clearness, firmness of the blending colors! It gave Jerome almost a feeling of pain, like exquisite music, which fades before the grasp of the soul to retain it.

"The fust thing that ketches me," said the old man, as he fussed with the newspapers, "is what they hev to say about that Pope o' yourn, Leo Thirteen. Say, isn't he a great old man? I jes' never git tired readin' about him. If I knew him pussonally, I'd jine his church on the spot."

Jerome left him in charge of the camp while he sauntered off to the village, known as the Corners. A road led up the hill back of the farmhouse, and went straight east to the village, amid continuous orchards from which came the odor of apple blossoms. The east wind had borne that strong perfume down to the camp, where he had sniffed it a long time without knowing just what caused it. It was too dark now to distinguish colors. Lights began to gleam in the scattered houses, and dogs barked at him as he walked along.

The Corners proved to be a straggling, accidental, unformed settlement, with the post office as the center of energy, and the two churches as the points of interest. Jerome asked for letters in a loud voice, just to start the loungers into a show of interest, and then began to put questions about his camping-place and the old man left in charge; and he filled curiosity to the brim by a description of his trip along the west shore of the lake from Whitehall. The conversation became so loud and vivacious that a score of boys and men gathered to share in the fun. No one had known that a stranger was in town. He kept the exchange of story and joke going until a bell rang, when he treated the crowd to store cigars and candy, and promised to call the next night for a discussion on the politics of the metropolis.

"Jes' as good as a show," he heard one boy say to another as he passed out.

The bell still rang in a persistent way, much too loud and familiar for the little street, but decorous enough a mile away. The people interested had to come a mile to their simple devotions. Jerome took his place in the little church, as much for the pleasure of seeing the priest and people in this forlorn region as for prayer. The seats were movable benches with skeleton backs. A hundred persons might have filled the space, fully half of the auditorium being devoted to the sanctuary, which had a rude, distinctive beauty from its adornment. While the rest of the church seemed just plain wood and common plaster, this space had been covered with Georgia pine, polished and varnished so that it shone. The walls, floor, and altar were all of this wood. Just where it ended in the common plaster, the architect had placed a plinth, from which four pillars dropped to the floor. The altar, lighted by twenty candles for Benediction and ornamented with flowers and linens, was the center of light and beauty in the poor, faded, dusty place. Four boys assisted the priest, and voices in the darkest corner with the aid of an organ sang the hymns.

Jerome saw that Father Antoine Kerlidou belonged to the Breton race, having a face as simple as a peasant's and as strong as a rock, with bright eyes and high cheek-bones. He called on him after the devotions ended, sending in his card with due ceremony, so as to avoid the faintest trace of that condescension peculiar to metropolitan tourists visiting a wilderness priest. In most formal tones he expressed the hope that his visit was not an intrusion, and that confession and Communion in the morning would not embarrass Monsieur le Curé. Then he returned to camp with a feeling that he had met the man who would listen to him long enough to help him, and who might by the very dulness of his life find his woes interesting.

The oldest inhabitant still sat by the

fire and smoked, and Jerome told him all that was said about him at the post office, which sent him home with more "ginger" in his temper than he had felt for years. The camper went to his bed laughing. He had been cruel, but a third cigar soothed the old man, who would have his revenge on the critics of the post office the next day.

All night long the camper heard in his sleep the gurgling of the little waves on the beach outside his tent, and in his dreams there came the odor of apple blossoms. Awaking once in the middle of the night, he saw without stirring the clear stars in the peerless blue, and on the surface of the lake a procession of lumber boats twinkling with watch-lights and hauled along by a puffing tug. Ah, what comfort and peace, if only the beating heart could feel them! In the morning the south wind blew lightly and did wonderful things along the road to the Corners. Never in his life had he seen anything just like it. Apple orchards lined the road, and the wind shook a million pink and white blossoms on the rough earth, making a carpet fit for King Solomon in all his glory. The delicious perfume filled the air. For miles he saw nothing but pink orchards, scattered so far as to give the island the form and color of a pink cloud at the gates of dawn. The lake sparkled in the morning sun, and far-off mountains marked the golden horizon.

Father Antoine invited Jerome to breakfast after Mass, and smiled at his enthusiasm over the island scent. He presented him with a plate of delicate apples.

"Their flavor is peculiar to this island," he said, "and will give you a hint of the pride of Isle Lamotte, the little autumn apple known as La Fameuse. It does not pass through the winter like this sturdier fellow. Its flavor is wonderful. Let me tell you a story about it. A Canadian gentleman sent a box of La Fameuse to a friend in France. The friend served them thoughtlessly one day to a visitor,

a famous gourmet, who when he had tasted fell into an ecstasy, declaring that he had never thought to encounter a new flavor again. The host ordered a barrel from Quebec the next autumn, and at a dinner given to the famous Papal soldier, General de Charette, surrounded by the gourmet and his distinguished fellows, served the apples in gold tissue-paper. They all declared La Fameuse the most perfect apple in the world."

"How delightful!" murmured Jerome.

They sat in a small room (for the house was not large), between a kitchen and a parlor. An old woman opened the kitchen door now and then, at the tinkle of a little bell, to serve the guest, about whom she felt very nervous. In the parlor were four benches like those in the church.

"We have catechism class in there," said Father Antoine.

"It must be exhilarating," commented Jerome.

"Children have the joy of heaven and earth in them," said the priest, with something like reproof in his tone. "Now we shall adjourn to my study," he observed, after they had finished their coffee.

Jerome offered him a choice *perfecto*, and followed him, wondering in what part of the small house a study could be found. A stair, so small that an inch less of space would have made it a chimney step-ladder, led them to a tiny hall two feet wide and eight feet long. On one side of the hall Jerome saw a very small bedroom, on the other the study, which had a desk near a window, books wherever they could find a footing, and two chairs. A pipe from the stove in the dining-room heated the small room in winter.

"What do you think of it? Is it not cosy?"

"It is a fine illustration of how little we need in this world."

"Ah, you have hit it, Mr. Lavelle! And I see by the remark, along with other things (if you will pardon me for mentioning them), that you are not happy."

"It is no secret, Father; and my friends can tell you the reason."

"But I shall ask you instead."

"I am what is called in the world a failure."

"And in what have you failed?"

"In everything. Do I not look like it?"

Father Antoine gazed at him a few minutes through the perfumed smoke that now put to flight the odor of apple blossoms. He saw a well-preserved man of forty-five, ruddy in countenance, with shadows around his soft dark eyes, as if weariness had overtaken him; his hands and feet lacked elegance, being too large; his figure also lacked good proportions, although height and weight were beyond the average. It struck the priest that nature had begun to fashion something strong and shapely, but had stopped short at the point of development and forgotten to finish. Jerome on Isle Lamotte looked *distingué*; in a crowd on Broadway he looked like the crowd.

Father Antoine said candidly:

"You do not look like a failure."

"Of course I am not a tramp—"

"Pardon me! What are you now, what do you possess, what is your standing in your own community? Failure is so relative a term."

"I have a good position as a journalist in the city; I have a neat income, which I must earn by steady work, say three thousand a year. It enables me to indulge in leisure like the present. I have good health, a few friends and a few relatives—and yet I have failed. I am called a failure."

"Up here you would be called a success," said the priest. "Perhaps the criticism of your associates—"

"Very little I care for that," Jerome said, with a gesture of scorn. "They are failures too. I am a failure, and it has saddened me so that I have to run away from the sight of it in the looks and remarks of the people around me. In the wilderness I forget it and get courage to go back after a few months and take up the grind again."

"In the opinion of your friends you are a failure. Very well. In what have you failed? Did you attempt something of great importance, which collapsed through your fault? A financial enterprise, perhaps?"

"Nothing collapsed," Jerome replied, laughing. "Perhaps the best way to express it would be: nothing happened."

"I see. Great expectations raised, nothing realized. Quite common."

"Oh, quite!"

"What a delicious cigar! We never meet this quality in Vermont except by mere luck. As I was saying, most men are failures from the viewpoint of their parents or their own. I am such a failure. Ah, what dreams I had in the old Breton days! See now to what they have come: the Corners on Isle Lamotte!"

"You stump me too easily," said Jerome. "Just remember that you are the priest always, and the priest is a success no matter what the present form of his external fortune. Even the worldling admits that, you know, while declaring that you can not live up to your own standard. You have a noble mission; you have the love and devotion of your own people, and the respect of others. Men make you an exception always, whether as a martyr, a leader, or a suspect. But we unordained men have nothing but what we earn or receive from our parents, and are without honor unless we achieve some distinction."

"Very true, and yet you have not told me how you failed, in what your failure consists. Shall I play the attorney for the defendant and cross-examine the accuser? You charge Jerome Lavelle with having failed. I am convinced that, on the contrary, he has won great success. You will now be precise in your charges, and you must name them in order."

"Briefly, then, I set out to be a great writer thirty years ago, and to-day I am simply a literary hack, which means that I can do any kind of work from the commonest to the most complex, get well paid for it, and nothing more. I am as a carpenter to an architect, a sign-painter to

an artist, a pianist to a composer. I wrote novels which no one bought and the critics passed by; essays without wit and style; dramas which acted fairly well but earned no applause and no money; poems which were paid for but not considered poetry. The exasperating part was that they came within an inch of that vitality which means literature and also fame."

"Just like your person!" the priest thought, as he looked at the unfinished product of nature; and, as if one brain acted on the other, Jerome remarked after a pause:

"I have often thought that in me a cogwheel was left out that should be in the machinery. To come so near success and miss it! What saddens me most is the fatuity that often attacks me. I left a noble place on a magazine to write plays that fell in the waste-basket. I made money and threw it away. I made friends and lost them through mere imprudence. I gave it up at last, and am living the life of the old horse for whom there is nothing more but the bone-yard."

"How sad, after years of labor! And now you are depressed, cynical, worn out; there is neither the joy of life nor the joy of heaven in you. My friend, you have made blunders indeed, of which you are aware, and you are paying the penalty; but there is one blunder which you have made, of which you are not aware, and yet it is the greatest of all."

"Ah, then, you have solved my case!" Jerome said, with genial cynicism. "Perhaps, too, you have found the remedy for my ill, and I shall leave the isle of apple blossoms cured?"

"Who knows?" said Father Antoine. "But, now that our cigars are finished, let us set forth and see the island in its glory. Do you know that we have here amid the apple blossoms a tree that once flowered in the sight of the whole world? Did you ever read the stories of John Frederick Smith in your youth?"

"They were my delight, but I knew nothing about the author."

"Come and see, my friend," said the priest, as he led the way.

The Corners looked as raw in the light of the June sun as beef in a butcher's shop. Father Antoine gazed at his house and church with sad eyes, for they were as ugly as the village.

"Can anything ever be done with them?"

"A great deal," replied the other, with a thought for the matter.

They walked down the road, chatting on all things, and drinking in the perfume of the fairy orchards. Blossoms fell on them, and their feet crushed them; for the south wind still blew lightly, and had set up a family mourning. The blossoms were leaving home forever. Presently they came to a dark wood, in the center of which stood a lonely house. On the veranda sat a sage of eighty years, with silver hair and flowing beard, dressed in a habit of black velvet and wearing a velvet skullcap. He greeted the priest and his companion with the courtesy and the indifference of age, and accepted the compliments of Jerome on the stories of his prime without pleasure.

"I had my day," he said, "and here I sit watching the apple blossoms with more pleasure than I have in reading the verses and novels of my youth. I chatted with Gregory XVI. in the gardens of the Vatican, and had more than one interview with Pius IX. My father, as a member of the deputation which bore to Cardinal Stuart, the Duke of York (the last of his line), the pension granted to him by the English Government, took me with him to Rome. I wrote a play on Wolsey about the time Lyttón's 'Richelieu' set all the managers wild to present an ecclesiastic to their patrons. Oh, I did great things! We *all* did great things; but I have forgotten them, and I thought everybody else had. After all, it takes time and effort to extinguish even those who are willing to be extinguished. Do you know, my two greatest pleasures are watching these apple blossoms in spring and the falling snow in winter?"

"It is an unexpected pleasure to find you here in this wilderness," said Jerome.

"I dare say. I found it unexpected myself. Travelling up Lake Champlain in 1874, just after a visit to my friend Robert Bonner (you know Bonner of the *Ledger*? Most people know him better as the owner of Maud S.), I met a boy who brought me here. I wanted a quiet place, and here I have remained. I may go back home, although my obituary was written two years ago. The little irony of Fate! Just one life stands between me and a respectable fortune: a man seven years older than I. Just think of it! And he will outlive me; for Fate loves little tricks like that. Ah, there's a cloud of the pretty blossoms coming!"

He smiled as the wind bore a thousand of the pink and white leaves to his feet. He dismissed his visitors with a courtly bow, and they knew that he straightway forgot their visit.

"As I shall be when I am old," murmured Jerome to himself; but the priest heard and laughed. "As I am now, you would say, perhaps," Jerome added.

"As you never will be," Father Antoine replied.

He spent the day with the priest, hearing the story of the poor church, of the labor to build it, of the work in the sanctuary done by the pastor's hands in his hours of leisure. If he could but bring it to some kind of completion,—paint it, touch up the house, and then improve the grounds, so as to make beautiful this one spot devoted to God! Jerome considered the matter and offered himself for the task, as he could paint, do carpenter work, make a garden, and furnish enough money to buy the necessary material. He would ask in return only such help as a thoughtful priest might be inspired to give him in his depressed condition; and Father Antoine promised in all simplicity to dispose his soul and mind to resignation and peace.

Jerome had a jolly time of it for a month, doing much more than he had

promised, and much more than the priest knew of until long after. The lively chats with the natives in the post office led to a discussion of village improvement. As the church and its grounds grew in beauty under the skilful work of Jerome, a fever of improvement seemed to seize the dwellers on the main street. Old fences were turned into firewood, grass-plots were trimmed, bushes and trees were planted, vines were trained, the road was mended and cleaned and set in order. Even the poor, encouraged by a present of paint and a few dollars, contributed their mite. In a month the Corners looked so pretty that a score of wandering tourists remained long enough to add to the ready cash of the town, and the post office hummed three times a day with what Jerome called metropolitan enterprise. The parish residence had taken on an air of reticence, of reserve, of shy dignity, where before it seemed to have fallen off a wagon onto its lot. On the simple and beautiful lawn the church stood transfigured, polished to the fingernail, so that Father Antoine could not keep back his tears.

"I never hoped to see it so beautiful, though I often saw it thus in my dreams," he said. "And yet you call yourself a failure, Jerome!"

"Do not remind me of what I forget here," Jerome replied, frowning.

"But I have something to show you, my friend. I am always saying: 'Come and see.' This time you will indeed be surprised."

Jerome smiled at the sight unveiled to him in the corridor of the second floor,—his own fifteen volumes of second-class authorship,—stories, dramas, essays and poems, at which he used to make faces before he consigned them to the limbo in the garret at home. He thought Father Antoine had ordered them in some fashion, just to show his esteem for him.

"Poor orphans!"

"They were here when you came," said the priest; "and I had read them all before you arrived. I do not agree with

you that you are a failure. Ah, had I the talent to produce such books, how I should thank God to give Him such glory in the world, and to be of such use to Him! I read these books during the winters of the past two years, and enjoyed them, never dreaming that I should receive further service from the author. So I am not prejudiced. You think you have failed. Do you know how many lonely souls like myself, in the waste places of the land, have had pleasure, sweet thoughts, good resolutions, from your books? No, you do not. Do you remember that I told you of a great blunder,—the greatest which you had committed? It is just this: you forgot what you had achieved, in disgust over your failure to achieve the impossible. Because you did not reach the height, you forgot how far you had climbed. You have been made miserable by that which had no existence, when you could have been very happy with the fruits of your labors. There is your blunder, my friend."

"Perhaps you are right, Father Antoine," Jerome answered calmly.

"You want me to convince you, I see," continued the priest. "I must be frank. I admit that your talent is not of the highest. But is that your fault? You have given up good work because it was not Dante's or Thackeray's. Was that conscientious? What threatens to ruin you is ambition. Because you could not be first you would be last—that is, nothing. If you could not serve God as the Archangel Michael, then you would be a deaf-mute in a cellar. You would hide your talent in a napkin and bury it. What a blunder! What sinful pride! What wretched conceit! You are like a man who throws a million dollars into the sea because he is too great to deal with less than two millions."

And at that Father Antoine burst into laughter at his own figures and the wrinkling face of Jerome, who began to understand some inexplicable things in himself.

"You must get back to work when this vacation is over, and turn your talent to

the service of God, and of man also, who needs all that can be done for him. When you have forgotten your ambition, you will work well. One man works on the summit, another lower down, a third midway, a fourth at the foot of the mountain, a fifth in the plain,—the eagle in the sky and the worm in the dark earth; and God rewards all alike, with the only reward worth having—His loving care and acknowledgment of the service rendered and the duty well done. You see I am becoming an orator. What do you think of my analysis?"

"I do not see all that you see," answered Jerome.

"Must I cut deeper, then? It is plain that your mind and body are of common mould, but your soul has the fineness which they lack. It has urged you to attempt more than they can perform. But the body perishes, and the mind is transformed, so they do not count. For the soul there remains the great success of a virtuous life here and an eternal life hereafter. Why not be content with this success, which is assured to every man that tries for it? No man really fails who keeps it in view. Did you not lose sight of it? For the conditions, you did extremely well."

"The mediocre mind and the deficient body directed by the ambitious soul," said Jerome, thoughtfully. "I think you have opened the source of the trouble, Father Antoine. Ah, that one could live his life over again!"

"One would simply be the same fool in a different way, my friend. We must learn by our blunders. Pardon me for being so blunt, but it is necessary that you should see the facts, and learn resignation to the inevitable. You have done so much good that it grieves me to see you ignorant of it, and without proper appreciation of it."

"I thank you!" Jerome answered.

He thought it over that night by the glowing camp-fire, and arrived headlong at the conclusion delicately suggested

by the priest. He had not really failed. Industry and devotion and faith and character had produced the best work of which he was capable. His mistake lay in his supposition that he had a greater capacity than nature had given him. He must now cheerfully accept the lesser place, and work without regret or pain. Even the earth-worm has his rightful place in the general scheme, and his small contribution deserves respect.

"After all, Father," he said the next day, "I was right in thinking when I first saw you that you could help me."

"It was very, very easy," the priest said mischievously. "You children of the city are clever but not deep. For example, you never asked me how I came to get your books, and when I got them. A poor priest can not buy fifteen volumes just for the pleasure of reading them."

"It is true that we are clever but not deep, and generous but also selfish. Was there anything strange in getting them?"

"They were a gift from a sufferer who came to me two years ago for help and consolation. The opinion of you and your work expressed by this person I found confirmed by my own reading. I would not mention her name, but that I heard you once speak it with deep respect. And again in a day-dream, with a tone not to be mistaken, you spoke it—Miriam!"

Jerome opened his mouth to exclaim, and then gathered himself together.

"We drifted apart five years ago, and I never thought, being a failure, that she cared for me. I never mentioned it. I wasn't fit. Do you think that she—?"

He could not finish the sentence, for emotion choked him.

"These books were her special affection, all that remained of her happiness, she said; and she gave them to me as a token of her resignation to the will of God. They had been part of her life, as they have become part of mine, but in a different fashion. I have not seen her since. What is wrong, my friend?"

For Jerome had risen from his seat and

made ready to go with speed, such a look in his eyes as frightened the Curé.

"I am going to find the other admirer of my works," he answered in great good humor. "I have in some measure, Monsieur le Curé, rewarded you for the painful study of those fifteen volumes by painting your property and putting this street in good shape. I must now discover this young lady and do as much for her. And I promise now that I shall devote a part of my time to the discovery and encouragement of such persons as have survived the reading of the books bearing my name."

"I understand. *Au revoir*, and a speedy return! Bear in mind that I shall look for you before the end of the season, or at least next June in the time of apple blossoms. Moreover, I shall send you a barrel of La Fameuse in October."

"God bless you forever!" Jerome said as they clasped hands.

Then he swung out into the road with the stride of a boy. The apple blossoms no longer fell at his feet, but a faint odor of their presence lingered in the summer air, and to him the whole earth seemed filled with them. He struck camp in half an hour, crossed the lake to the west shore, and took possession of the telegraph office for the evening. Some events happen quickly. The night train bore him away at nine, and he fell into Broadway next morning in time for breakfast, where Cupid served him dishes with whose names he was familiar, but whose creamy flavor had never reached him before.

A month later he could be seen on a ladder painting the upper part of the new barn of Father Antoine, while a lady of dignified mien admired his skill from the ground, and the oldest inhabitant mixed paint and advice in equal proportions. His romance and his regeneration had come together, and his chief delight all that summer was in listening to an affectionate discussion of his mediocre books between the two who loved him and thought him a man of many talents.

Adoro Te Devote.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

(An English rendering in the original rhythm.)

HUMBLY I adore Thee, Hidden Deity,
Who beneath these symbols hidden deign'st
to be;

Lo, my heart, Lord Jesu! wholly yields to Thee,
Lost in contemplation, fainteth utterly.

Sight and taste and feeling in Thee go astray,
Yet on hearing only may we surely stay;

I believe whate'er the Son of God hath said,
Truer word than this was never utterèd.

On the Cross was hidden Thy Divinity,
Here is hidden also Thy Humanity;
Yet in both professing my most firm belief,
Ask I that which asked Thee once the dying Thief.

Lo! Thy wounds, like Thomas, now I can not see,
Yet, my Lord, my God, do I acknowledge Thee;
Grant me to believe Thee ever more and more,
Hope in Thee, and love Thee better than before.

O most blest memorial of my dying Lord,
Living Bread, who dost to man new life afford!
Grant us still for life, dear Lord, to Thee to go;
Grant us all Thy sweetness in this Food to know.

Jesu! Loving Jesu! wash me now, I pray,—
Wash my sins, my vileness, in Thy Blood away;
Blood, one drop of which hath such stupendous
price

That it might to ransom all the world suffice.

Jesu, whom beneath these symbols now I see,
Grant my heart's desire, all athirst for Thee!
Grant, the veil removing, in Thy dwelling-place,
Lord, the bliss to see Thee, even face to face!

TRY to get ten minutes a day to pray before the Blessed Sacrament in church; it is worth an hour of prayer anywhere else. "The Star went and stood over the place where the young Child was." Were not the Wise Men glad when they saw it? Follow that Star—the Star of the Blessed Sacrament,—and when the devil presses you, let him press you there.

—Faber's Letters.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXV.

"MARRIED!" exclaimed Lett in almost stupid amazement. "Your cousin, Warren Blount, married!"

"Married," answered Sydney. "But quite secretly, by a magistrate. As soon as the thing was irrevocable, he came to his senses and realized what he had done. And when he thought of how grandmamma would take such conduct, he was ready to hang himself. He came to me in despair—positive despair,—and I could give him no comfort. I was perfectly horrified, and terrified too, to think how outraged grandmamma would be, how keenly she would feel it. She had so high a sense of honor and so much family pride. I knew exactly what she would say: that Warry had jilted me, and outrageously insulted her, and also disgraced himself. I was afraid, and so was he, that she would send for her lawyer and disinherit him on the spot.

"Still, if I had been in his place, I should have gone straight to her and confessed, trusting to her generosity for forgiveness. But he shivered at the bare suggestion, and was in agony until I promised on my honor not to tell her. And then I suddenly remembered her health, and the sacrifice I had just resolved to make for her, and that it could not be made now; and that even if Warren wanted to confess his shameful conduct, it would not be safe to give her the shock of hearing it; and I did not see what could be done. But I told Warry distinctly that the moment papa came home—he was in California—he must be told, so that he could decide what to do. Warren was awfully frightened at this, and tried to persuade me that, for the time being, there was no necessity to do anything but persist in my refusal to consent to the marriage.

"I was disgusted with his selfishness in wishing to palm off all the odium and

responsibility on me; and I said: 'If you don't tell papa, I will—just as soon as he comes. And it will look much better for you to tell him yourself. For heaven's sake, have a little courage and manliness! You've done the thing, and now you have to take the consequences.'—'Yes,' he said, setting his teeth; 'and I wish to God I could undo it!' And I really believe he would have been willing never to see Caroline again, in this world or the next, if he could have undone it. I urged him to write at once to papa, and he promised to do so. But he never did.

"He went back to Georgetown, where he was studying law; and a month passed and still papa did not come. He was having a great deal of trouble with his business in California, and for that reason his return was delayed again and again. Grandmamma's health was not good, though she did not change her usual habits much. But she told me that she had heart disease and might die suddenly, and that this was the reason she was so anxious about my marriage. Oh, it was so hard to me not to throw myself down at her knees and tell her that I would marry Warren that minute if I could, to satisfy her; but that I couldn't, as he was married already. I dared not risk telling her this, even if I had not promised Warren that I would not. It would have been such a grief as well as shock and shame to her. I thought it was better, so far as she was concerned, to let her go on blaming what she and papa called my contumacy.

"All this time Henri was in Europe travelling with his sister and her husband, to keep the man, who was an incorrigible gambler, away from Monte Carlo. I had written to him as soon as grandmamma sprung her project upon us, imploring him to come to the rescue. But, as he was going constantly from place to place, my letters missed him, and he knew nothing of the straits I was in until he returned unexpectedly on business. I was sitting in the schoolroom one evening, going through the form of pretending to study

my lessons, when the door opened and he walked in. My appearance shocked him as much then as my skeleton face did this morning. And when he heard my story, he was, oh, so angry! But he was apprehensive too; for he knew grandmamma's character, and that it would not be easy to persuade her to give up her determination, now that the affair had gone so far. And the complication that Warren had brought on made it twice as bad as it would otherwise have been; for he agreed with me that it would never do for her to know that. He walked up and down the floor, motioning me not to talk while he was thinking. He had arrived on the evening train, and had come in immediately after dinner; and, as it happened most luckily, grandmamma was dining out, and Miss Berry was in her own room with a very bad headache. So Henri and I had a good, comfortable two hours to talk the affair over; for when grandmamma was out in the evening no visitors were admitted.

Sydney paused here to take breath; and Mildred said:

"Wasn't Mr. de Wolff a visitor?"

"Henri!" Sydney exclaimed. "Why, no! He has always belonged to me, and I to him. And to grandmamma, he was *l'ami de la maison*, who came in as unceremoniously as papa and Warry. You see, his mother was grandmamma's dearest friend; and I was named after her youngest daughter, who died just before I was born. I was her godchild, and she spoiled me even worse than grandmamma did. But she lived only until I was five years old; and when she was dying I was carried to her bedside, and she made Henri hold me in his arms and promise solemnly to take care of me as if I were the Sydney who had died—his little sister.

"He has kept his promise by looking after me more than most men do after their sisters and daughters. And it must have been an awful bore to him; for I considered him absolutely my property, given to me by my godmamma just as she had given me dolls and toys, and was

merciless in my demands on his attention, until I got old enough to know how selfish it was. Grandmamma and papa were very much attached to him and thought him a paragon, until in my defence he interfered with their project. He is not a saint like you, Joyeuse, in the way of prayers and mortifications. Indeed he would be a little careless of his religious duties if I did not keep him up to the mark, as my godmamma told me I must. Father Gervase used to shake his head and say, 'Henri de Wolff is one of the men who would die for their faith if necessary any day, but do not like the trouble of practising it.' But he has been as good as a saint to me. And he was resolved that I should not be tortured any longer, and that grandmamma should not be outraged by knowing of Warry's unprincipled conduct. That was what he called it.

"After walking up and down the floor for some time, thinking, he came and sat down by me, and said he could see but one way out of this miserable business, which was for me to engage myself to him. Of course I need not marry him if, when the time came, I did not want to; but the only thing which could be done just now was for him to offer himself to grandmamma as my suitor. And while I sat absolutely dumbstruck at such an idea, he went on to say that it was for grandmamma's sake we must do this; that I was safe, since I could not be made to marry a man who was already married; but that my supposed engagement to Warren must be broken off at once; for if he was not soon set at liberty to acknowledge his marriage—that is, to be married publicly,—Caroline was capable of doing something monstrous about it, perhaps telling grandmamma herself. If only papa were at home, he said, the thing could be managed some other way; for the truth could be told to papa, but never to grandmamma. And so he must tell her that I was determined not to marry Warren, and had engaged myself to him. And he would have to carry the point of my being

engaged to him by storm, if necessary,—in the teeth of *any* opposition on her part. He said he abhorred the idea of acting under false pretences: professing to defend me from a danger which did not exist. But for the state of grandmamma's health he could not do it. He had to consider that first of all; for he had long known that she had heart disease, and that any great excitement or mental trouble would be fatal to her. He had not a shadow of doubt but that if she heard of this disgraceful act of Warren's, she would die instantly. Under these circumstances it was the lesser of two evils to oppose her will, rather than let her become aware of the indignity with which she and I had been treated.

“When he had told me exactly what I was to do—and that was to do nothing, but leave it all to him when he came to see grandmamma in the morning,—he left me; for he did not want to meet her that night, and it was nearly time for her to return home.

“She never rose until late in the morning, and I seldom saw her until I went to pay her a visit of a few minutes for a little recess during my morning lessons. I went earlier than usual the next morning; for I knew Henri would come early, and I wanted to be out of the way before he appeared. I saw at once that she had heard of his arrival, and that she was counting on his using his influence with me to carry her point. And as I thought how disappointed she would be in this expectation, and how painful it would be to Henri to refuse a request of hers, I determined to spare them both as much as I could.

“‘Grandmamma,’ I managed to say, though my tongue seemed paralyzed, it was so hard to set it in motion, ‘when Henri was here last night, he asked me to marry him, and I engaged myself to him.’

“She looked at me in perfect amazement. She seemed actually startled. And just at that minute Henri was shown into the room. I expected her to receive him very

haughtily, with indignant reproaches. But no: she met him just as affectionately as usual, and they talked for half an hour just as easily as if each had not known what was coming. But at the very first available pause, Henri said to me, ‘I will speak to your grandmother now, Sydney,’ in a tone which meant that I was to leave the room; and I started up, glad to get away. Grandmamma motioned me to sit down again. And then I understood that she had heard what I told her, and had merely ignored it, to put Henri to the disadvantage of listening to what she said before he could say a word himself.

“‘You will be surprised to hear,’ Henri,’ she began at once, ‘that Sydney is giving me much trouble by her undutiful resistance to my will and her father's in the important affair of her settlement in life. The state of my health is so uncertain that, naturally, I am anxious about her future and Warren's,—hers particularly. With the approval of her father, I decided on a marriage between them. This would entirely relieve my anxiety, as it would provide in the most desirable manner for both of them. My estate if undivided would give them an easy fortune for the present, and wealth sufficient for any reasonable requirements when Sydney's inheritance is added to it. Warren has talent to make his way in the world creditably, and he has sound principles and good dispositions. He will make an amiable and compliant husband,—a consideration of the very first importance to his future wife. What more could any reasonable woman desire in her marriage? He assented at once to my wishes, and, I have cause to believe, has made every effort in his power to induce his cousin to act with equal propriety and obedience.

“‘But Sydney, I am mortified and grieved to say, seems totally deficient in the womanly sense and dignity which I have a right to expect from her. She has conducted herself like a spoiled child. She does not wish to marry—if she marries at all—until she is much older, she tells me;

and especially she can not endure the thought of marrying the man who has always seemed like a brother to her. Now, you know this is superlative nonsense. She ought to have sense enough to understand that these are questions for my judgment, not hers, to decide. I am satisfied that it is for her best interests and ultimate happiness that she marry her cousin, and I have already ascertained that there will be no difficulty about the necessary dispensation. And now I want you, Henri, to bring the child to reason. You always had more patience with her erratic humors and fancies than I ever had. Show her how irrational as well as undutiful her conduct is. You are the only person who can do this, I believe.'

"'I can not do it,' he answered. 'I can not persuade her to marry another man. She has promised to marry me.'

"He was sitting close to grandmamma's chair, and as he spoke he made a little motion to me. I flew to him and flung myself on the sofa beside him. He put his arm around me, and I rested my cheek against his shoulder and looked at grandmamma."

(To be continued.)

The Late Procurator of the Holy Synod.

BY BEN HURST.

CATHOLICS can always afford to do justice to their enemies. They will certainly not join in the torrent of execrations which accompany the departure of the great figure of the Procurator of the Russian Synod from the world in which he played so prominent a part. Bearing in mind that he was a firm believer, a straightforward man according to his lights, a clean-living man in comparison with his surroundings, a man who for the most part acted on his principles, we do not think that Catholics whom he so cruelly persecuted will do otherwise than grieve at his wasted zeal, and at the misguided energies which under proper

control would have redounded to the glory of Christ. If Pobiedonostoff was intolerant of all other creeds than his own, he was also intolerant of flaunting vice. He never condoned merely nominal Christianity, or countenanced the loose morality of the day. True, his own early life contained a hidden flaw; but this he afterward repaired, and he remained a practical advocate of monogamy to the end of his days. Since his retirement from the Russian court there have been pronounced in favor of members of the imperial family at least two divorces which during his time of influence could not have been obtained.

Pobiedonostoff strove by reprehensibly violent methods to enforce, from every individual styling himself Orthodox, compliance with the rules for religious worship, the frequentation of the Sacraments, and the observance of fasts, as enjoined by the State Church. His tyranny was felt most by the adherents of a convenient *modus vivendi*, who profess to belong to this church while openly repudiating its claims on their private lives, despising its tenets, and even mocking at its outward forms. Because he did not grasp the notion of a universal church independent of nationality, because he identified Christianity with "Orthodoxy" and "Orthodoxy" with the State of Russia, his ideals were unattained. His endeavors to "reconcile" Catholics were particularly disastrous. By the enforcement of a stringent code of laws, Poles and other Catholics outside the immediate provinces of Poland were hindered from practising their religion. In Poland itself every facility was extended for Russian proselytism. The recusancy of Catholics was the great puzzle and disappointment of this short-sighted statesman. The hopeless condition of Christianity within his own pale was a still more poignant problem; and, after straining mind and heart to reach the impossible, he saw all his work engulfed in a sea of disaster.

Pobiedonostoff's grandfather was a

clergyman, his father a professor of literature in Moscow University. Although his natural bent was to intellectual pursuits—and theology above all else fascinated him,—it is not recorded that he ever contemplated taking Holy Orders. Indeed he would have been singularly out of place among the ranks of the ignorant and tepid Russian clergy. After he had finished a course of law, his marked capacity for difficult and abstruse work made him rise rapidly in the State service. In spite of his rigid bearing he exercised a wonderful attraction on those with whom he came in contact. He gradually became general secretary of all senatorial offices in Moscow, and as a young man of thirty filled the important post of Professor of Civil Law. His pupils loved him, and his gentle manners and clear method of discourse made him a most desirable teacher. He was chosen as tutor to the young prince who afterward became Alexander III., and through whose influence he was named to the Senate and thence to the State Council. The Peace Tsar, whose magnanimity and purity of life mark a new era in the history of Russia's rulers, is one of the best proofs of Pobiedonostoff's salutary influence. One of the first acts after his accession, when his father, Alexander II., was assassinated in the streets of Petersburg, was to make his former tutor Procurator of the Holy Synod.

Unhappily, the would-be reformer of religion in Russia had henceforward in his hands the means of relentlessly crushing Roman Catholics and all other dissentients. There are as many sects in Russia as in England, and his repression of them was so violently enforced that his colleagues remonstrated, and were thereupon expelled from the Synod by the all-powerful Pobiedonostoff. The Quietists, the Old Believers, all who tampered with the Ritual, the cavillers at the Virgin Birth, were treated alike as infamous blasphemers and as such punished by the law courts. The Duchobers or Spiritists, who refused from religious motives to serve in the

army, were banished to Cyprus, whence many fled to Canada. He treated the Jews as the English settlers in Ireland treated the Irish within the Pale. He did not scruple to confiscate millions belonging to the Armenian Church in Russia and to employ it for the benefit of the imperial schools.

He was no respecter of persons, and more than one Russian nobleman found his way to Siberia for obdurate denial of a dogma. A Russian who embraced the Roman Catholic faith was exiled and saw his property confiscated. I know of some Russian converts who travelled outside the land every year in order to make their Easter Communion because they did not wish to expose the Catholic priests to danger. A gentleman of the Tsar's immediate environment (whom I have since reason to believe was at that time already in secret a Catholic) once confided to me that it was pitiful not to be allowed to look in when passing a Catholic church on certain days "when the altar decorations were artistically attractive," since no movement of any personage of importance escaped Pobiedonostoff's eagle eye. His spies, in truth, governed Russia for a quarter of a century, and were as active within the palace as in the remotest village.

He did not approve of "unpractical" education for the peasantry, but he thought it important that they should be well grounded in religious belief. Unhappily for his theories, example teaches better than precept, and the lax lives of the Russian priests sterilized the effect of their imparted doctrines. Many of his views were, however, elevated and wise, and prove that he was an assiduous reader of the greatest Catholic thinkers and preachers. "Book learning," he would say, "will not teach a man to face death calmly." And again: "Civilization mostly means an increase of vice." Virtue was, however, to be ensured by a strict adherence to the tenets of the Russian Church only. Jews and Democrats were his two special horrors, while Catholics

often roused him to fury by the logical practice of his own precepts. Freethinkers style him in intended opprobrium, "a Jesuit gone astray in Russia," and Catholics will not repudiate the assertion. His faith, his asceticism, his ardor, had they been exercised within the True Church, would certainly have been directed to redound to Christ's honor and glory. The deviation of moral instinct which drove him to ferocity in the pursuit of his objects was due to the fatal want of spiritual control which so often bars all good effects in the most ideal of Christians separated from the parent tree. His sound views on the pretended perfectibility of man were the outcome of his experience during a life of keen observation. Here are some of his aphorisms:

"Teaching the masses to reason, and counting on reason for the regeneration of humanity, is absurd. Man will never lose the original taint which makes him at times impervious to reason."—"Rationalism, in France and elsewhere, has only pernicious fruits."—"Faith stands above all logical theorems, and all systems of philosophy. Faith is the only motor of good."—"Government by the people is the great lie of our times."—"In order to preserve Faith, the Church, its keeper, must be dominant."—"There can be no variance of Ritual. Different Rituals mean different churches, and there can be but one Church." (This Church was, of course, in his mind, the Russian Church; and the Russian nation was its vehicle to the world.)—"It is folly to ignore Death, which is ever ready right behind our chair."—"They are profane pigmies who try to improve on the Evangelists."—"Who dares bring the poison of his narrow intellect into the sacred temple of God?"

Pobiedonostoff was impregnable in debate, for his vast learning furnished him with logical arguments to support his theses. What he called the "plague" of foreign culture stood him in good stead for the demonstration of his theory that foreign culture was harmful to the great

mass of Russians. He had drunk of it himself only to save his people from its subversive consequences. For the unregenerate West he did what he could. Russian churches were built throughout Europe in all great centres; and even where the influx of Russian tourists could not justify their existence. But the doctrine of quiescence in religion was incomprehensible to him. "If a man believes absolutely he must seek to impress his belief on others." The manner in which he himself did this during the twenty-five years of his governing Russia raised up bands of revolutionaries that now threaten the stability of the throne.

He failed in his attempt to perpetuate autocracy. He failed in his attempt to reform the clergy, whom he found "coarse, ignorant and lazy." He failed in his attempt to coerce Catholics; but he persisted to the end in his thankless task, hoping in the humble poor whose sincere piety could draw down blessings on Russia. He deplored the grant of liberty to the press, the aids to material development, the relegation to a secondary place of tradition and spiritual idealism, that accompanied the introduction of a new constitutional era in Russia. When forced to retire before the approach of democratic ideas hastened by the unfortunate war with Japan, he survived but one year; although, owing to his frugal and laborious life, he seemed to have a healthy old age before him.

It is to his credit that he died poor. While holding the greatest post in Russia, loaded with honors and favors by three successive Tsars, he rarely appeared at court; and when he did, his modest demeanor made him pass unobserved. Sometimes the lean face, deep-set eyes, and stern face with the inflexible mouth, might be glimpsed in a corner round which a clear space (respect or fear?) showed that even the most privileged courtiers did not intrude unbidden.

When he chose to speak, a stream of elegant and persuasive oratory flowed

from his lips. But he was happiest in his library, plunged in linguistic and theological studies. His literary culture was wide. Curiously enough, he had a strong predilection for American authors. Emerson and Whittier were his favorites. He was a corresponding member of the French Academy, but his chief mental powers were expended in works on ecclesiastical and legal themes in the Russian tongue. All these have become standard works. Too politic to voice his opinion of the validity of Anglican Orders, it is nevertheless well-known that his attitude was uncompromising toward the project of union between the English and Russian churches. A fusion with Rome would not, in his mind, have been undesirable, provided Russian supremacy was safeguarded. As matters stood, however, he saw in Rome an insurmountable enemy who baffled him on his own ground.

Fearless by nature, he was never induced by the different attempts on his life which were excited by his fanatical persecutions of the Jews, to depart from his rule of accepting no police escort. Once only, for the sake of his wife and little daughter, he took refuge with them in Germany until the storm of revolt aroused by his exceptionally harsh measures had subsided in the land groaning under his iron rod.

Looking back over the man's career, the upright on whom he inflicted such cruel wrongs will not refuse him a certain esteem. They will regret that he was outside the beneficent discipline of the Vatican, which lost in him a mighty lever for the peaceful extension of the kingdom of Christ. They will attribute his aberration to exclusion from the true source of graces, and recall his own words that *sin exists in order that we may do penance and atone*. Above all, they will see standing out in bright letters, this palliation for the man: he was sincere.

THE crowd turns toward the absurd as steel toward the magnet.—G. Droz.

Of General Concern.

AN English Protestant, a resident of Paris for more than a quarter of a century, and, according to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, a keen observer, contributes to the *Dublin Review* an illuminative article on "Anti-Clericalism in France." We should like to reproduce many paragraphs in which the writer uses his first-hand knowledge of existing conditions to puncture sundry specious fallacies of able editors in England and the United States whose actual acquaintance with France and Frenchmen is about as hazy as are their notions of Mars and (possible) Martians; but the following must suffice:

Allusions to Freemasonry and its work often provoke a sceptical smile from people who have not probed below the surface. For Englishmen acquainted with the purely social and benevolent character of the lodges in their own country it is particularly hard to realize the wide difference between them and the great bulk of the French lodges. Yet it is a fact that years and years ago the Grand Lodge of England severed all connection with the Grand Orient of France, and solemnly forbade its members from setting foot in one of its *ateliers*. Grand Orient had officially repudiated "the Great Architect of the Universe," thus making a bold profession of atheism, and this was the reason.

Masonry as practised by the Grand Orient of France is anti-religious and subversive. It is believed by many experts in history to have played a very active part in the organization and execution of the great Revolution of 1789, and since that period it has asserted itself again and again. More than a quarter of a century ago its influence in the Republic was no secret to those who were behind the scenes. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that France has been, and still is, largely governed by an occult and irresponsible power.

That there has been, all along, a determined effort on the part of Masonry to deal a death-blow at religion in France is now manifest to all clear-sighted and impartial observers. The examples of Masonic intrigue and open hostility toward the Church cited by this fair-minded Protestant, though striking enough, would not be new to readers of THE AVE MARIA. As showing that the struggle now going

on in France is of vital interest to other countries, the writer says:

It has been argued *ad nauseam* that these Church questions concern only France. But history has proved over and over again that events in France react on her neighbors, as was demonstrated by the Revolution of 1848, to cite one example,—and, now that Gallomania is so fashionable in England, there is more danger of this than ever. People in England have been led astray by the plausible cry that this is simply a struggle between the French Government, with a loyal majority of the nation at its back, and Pope Pius X., who, a holy ecclesiastic no doubt, but totally ignorant of the ways of the world, is merely a tool in the hands of Cardinal Merry del Val, a sombre and fanatical Spaniard. M. Combes, who might have been expected to know better, actually described his Eminence, in an article contributed to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna early in January, as "this descendant of the Inquisitors," who "is scarcely less haughty and less harsh toward Spain, although she is his mother-country, than toward France." He appeared to be totally ignorant of the fact that Cardinal Merry del Val had been born and brought up in free England.

As has already been pointed out, the persistent hostility toward the Church was fast approaching its climax during the lifetime of Pope Leo XIII., who was so conciliatory of the Republic that he actually broke up and shattered the Conservative elements, thus leaving the Catholics at the mercy of their foes when the storm burst. . . . The Church in France is fighting the battle of religion at large, and as its champion she deserves the sympathy of all who have the future of religion sincerely at heart.

We feel certain that sympathy will nowhere be withheld, once the facts of the case become general knowledge. Self-interest alone should prompt such a sentiment. That events in France—the larger historical events, at least—react not merely on her neighbors, but on the non-French world generally, can not be gainsaid. The Revolution of 1789, for instance, very certainly influenced the politics of both hemispheres; and if the present war against religion in France were to result—as assuredly it will not—in the permanent defeat of the Church, it would be a woful war in its effects upon our own country as well as nearer neighbors of the Gallic Republic.

Notes and Remarks.

In marrying a millionaire who had one wife already to an actress who will probably be seeking a divorce before long, the Rev. John Clark, pastor of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., committed a double crime, the enormity of which it would be hard to exaggerate. In the first place, he violated the Christian law; and, secondly, he gave great scandal. His conduct deserved and, we are gratified to say, received the severest censure, not only from members of his own sect, but from the public generally. Monstrous as was Brother Clark's misdeed, however, his repentance has been so prompt and entire as almost to nullify it. In a letter to the trustees and deacons of his parish, written two days after his transgression, he confesses that he "did a great wrong" to his office and the Christian conception of the marriage relation, declares that he "realizes increasingly" the gravity of his offence, humbly craves "such charitable judgment as Christian charity may afford," and expresses willingness to receive any censure which may be considered commensurate.

We believe in Brother Clark's sincerity because he returned the fee which was given him. He has accordingly done all in his power to atone for his transgression, which we hope will be freely forgiven and quickly forgotten. Let us add that we respect Brother Clark a thousand times more than many Protestant ministers in good standing who frequently bear false witness against their Catholic brethren and are seldom known to make the slightest reparation for the grossest calumnies.

"It is pleasant, in these days of rampant academic atheism," says the *Freeman's Journal*, "to fall in with a scholar so accomplished as Doctor Emil Reich who grudges not his tribute to the excellence of education and training in Catholic colleges and seminaries." Some quota-

tions from the Hungarian philosopher's book on the attainment of success in life emphasize the justice of our contemporary's comment. Doctor Reich, who, by the way, is an unprejudiced observer, since he himself follows no accepted religion, writes:

The immense power of education is rarely realized by people in non-Catholic countries. Whatever opinions one may or may not have of the dogmas and liturgy of the Catholic Church, one thing remains quite certain: that that Church has at all times been able to raise efficient men and women for the ends it pursued; and so it has undoubtedly come to be, to the present day, a success of the most marvellous kind. In fact, nothing but wilful blindness can prevent one from saying that as a mere matter of success the Catholic Church is absolutely unique in history. No other organization of men and women, no other polity or body-politic of the same high order, has ever been known to survive nearly twenty centuries of European history.

Equally refreshing and not less gratifying is the following paragraph on the Book of Books, which is now being so generally attacked as a mere tissue of legends and fables:

The Bible has been written in tears and not in ink; in burning enthusiasm, and not copied from books; it seethes with life real and overflowing. Life wants life to explain it, and arm-chair scholars can not explain or criticize the Bible. In reality, the higher criticism proves nothing. The effect alone of the Bible proves its own authenticity. If the Prophets did not write the books ascribed to them, if these books were forged by some obscure scribes, hundreds of years after the death of the Prophets, then we stand before a miracle far greater than any other.

Not an original comment, perhaps; but, at this stage of Biblical criticism, a particularly timely one.

In view of the fact that an independent State is now the aspiration of some youthful patriots in Ireland, we are of opinion that Home Rule will not be much further delayed. The British Government knows the psychological moment for concessions to its discontented subjects. The unanimous rejection of the Irish-Council bill, proposed as a step toward Home Rule,

shows that the Roseberry idea of governing Ireland finds no acceptance with the Irish National Party. What Mr. Redmond and his associates understand by Home Rule is a freely-elected Irish Parliament, with an executive responsible to it; and they will be satisfied with nothing else. Said Mr. Redmond in a recent speech: "What we mean by Home Rule is that, in the management of all exclusively Irish affairs, Irish public opinion shall be as powerful as the public opinion of Canada or Australia is in the management of Canadian or Australian affairs. That is our claim. We rest that claim on historic right, historic title, but we rest it furthermore on the admitted failure of British government in Ireland for the last one hundred years."

Father Hull, of Bombay, has had a new and an agreeable experience, which he relates in a recent issue of the *Examiner*. It appears that the *Bombay Gazette*, in the course of last March, published a summary of "Three Years and a Half of Pius X.," the famous—or infamous—article contributed to the *North-American Review* by a self-styled "Catholic Priest." A correspondent of the *Examiner* called its editor's attention to the matter, and invited editorial comment thereon. Father Hull knew that a reply would be forthcoming from the Catholic press of this country, and decided to wait a while. The reply came, however, from the *Gazette* itself, which reproduced a good portion of Archbishop Ireland's thoroughly adequate criticism, also published in the *North American Review*. The manly course of the *Gazette's* editor elicits the admiration of his clerical fellow-journalist, who writes:

This is the first time in our experience that we have found a secular non-Catholic paper doing what the *Gazette* has here done. As a rule, what occurs is as follows: Some attack (or the account of some attack) on the Church is first published. Then some Catholic writes a letter to the editor complaining of the attack or answering it. In many cases this lucubration goes into the waste-paper basket, while some-

times it is published without comment. But never as yet have we seen the editor spontaneously answering his own leader embodying the attack by another leader embodying the defence. The occurrence is therefore worth recording as something almost, if not altogether, unique and certainly gratifying.

Something of a similar nature we noticed the other day in a Chicago daily. The *Tribune*, having printed *Gil Blas'* preposterous calumny about the attitude of the French clergy toward clerical celibacy had the grace to give, the next morning, the views of Bishop Muldoon and Chancellor Dunne as to the probable truth or falsehood of the story. Merely good journalism—or good business—if you will; but not so common as it might be, notwithstanding.

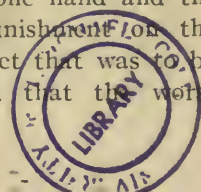
Our Salford (England) contemporary, the *Harvest*, premising that when a priest is nominated bishop, it is the custom for him either to choose a new coat-of-arms, or to adopt his family armorial bearings, for use upon his seal, the headings of official documents, and the like purposes, gives a list of the mottoes chosen by the bishops of England to accompany their arms. With one exception, that of Bishop Graham, Plymouth, *Ne oubliez* ("Do not forget"), these mottoes are in Latin. Here are a few of the more interesting ones:—Bishop Casartelli, Salford, *Fiat voluntas tua* ("Thy will be done"); Bishop Burton, Clifton, *In silentio et spe* ("In silence and hope"); Bishop Mostyn, Menevia, *Auxilium meum a Domino* ("My help is from the Lord"); Bishop White-side, Liverpool, *In fide et caritate* ("In faith and charity"); Bishop Allen, Shrewsbury, *Loquere, Domine: audit servus Tuus* ("Speak, Lord: Thy servant heareth"); Bishop Brindle, Nottingham, *Sub umbra illius tutamen* ("Under her shade is protection"); Bishop Hedley, Newport, *Fides, Spes, Caritas* ("Faith, Hope, Charity"); and, finally, Bishop Lacy, Middlesbrough, *Sedes Sapientiæ, Spes Nostra* ("Seat of Wisdom, our Hope").

The mottoes of American prelates are no less varied and interesting. That of

the Apostolic Delegate is the familiar Franciscan ejaculation, *Deus meus et omnia* ("My God and my all"). Cardinal Gibbons' motto is *Auspice Maria*; Bishop Maes' (Covington), *Crux mihi dux* ("The Cross to me a leader is"); Archbishop Moeller's (Cincinnati), *Pasce oves meas* ("Feed My sheep"); Archbishop Riordan's (San Francisco), *Deus providebit* ("God will provide"); Bishop O'Reilly's (Baker City), *In Domino confido* ("In God I confide"); Bishop Janssen's (Belleville), *Ave Maria*; Bishop Monaghan's (Wilmington), *Alma Virgo Mater, ora pro nobis*. Other beautiful and appropriate episcopal mottoes might be quoted. The one we like best, however, is that of the Bishop of Dacca, India: *In verbo Tuo laxabo rete* ("At Thy word I will let down the net").

They can still do fine things in France. Witness the act of an oldtime military commander the other day at Fontainebleau. It was at the burial of a veteran of 1870, who had carried in his body for nearly four decades one of several bullets that had felled him on the field of battle. The surgeons had been unable to extract the ball. It was in his breast somewhere, but upon his breast there had never lain—as in view of its commonness there surely might have lain—the Cross of Honor. The veteran's old commander was present at the funeral, and, detaching his own Cross of Honor, he quietly placed it among the flowers that had been cast upon the coffin of his companion in arms, so that, as he phrased it, "the Cross might one day rejoin the bullet of 1870, which will be found among the bones of the old hero."

The saddest feature of the deplorable situation in France is the increase of crime among the youth of the country. Irreligious education on the one hand and the abolition of capital punishment on the other have had the effect that was to be expected. We are told that the worst



offenders are now recruited from the ranks of mere youths, and nothing could be more significant. Country districts are being more and more deserted for the towns, where the working classes are left to their own devices, and so materialism is fast extending, together with discontent, strikes and agitation against employers. Poisonous literature, too, with the extraordinary license of plays which rarely quit the threadbare theme of breaches of the commandment against impurity, complete the demoralization. The prospect is indeed very gloomy.

The Catholic press of Australia is under obligations to the Bishop of Goulburn for a generous appreciation of its services to religion. Not all papers published under Catholic auspices in this country would deserve his Lordship's praise; but as aids to the clergy in the advocacy of Catholic principles, the defence of Catholic rights, and the promotion of Christian morality, the best of our papers merit far more encouragement than is anywhere accorded them. The fact that some Catholic publications are no credit to us, are rather harmful than helpful to the cause of religion, is no excuse for not generously supporting such as are really deserving, though one may sometimes be opposed to them in matters of minor importance. The Bishop of Goulburn is tolerant as well as appreciative. He says:

The Catholic press and the Catholic newspaper may also be regarded by a pastor as a helpful aid in the Catholic teaching of his people. Although widely divergent in the view they may take as to the best methods of promoting Catholic and religious interests, although perhaps profoundly at variance from time to time with one's own personal way of thinking, they are all sincerely Catholic, loyal to Catholic principles, anxious to defend and to illustrate, by methods which then and there seem best, our holy Catholic faith, to uphold the cause of Catholic education, to promote through religion all the best interests of the country. When the heart is sound and intention good, and purpose earnest and sincere, great freedom—ample room for discussion inside the domain of faith and

morals—should be allowed. The old Catholic axiom, *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas*, as it has been, so may it long continue to be, the golden rule for both conductors and readers of the Catholic press in Australia. But in abundance and quality as well as in originality and variety of matter, in literary style, in respect for persons, no matter how severely opinions may be dealt with, our Catholic newspapers (not merely of our own State, but of the whole Commonwealth) compare favorably with similar papers in any part of the English-speaking world, and can be of great service to the clergy in advocating Catholic principles, in defending the rights of Catholics, in diffusing sound Catholic literature, and, indirectly at least, seconding their efforts in the most difficult of all their works—that of teaching Christian doctrine to children.

No Catholic family, even in the remotest corner of the bush, should be without some one or other of our well-written and well-conducted Catholic papers. Speaking for ourselves as we journey on our tours of visitation through the diocese, we feel that something is wanting if we can not have a look at the Catholic paper of a Saturday afternoon when the labors of the day are done. The Catholic press has an apostolate, especially in Australia. Let us help it by every means in our power—by encouragement, by patronage, by contributing original matter—to do well the duties of that apostolate: to correct error, to spread truth; to illustrate the beneficent influence of learning, for lessening the ills that life is heir to, for the elevation of the masses, for the safeguarding of well-balanced freedom, for the instruction, enlightenment, and salvation of mankind.

It is perennially true that, as Seneca put it, teaching by precept is a long way, whereas teaching by example is a short and efficacious one. We are reminded of the maxim by a note, in the *Catholic Weekly*, concerning the attitude of the English people toward Catholics and especially toward Catholic priests. At a great Catholic meeting recently held in England, "Mr. Campbell described as extraordinary the respect that was felt, even amongst opponents, for the Catholic Church in England; and not merely for the Church, but for the individual members of it. On all kinds of occasions laymen were, he said, astonished to find the manifestations of respect which were shown to a Catholic

merely because he was a Catholic. And inquiring into the reason of this, he attributed it to the fact that the lives of the clergy—'noble lives, detached lives, lives for the most part characterized by the dignity of retirement and of silence—were well known, and made a profound impression upon, and appealed with constraining force to, the educated public opinion of England.'"

Similar influence is exerted by consistently Catholic conduct, in both clergy and laity, the world over. And herein lies the responsibility of the individual Catholic: whether he will or not, his life is regarded by some, and possibly by a great many, of his neighbors as an argument for or against the validity of the Church's claim to the allegiance of all men.

In the course of an unusually appreciative notice of the Catholic Encyclopedia, the book-reviewer of the *Literary Digest* has this to say of the Church's immunity from danger at the hands of the higher critics:

Resting not solely upon the foundation rock of the Scriptures, but upon tradition as well, Catholicism has been able to withstand the assaults of science upon the traditional conception of the Bible, to maintain its position, and to cement, as it were, into its unshaken structure the missiles of its assailants.

"The Bible and the Bible only," once the slogan of aggressive Protestantism, has of late years died away into an almost inaudible whisper, at least among the higher authorities of the different sects; and the Church that used to be calumniated as the Bible's enemy is now recognized not only as its greatest, but, apparently, as its unique friend.

Noting that, of recent months, the Sovereign Pontiff has had numerous opportunities of showing the great interest he takes in the Catholic press, *Rome* has this to say:

A month ago his Holiness wrote a long autograph encouragement to Catholic writers of

periodicals; speaking with some of the German pilgrims, he praised German Catholics for the way in which they support their own press. Last week he received a deputation of Catholic journalists from Belgium, and told them how much he appreciated their efforts to make the truth known to their people; and finally this week he showed special favor to the representatives of a great Catholic journalistic movement inaugurated in Austria two years ago under his own name and auspices.

The movement referred to is the admirably beneficent work carried on by the General Association of the Catholic press at Vienna:

Founded during the Austrian Congress in November, 1905, the Association counts at present more than 100 branches and over 30,000 members scattered throughout the Empire. Its annual income is over 200,000 crowns. It has already offered abundant aid to the two principal papers of Vienna, the *Vaterland* and the *Reichspost*, both of which will next October increase their size and publish two editions daily. Later on, further efforts will be made to increase the circulation of the Catholic dailies of Vienna and the other cities of the Empire.

There can be no question as to the practical excellence in our times of such work as this. Some day, it is to be hoped, an American Catholic millionaire, combining business foresight with love of his religion, will establish an American Catholic daily that will speedily attain national, if not international, importance. Its news columns would contain "all the news fit to print"; and its editorial page would discuss politics and finance, capital and labor, sociology and education, literature and art and science—and the caricatures of these, from the Catholic point of view. The enterprise would be better worth while—and more remunerative as well, provided a few hundred thousands were available to start it well on its way—than the establishment of a series of Catholic libraries, the founding of another Catholic University, or—we were going to say—the erection of another vast cathedral. One point, however, is assured,—the undertaking would have the cordial blessing of Pius X.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Earth's Fairest Child.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

OH, quiet little Nazareth
Of olden Galilee,
What blessed, hallowed memories
Come to our hearts from thee!
Within that humble little home
Dwelt earth's divinest Guest,
And Mary, purest Maid of all,
With Joseph, tenderest.
What love and peace and purity
Abided ever there!
What hosts of unseen angels watched
And guided everywhere!
The Holy Child so dutiful
To all the sweet commands;
Each humble task was not too small
For His divinest hands.
Methinks He gathered flowers fair,—
The flowers blooming wild;
And brought them to His Mother dear,
And watched her as she smiled.
So, little children, when you come
To Mary's altar fair,
Remember humble Nazareth
And who were sheltered there.
That blessed, hallowed shrine of earth
Where Christ, earth's fairest Child,
Grew up in grace and knowledge pure,
Obedient and mild.
And bring the flowers of your hearts,
With earth's sweet blossoms fair,—
How pleased the Child of Nazareth
To see them glowing there!

IN France, the heavenly blue forget-me-not is commonly known as *Les Yeux de Notre-Dame* (The Eyes of Our Lady).

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—PUSHING OFF.



BARTON RIDGE, third track to the right," directed the brisk official, as, at eight o'clock, Monday, Tom pressed on with the crowd through the great depot and took his seat in the train indicated.

Steady, clear-headed fellow that he was, it had been something of a nervous strain, this pushing off through all difficulties into a new world and a new life. His stepmother had raged openly at losing her little drudge and nurse. Bobby needed no change, she declared; she could take care of him herself. But Bobby's father, usually so weak and careless, had stood by Tom with startling decision, and the little invalid had been left safely sheltered at Orchard Hill, where Brother Thomas' introduction had secured a welcome even for Tatters, the faithful but forlorn, who was allowed to accompany his little master, and feast on chicken bones without stint.

Then Tom had been obliged to explain matters to Captain Dixon, who, though a little surly at first, was so mollified by the sight of Tom's medal for "figgering" that he agreed his young accountant ought to strike higher up the line.

"Though I'm blamed sorry to lose you, lad, I guess the Fathers up yonder know best. Most any fool can run a canal-boat, and you've got the head works for an ocean liner, as I seen plain enough all along. But I'm afeared you're likely to have a tough pull of it anyhow with that old dad of yours dragging on the ropes. I was mighty sorry to see him chumming it so

thick with that new brother-in-law of his."

"Why?" asked Tom, who had found brother Ben's bluff manner rather taking.

"Because he ain't no good," declared Captain Bill, stoutly. "Never was and never will be. Talks fair enough, I agree, but knows how to make cat's-paws of folks that don't keep their eyes skinned, I tell you. I've heard stories of that same Ben Billings up the canal that'd make me mighty shy of his company, you kin bet, sonny. And your dad is just that pattern to get burned bad. I'm mighty glad to see you cutting loose from the whole lot."

His old friend's words came back to Tom to-day as, with a shriek of whistle and clang of bell, the train pulled out of the station, and, puffing its cautious way through the city, gradually put on strength and speed as it swept into the breezy opens beyond. Had he "cut loose from the whole lot"? Ah! Tom could never do that; the old ties were too strong. They were pulling on him now, even as the wings of steam were bearing him away.

For Bobby, indeed, he felt no care. The memory of the little fellow's face as he had left him standing on the wide porch at Orchard Hill, holding Mrs. Ryan's motherly hand, was a comforting picture. The good woman had taken to the "poor darlint" at once.

"Faix, and we'll put the flesh on him, never fear!" she had assured Tom. "My own Jamie was killed entirely with them chills when he was working for Colonel Peyton down at the tide-water; but sorra a shake has he had since we took him back to Orchard Hill. Look at him now!" And the proud mother pointed to a rosy-cheeked young giant coming over the lawn with two pails of frothing milk. "And a year ago you'd have thought the banshee was crying for him. And sorra a drop of doctor's stuff did it either, only plenty of buttermilk and potatoe cake."

And Farmer Ryan, smoking in his big chair, had roused into approval.

"For fattening boys and pigs, there

ain't her equal in the country," he had declared, with a slow nod.

Yes, Bobby was all right, Tom knew; but he was not so sure of his father. With the old Captain's warning echoing in his ears, he remembered the "job" brother Ben had promised to get for his sister's husband, if he would take it,—the job that was no "Sunday-school work," but would put her in a "three-story brick" with a lace gown on her back within a year. He remembered, too, the shifty, uncertain look that had been in his father's eye for the last two days; the quick and eager consent he had given to Bobby's and his own departure. Tom felt troubled about his father. It was no new thing: he had been troubled ever since he could remember. Very early in his young life, his strong, patient mother had turned to her boy for help and comfort in her trials; had sent the little Tom out to look for his father to guide his staggering footsteps homeward. And, though there was little in his careless, worthless parent to inspire affection, the old lessons lingered; the boy felt it his duty to keep watch over this weak, wandering father still.

But, in spite of his long head and long legs, our Tom was only a boy; and, though that old raven, Care, may perch for a while on a boy's shoulder, he never roosts there very long. So, before the great city with its domes and spires had vanished in the lengthening distance, our young traveller had shaken off his anxious thoughts and was watching with eager eyes the bright panorama flying by the car window,—the groves, the hills, the orchards, the wide fields waving with tasselled corn or billowing with ripening wheat, the old-fashioned homes rising among the oaks and chestnuts, the blue river gleaming under the trestles and bridges over which the train swept on its winged way. It seemed such a bright, beautiful world opening to him in the summer sunshine. He had two dollars left after paying Mrs. Ryan and buying a few needful things to add to the shabby

wardrobe in the old valise beneath his feet. With these and a sure job for the next three months, Tom felt rich as a king.

The road was a single track; so, fearless of any passing train, Tom craned his neck out of the window for a glimpse of the mountains, already rising blue and hazy in the golden distance, when a fierce twcak of his ear made him start up in wrath, even as the train plunged into the inky mouth of a tunnel.

"Who—who pulled my ear?" he cried indignantly.

"Me," answered a sharp voice behind him; and as the train flashed into the light, Tom saw behind his seat a tall, wiry old lady with bobbing gray curls under a big old-fashioned bonnet. "I thought your head was gone, boy, and it warn't no time to waste words. I knew the tunnel was there, and you didn't."

"Oh, I'm very much obliged to you!" said Tom, still rubbing the smarting ear.

"No, you ain't at all," said the old lady, nodding. "You're mad as hops this minute, and I know it. But I don't mind that," she continued, cheerfully. "I'm used to jerking folks out of harm and getting no thanks for it."

"But I mean it, sure enough," said Tom, recovering his good-humor. "It was a hard pull, I must say; but it was a good deal better than getting a crack on my head that would have laid me up and maybe knocked me out of work all summer."

"Going to work, eh?" asked the old lady, curiously. "Where?"

"Barton Ridge," replied Tom, frankly.

"Do tell!" went on his fellow-traveller. "Why, I'm from round Barton myself. Maybe you've heard of Miss Miggs,—Elviry Miggs. I've been sewing and sick-nursing for the folks around Barton's since I was seventeen years old. Kept my own place too, and ain't asked nothing but honest earnings. Got the same old house down by the milldam where the bridge used to cross, you know."

"No, I don't know," answered Tom.

"I've never been there before, you see, I'm going there this summer to coach." he added, a little shy and proud of his new dignity.

"Land, you don't mean it!" exclaimed the old lady, breathlessly. "I'd never have thought it. Where are you going?"

"To the Irvings. Maybe you know them?" said Tom.

"The Irvings!" gasped Miss Elvira. "Don't tell me they're going to turn away Uncle Tobe and put a boy like you in his place, when he has been coaching there for nigh forty years!"

"Oh, no!" laughed Tom. "You don't understand. I'm not going to drive horses. A coach at college is a fellow that can pull another on. And Chip Irving wants me to do that for him. He is sort of behind in his classes and wants to catch up, so I'm going to camp with him and his crowd this summer and help him on."

"Land sakes! Now, that is real good of you, I'm sure," observed Miss Elvira, admiringly.

"Not a bit. I'm paid well for it," said Tom, candidly.

"You are!" said Miss Elvira, with increasing appreciation. "Then you must be some 'count' sure. The Irvings have money enough to pick and choose the best. And they're picking for that camp, I can tell you, now that Dorothy is coming on. She is over twelve years old, and her mother is holding her head higher than ever, afcared she won't know the right sort of folks. Proud ain't no name for Elinor Irving, but Dorothy ain't like her a bit."

"Isn't she?" asked Tom, who began to find the old lady's gossip interesting.

"Land, no!" said Miss Elvira, impressively. "You see she was a delicate little thing, and the doctors said she mustn't be kept close to books or teachers, but just let loose. And so she's run wild,—wild as a brier rose. It's going to be hard for her mother to pull her in."

"Is she trying it?" asked Tom, grimly; for all he heard of Miss Dorothy awakened both sympathy and admiration.

"Oh, she is trying it, you can bet!" answered Miss Elvira, with an emphatic nod. "She has got a French governess for her, and sends to New York for her best frocks; and I hear there's some dreadful fine young folks coming up this summer, so's to set Miss Dorothy a pattern. But my!" chuckled the old lady, "they might as well try to bottle sunshine. I've known little Dot Irving since she was knee high to a grasshopper. She used to come toddling up to my house for cookies before she could talk, and then tumble down on our big settee and go to sleep, with all the servants at Crestinont scouring the hills for her. And the lame dogs, the sick kittens, the broken-winged birds she has picked up and brought to me to nurse—well, I couldn't begin to count 'em. 'Aunt Viry' she calls me, though I'm no kin to her, I'm sure."

"She must be great," said Tom, approvingly. "I didn't know girls were ever like that; but you see I never had any sisters or cousins, and don't know much about them."

"You won't see many like Dot Irving," said Miss Elvira. "She is like her own pap, who's straight and square, with no nonsense about him. Only she is soft and kind yet, while he is rock granite if you go against him. But here I'm prating away, and there's the engine whistling for Barton Ridge now."

And Miss Elvira started up and began to collect her bundles and boxes.

"Move lively, for they don't stop more'n a minute."

And even as the old lady spoke, the train drew up with a warning shriek at a small platform beside the road, where the only signs of life were an old toothless dog barking defiance at the locomotive, and an old bent-up man feebly waving his red signal flag.

(To be continued.)

In Zealand, the glorious constellation known to us as "Orion's Belt" is called by the charming appellation "Mary's Spindle."

Some Soldier Saints.

Saint Mennas was a soldier in the Roman army, and his name has always been famous in the calendars of the Eastern churches. He suffered martyrdom under the edicts of Diocletian about the year 304. The saint endured to have his eyes put out rather than deny his faith. Before his death his hands were cut off. Yet under all his sufferings he bore himself well and nobly, and so impressed the judge who condemned him to the block that he became a convert to the true faith, and was in his turn beheaded. This double martyrdom took place in a town named Cotyæus.

Saint Adrian, an officer in the army of Maximianus, was condemned to death because he refused to worship idols. Tradition says he had married a Christian maiden, and was converted by her. When he was brought before the judges his young wife kept close by him, urging him to win his palm branch. She was by his side while his limbs were, one by one, broken, and witnessed the blow that severed her husband's head from the body. Some accounts have it that she, too, met a martyr's death immediately afterward with unflinching courage. The relics of Saint Adrian were conveyed to Rome, and afterward to Flanders.

Saint Didymus, a young soldier of the Roman army in Alexandria, rescued a young Christian maiden from death by effecting her escape from prison. The soldier was a Christian also, and when accused of assisting Theodora to get free, he admitted that he was her co-religionist. He was sentenced to be beheaded; and just as the sword was about to fall, Theodora rushed forward, pleading to be put to death in his stead. Didymus refused to yield his place; but the contest between the two was speedily cut short by the authorities. Both were beheaded and their bodies burned. Their martyrdom took place in the year 304.

There are two soldier saints bearing the name of Theodore. One, who was a general under the Roman Emperor Licinius, broke a number of gold and silver idols. His rank saved him from torture, but he was beheaded on the 7th of February, 319. The other Saint Theodore was a native of Syria, who boldly professed Christianity. After suffering many tortures, he was thrown into a fiery furnace. A fellow-countryman of his was Saint Procopius. The latter was on his way to carry out some savage orders of the Emperor Diocletian against the Christians when, like Saint Paul, he was thrown from his horse, and a voice questioned him as to where he was going. "To Alexandria, to slay all these who will not renounce Christ," the soldier answered. And as he spoke, there appeared in the sky a gleaming cross, and on it our Saviour. "It is against Me thou wouldst war!" said the voice. Procopius continued his journey; but on his arrival at Alexandria, he took no steps to find out the Christians, and finally became one of their number. His own mother denounced him to the authorities, and he was arrested and beheaded.

Saint Victor of Marseilles, another Roman soldier, was a Christian, and was in the habit of going about to the prisons cheering and inspiring the Christians confined therein. When the Emperor Maximianus visited Gaul, Victor was brought before him and ordered to sacrifice to the gods. He refused, and had his foot cut off. While on the rack, Our Lord appeared to him holding a cross; and as the martyr's spirit passed away, angels were heard singing a triumphant strain. Part of the church erected over the grave of Saint Victor is yet standing.

Saint Victor of Milan was also a soldier under Maximianus, and suffered in a manner similar to his namesake of Marseilles. Saint Gregory of Tours mentions that his tomb was famous for miracles.

Forty young soldiers, known in the Church calendars as the Martyrs of Sebaste, perished in 320. They were of different

nationalities, but all enrolled in the twelfth legion of the Roman army, then serving in Armenia. It was ordered by the Emperor Licinius that all soldiers should offer sacrifice to the gods. The forty young men declared themselves Christians, and were condemned to remain on a frozen pond till death should claim them. All along the banks of the lake were tents containing warm baths, abundant food, rare wines, and soft couches for any of the forty that should renounce his faith. One did so, but his place was instantly taken by a guard. In the morning many of the number were dead; but, by order of the cruel judges, dead and living alike were cast into a large fire.

An Oldtime Story.

When most of our young folks' grandfathers were schoolboys, one of the most popular books put into their hands was a story that is not often heard about nowadays, "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." Its author, Henry Cockton, was an English humorist, born in London just a hundred years ago. In 1840, when "Valentine Vox" was published, ventriloquism, or the apparent throwing of the voice to a distance, was not so familiar as it has since become; and, accordingly, the story of the funny adventures that resulted from Valentine's use of his gift proved as decidedly novel as it was interesting. A good many English and American boys in the middle of the last century took considerable pains and went through long-continued practice in the endeavor to learn the trick of making their voice appear to come from the opposite side of the room, or from the roof or cellar. Very few of them, however, ever succeeded in deceiving even themselves, though they were very anxious to believe that they were really learning the secret. Some of them did succeed in getting sore throats and making themselves hoarse, but these results hardly compensated for the trouble they had taken.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The second volume of the Westminster Library (Longmans, Green & Co.) is "The Holy Eucharist," by Bishop Hedley. Other volumes of this excellent series of manuals for Catholic priests and students are in active preparation.

—The death, at the age of eighty-five years, of the venerable Father Walter H. Hill, S. J., removes a well-known educator and author from the ranks of the Church militant. For sixty years a member of the Society of Jesus, Father Hill had held different offices of honor and responsibility in the educational world, and was a frequent contributor to Catholic magazines, as well as the author of some excellent Catholic text-books. He was highly respected by all who came in contact with him, and beloved by a host of friends all over the United States. *R. I. P.*

—The death of the French novelist, J. K. Huysmans, calls attention once more to a transformation that seems to be occurring with increasing frequency in France. The world has long known that the most cynical and anti-clerical of Frenchmen commonly enough send for the priest when the shadow of death hovers over them; but of late years it would seem that the natural development of a good many French *littérateurs* is through infidelity and eroticism to militant Catholicity. Huysmans' later works, "Les Foules de Lourdes," "L'Oblat," "En Route," "La Cathédrale," etc., are as different from his naturalistic romances as is "The Following of Christ" from a yellow journal. While Huysmans never took religious vows, he did affiliate himself with the Third Order of St. Benedict. He died a most edifying death at the age of fifty-nine. *R. I. P.*

—A religious book which deserves, and will probably receive, a warm welcome from a large number of Catholics is "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." These devotions are drawn from Eastern and Western liturgical sources, and compiled by "S. A. C.," who has secured an appreciative introduction to the little volume from Abbot Gasquet. Part I., 44 pages in length, consists of preparatory prayers; Part II. contains the Ordinary and Canon of the Mass in Latin, with the proper of several specific Masses, and occupies 70 pages; while Part III., comprising 65 pages, is taken up with prayers and thanksgivings for use after Holy Communion. Of this last portion of the book, Abbot Gasquet well says: "If the length of this section only serves as a warning that we can not safely

hurry over the necessary thanksgiving after the reception of Our Lord's sacred body and blood, soul and divinity, it will have conveyed a wholesome lesson to us all." The book is attractively printed and bound. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., publishers.

—It is, of course, too much to hope that the recently published pamphlet on Anglican Orders by Abbot Gasquet, will prove the last word in this prolonged discussion; however, there is the great satisfaction of knowing that the special authority of the work is recognized by English scholars, one of the foremost of whom writes to us as follows:

I did not know that Abbot Gasquet had written on the subject, still less of his discovery of important documents connected with it, which I must say alter the complexion of things to some extent in my estimation. For although I had never cared to enter much into the question, and could always have readily admitted that you had very fair grounds from your point of view for regarding our Orders as invalid, I did think the arguments advanced in the Bull of Leo XIII. insufficient. Abbot Gasquet, however, has gone deeper into the matter than I was aware; and I think it will be just as well that the facts should be known on both sides.

—There is reason to believe that, for some time to come, Americans are to have fairly reliable news from France. The *Evening Mail's* staff correspondent, Mr. Aroni, is throwing search-light rays on a number of matters about which the average citizen of this country had acquired a monumental mass of misinformation; and now we see that Mr. Joseph E. Sharkey, of Cambridge, Mass., a Catholic, is to take charge of the Paris office of the Associated Press. If the recent remonstrances addressed to this news agency in connection with its practically ignoring a number of notable Catholic events have had anything to do with Mr. Sharkey's appointment, something of benefit has resulted from the open discussion of the matter. We have every right to assume that anti-Catholic bigotry will in future be excluded in the Associated Press dispatches from Paris.

—In the course of some interesting and appropriate comments on Father Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," concluded in these pages last week, a writer in the *London Tablet* says: "In giving us this vivid picture of his experiences in his Romeward pilgrimage, Father Benson is only following the example of many others who have trod the same path with the same happy ending. And though each must needs see things in his own way, and each will doubtless have his own difficulty, the story told in these singularly frank confessions can hardly

fail to be a real help to many readers who have not yet found their way home." Not only a real help to Romeward pilgrims, but to those who have always lived in the City of the Soul as well. Our Catholic readers have taken the deepest interest in Father Benson's "Confessions," while among non-Catholics everywhere they have been received with marked favor. Republication of the story in book form will not long be delayed.

—The Eclectic Readings, published by the American Book Co., are useful books as furnishing interesting supplementary reading matter; but their usefulness in some cases is impaired by a lack of accuracy in statement. A case in point is "Little Stories of Germany." The compiler, Maude Barrows Dutton, gravely sets forth for the benefit of her young readers that Martin Luther did not believe all the teachings of the Pope, which fact brought about his excommunication. Luther is also credited with having made the first translation of the Bible into German. Miss Dutton will be interested to learn that before 1530, when Luther's translation appeared, the Bible was printed twenty times in the German language. Furthermore, that two copies of a German Bible printed in 1466 are preserved in the Senatorial Library at Leipsic; still further, that a German edition of the Bible, published in 1460, is the earliest book printed with metal type and on both sides of the leaf. Authorities on the subject are Menzel, Sickendorf, Maitland, and Hallam.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." S. A. C. \$1.
- "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." Rev. H. G. Hughes. 75 cts.
- "Plain Sermons." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. \$1.25.
- "Selected Poetry of Father Faber." Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. 75 cts.
- "The Book of the Children of Mary." Father Mullan, S. J. 75 cts.
- "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.

- "The Mother of Jesus." J. Herbert Williams. \$1.60, net.
- "Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." Dr. Joseph Lapponi. \$1.50, net.
- "The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism." A. A. McGinley. \$1.50.
- "Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer." Leo L. Dubois, S. M. \$1, net.
- "Great Catholic Laymen." John J. Horgan. \$1.50.
- "Aspects of Anglicanism." Mgr. Moyes, D. D. \$2.50.
- "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." Rev. John A. Ryan, S.T.L. \$1, net.
- Chaignon's "Meditations." 2 vols. \$4.50, postage extra.
- "The Question of Anglican Ordinations." Abbot Gasquet. 15 cts.
- "Life of the Ven. Maria Diomira." 90 cts., net.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "The Decrees of the Vatican Council." 60 cts., net.
- "Father Gallwey." Percy Fitzgerald. 60 cts., net.
- "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." General Newton Curtis, L.L. D. \$2.15.
- "The Training of Silas." Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Walter Gottwalles, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. William O'Connor, diocese of Manchester; Rev. David Power, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Ludger Glauber, O. F. M.; and Rev. Walter Hill, S. J.

Mr. Edward Kotula, Mr. A. E. Walker, Mr. Austin Keough, Mr. William Kaufmann, Margaret Greagan, Mrs. Anna Green, Mr. Patrick Quinn, Mrs. Estella Shilling, Mr. John Sagel, Mr. Thomas Lannon, Mrs. Mary Lannon, Mrs. Ernest Dammann, Mrs. Margaret Kane, Mrs. Anna Cloutier, Mr. N. R. Dorsey, Mr. Agostino Ferretti, and Mr. A. L. Lapenteur.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Gotemba lepers:

- Friend, \$2; A. M. D. M., \$2; Miss Mc., \$3.
- The Dominican Sisters, Baltimore, Md.:
Friend, \$2; Friend, \$2.



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 8, 1907.

NO. 23.

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

The Hymn of the Daisy.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

GOD of Arcturus that bright spark
Outshining in the dark;
God of the jewelled Pleiades,
Shapen am I like these!

Struck out from the night of the mould,
And sphered with flaming gold,
The seed of quenchless suns in me
Doth burn eternally.

I thank Thee, God of All the Light,
Who gave me beauty bright,
And set me in the field to swing,
The morning star of Spring!

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

IV.—THE LOVE OF MONEY.

I.

Opes animi irritamen avari.—Ovid.

IN all ages of the world's history, riches have proved a stumbling-block and a snare. Yet there probably never was a time when the thirst for gold was so insatiable, or so widely diffused among all ranks, as at the present day. The example of hundreds who have amassed colossal fortunes in a few years, and the continual comments of a ubiquitous press upon the doings and sayings of the many millionaires and multi-millionaires who scarcely know what to do with their enormous incomes, have

sown the seeds of discontent in the hearts of the multitudes, and filled them with a feverish desire to emulate their example. With this end in view, they struggle and strive with all their might and main, and often display an energy and a dogged perseverance worthy of a nobler cause. Indeed, money-making not unfrequently becomes the one supreme aim and the one all-ruling ambition of their lives,—their idol and their god.

Two circumstances have especially contributed, in latter years, to give impetus to this sordid passion. The first is a general decline of faith, and a consequent disregard and forgetfulness of the far higher and nobler ends of religion, now, alas! supplanted by ignobler and more material ends; and the second is the fact that so much more may now be purchased by riches than formerly. The world has been advancing with rapid strides. Recent inventions and discoveries have placed upon the market a thousand new sources of pleasure and gratification, which excited no desires a few centuries ago, because their very existence was never thought of or imagined. Not only has every want known to our ancestors been fully supplied, but innumerable fresh appetites have been developed, such as the appetite for foreign travel, for motoring, for new forms of luxury and dissipation, and so forth,—the full gratification of which depends upon the amount of a man's income and the sums he is able to disburse.

A gigantic fortune places at our feet the world and almost all it contains. We can utilize all its conveniences, we can

enter into all its pleasures. In food and clothing and lodging, and in much else, we are in a position to select what we like best, and what is most to our taste, without paying any attention to those prudential considerations that limit and hamper the struggling poor, who, even with the greatest economy, can scarcely purchase the bare necessities of life.

Whether at home or abroad, whether on land or sea, whether resting or travelling, sleeping or waking, money will always procure us many comforts that can be had by no other means. And if money can, in very truth, render us many valuable services, our imagination exaggerates its powers still further, and is ever ready to attribute to it an omnipotence and an influence far in excess of the reality. In our ignorance, we are apt to regard it as a magic wand whose mere possession will enable us to hold sway over persons as well as things, and to do pretty well as we wish. Money holds out the prospect of endless delights, which look feasible enough from a distance, and which only a nearer view shows to be unattainable. But these fair promises, even though they are destined never to be realized, serve, all the same, to stimulate our greed, to excite our cupidity, and to drive spurs into the sides of our intent. Once the fever takes possession of us, we are scarcely masters of ourselves, and push on in thoughtless pursuit, scarcely pausing to reflect that what seems the road to material prosperity may easily prove to be the road to spiritual destitution.

That riches constitute a real menace to our salvation is proved by a hundred passages from Holy Scripture. Our Lord, who is the Eternal Truth, tells us that "a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven"; that it is, in fact, "easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle" than for a man of wealth to be saved.* The same doctrine is found running through the texts of the Old Testament. "Gold and silver hath de-

stroyed many," says the Wise Man, "and hath reached even the heart of kings and perverted them."* And again: "If thou be rich, thou shalt not be free from sin." † And: "There is not a more wicked thing than to love money; for such a one setteth even his own soul for sale." ‡

The dangers to our salvation arising from an inordinate love of money are of two kinds. The one set are connected with the pursuit of wealth, the other with its actual possession. Regarding the first, we shall do well to weigh thoughtfully the following inspired words of St. Paul: "They who would become rich fall into temptation and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For covetousness is the root of all evils, which some desiring, have erred from the faith, and have entangled themselves in many sorrows." §

These are indeed terrifying words, and deserving of our most careful attention. To realize their full import, we must consider the natural character and disposition of man, and the mould in which he has been formed. His mind and his affections are essentially limited. Hence it is quite impossible that he should direct the whole current of his will and intelligence to the consideration of one object without withdrawing it from the consideration of every other, however important. The more he concentrates his energy in one direction, the less he will have left to throw in any other. Hence to be absorbed and filled by one all-mastering resolve means to pay little or no attention to anything else.

Now, there is scarcely anything in the whole world so fascinating and so exciting, as the hunting after gold. Once a man has been inoculated with this virus he is no longer master of himself. It awakens within him an interest and a thirst that drive him on, almost against his will. Should he meet with any success, and

* St. Matt., xix, 23, 24.

* Eccles., viii, 3.

† Ibid., xi, 10.

‡ Ibid., x, 10.

§ I Tim., vi, 9, 10.

should he find that his credit account at the bank is mounting up, it is all the worse; for this knowledge stirs him up to increased exertions. It sets all his faculties at full tension, as the sight of the fox in the hunting field sets all the hounds and huntsmen in hot pursuit.

It is generally found that a man's appetite grows with his gains. The mere prospect of acquiring a vaster fortune and wider estates, and the comforts and the influence that flow therefrom, is apt to absorb his thoughts and to diminish every other interest. The desire to heap up a fortune soon surpasses and eclipses every other desire, and puts to flight all greater, purer, and nobler ambitions. At last his thoughts become so centred and focussed upon material gains that he loses all sense of spiritual and supernatural things. His mind fixes itself on the actualities of the hour, and on those opportunities which offer themselves only at intervals, and which must be watched, and seized so soon as they rise, and which he feels he can not afford to lose. For he knows the harvest must be gathered in at once, if at all. The result is he has no time to bestow upon more vital matters, not even on such as relate to his immortal soul. Soon this eager, anxious pursuit of gold develops into a passion,—often the one ruling passion of his life.

How can such a person pray or meditate, or peacefully turn his thoughts to God, or muse on heavenly things? How can he set aside distractions, and kneel down morning and evening to recollect himself, in calm faith and humility, before the presence of Him who fills both heaven and earth with the majesty of His glory? His brain is seething; his heart beats with nervous anxiety; his thoughts are never in repose. His mind is occupied with bonds and mortgages, and interests and dividends, and securities and scripts, and speculations and bank accounts, and the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, and a thousand other things related to the acquirement of wealth.

This is all very well from a purely worldly point of view; but the truth remains that, while he is gathering all the powers of his body and his soul and marshalling them together to aid him in raking in the gold, his spiritual interests are bound to suffer irreparable loss. "No man," Christ declares, "can serve two masters. You can not serve God and mammon." And this is shown by experience. Unless some restraint be placed on a man's appetite for wealth, it will lead him, first, into a disregard of the practices of piety, then to a sad neglect of his duty toward God, and finally to a general state of religious indifference and apathy.

Upon this follow yet more disastrous consequences. As his thirst increases—and it is generally whetted with every success, as a lion's thirst grows more uncontrollable each time it has tasted human blood,—the aspirant after riches grows less scrupulous as to the methods he employs to secure his end. When opportunities of gain present themselves, he stays not to inquire too nicely into the legitimacy of the means; if doubts arise he immediately brushes them aside, and will justify the "shadiest" proceedings on the plea of custom, or of the example of others whose consciences have grown less timorous than even his own. By degrees he becomes more hardened. Finally he throws off all restraint, and deliberately stoops to any piece of trickery and chicanery and underhand scheme that seems likely to serve his purpose. He will take a mean advantage of the simple and the confiding, and will calmly allow the orphan and the widow to be drained of their little savings, provided only that he be the gainer. He may even start bogus companies, and issue false bonds, and spread abroad misleading prospectuses, and descend to other shameful expedients to induce honest and unsuspecting laborers and men of small fortune to sink their hard-earned gains in mines or railways or exploration schemes, and other enterprises, so cleverly devised and so cun-

ningly manipulated, that he may manage to reap the harvest which his lying tongue has caused them to sow.

It is appalling to note how invertebrate and elastic grows the conscience of a speculator intent on making money. By disregarding its dictates in small matters, and by silencing it with sophistical arguments in great ones, it seems to lose its very power of utterance. Its voice grows less imperious and audible day by day, till at last it becomes as useless, for all practical purposes, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness,—a voice and nothing more.

Alas! there is no doubt that temptations to all kinds of evil practices beset the path of the would-be rich; and so great is the inclination to avail themselves of even dishonest means, that very few seem to possess enough moral courage to offer successful resistance to it for any length of time, especially where the advantages are considerable, and the chances of detection are remote and improbable. Men who are constantly looking out for opportunities of advancing their pecuniary interests find plenty that are disreputable and dishonest, and can seldom make up their minds to pass them by. Too often it is the opportunity that corrupts and blights the strongest virtue. "How oft the chance to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!"

But dishonesty, injustice, and unlawful practices form only a small fraction of the evils that follow in the train of the avaricious. In addition to these, the insatiable thirst for gold is calculated to dry up that fountain within the heart from which flows all that is noblest and best in a man's nature. It causes him to be far more concerned about what he has than about what he is. It leads him by degrees to imagine that external goods and costly and precious surroundings can add something to his own intrinsic worth. He takes delight in earthly rather than in heavenly treasures, and sets an altogether fictitious

value on worldly objects that administer to his bodily ease and comfort. In a word, he becomes earthly and sordid in all his tastes.

All these effects come to pass the more readily because poor sinful man is, by nature, more inclined to cherish what he can see and handle than what is invisible and impervious to the senses. He is, in fact, a creature of sense. He depends upon sense for almost everything. Not only does his knowledge of this world come to him through the senses, but he is dependent upon sense, at least as a vehicle, for his knowledge even of the next. Does not St. Paul tell us that "faith comes by hearing"? And does not St. Thomas Aquinas teach that even God Himself is known through material things; for, "though He exceeds all sensible things and sense itself, yet His effects, *from which we prove His existence, are sensible.*" *

The truth is, man is so immersed in, and so domineered by, sense that he is disposed to rest in sense, to seek his happiness, his pleasure, his delights and his recreation in the exercise of sense, and to exclude from his thoughts all consideration of the spiritual and the supersensible. If he obeys this tendency instead of resisting it, the consequences will be most disastrous. He will hesitate to sacrifice the present for the sake of the future, and the visible for the invisible. Not only will he refuse to do himself violence to secure heaven and the eternal possession of God, but he will grow so attached to what is earthly and temporal as to deem time that is spent upon anything else wasted and lost. Well may the Apostle say that such persons sometimes end by "erring from the faith."

But if the mere pursuit of wealth is fraught with so many dangers, its actual possession is equally to be feared; and the reasons are obvious to any one who will pause to reflect. Of this, however, we will speak in the second part of this article.

* C. G. i. 1, c. 12.

The Harding Romance.

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

“ANOTHER new frock is out of the question, Florence; we really can't afford it,” said Mrs. Reeves, with decision.

“I am sick of ‘can't afford,’” declared Florence, crossly. The beauty of a poor and proud county family, she lived in a chronic state of resenting her parents' inability to gratify her extravagant tastes.

“Well, why don't you marry Sir Temple Harding? He wants only a little encouragement to bring him to the point, and you could afford anything then.”

“I don't like him, mother. Still, if he asks me I shall accept him, if only to prevent Alice Craven from reigning at the Towers, as she will eventually if Frank Harding marries her; and you say he intends to do so.”

“I say he admires her, and that she may be clever enough to secure him. But if you have secured the uncle first, the nephew's prospects will be materially altered. The matter is in your own hands. Why, how very apropos! There is Sir Temple himself.”

Recognizing a solitary figure lounging along the lane, Mrs. Reeves ordered her coachman to stop, and, raising her voice, she saluted Sir Temple with:

“May we offer you a seat? We are driving past the Towers, and you look so tired.”

Miss Reeves seconded her mother's invitation with a smile; and Sir Temple, a sunburned man of fifty, accepted it with obvious pleasure.

“You are very kind. I am feeling rather used-up,” he admitted.

He was the great man of Ripley, owner of a grand historic house and fine estates. As these were entailed, his nephew Frank (the only child of his only brother, now dead) was heir-presumptive to them. To take possession of his heritage, Sir Temple

had returned to Yorkshire from a prolonged sojourn in British Guiana, some time after the death of his father, with whom young Frank, early orphaned, had lived since childhood. Sir Temple had requested his nephew to remain at the Towers; and Frank had done so gladly, knowing no other home. Though he did not find that he had much in common with his relative, he had been contented enough for a time; but of late Sir Temple had begun to make himself disagreeable on every possible occasion, for no apparent reason; and his newly-developed inclination to “nag” about nothing puzzled and annoyed Frank considerably. It was many a long day ere he knew the cause of Sir Temple's altered demeanor.

That gentleman looked amiable enough at present, feasting his eyes on the fair face of Florence Reeves.

“I am so dreadfully worried and upset, I really must unburden my mind to you, Sir Temple,” said Mrs. Reeves. “Our governess, Miss Craven, has become a Catholic. I am not bigoted, but I can not possibly continue to employ a person whose religion obliges her to do whatever a priest commands and to tell him everything in the confessional; so I have informed Miss Craven that at the end of the month I shall dispense with her services. You really can not trust Catholics.”

“I was a Catholic—” said Sir Temple, and then halted abruptly, his face flushing a dark red; the words seemed to have escaped him involuntarily, almost unconsciously, and it was Mrs. Reeves' exclamation of horror and surprise that recalled him to himself.

“You amaze me; your family is and always has been so staunchly Protestant,” murmured Mrs. Reeves. But Florence came to the baronet's rescue with:

“You said you *were* a Catholic, Sir Temple, not that you *are*. That means that you tried the religion and found it wanting, as I should imagine a man of your force of intellect soon would.”

“As a matter of fact, I don't believe in

any religion," he said rather brusquely. "I certainly am not a Catholic now; I am nothing at all."

"Well, we are all entitled to our own opinions," observed Mrs. Reeves, broad-mindedly. "To my mind, it is not one's creed but how one lives that matters." Not that she applied that principle to Alice Craven's case.

"My bright young nephew takes that view," returned Sir Temple. "By the bye, Mrs. Reeves, you will not mention what I have told you,—I mean as to my having once—coquetted with Rome?"

"Oh, certainly not! Why should I? Pray let us say no more about it," replied the lady, effusively. "Your reference to Frank reminds me of what I wished to tell you. He has an admiration for Miss Craven that may end very seriously indeed. It is not impossible that the Jesuits have lured her into the Church as a bait for him. Once he follows her and is married to her, he will be constrained to find a Catholic wife for you, and thus the Roman Church will have control of your revenue."

Mrs. Reeves took her ideas of Jesuits from Joseph Hocking's novels, and consequently believed that the Society of Jesus existed chiefly for the purpose of plotting how to acquire other people's property; but Sir Temple seemed more flattered than frightened.

"Then you don't consider me too old to marry?" he asked.

Mrs. Reeves laughed. "How absurd! Why, you are in your prime!"

Florence looked down and blushed, as Sir Temple turned his eyes on her. If she disliked the man, she loved his possessions and position, and hoped he would interpret her change of color as she wished him to do. A not unpleasant silence enveloped the little party until he alighted at the lodge gates of the Towers, and Florence had her reward in the reluctance with which he released her hand.

"She is a beautiful girl," he told himself

as he strode along the avenue winding through shade and shine to the great house. "If she will marry me, my every desire will be gratified."

He lost himself in a reverie, from which he was roused by the sight of Frank reading under the cool greenness of a sycamore.

"I must get rid of him, the skeleton at my feast," he told himself grimly; whilst Frank, genial, handsome, and twenty-five, looked up to nod and smile.

"Oh, I say, uncle," he began, as the other was walking on, "I have had a letter from your and father's old nurse, Janet Christie! I think I told you that she is living at Birmingham. She wants to come to Ripley just to see you once again before she dies. Faithful old dear! I have written, asking her to come—"

"You are a presumptuous young puppy!" Sir Temple interrupted with great anger. "You have no right to invite any and every hanger-on of the family to my house whenever you think fit!"

The young man reddened with surprise and resentment.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure! I had no idea that you would object to poor old Christie's spending a few days at the Towers. However, I can easily find apartments for her in the village."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Sir Temple, peremptorily. "I won't have the woman in this locality at all. I have good reasons for wishing her to stay where she is, but I am not obliged to give them to you. You must cancel your unauthorized invitation at once, and tell Mrs. Christie that at present it is not convenient for me to see her."

Frank was aware that Temple Harding had been wild and reckless in his youth, and had gone abroad to evade the consequences of some worse than usual escapade. Perhaps Nurse Christie knew of something so seriously to his disadvantage that a meeting with her would be painful. Or was he only seeking a pretext for a fresh quarrel?

"You take too much upon yourself," Sir Temple went on. "Remember, it is not certain that the dead men's shoes for which you are so openly waiting will ever come to you. Perhaps it will clear the air if I tell you that I intend to marry, and consequently must request you to find a home elsewhere."

Having delivered that ultimatum, he walked on, while Frank took himself thoughtfully by the chin to consider the new state of affairs. He was not altogether unprepared for what Sir Temple had announced. For some little time he had been convinced of the desirability of having a home of his own, if he could persuade sweet Alice Craven to share it. He had inherited sufficient means from his father to set him free from pecuniary cares. He must, of course, leave the Towers as soon as possible; but where and when the new nest should be built depended on her.

Thanks to Mrs. Reeves' manœuvres, a few weeks had passed without his having seen Alice; but "on this bright day in this sweet May" fortune favored the brave, and brought him face to face with the fair in the long, cool lane winding from Ripley by quiet meads and streams to brilliant, busy Harrogate.

"I wonder if you have heard what little birds are whispering anent my uncle?" he began, after an exchange of greetings.

"The whispering stage is over," she replied. "Sir Temple's engagement to Miss Reeves will be announced at once."

"Ah! I am leaving the Towers, Alice, for obvious reasons. I don't know where I shall go. That depends on you. Will you settle my destiny, will you share my life? I love you dearly, though I have never had an opportunity of telling you so in words."

"Nor I of telling you that I have become a Catholic."

"I had heard that already. I am sure you obeyed your conscience, and I honor you for it. I hope your heart will bid you say 'Yes' to me."

Alice trembled, for the hour of renunciation had come. She had entered the Catholic Church knowing full well that her earthly happiness must be sacrificed in consequence; she had deliberately chosen the thorny path. But it had been easier to do so when Frank's dark eyes had not been fixed on hers in loving entreaty,—easier in his absence than in his kindly, winsome presence.

"You don't think I would interfere with your religious principles surely," he said, as she was silent. "I'm not made that way. Personally, I think one religion is as good as another; and if a person leads an upright life, it can't matter what he believes."

"You are wrong," she answered. "Our Lord can not be so indifferent to His own teaching. If He did institute the Sacrament of Penance, for instance, it must matter whether we avail ourselves of it or not; if He did not institute it, it must matter that we associate a false doctrine with His name."

"I admit that I have not thought much on these things; I don't wish to discuss them now," said Frank. "But I repeat that I shall not interfere with you, Alice. Do promise to be my wife!"

"I can not, Frank. That I am a Catholic is such a miracle of divine grace, such a marvel of divine love, that I should sin grievously against God if I married one who does not believe in His Church,—the Church into which He has mercifully led me. You are dear, but He is dearer."

"That is your final answer?"

"It must be."

There was a prolonged and painful pause, during which Frank's face had grown white and drawn.

"Perhaps you will pray for me," he said at last; "I may need your prayers. My whole life is a failure."

"I *do* pray for you," she replied, with streaming eyes; "and I shall continue to pray that the Good Shepherd will call you into the one Fold."

With those words they parted.

II.

Seven years had come and gone since Frank Harding had left Ripley, and the prayer of faith had been heard. After much doubting and fearing, after many a spiritual conflict, he had been received into the Holy Catholic Church, and felt that he had never until then known how precious and beautiful a thing is life, so lovely was the new light religion shed upon it.

Alice Craven had become his wife, the sunshine of his home, the wise, tender mother of his little ones, who learned to lisp the name of Mary at her knee, and would not forget it in their later years. He had written to Sir Temple, informing him of his conversion and his marriage, but had received no reply; he had been quite cast off by the master of the Towers. If he ever felt a pang of regret for that stately home and the old estate, it was solely for the sake of Alice, who would have made so sweet a mistress, so gracious and benign a "Lady Bountiful" there.

But the whirligig of Time brings in strange revenges. He little knew how he was to be called to enjoy his own again, and to what sublime heights of pity, pardon, and generosity his religion would enable him to rise.

Those seven years had brought Sir Temple a son and heir and much domestic misery. Florence had soon betrayed the unworthy motives for which she had married him, and after that all happiness in the home was over. And now for him the knell of earthly things was sounding. He had been carried home senseless from the hunting field, shattered and crushed by a fall from his horse. His hour was drawing near,—the hour when the good things of this world for which he had paid so dear must all be left behind.

Florence was resigned to the impending bereavement. She would be entirely her own mistress, and during the long minority of the heir, her son, she would have, she thought, an easy and luxurious life. At intervals she sat beside her husband as

a matter of duty; but, as she remarked to her mother, she felt perfectly useless and out of place in the sick room; besides, what were the nurses for?

One eventful morning the day-nurse came in search of her, looking disturbed and distressed herself.

"Will you come and speak to Sir Temple please, Lady Harding?" she asked. "He is very much excited, and I can not soothe him."

"What is he excited about?"

"He questioned me so closely as to his condition that I was obliged to tell him the truth—that he will not recover,—and he is greatly disturbed."

"I should think so! You have done something not only foolish but wicked, nurse, and I shall report you to Dr. Forsyth for it. You had no right whatsoever to vex Sir Temple so terribly. There was no excuse for telling him any such thing. I am seriously angry with you."

So saying, Florence, in half-impatient, half-nervous anticipation of a painful scene, hastened to her husband. Oh, the dread, the remorse, the anguish of his eyes! A soul in torture looked wildly forth from their depths.

"The nurse says I have not long to live," he gasped.

She tried to reply, to reassure him; but the words faltered and failed on her lips before that intense, anguished, truth-compelling gaze; she realized her own utter inability to help or comfort or assuage the stricken man.

"What can I do for you, Temple?" she murmured, helplessly.

"I dare not die! I dare not meet my Judge!"

"Temple!"

"Don't call me that: call me Judas. I have betrayed my Master, sold Him a thousand times! How shall I dare meet Him?"

"Shall I send for the vicar?" she asked, shivering with terror herself.

"What good could he do? Send for—send for Frank Harding. Why do you

hesitate? It is the last favor I shall ever ask from you."

Wondering and worried, Florence sent a wire at once to Frank Harding, and by nightfall he was standing at Sir Temple's deathbed, gazing compassionately on the features distorted by suffering, remorse, and fear of the approaching eternity.

The nurse softly withdrew; the two men were alone.

"You are a Catholic," said Sir Temple. "So once was I."

The words came as a shock to Frank; he could not understand how any one, once having known the faith, could abandon it. But, recovering himself, he took the feeble, almost helpless hand in his own, and reminded the dying man that it was not yet too late to return to God, who had mercifully given him time.

"I will send for a priest," he said.

But Sir Temple shook his head.

"No, I daren't—you do not know all!" he groaned. "But, oh, for God's sake, pray for me!"

"Let us pray together," said the young man; and, kneeling, with loving reverence he appealed to her who is the Refuge of Sinners, and in the old, sweet, familiar words which in days long gone by those perjured lips had uttered too.

His was a not wholly uncommon story. Inch by inch he had fallen from grace and innocence, step by step had passed from belief to indifference. Gradually the bonds of self-restraint and discipline had been loosened; from infrequent, hurried prayer he had passed to entire neglect of that safeguard; Mass and the sacraments had inevitably been abandoned too, so that he had ceased to be even a careless Catholic. Therefore when a strong temptation did assail him, he succumbed to it without resistance. The precepts of religion had stood between him and his heart's desire; he chose the latter. But, fallen and sin-stained though he was, one grace had remained with him, clinging like a jewel to a beggar's garments,—one fragrant relic of holier years: he had never spoken a dis-

respectful word of the Mother of the Lord, nor permitted others to do so; more than once he had silenced the irreverent and the profane; and even that negative honoring of her was to have its reward. Mary had not forgotten her prodigal son, her unworthy child.

The "Hail Mary" finished, Sir Temple grasped Frank's hand.

"You may send for a priest," he said; "but first let me tell you what I am. I have injured you, injured all. O God!"

When Frank emerged from the room, his face was deadly pale; he looked almost dazed; and Mrs. Reeves, who was staying with her daughter in this time of trial, thought that all was over. But when she heard him give orders for a priest and the family solicitor to be brought at once to the Towers, she advanced, in hostile protest.

"Are you in authority here, Mr. Harding?" she demanded.

"I am," he answered gently and gravely. "Mrs. Reeves, prepare yourself and Florence for sad and shocking news."

"What on earth is the man talking about?" inwardly wondered Mrs. Reeves; but somehow she was reduced to silence.

Later, Florence was summoned to her husband's room, now pervaded by a solemn hush. Tall candles still burning on a table near hinted at mysteries beyond her ken. Frank was kneeling, his face hidden in his hands. A grey-haired priest stood at the bedside, and Temple's feeble fingers clung to a crucifix. He had been weeping; in his dim eyes the anguish still lingered, but the frantic terror, the passion of dread, were gone. Serious, alert, composed, the solicitor completed the group.

The dying man raised himself slightly.

"Can you all hear me,—all understand what I say?" he asked. "I beg Frank Harding to forgive me, to be merciful to those I leave behind, more deeply injured still. I am not Temple Harding. My true name is Henry Gosforth."

"His mind has given way," said his wife.

"Ah, no! God is my witness that what I say is true," he declared. "An advent-

urer, self-exiled from home, the ne'er-dowell of the family, I was in Demerara when I met Temple Harding; and on the strength of kindred tastes and our resemblance to each other, which was extraordinary, though he had been born and bred in luxury, and I had always roughed it, we struck up an acquaintance with each other. We went on a shooting expedition into the interior, and he died in the bush of malaria. The temptation to take his place in England was too strong for me, fallen as I was from the practice of my religion; and in deciding to perpetrate a fraud, I gave up even the name of Catholic. I had not been so long with Temple Harding without gaining his confidence; and I believed that, with my knowledge of his affairs, with my likeness to him in appearance and disposition, and with the papers he had always carried with him for identification should anything happen to him in a strange country, I could personate him successfully, and gain possession of his wealth. So I came to Ripley as Temple Harding, and no one disputed my claim. Those who might have discovered the imposition were either dead or far away. The old nurse, Christie, might have detected it, hence my refusal to allow her to come here. Oh, mine has been a thorny pillow, haunted by the dread of discovery and punishment! At first Frank was necessary to me as a source of information; but he was also a constant reproach, a perpetual reminder both of my sins and of my danger, and I determined to send him away as soon as I could find a valid excuse. I tried to provoke him into quarrelling with me; and then I met you, Florence, and loved you, who never loved me. I fell still deeper, to suffer deeper pangs."

His voice faltered, his breathing seemed to cease for a moment.

"Frank, be kind to her—forgive—"

His lips faintly stirred in a final prayer for mercy; and as Florence sank back, half fainting, the soul of the man who had wronged her passed to its account.

Viator ad Sororem.*

IN MEMORY OF A VISIT TO ROME.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

"⊙ ROME, my country, City of the Soul!"
The Pilgrim Poet cried. "Ah," quoth a friend—
Himself a poet, and his faith was ours—
"No longer now the City of the Soul!
A modern vulgar town!"

But you and I,
Dear Amy, found the City of the Soul
Still remnant there, for all the boastful show
Of cheap modernity. The old lives on;
Nor mingles with the new, but evermore
Makes silent protest. And, in sooth, the new
Hath not unwelcome features: cleanliness,
And wider streets by wholesome breezes swept;
While, giver of light and motion, proudly vaunts
Young Electricity his supple strength.

Ay, City of the Soul we found it still,
As witnessing to faith—victorious faith.
So speak the glorious churches: structures
rear'd
By faith and love that builded for all time.
And, soothly, 'twere enough if stood but one—
Saint Peter's.

Oft in day-dreams I had cross'd
That temple's threshold, and essay'd to view
With *Harold's* eyes "the vast and wondrous
dome":

But vainly doth imagination strive
To picture forth the feast that vision gives,
Or vie with memory of the once beheld.

"O Faith of Peter, rock-foundation thou,
And wall and roof and altar, all in one!
I hail *thee* symbol'd in this shrine of shrines;
And breathe the fragrance of perennial spring—
Of truth forever fresh, forever strong:
A spring that would have made a barren world
One garden of God, had human wills prefer'd
The dews of grace before the blight of sin!"

'Twas thus I mused awhile that happy day,
When, dream no longer, but reveal'd to sight,
This peerless temple held me in its spell.

* A traveller to his sister.

And you, sweet sister mine, though not with me,
Were there, and saw, and wonder'd; and your
heart
O'erflow'd no less with thankfulness and love.

What joy was ours that God had deign'd to bring
Us twain, misguided long, to light and peace!
That Christ's One Catholic and Roman Church
Was now our home for aye! Yet, well I ween,
Came other thoughts to dash our joy with tears:
The thought of lov'd ones still estranged; the
fear

Of wills averse and vainly proffer'd grace.
But let not fear quench hope. For is not hope,
As faith's first fruit, the very soul of prayer?

The mystery of blindness to God's truth
There darkest seems where's loudest boast of
light.

We marvel least at pagan Rome's fierce hate.
'Twas ill-dissembled fear that smote and smote.
As Satan's self-complacent capital,

Though nescient of her Master's sore defeat,
She felt the presence of the victor Christ.

We wonder more at heresy's mad rush
In after times; when swelling surge on surge
Had scornfully whelm'd the Rock of Peter's
faith;

But—broke at the base, and foam'd itself away.
What most astounds us is the wide revolt,
"Reform" yeleft, that follow'd Luther's lead:
When Peter's Rock had stemm'd Mohammed's
flood,

And turn'd the tide which else had overflow'd
All Europe with the creed of Antichrist,
But now was mock'd at as itself the power
Of that predicted Man of Sin!

Behold

Around us at this hour a man of sin,
Who meets with smile polite or brutal jeer
The claims of God, and substitutes himself
As deity enough—himself and poor
Humanity! . . . But logical extreme
Of Private Judgment as by Luther throned
Usurper of Authority Divine.

Ah, well, belovèd! we will pray the more
"Thy kingdom come." That Jesus may be King
And Mary Queen o'er all the peopled earth;
Regaining all fair realms which once were theirs,
And England first, so long "Our Lady's Dower."

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXVI.

"**H**OW plainly I can see grand-
mamma as she looked that day!"
continued Sydney. "She had a pale,
brunette complexion as fine as ivory, with
a thin aquiline nose and full dark eyes,
and such beautiful hair and brows and
lashes! She always dressed exquisitely,
and habitually wore over her head a lace
scarf, arranged to give the effect of a Marie
Stuart coif. She looked like a picture as
she sat in her deep, high-backed red chair;
and her hand, as it rested on the arm of
the chair, was like an ivory carving on a
crimson velvet cushion.

"Her face had a doubtful expression,
which Henri saw and took advantage of.
He said he was very sorry to interfere
with her arrangement, and wished he had
spoken sooner; but he hoped that, as she
had always permitted him to consider me
as peculiarly bound to him by the dying
request of his mother, she would give her
consent to our engagement. She listened
very quietly while he was talking.

"You mean, I suppose, that you hope
I will take your proposal into favorable
consideration," she said. "That depends.
If you tell me on your honor that you are,
or fancy you are, in love with Sydney, or
believe that she fancies herself in love
with you, very well: I will accept your
proposal. I should feel it as safe, or safer,
to trust her future to you as to Warren.
But, Henri, I must be satisfied about your
motive in the affair. If, as I suspect, it
is merely to indulge Sydney in her con-
tumacy, you might as well spare yourself
and me a fruitless discussion of the
subject."

"I assure you on my honor," Henri
said, "that I want to marry Sydney, and
that I believe it will be for her happiness
to marry me."

"Keep to the point," said grandmamma.

'You know I don't like hairsplitting prevarication. Why do you want to marry her? On your own account or hers?'

"'On both,' he said.

"'Do you tell me deliberately and on your honor that if there was no question of her marrying her cousin, you would have thought of offering yourself?'

"It was impossible for Henri to say Yes to that; and when he hesitated an instant, grandmamma laughed her short, mocking little laugh, and said:

"'Ah, I have you there, my friend! I understand perfectly. Sydney has been appealing to you to exert your influence in supporting her obstinate defiance of my authority and her father's. I am not surprised at this on her part, for she seems to have lost all sense of the proprieties and duties of life. But you, Henri,—I am more than surprised at you. To think of your lending yourself to such an attempt as this! Encouraging her in her disobedience, instead of trying at least to bring her to a sense of reason. I am deeply disappointed and wounded by such an unexpected antagonism to my authority from you.'

"Her words cut poor Henri to the heart, because she did not seem angry with him, only, as she said, wounded. He answered her reproach by saying how very painful it was to him that she could suppose for a moment that he was putting himself in antagonism to her in any way, when, as she well knew, she had been all his life second only to his mother in his reverence and affection. She told him that beyond a doubt he was proving his reverence and affection, to say nothing of his respect, by interfering in her family affairs, and endeavoring to thwart her intentions. He said he was shocked if she regarded his action in that light, but that he could not see how the offering himself as a suitor for my hand was a disrespect to her.

"'Not when you were aware that I had already decided that she was to marry her cousin?' grandmamma asked. 'You coolly put aside this fact, and propose

for her yourself! What could be a greater disrespect?'

"'Surely you know that I am incapable of committing an act of disrespect to you,' Henri answered. 'Sydney told me that you wished her to marry her cousin, but that her repugnance to the idea of such a connection was so intense that, much as it distressed her to resist your will, she had positively refused to engage herself to him, and was determined to persist in this refusal. Under these circumstances, I felt at liberty to ask her to marry me. And as she accepted my offer, I flattered myself that you would not refuse your consent.'

"'You flattered yourself indeed, then!' said grandmamma, smiling sarcastically. 'Sydney told you that she had refused to engage herself to her cousin, you say, and that she intended to persist in this refusal. Pray how long is it since you have considered that child the proper person to judge what she will or will not do?'

"'Frankly speaking, I must confess that I consider her the only person competent to judge what she ought to do in this case,' Henri said. 'If she is too much of a child to make her own choice in marriage, she is too much of a child to marry at all, it seems to me.'

"'Ah?' said grandmamma. 'Then why have you proposed to marry her?'

"'Because we defer to your opinion on the subject, and wish with our whole hearts to satisfy you,' he answered. 'Sydney thinks—in fact, you have said distinctly to her, and just now to me—that it is your anxiety to see her settled in life which has caused you to press the matter. She can not accept her cousin, but she has accepted me.'

"Grandmamma did not say a word for ever so long it seemed to me, though I suppose it was only a few seconds that the silence continued, while she sat looking steadily at us. At last she said, very coldly:

"'I thought I knew your character, Henri; but it seems I was mistaken. You

are like the rest of your generation—wise in your own conceit, and remorselessly selfish in the gratification of your own will.’

“‘O grandmamma,’ I exclaimed, ‘he isn’t selfish! Don’t you see how painful it is to him to do anything against your wishes, and—’

“‘Henri stopped me there, and said to grandmamma:

“‘If you will listen to me for a few minutes, I think I can convince you that I am neither selfish nor presumptuous, though I am afraid you consider me both. I beg you to let me speak. Will you hear me?’

“‘Yes,’ she answered,—‘though it is waste of time, I warn you.’

“‘I hope not,’ he said. ‘I have always found you reasonable as well as very good and indulgent to me. I appreciate your patience with me now, for I am conscious that it does seem presumptuous to attempt to change your intention. Nothing but the absolute conviction that Sydney’s happiness for life, I may almost say her life itself, depends upon the ending of this—this—’

“‘Take off your gloves,’ said grandmamma, in her softest, most sarcastic tone. ‘Don’t spare epithets. Relieve your mind, by all means,—for that is the only relief you will get.’

“‘Since you give me leave, I will speak plainly,’ said Henri.

“And he did speak plainly, and he didn’t spare epithets. He began by asking grandmamma to look at me. And when she did look, rather quickly, I saw that she was very much surprised and shocked. Henri said that no doubt the change in my appearance had come on so gradually as to escape her notice, but that to him it was alarming. He left me a year ago a healthy, blooming child; and found me now a poor, pale little shadow, so spiritless and wretched he could scarcely believe in my identity. He had thought at first when he saw me that I was in a decline, and asked why he had not been told of my state of health; but found on questioning

me that it was worry of mind which had caused the mischief; and he believed that if this worry went on much longer, it would kill me. My temperament was not stolid enough to bear without serious consequences the mental strain I had been enduring. He said grandmamma knew that he was not at all inclined to foolish sentimentality, or addicted to exaggeration in any way; and he assured her that sooner than contract the sort of marriage she had arranged for me—a marriage not only without the least attraction on either side, but the idea of which was to me positively repulsive—he would suffer any penalty that could be devised; and he asked if he, a man, shrank so at the idea, what must a sensitive woman feel under such circumstances! He said that, much as he was attached to me, he would infinitely prefer to see me dead than married against my will; that no doubt with some people this kind of marriage did well enough, but that it would not do for me. He ended by imploring grandmamma to consent to our engagement.

“The only answer grandmamma made was to tell him he had missed his vocation in life: that he ought to have been a lawyer instead of a sugar-planter.

“‘For really, my dear Henri, you speak well,’ she said. ‘And, as I know you mean well too, and are so earnest in all you say, I will overlook the impropriety you commit, and will not even smile at the vanity which has deluded you into the belief that you, a young man of thirty, are called upon to instruct me, a woman of sixty, in the management of my affairs. But I must decline your alliance, though under other circumstances I should have welcomed it. And it is most unfortunate—your taking a course which obliges me to decline also the pleasure of seeing you soon again. I could never have conceived it possible that I should be compelled to forbid you my house, Henri! See what your indiscretion has brought upon yourself and me! The folly of youth is beyond imagination. But after Sydney is married,

you must come back to your old friend, if I am still here; for it grieves me bitterly to send you away, my dear boy,—though it is by your own fault.'

"'Is this my dismissal?' he asked.

"'Not for to-day,' she answered. 'You have done all the mischief you can this morning, in encouraging this child in her contumacy; so you might as well stay now to luncheon and dinner. But I can not have any more nonsense about her, and shall not let you see her again until she has come to her senses and agreed to obey my wishes and her father's—*as ultimately she must.*'

"'Unfortunately,' said Henri, 'there is no possibility, apart from your command, of my seeing either of you soon again. Read this—which I have just received.'

"'He gave her a telegram he had taken from his pocket, and as she glanced at it she looked grave and a little shocked.

"'The poor man!' she said. 'So he is dead! Rest his soul! Of course you will return at once to Evelyn.'

"'I must,' he answered, and gave me the telegram to read.

"'It was a cablegram announcing the death of Henri's brother-in-law. He had to leave his business unattended to, and go straight back to his sister. Grandmamma was rather out of patience when he said he could not even stay to luncheon, but must go immediately.'

Here Sydney closed her eyes, and continued, almost with a groan:

"'When he rose to go, I quite lost control of myself. I felt as if I were sinking down, down into unfathomable depths of darkness and misery, as I fancy people who go down on a dark night during a storm at sea must feel. I clung to him and cried hysterically, and implored him not to leave me, for that I should *die* if he did. He was so distressed that I saw tears spring to his eyes, and that made me ashamed of my selfishness. I made a desperate effort and succeeded in sobbing out that I was sorry to be so foolish, but that I couldn't help it.

"'No, you couldn't help it this time,' Henri said, and made me lie down on the sofa and keep quiet for awhile. 'You were seized unaware by a fit of hysteria. You must be on your guard and not give way to such a paroxysm again. If you find it coming on, resist it, or such attacks will become habitual, and cause a serious nervous disorder. You have been so overwrought by worry that this is the natural result. But the worry is over now, my sprite. Your grandmother can not but see, by your appearance and by this attack, what a state your nerves and health are in; and I am sure she will not put any further strain on them. Keep tranquil, and let me find you well when I return, which I shall the moment I can possibly manage it,—perhaps in less than a month, if Evelyn is able to travel.'

"Grandmamma laughed ironically.

"'Evelyn able to travel in a month!' she said. 'My poor boy, if you succeed in twelve months in persuading her to travel home, I shall be amazed. And meanwhile your little spirit here will be transformed from the foolish child she now is into a sensible married woman.'

"'I am not afraid of that,' he answered. 'She has engaged herself to me, and she will keep her troth—for she has your blood in her veins. It is only about her health that I shall be anxious.'

"'He took off the seal ring he always wore on his little finger, and put it on my finger; telling me that, as he had not time to get an engagement ring, I must wear that until he brought me another.

"'I cast a terrified look at grandmamma, who was very angry for an instant. But she controlled herself, and said in her usual dignified manner:

"'You are a bold man, Henri de Wolff, to take this tone with me. How dare you speak so in my presence?'

"'I should be a coward if I did not speak boldly, when this child's whole future is at stake,' he said, but in a very sad voice; for he hated awfully to take this tone. 'Stop and think, and you will not blame

me. If she were drowning, or about to be tossed by a bull, or exposed to any imminent danger, I should feel myself a dastard, and you must admit that you would think me one, if I hesitated to risk anything or everything to save her. Well, of the two alternatives of being tossed by a bull or married against her will, I am certain she would prefer the first. Wouldn't you, Sydney?'

"A thousand times," I answered.

"And I should prefer it for her," he said. 'It is to save her from what would be worse than death to her that I have braved your displeasure. I beg you to take into consideration my intention, and forgive my reluctant offence. Now I am compelled to go, or I shall lose my train.'

"He leaned over and kissed me, and told me he was obliged to say good-bye, but that he would soon be back; and that grandmamma would not urge me any longer to marry Warry, now that I was engaged to him; and that I must be brave and patient, and get well for his sake.

"I said I would. But I shut my eyes and teeth; for I had the greatest difficulty in preventing myself from bursting into another fit of hysterical sobbing. While I was struggling against the impulse, and trying to swallow a great ball of pain that was choking me, grandmamma and Henri were talking; but I did not notice their conversation until I heard her say:

"It is useless to try to justify yourself. Your conduct is inexcusable. I ought to be very angry with you.'

"But you are not," he said. 'You know that all this has been harder to me than to you. Don't send me away without your forgiveness and blessing. Since my mother's death you have always given me your blessing when I had to say good-bye to you. You are not going to refuse it to me now?'

"Really, your effrontery is sublime!" grandmamma exclaimed. But I knew by her face that she was no longer angry with him; and her voice sounded very gentle when the next minute she said: 'As this

is the first time in your life, to my knowledge, that you ever did anything wrong, I suppose I must forgive you. God bless you, audacious boy, and give you more discretion, and more respect for your elders! God bless you!'

"I have an indistinct recollection of seeing her rise from her chair and embrace him, and stand watching him as he walked out of the room. I don't remember anything else until I woke to find a great commotion around me. I had fainted; and grandmamma was so alarmed at this, and by my appearance, now that her attention was called to it, that she saw Henri was right in saying my health was in a dreadful state. She gave in at once, and never said a word again about my marrying Warren, but was just her own self once more" (Sydney's voice faltered here); "and she did not resent Henri's interference.

"But papa did. When grandmamma wrote and told him that she had given up the marriage, and repeated all Henri had said, and particularly when he heard that Henri had persisted in maintaining that I was engaged to him, though grandmamma refused her consent, he was perfectly indignant, and wrote back that it was the most outrageous interference and defiance he had ever heard of; that it was so unlike Henri he must surely have lost his senses. As to tolerating it, he was astonished that grandmamma could entertain the idea for a moment. He would not. He would be at home shortly, and I should marry Warren,—I might rest assured of that.

"I was not the least alarmed by this threat. I knew grandmamma would soon bring him over to her ideas on the subject. And when he heard of Warren's marriage, he would understand why Henri had acted in such a high-handed manner. But"—she paused, a spasm of pain contracting her face, and it was a minute before she compelled herself to go on—"he never saw her again.

"When he came home, he was very cold to me. I ought to have told him then

about Warren's marriage; or insisted on Warren's telling him, for he was at home too. But I was so wretched I never even thought of it. I was so perfectly indifferent to everything, that papa saw it was useless to say anything about the affair just then. How often I have wished that he had spoken at once! If he had, I should have told him the truth, without a moment's hesitation. But before he did speak, my lips had been sealed in a very dreadful way.

"When Warren was about to return to Georgetown, he came to tell me good-bye. I was ill in bed, and Miss Berry was doubtful about letting me be disturbed. But he insisted, saying that he must see me alone, to give me a message from Henri. So she and Mammy left the room. I was lying half stupid from the effects of morphine, and too miserable even to pray. But when he spoke to me, his voice sounded so peculiar that I opened my eyes, and I was wide awake in an instant at the sight of his face. I can't describe what an awful expression it had. I was paralyzed. I felt as one does in a nightmare,—the desperate necessity and at the same time the impossibility of speaking or moving. I managed to whisper at last:

"Is papa dead too?"

"No," he said. "But I shall be in one minute, if you don't consent to what I am going to ask you to do for me."

"He sat down on the side of the bed, and I saw that he held a pistol in his right hand and my crucifix, which he had taken down from where it hung, in the other. He put the pistol to his own head and the crucifix to my lips, and said:

"Swear that you will not tell my uncle!"

"I swear," I answered, and kissed the crucifix; for I saw by the frightful, insane look in his eyes that if I hesitated a second he would pull the trigger. Then I fainted."

"The coward!" cried Mildred in a tone of intense contempt. "The pitiful coward!" And though Lett said nothing, her face

gave full assent to the opinion thus expressed.

"He thought at first that I was dead," Sydney went on, "and was horribly frightened. Nothing the doctor could say would induce him to leave until I was a great deal better. He stayed nearly a week longer, but I assure you Miss Berry never let him come near me again. She got the doctor to lay down the law on that point. Papa, seeing how anxious he was, and attributing it to uneasiness on my account, thought he had the best, most generous of hearts, to care so much for me when I had treated him so badly. I have no doubt he was sorry to have brought so much trouble on me, for he has not at all a bad heart. But his great uneasiness was about his secret. And at last he wrote on the fly-leaf of a book he sent me by Mammy: 'Do you remember?' I wrote, underneath, these words: 'Yes. I will keep the oath you wrung from me.' I tore out the leaf and sent it to him. This satisfied him, and he left that very night.

"He wrote to me at once from Georgetown, explaining and trying to excuse himself for what he very truly called his brutal frenzy. When he came to me he had just heard grandmamma's will read, and was utterly overwhelmed to learn that, instead of inheriting a handsome fortune as he expected, his name was not even mentioned in the will. Neither was mine. Her whole estate was left to papa. And though papa had been as kind as possible, had told him that it would not make the slightest difference in his ultimate inheritance, and had even given him a larger cheque for his expenses than he was in the habit of receiving from grandmamma—papa was always so generous in money matters!—he was beside himself with disappointment, and with terror lest I should tell papa of his marriage, as I had declared I intended to if he did not. He was so desperate that he was not merely trying to frighten me, but really intended to kill himself if I refused to swear. He wanted the secret kept

until he had completed his law course. I answered that I would keep it that long and not a day longer.

"How I suffered,—oh, how I suffered, not only from grief for grandmamma's death—that was bad enough,—but I was dreading papa's bringing up again the question of that horrible marriage. Every morning I rose with the sickening expectation that he would speak that day, and I could not sleep at night for thinking of it.

"At last he did speak. He said that, as I was a little older now, and ought to have more sense than when I acted in so undutiful a manner to grandmamma, he expected me to make the only atonement possible for having made her last days unhappy by my contumacy, by fulfilling her wishes. He trusted that I had heart and conscience enough to do this.

"It was the old thing over again. All I could say was: 'I can't marry Warren. I am engaged to Henri.' And then he blamed Henri.

"This was just before you came, Joyeuse. You know how it was after that: how determined papa was that I should marry Warren. I feel that I can never sufficiently thank God that he understood at last, and did Henri full justice. He said it was the greatest comfort to him that I was engaged to Henri; that he could leave me without the slightest anxiety about my future. But he seemed troubled about Warren,—not angry, as I feared he might be, as he had every reason to be, but troubled. He said twice: 'Poor Warren! If he had only told me! Now it is too late. But Henri and you, my child, will do what is right. Thank God, I can trust you both.' He sent a message to Miss Berry, begging her pardon for having misjudged her; and told me to give her five hundred dollars, as a legacy from him. You see," she said in explanation to Mildred, "he had discharged her, believing that it was by her assistance I corresponded with Henri, whereas it was through Warren."

As she uttered the last words, Sydney closed her eyes with a look of exhaustion. But she opened them again almost immediately and said:

"I am glad my long explanation is ended, for both of you must be very tired. No—please don't disclaim!" she cried hastily. "Just answer one question in one word—Yes or No. Have I convinced you that Henri was blameless from beginning to end?"

"Yes!" the two girls exclaimed simultaneously.

"I am satisfied, then; and I am tired. I will keep quiet the rest of the day, as Henri told me to do. I can not go to drive this afternoon. You'll excuse me to Mr. Chetwode, Mildred?"

"Certainly."

"And tell Henri, please, that I will go to walk with him in the morning. I want you to talk to him and be kind to him. Will you?" she asked wistfully.

Mildred, to whom her eyes turned as she spoke, replied with warmth:

"If he gives me the opportunity I surely will, for I think his tilt with your grandmother nothing less than chivalrous."

Sydney started up from her pillows with clasped hands and radiant face.

"Dear Mildred, thank you!" she exclaimed in a tone of great emotion. "You appreciate him,—you appreciate my Henri!"

(To be continued.)

THERE are some characters which appear very gentle so long as everything goes well with them; but at the touch of any adversity or contradiction, they are immediately enkindled, and begin to throw forth smoke like a volcano. Such as these may be called burning coals hidden under ashes. This is not the meekness which Our Lord taught, that He might make us like Himself. We ought to be as lilies among thorns, which, though they come from amid such sharp points, do not cease to be smooth and pliable.

—*St. Bernard.*

New Spiritual Favors for the Month of June.

SINCE those marvellous revelations to the holy Visitandine over two hundred years ago, revelations partly foreshadowed in the wondrous things revealed to St. Gertrude some centuries previously, and in the devotion to the Sacred Heart practised by Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation and other souls of predilection, that devotion has grown and developed in the Church. As a glorious sun that rises pale and tremulous at the dawning, it has increased in light and splendor until this present time beholds almost "the shining of the perfect day."

There is scarcely a church that does not display the statue of the Sacred Heart; hardly a congregation that does not observe the First Friday or its equivalent. Priests, eager to gain for their parishes that abounding grace promised to those who promote the devotion, and the power of preaching efficacious sermons, labor zealously for the cause. Pious persons of all conditions receive with avidity "the blessings of sweetness" thus granted them; and even the cold, the indifferent, the half-hearted, are led to do something, to have some little devotion toward the Redeemer's Heart. The badge or scapular, that militant symbol, with its motto, "Thy Kingdom Come," is worn on the breast of many a new Crusader as he advances to the monthly Communion of Reparation. The victories he unconsciously gains far surpass those won over Paynim hosts on the plains of the Orient.

The League of the Sacred Heart, Apostleship of Prayer, has spread its serried ranks over the entire universe. Its simple and easy conditions—a brief morning offering for the first degree, a decade of the Beads for the second, a monthly Communion for the third—make it accessible to every sort of people. What can be better, for instance, to oppose to the fanatical hatred of those modern persecutors in France than this vast and silent

army of prayer, under the one great Captain, the "Lion of the Tribe of Juda"? The weapons they present are unconquerable, and they defeat alike the frenzied deeds of open violence and the perfidious craft which appeals to the disenthralment of the State and to the rights of man. Heresy, infidelity, under whatever name it assumes, must be vanquished sooner or later by the incense of supplication that arises thence to the God who is our God, mighty and strong, through the all-merciful Heart of His Divine Son.

Everywhere something is being done—and that something is growing daily—to serve as an antidote against the modern evils of indifferentism, contempt for sacred things, agnosticism. It is as when war is in the air, nations begin to make preparation; or when the harvest is white, laborers flock to the field. Men feel that their need is urgent; and that necessities, public or private, individual affairs as well as the mightier interests of the Church, must all be commended to that Heart which is omnipotent through its very mercy.

During the succeeding pontificates of recent years, each Pope has rivalled his predecessor in giving a fresh impetus to this devotion, and numberless indeed are the indulgences connected with its practice. It seems as if the leader of God's people thus provides them with arms and calls upon them to enter the lists and do battle. By that revelation vouchsafed within the last few years to a holy nun of the Good Shepherd, the immortal Leo XIII. was induced to consecrate the entire world to the Heart of Christ. His successor has gone a step further, and decreed that this consecration shall be repeated every year; and the universe at large become as a vast field ripe for the sickle of the Master. Time presses on toward the end, and much has still to be accomplished. Therefore this method has been adopted of binding the tares and the wheat into one vast sheaf, trusting that the Lord of the vineyard may, in His mercy, convert the one into the other. In 1902, Leo XIII.

again granted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to all who, publicly or privately, during the month of June, honor the Sacred Heart by special prayers or exercises; and a plenary indulgence at the end of the month to those who have been faithful to these practices during at least ten days of the month. This indulgence, on the usual conditions, holds good for the first eight days of July.

The present Holy Father, at the request of the "Apostolate of the Month of the Sacred Heart," an organization devoted to the furtherance of that devotion, has granted a most unusual favor. Never since Our Lord Himself gave the Pardon of the Portiuncula to St. Francis has such a privilege gladdened the Catholic heart. This is a plenary indulgence, *toties quoties*, or every time, applicable to the souls in purgatory, on the 30th day of June, in all churches where the Month of the Sacred Heart has been solemnly observed. It is not limited to one church or one locality, but extends to all churches where the devotion has been solemnly observed; and it may be gained every time, and by any person, as often as he enters the edifice and prays for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The Father of Christendom, having thus opened the treasury of the Church to faithful Christians of every degree, does something further for the priests of God, and enables them the more efficaciously to help the suffering souls in the dim realm of purgatory. The privilege of the Gregorian altar *ad instar* is granted on June 30 to all preachers of the Month of the Sacred Heart, and rectors of churches wherein the month is solemnly observed.

And, not content with thus bringing within reach the peculiar power and efficacy which ecclesiastical tradition ascribes to Gregorian Masses, a third favor may be gained by all who in any way promote the practice of celebrating this month. They may gain five hundred days' indulgence, applicable to the dead, for every effort they make, by themselves

assisting or inducing others to assist at the exercises in honor of the Sacred Heart; and also a plenary indulgence as often as they receive Holy Communion during the thirty days.

This month of June will, therefore, witness a new and splendid triumph for the Heart of Christ. Over the whole earth hymns of jubilation will arise; thousands will press around the altar; the Church militant will be touched with the sacred flame, as of old were the Apostles on the Feast of Pentecost. It is consoling to reflect, moreover, that countless souls will be delivered from the fiery prison of the middle state, and mount, by means of these priceless treasures, to the blessed mansions. The Church suffering will rejoice on that thirtieth day of June, and new and powerful intercessors for Christendom and its people will stand in the Presence and upraise the voice of praise and supplication.

Surely all this is in accordance with the desire of the Saviour Himself, the Emmanuel dwelling upon earth, who said: "I am come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?" The history of the devotion shows that there is no more certain means of kindling that fire and causing it to glow and burn, than by spreading far and wide the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is evidently the predestined, culminating effort of redeeming love, the providential means required to supplement what is lacking in faith and fervor.

And so, while the days of man are passing "more swiftly than the web is cut by the weaver," merits are being accumulated, favors lavished, and indulgences gained, by very slight exertion on the part of the recipient. His prayers can scarcely remain unanswered, if only he will join in that chorus that is growing and swelling,—the last grand canticle, perhaps, that the generations of man shall hear before the dissolution of this earthly globe. As the faint droning of the insect, as the song of the bird, or as the loud blare of the

trumpet, it is perpetual and ever increasing in volume. A prayer to the Sacred Heart has been added to the prayers after Mass; and in some dioceses there is sung at Benediction that same cry of supplication, that same appeal to the loving Heart: "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!" And this cry is caught up and re-echoed from the throbbing heart of humanity; because toward the symbol of love sinners must turn as well as saints, since sinners will find in that Heart an ocean of mercy.

An Impressive Service.

ONE who was privileged to know intimately the celebrated Parepa Rosa, faint echoes of whose wondrous voice must still linger in the memory of many persons, contributes the following reminiscence of her friend to the current number of *Our Dumb Animals*. (Boston, Mass.) Such stories, illustrating goodness of heart, cause many of the world's celebrities to be remembered long after the fame of their talents or achievements has ceased to endure. It was indeed an impressive service of which the once renowned vocalist was the conductor.

Many years ago a poor widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called on to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for fifteen years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had always been weakly. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she faded and wasted away with consumption; and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with a smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young creature was dead.

For many months the pair had been supported by the elderly woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer

I had become acquainted with Mrs. C. and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an East Side tenement where they lived, by a few books and some comforting words I had won the affection of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of the funeral and ask me to be in attendance.

That summons reached me upon one of the wildest days preceding Christmas. A sleet that was not rain and a rain that was not snow came pelting from all points of the compass. I had piled the glowing grates, drawn closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon, turned on the gas and sat down, devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the furious weather, when an instalment of it burst in upon me in the shape of Parepa Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa of that time, and the operatic idol of the city. And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together, here came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the poor sewing-woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blotted note over and groaned.

"This is terrible," said I. "It's just the one errand that could take me out to-day, but I must go."

And then I told Parepa the circumstances, and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested some means of amusement in my enforced absence.

"*But I will go with you,*" said the great-hearted creature.

So she re-wound her throat with the long white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back hearse, peculiar to the twenty-five dollar funeral, stood

in the street below; and the awful cherry-stained box, with its ruffle of glazed white muslin, stood on uncovered trestles in the centre of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, beside that box, a group of hard-working, kindly-hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end; it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So, therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

Then the minister came in,—a dry man, with nothing of the tenderness of his holy calling. Icier than the day, colder than the storm, he rattled through some selected sentences from the Bible, and offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother. Then he hurriedly departed, while a hush fell on everybody gathered in the cheerless little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the sad occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember.

Then Parepa arose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherry-stained box. She looked a moment on the wasted, ashy face, upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft, white hand on the forehead of the dead girl, and lifted up her matchless voice in the beautiful melody—

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take her to your care!

The noble voice swelled toward heaven; and if ever the choirs of paradise paused to listen to earth's music, it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl. No words of mine can describe its effects on those gathered

there. The sad mourner sank on her knees, and, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, the little band stood reverently about her.

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory as the most impressive service I ever heard.

The Dewdrop and the Pearl.

ONE morning a great king, wearied with the affairs of state, came out of his palace and sat down on the green turf to rest. His diadem, adorned with a pearl of great price, lay beside him, buried in the tall grass. At the end of a blade glistened a dewdrop, which ventured to address the pearl, calling it "sister."

"I your sister?" retorted the gem,—"I, who am worth millions, and who adorn the brow of the greatest of earthly kings?"

"What is your mission?" inquired the dewdrop, gently.

"To excite the admiration and envy of all," replied the pearl.

"Mine is to die for others," said the meek dewdrop, falling as she spoke upon the parched root of a blade of grass.

An angel descended from on high, caught up the drop of dew and bore it to the skies. There the Heavenly Father blessed it, and made of it one of the most beautiful of the Cherubim.

In time the pearl lost its beautiful lustre. Then the king's jeweller removed it from the diadem, which it no longer adorned, threw it down and crushed it with his heel.

True it is that "everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

OUR very walking is an incessant falling,—a falling and a catching of ourselves again before we come actually to the pavement. It is emblematic, in fact, of all things man does.—*Carlyle*.

Notes and Remarks.

In July of this year, all Germany will unite in celebrating the seven hundredth anniversary of the birth of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The celebration will take place at Eisenach, where, a child of four, she was betrothed to Louis of Thuringia, in whose court she dwelt and was educated until the consummation of their nuptials in 1220, when Elizabeth was thirteen years of age. A committee, composed of two hundred distinguished men throughout Germany, has been appointed to conduct the festivities. This committee counts among its members clergymen, statesmen, doctors, lawyers, literary men, architects, painters, poets, musicians, actors, and university professors. Besides these, there are also representatives from the court of the Emperor William, and other German princes.

The celebration will consist principally of music and singing by various choral societies, as that portion of Germany, though faithful to the memory of the saint, has long been Protestant. It remains for the Catholics who participate in the festivities to unite in fervent prayer, in their hearts at least, that the country so tenderly beloved by the "dear St. Elizabeth" may one day return to the Faith of its forefathers.

A correspondent having written to the *Examiner* (Bombay) on the prevalence, in his neighborhood, of jealousy and backbiting, Father Hull treats the subject in a journalistic sermon, in the course of which he says:

We think that many people habitually indulge in jealousy and backbiting, not out of deliberate wickedness, but for want of reflection on the unreasonableness, repulsiveness, and moral perversity of such conduct. Argument, however, is not of much use in such cases. The best way of curing them is to bring them face to face with the beauty of the contrary virtue. A man full of good feeling and friendliness toward all, . . . a man free from the least touch

of jealousy, rejoicing in good wherever he sees it, and putting the most benign interpretation on evil,—such a man is a most delightful and attractive personality. And when people feel this, a certain magnetic influence will pass into them. A light will penetrate into the hidden recesses of their hearts, will reveal the vermin and filth lurking there, and result in a spring-cleaning of a far more effectual kind than any treatise on the virtues and vices would bring about. In fact, it is a general principle of practical psychology that if you wish to make others what you think they ought to be, you must show yourself a model of the same. Hostility is conquered by friendliness, moral depravity by uprightness, hatred by love; and it is the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

Apropos of this sin of detraction, the one point that needs to be insisted upon, "opportunistly and inopportunistly, in season and out of season," appears to be that it is a sin, far more grievous than theft, and presenting far greater difficulties in the matter of restitution.

The large class of persons to whom the great Cardinal Newman remains an inexplicable mystery—"one of the strangest figures of the Nineteenth Century"—will be helped in their study of him by the recent work of M. Henri Bremond, an English translation of which, by Mr. H. C. Corrance, has just appeared. "The Mystery of Newman" affords, perhaps, the fullest and fairest presentment of him that we have. The charm and strength of his personality, his wondrous endowments, and his singular limitations, are strikingly depicted. Referring to the unique and subtle power of Newman's sermons, M. Bremond says:

There is feeling, and plenty of it—but of a strange kind,—an "emotion of thought," an invisible flame, whose heat, never altogether burning, penetrates little by little to the very roots of the soul. It does not carry us out of ourselves, as does Lacordaire; but, without our knowing it, by a contagion of supersensuous life, it brings up to the surface all that egotism and mechanical habit had thrust back to the bottom of our souls. We are inspired with no sudden resolution; no wave of enthusiasm allows us to think that we have become in a few minutes heroes and saints. We are not the same as

before, and we are not able to say why we have become serious. We do better than understand: we feel that God is there quite close, that the angels are there, that we are mad to forget heaven, that this life is a dream. It is not exaltation, it is not ecstasy; we do not lose sight of earth, and we walk on, like the pilgrims of Emmaus, hearing the traveller; and, if we allowed ourselves to compare these two forms of eloquence, we should also be tempted to say at parting, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way?"

M. Bremond is a little hard on Newman's handling of Kingsley. "Why should Newman have been gentle to him?" asks a reviewer in the *Athenæum*. "Kingsley made a deliberate and unprovoked attack on Newman's morality; asked for his evidence, he could give none; asked to withdraw the charge, he did so in a way which was nearly as bad as his original accusation; and virtually repeated the whole offence under cover of a cloud of impertinences. Never was a castigation better deserved than that administered to Kingsley." Richly deserved indeed; but it will be remembered that Newman himself, in after years, regretted his severity.

What will impress most people as a moderate view of the ever-recurring alcohol question is presented by F. A. Davy, M. D., in "What to Drink," a contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* for May. The following extracts will indicate the trend of the paper:

A trial will show that if we give a plant alcohol mixed with water it will fade away and die. And I may say here that, though animal tissues are not plant tissues, the insurance companies take a similar view of its effect on man: they lay down that the man who habitually takes alcohol even in moderation must not be insured at the favorable rates which are allowed to abstainers from it. It is a point worth pondering that we find committees of level-headed business men coming to a very definite conclusion on this alcohol question from the point of view of their financial interests. . . . What had we better do, then, with a drug a very slight overdose of which produces headache, mental confusion, redness of eyes, loss of appetite, indigestion? Evidently abandon its habitual use, not its occasional use

when a stimulant to the circulation is suddenly required. For it is as certain as the insurance companies make it that the habitual use of alcohol in sufficient quantity to produce a stimulant effect (short of which few people want to take it at all) is an outrage on Nature, disturbs her processes of assimilation of food and of nutrition, and induces in time a morbid condition of the lungs, liver, kidneys, and brain. . . . But are we to proclaim that alcohol is absolutely and entirely pernicious because these things are so? Assuredly not. For what is this alcohol trouble? The trouble is that while there are occasions for the use of alcohol, it is most generally used when there is no occasion for it. Moreover, when there is occasion for it, and the prescribed quantity of it has had the desired effect, the patient does not crave for more; while if taken when not required the tendency of alcohol is to create a desire for more of it, and this because some constitutional irritation produced by the first dose, though in a certain sense pleasurable, needs to be allayed. There are states, of which medical men know, in which certain regulated doses of alcohol are beneficial. The same is true of every other powerful drug. The notion that it is a food, to be taken every day as a matter of course, is a wholly pernicious one. People who are in health do not add to that state by taking wines or spirits.

As long as men's appetites crave stimulants there will continue to be differences of opinion as to whether alcohol is properly a poison or a food; but the physiologists have even at present practically settled the question that the total abstainer from alcoholic drinks is, other things being equal, both a healthier and a happier man than even the most moderate of drinkers.

In the interesting little journal published monthly, in connection with Our Lady of Victory Mission in Chicago, we find the following edifying items, recorded by the zealous founder of that excellent charity, Mr. M. F. D. Collins:

As evidence of the widespread good accomplished by the Mission of Our Lady of Victory among the men of the lodging-houses of this district, we quote the words of the manager of a large lodging-house: "Before the mission was established I seldom saw a man kneeling in prayer. Now I notice that nearly all the Catholic men who attend the mission not only say their prayers morning and night, but I often see them returning from daily Mass during the week

and on Sundays." . . . "Fasting throughout the long hours of night, as they wandered through the streets without a place to lay their heads, I have known members of Our Lady of Victory Club to receive the next morning our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, and go away from the Holy Table to begin a new life, which in the end meant victory over self and the respect and admiration of those who knew their stories."

Readers of this magazine will remember an account, published two or three years ago, of this mission in the slums of the Western metropolis, and will rejoice that the good work then chronicled has taken on larger proportions. Our Chicago readers, in particular, might easily give of their superabundance to far less deserving charities than this of Our Lady of Victory's Mission.

The Sovereign Pontiff's statement, in a recent Allocution, that the persecution in France is as nothing when compared with the dangers to the Faith caused by the secret enemies of the Church within her own bosom, is calculated to give pause to many reckless writers besides those referred to by his Holiness—camp followers, who, though less malicious, often do more mischief than their leaders. The rebuke and warning of the head of the Church are plainly to and against those who in any way spread errors as well as those who invent them. "Rebels, only too truly," says Pius X., "are they who profess and propagate under deceitful forms monstrous errors on the evolution of dogma, on a return to the Pure Gospel,—which means a Gospel, as they put it, stripped of the explanations of theology, of the definitions of the Councils, of the maxims of asceticism; on emancipation from the Church, but after a new fashion, by avoiding rebellion so as not to be cut off, but at the same time by refusing subjection in order to retain their own convictions; and finally on the necessity of falling in with the times in speaking, in writing, in preaching a charity without faith, and full of tenderness for unbelievers,

but which, unhappily, opens to all the road to eternal ruin. . . .

"The Sacred Scripture has ceased to be for these modern heretics the sure fount of all the truths appertaining to the Faith, and is no more than an ordinary book; for them inspiration is limited to dogmatic doctrines (and these understood after their own fashion), and differs but little from the poetical inspiration of Æschylus and Homer. The legitimate interpreter of the Bible is the Church, but the Church in subjection to the rules of the so-called critical science, which dominates and enslaves theology. Finally, for tradition everything is relative and subject to changes, with the result that the authority of the Holy Fathers is reduced to zero. All these and a thousand other errors are propagated in pamphlets, reviews, ascetical works, and even in novels; and are so wrapped up in ambiguous terms and nebulous forms as always to leave an opening for defence so as not to incur an open condemnation, and yet be calculated to take the unwary in their toils."

This last sentence suggests the additional precaution necessary nowadays in carefully examining even Catholic books before recommending them to the faithful. The practice of unsettling pious beliefs in oldtime traditions—of denying, for instance, the authenticity of the Holy House in popular magazines,—is, to our mind, indefensibly wanton. Until all such questions are settled by the Church, their discussion may well be confined to reviews that do not reach the masses.

The *Protestant Alliance Magazine*, an organ of the extreme anti-Catholic party in England, having stated that Rome (meaning the Church of course) is losing ground in the United Kingdom—"2,075,000 loss in 27 years,"—a correspondent of the *English Churchman* is moved to remark: "My experience does not lead me to believe that Rome is losing ground in this country,—quite the contrary. How are these figures arrived at? There is no need to

be unduly alarmist, but we want to get at the facts. If Rome be losing ground so rapidly, I should draw the conclusion that some of our Protestant societies are unnecessary, and that money given to them might be more usefully expended on Evangelistic enterprise."

The question is in order, and the conclusion should commend itself to the Protestant Alliance and all kindred organizations.

On what apparently trivial circumstances important events often hinge! An old copy of a secular newspaper is wrapped about a package sent to a Protestant physician. Glancing over the sheet, the doctor sees and reads a defence of the Church written by a Catholic prelate; and, as a result, he and his wife and daughter become fervent Catholics. This, in brief, is the story told by a writer in the *Catholic Standard and Times* of Dr. Monk of Newton Grove, North Carolina. The sequel is not less interesting:

Returning to his home, the old physician became a valiant champion of the ancient Faith. Fearing to trust the new convert to Catholicity, his old patrons gradually deserted him. But the dwindling of the Doctor's practice only increased his religious zeal. Time at last dispelled the cloud of prejudice; and after a long and successful battle in the cause of the faith of his later years, Dr. Monk finally passed away, mourned alike by Catholic and Protestant. As showing the power of one earnest soul, it may be well to state that Newton Grove is now a Catholic community.

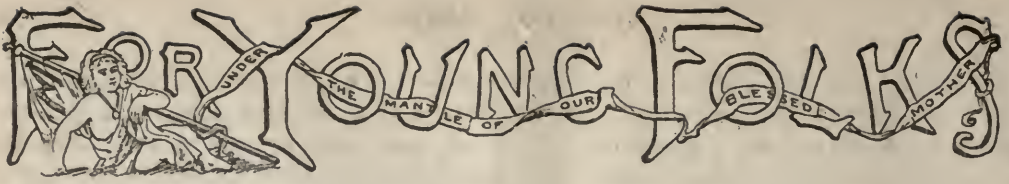
The good or evil effected by old and discarded copies of papers and magazines is perhaps underestimated. We recall in this connection the astonishment of one of our own contributors upon learning of a recent conversion brought about by the reading of an article of his which had appeared in THE AVE MARIA seven years previously. Truly, the written word endures.

Writing in the *Methodist Review* of the desirability of the preacher's confining himself to the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Jefferson says that "on going into the house of God one should know at once

that it is not a lecture-hall, a reform-club meeting-place, a professor's class-room, a newspaper office, or the rendezvous of a literary or musical society. There ought to be in the air a mystical something which awes the heart and impels it to look upward. There ought to be something there which makes one feel like saying, 'This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven.' And it is the preacher who must be foremost in creating this atmosphere."

In a veritable *church*, Dr. Jefferson, the atmosphere is created by God Himself, really present in the tabernacle. The "mystical something which awes the heart" has, thousands of times, been felt by Protestants like yourself when they have found themselves in a Catholic church, where the lighted sanctuary lamp proclaims that the Christ who declared that His delight was to be with the children of men *is* with them effectively, with His "body, blood, soul, and divinity."

As the Boston *Transcript* remarks, the mission facts supplied by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Berlioz of Japan, at present in this country, deserve the consideration of American Catholics. His Lordship says that our missionaries in Japan look to the Catholics of the United States and Canada more than ever now for financial assistance, since the Church troubles in France have shut off many considerable donations from individuals of that country. Furthermore, the English language is becoming more and more the common tongue between the natives and foreigners; English text-books are being used for educational purposes, and the diplomatic language of the country promises to be English. Bishop Berlioz says that, owing to the fact that the non-Catholic missionaries in Japan are chiefly English-speaking, the natives have the idea that all religious workers speaking the English tongue are non-Catholic. He calls upon the priests and people in our country to assist in combating this view.



A Rhyme of the Olden Time.

A LITTLE poem recited by children in England five hundred years or so ago deserves to be reproduced in the pages of *Our Lady's* magazine. It would be well if all would bear in mind that the day "spedes" better when the protection of the Blessed Virgin is invoked. It seems to have been the custom to recite the orisons to Our Lady with a companion—a "fellow," as the poem has it. Here are the lines:

Afore all things, first and principally,
In the morrow when ye shall up rise,
To worship God have in your memory.
With Christ's Cross look ye bless you thrice,
Your *Pater Noster* sayeth in devout wyse,
Ave Maria with the holy Crede,
Then all the day the better may ye spede.
And while ye be abouten honestly
To dress yourself and don on your array,
With your fellow, well and treatably,
Our Lady's Matins aviseth that ye say,
And this observance useth every day,
With Prime and Hours; and withouten dread
The Blessed Lady will grant you your meed.

The Secret of the Ebony Box.

"IN my time," observed Colonel I——,
"the superiors at St. Cyr were very
strict in regard to leave of absence;
so much so, that a student could not obtain
a permission for even one day without the
most serious reasons. Hence when the
general at St. Cyr sent word for me to
come to his office, and told me that I was
allowed a week to visit my family, I was
certain that some great sorrow was before
me. My family consisted of my mother
and some cousins of remote degree; for I
had, alas! lost in a short interval my

father and a dear little sister only twelve
years old.

"Overcoming the bashfulness which the
cold and brusque manner of the general
invariably produced, I asked:

"General, is my mother dangerously
ill?—Perhaps she is dead?"

"No," said the commanding officer,
taking both my hands within his own, and
pressing them warmly (for his heart was
kind),—"no, it is not so bad as that; at
least I hope not. Your mother is ill, and
asks for you. See, she has written with her
own hand."

"And he passed me the letter, in which
I recognized my mother's writing, although
the characters appeared to have been
traced with a nervous, feeble hand.
'General,' she wrote, 'I am very ill, and
desire to see my son. Refuse me not this
consolation, I entreat you.'

"Two days later I was in Marseilles,
and at my mother's bedside. She had
just received the last Sacraments, and all
the circumstances indicated that she had
not more than a few hours to live. After
having embraced me long and fondly, she
told me in a weak voice that I must be
resigned to God's holy will; that my
father and sister, with her, would always
love me and pray for me in heaven; and
she added:

"My dear George, I think that you are
resolved to be a good man and a faithful
Christian all through life. Is it not so?"

"Of course it is, I answered, while I
sobbed aloud; 'I promise you I will.'

"Then I went to take a little repose,
leaving a Sister of Bon Secours by the
bedside; but the latter soon recalled me,
for my mother was dying. Her eyes were
misty, her breathing short; she made a
sign to the good religious, who went to
the mantlepice and brought her a little
ebony box incrusting with silver,

“‘George,’ said my mother, ‘take this *coffret*, and promise me solemnly not to open it until you are thirty years old.’

“‘I promise, my darling mother!’ I said; and kissed her hand, which traced a cross on my brow.

“‘She yielded her last sigh in perfect serenity, while kissing the crucifix that the Sister and I held to her lips; and those were the last words that we ever addressed each other.

“‘Two years after I was appointed sub-lieutenant, and ordered to join the expedition to Mexico. ‘What shall I do with that little box?’ I asked myself. ‘Take it with me or leave it, with other personal effects, in charge of my notary?’ I had become very curious as to its contents, and I said: ‘I may be wounded; and if death should be imminent, I may then open the box, even though I have not attained my thirtieth year.’ So I concluded to take it with me across the wide Atlantic.

“‘During our campaign in Mexico, the general of our brigade ordered me to attack an ugly little fort—my company consisted of about thirty men,—when, lo! there came forth from its small enclosure hundreds of well-armed troops, who not only obliged us to raise the siege, but cut off our retreat. After losing half my soldiers, I was going to surrender my sword and the fifteen remaining combatants, when I reflected that the pillaging Mexicans would not fail to seize our baggage, and consequently secure my little ebony box. This thought gave me new courage. I slung my valise (which contained the treasure) over my shoulder, and, giving the signal of attack, I opened a way with my brave soldiers through the ranks of three or four hundred Mexicans. We reached our camp—some of us. The Cross of Honor was the recompense of this daring deed,—that decoration which makes the soldier’s heart on which it rests beat faster than the stars of officer or commander. It was the box that had won it for me.

“‘But that promise made to my dying

mother,—that promise to live an honest man and a faithful Christian? Alas! I had kept it only by halves. In this deplorable state I attained my thirtieth year, and I then opened the ebony box. Great was my surprise to find that it contained the blue satin badge that I had worn on the day of my First Communion. On it were embroidered, by my mother’s own hand, my initials and the date of that most memorable act. I burst into tears; I fell on my knees and cried for pardon for my neglect of the sacred promises I had made to God and to my dying, beloved mother. Then I began to pray for my father, mother, and sister,—a duty long neglected.

“‘To pray for them was to pray for myself. I do not say that I was wholly converted on that day; evil habits and the chain of unconquered passions are not so easily overcome and broken. But I began once more to pray; and to pray perseveringly always brings one to the feet of the priest, and, through him, to the Divine Heart of Jesus.’”

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—BARTON RIDGE.

Tom helped his fellow-traveller to alight from the car; and almost before they had touched the little platform beside the road, the train was off as if with a fierce impatience at this petty delay.

“‘They’re going to kill somebody here yet,” said Miss Elvira, indignantly. “You ought to complain, Pap Perley. What’s the use of being station-master if you can’t hold a train respectably?”

“‘I hold ’em,” said the old man, in a quavering voice. “Me and Pont holds ’em every time. Didn’t you see me hold it, boy?”—he turned appealingly to Tom. “Didn’t you see me shaking the red flag, and hear Pont barking? We hold ’em three times a day, and never miss, rain or

shine; don't we, Pont? I don't know what you're complaining for, Miss Elvira."

"Oh, I'm not complaining of you!" answered the old lady. "Only folks don't like to be shook off the cars, as if they was bags of rags, and Barton Ridge no more 'count than a dust heap. Any news since I've been gone, Pap Perley?"

"Aye." The old man sat down on an empty box and began slowly furling his tattered flag; while Pont, still growling at the disappearing train, crouched at his feet. "Colonel Brent's big Wolf is poisoned—"

"Law! you don't mean it! What a shame! There warn't the like of that dog in the whole country."

"And they bust into his smoke-house last week and took all his bacon and hams."

"Goodness gracious! Who?" asked Miss Elvira, breathlessly.

"I don't know," answered Pap Perley. "It warn't me and it warn't Pont; was it, Pont? And it warn't me and it warn't Pont that set fire to Judge Irving's hay-ricks last night."

"Set fire to Judge Irving's hay-ricks! Why, what's come over Barton Ridge, Pap Perley. I never heard of such doings?"

"How kin I tell?" said Pap Perley crossly, though the dim eyes lifted for a moment to Miss Elvira had a passing gleam in them as if he were thinking more than he chose to say. "It warn't me nor it warn't Pont; was it, Pont?" And the old man rose stiffly and laid the folded flag in the box on which he had been seated, and hobbled away.

"Failing!" said Miss Elvira, shaking her head. "Poor old Pap Perley is failing fast. Ain't ever been the same since his boy Nick was jailed for moonshining."

"Moonshining? What is that?" asked Tom.

"Land, boy! where was you raised?" asked the old lady. "Why, moonshining is making brandy and whiskey agin the law. Moonshiners is always a bad lot, and respectable folks don't want 'em around. These here mountain tops used to

be full of 'em until Judge Irving bought all the timber belt around Tiptop and hunted 'em off."

The travellers were climbing the steep road that led up from the station to the village straggling over the ridge above. Tom had politely taken Miss Elvira's luggage—a big, old-fashioned carpet bag,—and thereby forever established himself in the owner's good graces.

"Best stop at my house and hev a bite of dinner before you go on," she said hospitably, as they reached a little path that branched off to the mill. "It won't be nothing but bacon and eggs, but it will be good and hot and filling for you."

"Thank you! I am sure it would," said Tom, who had taken quite a fancy to the friendly old lady. "And I'll remember your invitation some other time. But now I think I'd better keep on. Right up this road, you say?"

"Yes, it's a good four-mile to Tiptop. But Crestmont, the Irvings' house, is just above the village a bit, if you're going there. There ain't much of a road after you pass the Crestmont grounds; but the path is beaten, and you'd best keep to it; for there's some ugly old mine holes up in them rocks."

"I'll look out for them," said Tom, as he relinquished the carpet bag to Miss Elvira, and, lifting his hat in a friendly good-bye, kept on up the hill.

The little mountain village seemed sleeping in the hot sunshine of the summer noon. One or two dogs barked at Tom as he passed; a couple of loungers on the porch of the village store looked up at him lazily; and an old Negro driving a mule cart touched his ragged hat as he gave the stranger the road. Even the bees seemed to drone dully as they hung over the ragged thistles and hedges beside the way, as if too sleepy to buzz or work. Tom felt that he could not wonder much at Chip's "conditions" since he had grown up here. But as he went on, the road smoothed and widened; a high stone wall

replaced the thistle bushes; through a tall iron gateway opening beside an ivy grown ledge, Tom could see a beautiful house rising among green shaded lawns and gardens.

This was Crestmont, of which Miss Elvira had told him; this was Chip's home; and as Tom looked at rose-wreathed porch and tower and terrace, the picture of the old canal-boat, with its fluttering wash, its slovenly mistress, rose before him, and he felt glad he was not "pushing in" here. He hurried on past the spacious grounds that, graded and terraced, stretched high up the mountain ridge to a merry little stream that came leaping down the rocks, flashing and foaming as it swept under the pretty rustic bridge, and then dashing off into the valley far below. Barton Brook marked the edge of the Ridge; beyond it the mountain rose in all its fierce strength, untamed as yet by any mastering hand. Only a little bridle-path wound up over rock and gully, through thicket and undergrowth, and dark groves of cedar and oak, whose locked branches almost shut out the day. Here and there an open stretch showed where the woodsman's axe had been busy, and rows of the forest monarchs lay shorn of their pride and strength. For the Irving-Brent Company had bought this wide timber belt, and very soon the little stream would be caught up and forced to turn the great wheels of a big sawmill that would tear the hearts of the oaks and cedars with its giant teeth; iron tracks would bind the mountain, harsh sounds of toil would break its silence, strange lights glare into its gloom; all the fierce, wild creatures that made their home in its sheltering rocks and shadows would be driven away.

And though our Tom knew nothing of this as he climbed the rugged height on this summer noon, he felt a new spirit in the air,—free, fierce, defiant; all unlike the dull, dead calm of the low swamp lands around his own home. He was far

away from his old life, his old past; he was free from its bonds, its cares, its burdens; and Tom went up the rough heights feeling as if he had cut loose indeed and were in a new world, when a sudden turn of the path brought the mountain gap into view, and there, creeping slowly between narrow banks, was the old canal. It gave Tom an odd shock to see it here. He had forgotten how long it was, through what miles of meadow and orchard and forest it took its dull, steady way. He remembered how Father Grey, looking from his class-room window at a boat passing through the lock, told the boys there was a lesson for them.

"When the river is unnavigable, cut a canal; or, in other words, my boys, if you can't find a way through life, make it. The made way is often the safest, the surest and the straightest, as your histories show."

Tom had taken the words to heart, and the canal had been a lesson to him ever since. It brought sobering thoughts to-day. The old life, with its cares and burdens, seemed to follow him even as the canal took its dull, slow way among these free, glad heights.

Captain Bill's warning came back to him; and, thinking anxiously of his father, he was climbing the stony path that led through a belt of stunted pines when an odd sound struck his ear. Some one was crying piteously near by.

"O Jack, Jack!" sobbed a sweet, broken voice. "He is gone, gone forever! O my dear, darling little Jack!"

Tom stopped cautiously; the fluttering folds of a pink dress showed through the undergrowth to the right. Stepping nearer, he saw, seated on a flat rock, a slender girl about twelve. Soft brown hair loosened from its braid fell over the face that was bowed in her clasped hands, and she was sobbing pitifully.

Tom knew very little about girls, as he said. He had never had any sisters or cousins, and the schools he had attended were strictly for boys. He had always

shied off from the laughing hoidens that lived along the canal. But a crying girl was different; he could not shy off here.

"Are—are you hurt?" he found voice to blurt out awkwardly. "Did you fall? Can I do anything for you?"

The pink-robed mourner looked up, shaking back the hair from a pretty, tear-stained face.

"Oh, if you could! But you can't, you can't!" she sobbed. "He's gone,—gone forever, my poor darling Jack! He tumbled down the mine hole there. Oh, I'll never see him again,—never, I know."

"The mine hole!" said Tom, in dismay. "Can't you get him out?"

"Oh, no, no! It's too deep, and it's been all choked up for ever so long. O Jack, Jack! Why did I bring him out to-day? I ought to have known better. Oh, this will spoil all my fun! I won't have another happy minute this whole summer. To lose my darling little Jack like this—like this! Listen!" She started to her feet in sudden excitement. "Didn't you hear something? Oh, yes, it's Jack! He's not dead. It's Jack's darling little bark—"

"Bark?" echoed Tom, with relief. "Gee whiz! he is a dog, then. I thought it was a boy. Only a dog—"

"Only a dog! You horrid, unfeeling boy! Only a dog,—my poor, precious, darling Jack! Oh, just hear him crying! He can't be far down. He is caught in the rubbish somewhere."

"Lookout!" cried Tom, desperately, as the little lady made a step or two forward, and for the first time he caught sight of a big, grass-grown chasm at her very feet. "You'll go down yourself. Jerusalem!" as he peered into the dark depths. "That is a bad place sure. It ought to be shut up."

"Dad wants to shut it, but he can't. It doesn't belong to him. It's the old Barton mine, and it runs—oh, nobody knows where under the mountain! Oh, there is poor, dear Jack crying again!

Can't we get him somehow?" sobbed Jack's mistress, despairingly.

"You can't," answered Tom, bluntly. "But if you'll promise to stand back from that hole and not topple in on me, I'll go down a bit and see."

"Oh, will you?" The brown eyes flashed delighted gratitude at this unlooked-for offer. "But I'm afraid—I'm afraid you'll get hurt."

"I'll lookout for that," said Tom, who had been inspecting the situation, and saw there was safe foothold for some distance in the old shaft. "Stand back; for if you tumble in, it will be all up with both of us. I can't promise to get your dog, but I'll try."

And, with the watchword on his lips, he swung himself cautiously into the black chasm yawning below him. He had no idea of going very far; Jack's whine sounded encouragingly near. The sides of the shaft were broken by rocks and roots and ridges that made the first twenty feet an easy descent. Then a short, sharp bark sounded at his very feet; and Tom, with eyes grown accustomed to the gloom, saw a tiny little terrier leaping and circling in desperate efforts for freedom just beneath him.

"Hooray! I've got him all right," was the cheery shout that went up to Jack's mistress. But even as the words passed Tom's lips the earth and rubbish on which he had sprung to seize her prize gave way: the "choke" in the old shaft that had upheld little Jack in safety broke beneath Tom's sturdy weight, and he went down—down into black depths below.

(To be continued.)

Tally-Ho.

The expression "Tally-ho!" the words with which a huntsman cheers on the hounds, is supposed to be derived from the old cry used by the French when a fox broke cover, "Taillis hors," meaning "out of the coppice."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—No. 3 of the Rev. David Dunford's *Roman Documents and Decrees* contains a collection of Apostolic Letters and Encyclicals, with the decrees of the various Roman Congregations for January, February, and March of the present year.

—"The Jingle Primer," a first book in reading, published by the American Book Co., must be a delight to the little ones who learn to read from its pages. Mother Goose Rhymes, and other stories dear to childish hearts, form the basis of the lessons.

—The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth, Kansas, have issued a handsome souvenir in the form of an album of views and portraits, interspersed with poetic quotations and original verse. The collection will be especially prized by the classes of 1905 and 1906.

—The third series of Westminster Lectures announced by Messrs. Sands will include: "The Church vs. Science," by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J.; "Mysticism," by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson; "Socialism and Individualism," by the Rev. G. Pocock; "Revelation and Creeds," by the Rev. Dr. McIntyre; etc.

—A new volume (VII.) of the Irish Text Society's publications is "Dhuanairé Fhinn. Being a Collection of Poems relating to Finn and his Warriors, made in Ireland at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, and now Edited and Translated for the first time, from the unique MS. in the Franciscan Library, by John MacNeil."

—We notice with pleasure the publication, by Messrs. Pustet & Co., of a third edition of "Mary the Mother of Christ in Prophecy and Its Fulfilment," by Dr. Richard F. Quigley,—a volume reviewed at length in our pages when first published. It is a gratifying thought that so scholarly a work as this should, within the decade and a half of years since its first appearance, be popular enough to warrant its publishers in undertaking the expense of still another edition; and we congratulate the author upon the enduring recognition of the value of his production.

—"The Mystery of Cleverly," by George Barton, comes to us from Benziger Brothers, and is labelled "a story for boys." We learn on page 25 that the young hero's father had a desire to place his son in a Jesuit college; and on page 225, within seven pages of the end of the story, that the hero went to Mass on Christ-

mas morning. Apart from these two perfunctory statements, the tale is as colorless from a religious standpoint as is one of the great secular New York dailies about the activities of which the story is chiefly concerned. Not a bad story, but it would be a perversion of truth to call it a Catholic one.

—An important addition to "The King's Classics" (Messrs. Chatto & Windus) is a new edition of "The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brake-lond." It is a new version, with notes, made direct from the Latin by Mr. L. C. Jane. The Abbot Gasquet contributes an historical introduction.

—Under the general title of "Collection Arthur Savaète," a Parisian publisher is bringing out different series of brochures dealing with politics, literature, theology, philosophy, art, science, and religion. The timeliness of many of the booklets is noticeable, while the new light thrown by others on oldtime subjects and personalities makes them decidedly worth while. To this latter class belongs "Constantin-Le-Grand," a new study of that great Emperor's baptism and Christian life, by the venerable Father Philbin de Rivière, of the London Oratory. The work contains eighty-four pages octavo, and is an excellent critical study of a much misunderstood historical period.

—The sudden though not unexpected death, on the Feast of the Ascension, of the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, at the comparatively early age of fifty, after a long and painful illness, resignedly, even cheerfully, borne, removes from the ranks of English literature a notable figure,—one, too, that will be sincerely regretted. In spite of ill health, Father Taunton was an indefatigable worker, and seemingly made choice of the most difficult subjects, historical and religious. His habit of study and spirit of zeal were strengthened, if not formed, during his stay among the Benedictines, to whom he remained devotedly attached. The most important of his books are "The Law of the Church" and "The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin," either of which would entitle him to lasting gratitude. He left behind him a complete MS. of the history of the Oath of Allegiance turning on the question of tyrannicide, and had begun to gather material for a series of papers on the saints of the Canon of the Mass, intended for THE AVE MARIA. Father Taunton was a priest of most exemplary life, full of faith, piety, humility, and zeal. No one could doubt his absolute sincerity, his singleness of heart;

and these, with cheerfulness of disposition and willingness to serve others, were the secret of his influence. The many oldtime friends who were present at his obsequies bore witness to the esteem and affection in which he was held. A valued contributor to *Our Lady's* magazine for several years, we bespeak the prayers of all our readers for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

—"Benedicenda," by the Rev. A. J. Schulte, belongs to that class of books which are needed only on exceptional occasions, but on those occasions are needed badly. It contains the rites and ceremonies to be observed in some of the principal functions of the Roman Pontifical and the Roman Ritual. Its distinctive excellence is the fulness of its details and the orderly clearness with which they are presented. With this volume at hand, a cleric can expeditiously fit himself for taking part in the laying of the corner-stone of a church or other building; the blessing of a cemetery, a bell, a church, or school-house; the reconciliation of a polluted cemetery or church; the episcopal visitation of a parish; or the Sacrament of Confirmation. With far less trouble, indeed, than he would otherwise undergo in ascertaining his own duties at such a function, the possessor of "Benedicenda" can qualify as an efficient master of ceremonies thereat. A most convenient volume, one for which many a priest will be genuinely grateful. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Mary the Mother of Christ." Dr. Richard F. Quigley. \$1.50, net.
- "Benedicenda." Rev. A. J. Schulte. \$1.50, net.
- "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." S. A. C. \$1.
- "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." Rev. H. G. Hughes. 75 cts.
- "Plain Sermons." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. \$1.25.

- "Selected Poetry of Father Faber." Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. 75 cts.
- "The Book of the Children of Mary." Father Mullan, S. J. 75 cts.
- "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.
- "The Mother of Jesus." J. Herbert Williams. \$1.60, net.
- "Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." Dr. Joseph Laponi. \$1.50, net.
- "The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism." A. A. McGinley. \$1.50.
- "Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer." Leo L. Dubois, S. M. \$1, net.
- "Great Catholic Laymen." John J. Horgan. \$1.50.
- "Aspects of Anglicanism." Mgr. Moyes, D. D. \$2.50.
- "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." Rev. John A. Ryan, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- Chaignon's "Meditations." 2 vols. \$4.50, postage extra.
- "The Question of Anglican Ordinations." Abbot Gasquet. 15 cts.
- "Life of the Ven. Maria Diomira." 90 cts., net.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "The Decrees of the Vatican Council." 60 cts., net.
- "Father Gallwey." Percy Fitzgerald. 60 cts., net.
- "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." General Newton Curtis, LL. D. \$2.15.
- "The Training of Silas." Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Ethelred Taunton, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, diocese of Scranton; and Rev. James Clark, diocese of Fall River.

Sister Laura, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister St. Mary, of the Grey Nuns.

Mr. J. E. Bailey, Mr. Thomas Warren, Mrs. Catherine Farrell, Mrs. Anna Smith, Mrs. Jane Rilley, Mr. Leo Kress, Mrs. P. S. McDonald, Mr. William Terry, Mr. John Donovan, Mr. James Birmingham, Mr. James Doyle, Mr. J. B. Bragg, Mr. David O'Brien, Mr. George Hoke, Mary A. Barrett, Mrs. Ella Kaiser, Mr. John Butler, Mrs. Margaret McGonnell, and Mr. Scott Morris.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 15, 1907.

NO. 24.

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

O Friend of My Heart!

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

I.

☉ FRIEND of my heart!

Like the swish of the wind in the rustling grass,
like the rhythm of a star,
Like a singing stream to a thirsty soul in a
desert place lonely and far,
Like the deep-throated music of thrushes in the
windless quiet of days,
Is the breath of your praise.

II.

O friend of my heart!

'Tis a debt I pay in this telling for hours of
delight,
To place my wreath of bays at your feet I would
climb afar to your height;
I would walk the flints with a terrible joy, if
at the journey's end
I could greet you, O friend!

An English Inscription at Loreto.

BY THE REV. HENRY H. WYMAN, C. S. P.



THE Holy House of Nazareth—where, at the salutation of the Angel addressed to the chosen Mother of God, the Word was made Flesh—is justly regarded and honored as one of the most sacred monuments of the Christian Faith," said Leo XIII. of happy memory, in his Brief on the sixth centenary of the Translation of the Holy House of Loreto, January 23, 1894. Accordingly pilgrims to this holy shrine have ever since that time been

deeply impressed by those conspicuous monuments which commemorate both the piety of generations past and present, and especially the miracle of the Translation itself. Among these is one of great interest to ourselves, a stone tablet erected on the south wall of the basilica by the Rev. Robert Corbington, of the Society of Jesus, in the year 1634, containing the following English inscription:

"The miraculous origin and translation of the church of our B. Lady of Loreto.

"The church of Loreto was a chamber of the house of the B. V. nigh Hierusalem in the city of Nazareth, in which she was born and bred, and saluted by the Angel, and therein conceived and brought up her Sonne Jesus to the age of twelve yeares. This chamber, after the Ascension of our Saviour, was by the Apostles consecrated into a church in honor of our B. Lady, and S. Luke made a picture to her likeness extant therein to be seene at this very day. It was frequented with great devotion by the people of the country where it stood, whilst they were Catholicks; but when, leaving the faith of Christ, they followed the sect of Mahomet, the angels tooke it, and, carrying it into Sclavonia, placed it by a towne called Flumen, where not being had in due reverence, they againe transported it over sea to a wood in the territory of Recanati, belonging to a noble woman called Loreta, from whom it first tooke the name of our B. Lady of Loreto; and thence againe they carried it, by reason of the many robberies committed, to a mountain of two brothers in the said territory; and from thence finally,

in respect of their disagreement about the gifts and offerings, to the comon high way not far distant, where it now remains without foundation, famous for many signes, graces, and miracles, wherat the inhabitants of Recanati, who often came to see it, much wondring, environed it with a strong and thick wall, yet could noe man tel whence it came originally, til in the yeare M.CC.XC.VI. the B. V. appeared in sleep to a holy devout man, to whom she revealed it; and he divulged it to others of authority in this province, who, determining forthwith to try the truth of the vision, resolved to choose XVI men of credit, who to that effect should go all together to the citty of Nazareth, as they did, carrying with them the measure of this church; and, comparing it there with the foundation yet remnat, they found them wholly agreable, and in a wall therby ingraven that it had stood there, and had leet the place; which donne, they presently returning back, published the premisses to be true, and from that time forwards it hath byn certainly knowne that this church was the chamber of the B. V., to which Christians begun then and have ever since had great devotion for that in it daily she hath donne and doth many and many miracles.

“One friar, Paul de Silva, an ermit of great sanctity who lived in a cottage nigh unto this church, whither daily he went to Matins, said that for ten yeares space, on the VIII of September, two howers before day, he saw a light descend from heaven upon it, which he said was the B. V. who there shewed her-self on the feast of her Nativity. In confirmation of all which two vertuous men of the said citty of Recanati divers times declared unto mee, prefect of Terremen and governour of the forenamed church, as followeth. The one, cal’d Paul Renalduci, avouched that his grandfather’s grandfather sawe when the angels brought it over sea, and placed it in the forementioned wood, and had often visited it there. The other, called Francis Prior, in like sort affirmed that his grand-

father, being C.XX. yeares ould, had also much frequented it in the same place; and, for a further proof that it had byn there, he reported that his grandfather’s grandfather had a house nigh unto it, wherin he dwelt, and that in his time it was carryed by the angels from thence to the mountaine of the two brothers where they placed it as abovesaid.

“By order of the Right Reverend Monsignor Vincent Cassal, of Bolonia, governour of this holy place, under the protection of the Most Reverend Cardinal Moroni, I Robert Corbington, priest of the Society of Jesus, in the yeare MDCXXXIV., have faithfully translated the premisses out of the Latin original hung up in the said church.

“To the honor of the Ever Glorious Virgin.”

The author of the Latin original mentioned by Father Corbington is Peter George Tolomei, who, in 1450, was appointed rector of the sanctuary. He wrote this account of the miracle in 1472, and died at Loreto in 1473. It was considered so important that Pope Gregory XIII. ordered it translated into eight languages, and in his day all of these translations were engraved in stone upon the walls of the basilica. The one in English, which I have just quoted, is still preserved; and I am indebted to the Rev. Father Thomas J. M. Braitsch, O. M. C., late English confessor in the basilica, for a copy of it written by his own hand.

It was my happy privilege to offer the Divine Sacrifice in the Holy House on the feast of St. Ann in 1889, and on the same day to meet Father Braitsch, a native of Syracuse, New York, who gladly afforded me every opportunity to examine the evidences of the reality of the miracle.

Of course the Holy House itself is the principal witness. Now, the following facts concerning it are beyond question, as everyone who has seen it can testify: (1) Its walls stand without foundations upon the uneven surface of an ancient public highway. (2) These walls are not

supported by the solid marble outer walls which surround it, but are separated from them four and a half inches. (3) The stones and mortar used in the construction of the walls of the Holy House are exactly like those of Nazareth, and totally different from any ever known to have been used for building purposes in Italy. (4) The doorways, cupboard and fireplace show that it was originally a dwelling and not a chapel. (5) The natural shape of its stones show that it is not a facsimile of another house. (6) The picture of the Crucifixion, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and the household utensils are unlike any other relics known in Italy.

Legends do not have monuments like these; they are devoid of historic form, gathering and scattering like clouds; for what the imagination has conceived can grow only through its power, and finally vanish when its spell has ceased. The Church is not concerned with them. Genuine tradition, on the other hand, constantly depends upon authority as its chief support. Consequently, the approval of the Church is the best guaranty of a tradition's truthfulness, although this approval does not oblige us to believe.

Father Corbington's tablet is chiefly valuable because it gives us the account of a reliable historian who wrote only one hundred and seventy-eight years after the occurrence of the miracle. At that time the tradition was probably fully established; but, at any rate, it is safe to say that it has constantly been held for the last four hundred and thirty-five years.

THE sovereignty of the people is not the arbitrary power or blind caprice of the multitude any more than of an aristocracy or a despot. It is not the right of any class, small or great, high or low, to wrong or oppress another. It is not a struggle between classes at all. It is simply recognition of the natural and equal rights of men as a basis of a government formed for their protection by its people and regulated by law.—*Edward J. Phelps.*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXVII.

"REALLY," said Mildred, as she and Lett were dressing for dinner,— "really, I wonder that that child is alive! And I think it a merciful dispensation of Providence, as sanctimonious people say, that her grandmother and her father are dead."

"Oh, Mildred!" protested Lett.

"I do. I deliberately think that they deserved to die. I'll not ask you if you don't agree with me, because I'm sure you must; and I know you wouldn't like to acknowledge it. But tell me this: what do you think now of Mr. de Wolff?"

Lett crimsoned.

"I am ashamed to think how unjust my judgment of him has been," she replied.

"If I were sentimental, I should be in love with him," said Mildred. "Mamma will be greatly pleased, but not surprised, to hear all this. She liked him from the first, and always said there was not the least danger of his doing, or letting Sydney do, anything wrong. But what is the matter? Why do you look so distressed?"

"I am so disgusted with myself," answered Lett, speaking in a tone of very uncharacteristic vehemence. She rose and walked excitedly up and down the floor, as she continued: "I can not understand now how I could have thought, or taken it for granted without thinking, that Sydney's father had any right to force her to marry against her will. He spoke so violently about her ungrateful heartlessness to her grandmother, and Mr. de Wolff's arrogant defiance of Mrs. Elliott to her very face, that I never suspected he might be mistaken or unreasonable. I really did not take in the idea of what it was he required of Sydney. I thought only of her undutifulness in opposing his will,—in wanting at her age to marry against his wishes, not of her refusing to

marry her cousin. As she said, if I had put the case to myself, I should have thought and felt very differently. But the subject of marriage as connected with myself—or with any one else until I came here,” she added, with a touch of bitterness,—“had never entered my mind. I looked upon marriage just as I did upon the other vocations of life that I had no possible concern with: law or medicine, or the army or navy. I am ashamed of myself—of my stupidity and injustice.”

“My dear Lett, you are tormenting yourself ridiculously, if you will excuse my telling you so,” said Mildred. “You have made a mistake about Sydney and Mr. de Wolff, but by no fault of your own. Wasn’t it natural that you should have believed what your guardian told you, and obeyed his request about his daughter? How could you have thought it right not to do so? And,” the speaker added in a lighter tone, “all’s well that ends well. If you want to make amends for your unintentional mistake, be pleasant and cordial to Mr. de Wolff the next time you meet him—which will be at dinner, I fancy. And there is the bell!”

For the first time in her life, Lett felt shy and ill at ease as she and Mildred descended the stairs, at the foot of which a group of gentlemen were waiting for them. Mr. Chetwode’s ankle being still weak, Mildred had made a point not only that he should lodge on the ground-floor of the hotel, but that he must never mount the long, tiresome flight of stairs to their chamber door (there was no lift in the house), but wait for them to come down before joining them on the way to the dining-room. He was at the usual place of meeting to-day; but not, as usual, alone. Mr. Brent and Mr. de Wolff were both with him: the one eager to inquire about Mildred’s headache, the other to ascertain whether Sydney had suffered from her morning walk. As Mildred and Mr. Brent passed on in front, and Lett took Mr. Chetwode’s offered arm, De Wolff

approached her on the other side, and walked beside her.

“I am half afraid to present myself before you, Miss Hereford, after taking Sydney out so early this morning,” he said. “I hope the exertion was not too much for her?”

“No: I don’t think she will suffer from it,” Lett replied. “But she was tired, and is asleep now. And she intends to obey your injunction to keep quiet the rest of the day.”

“That is well,” he said. “I am very glad to hear it.”

As they were now halfway down the dining-room, he bowed slightly, and was turning away when Mr. Chewode spoke.

“We can make room for you at our table if you will join us, Mr. de Wolff,” he suggested.

De Wolff accepted the invitation with evident pleasure. He and Mr. Chetwode had taken to each other cordially, as Mildred saw at a glance. She felt very much inclined to tell him that she had just heard of his victorious encounter with Sydney’s grandmother in Sydney’s defence, and how much she admired his loyalty and pluck. And, though she did not indulge this impulse, her manner to him was so frank, gracious, even kind, as to rouse some very uncomfortable reflections in the mind of her lover. Mr. Chetwode had incidentally mentioned to him that De Wolff was engaged to Sydney, and consequently he was not jealous. Even without this information he would hardly have been so, as there was nothing of coquetry in Mildred’s manner. But he thought: “She is cordial and unrestrained with everyone but myself. I believe she intends to show me that I might as well give up hope.”

He was too good-natured, not to say well-bred, intentionally to make himself a cloud on the little circle by looking as unhappy as he felt. But, notwithstanding his best efforts to seem cheerful, his grave face and subdued manner were so different from those of the debonair Mr. Brent

of the breakfast table, that Lett's warm sympathy was excited; and as soon as they retired after dinner for their siesta, she said:

"Dear Mildred, I am very sorry for Mr. Brent. Don't you think you might be a little more kind to him?"

"I don't mean to be unkind," Mildred replied. "I positively don't know what to do," she continued, with an air of weariness. "The idea of a mixed marriage is unendurable to me. A man will promise anything before he is married, but keeping his promises is another thing."

"Not surely if he is an honorable man," said Lett.

"I'll ask Uncle Romuald what he thinks about it, now that he is a Catholic. He never sleeps after dinner, so I will send for him."

She wrote a note to Mr. Chetwode, asking him to join her on the lawn at five o'clock; and in due time he appeared as requested.

"Uncle Romuald," she said, going straight to her point as soon as she found herself alone with him, "tell me what I ought to do about Laurence Brent. Do you think I ought to marry him?"

"My dear," said Mr. Chetwode, speaking very deliberately, "that is a question which nobody but yourself can prudently decide. Marriage is an affair depending so entirely upon individual taste that only the parties concerned can judge whether it would be well to bind themselves together for life, though it often happens that others can see best when it would not be wise for them to do so."

"Oh," said Mildred, in her quick, direct manner, "I am not hesitating from any doubt of that kind! I am not sillily in love, but I like Mr. Brent exceedingly, thoroughly. Our tastes and opinions agree perfectly on every subject but one, but that one is a mountain in the way. Is it ever safe to make a mixed marriage? Can one ever be certain that an adoring lover may not turn into a tyrannical and persecuting husband? I have heard of

such cases. Do you really think, Uncle Romuald, that there are men in the world who may be absolutely trusted, and that this man is one of them?"

"It is always well to ask one question at a time," Mr. Chetwode remarked, with a smile. "But as all of yours come to much the same thing, I answer: Yes, there are men in the world—not many, but a few—who may be trusted without reserve. And Brent is one of them."

"Then you think it would be safe for me to marry him?"

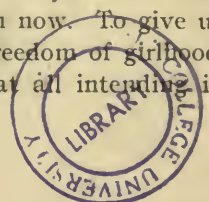
"Well, so far as good faith on his part is concerned, it would be perfectly safe. You may trust him to keep, not only to the letter but in its full spirit, any promise he makes. But it is doubtful whether he will ever take interest enough in the subject to become a Catholic. And that would be a cause of unhappiness to you."

Mildred did not speak for a minute or two.

"Can't you tell me what to do, Uncle Romuald?" she said then. "If you were in my place, what would you do?"

The expression of Mr. Chetwode's face at this question was almost ludicrous. To put oneself in his or her place whenever called upon to judge for another, is no doubt the most reasonable as well as just thing to do; but for Mr. Chetwode to put himself in Mildred's place—in other words, to take the mental attitude of a young woman with a troublesomely pertinacious lover—was a stretch of imagination beyond the possible. But this was too grave an affair to admit his indulging his usual habit of enjoying the humorous side of the situation. He took it seriously, shaking his head with an air of perplexity.

"You see," said Mildred, with a wistful hesitation very unlike her customary decision of tone, "putting everything else out of the question, I hate the idea of marrying so early. I never intended to marry before I was twenty-four or five, and I am only nineteen now. To give up all the pleasures and freedom of girlhood, just because, without at all intending it,



I drifted into this affair, seems hard, doesn't it?"

"My dear," said Mr. Chetwode, with great earnestness, "if that is your feeling—if you are influenced to decide upon this marriage merely because you think yourself to blame in having unintentionally encouraged the young man,—the best thing you can do is to end the matter at once. It is not just, either to yourself or him, to marry him for such a reason. I will explain to him, and I am sure he is reasonable enough to see that he ought to release you from this half engagement."

"There is no question of release," she said; "for I have never been even half engaged to him."

"So much the better," said Mr. Chetwode. "You need have no hesitation in declining his addresses. I am sorry for his disappointment; but he will get over that, whereas a mistake in marriage is a mistake for life,—the most deplorable and irremediable of all mistakes."

"Yes. I am sure you are right, Uncle Romuald. I like him very much, but not enough to marry him. I am going to drive with him presently, and will tell him so."

"You had better let me speak to him," said her uncle, looking at her with an air of concern. "I am afraid you are not well. You are quite pale."

"It is only that I am worried," she replied. "My headache has left me. But, good Heavens, how I dread the scene he is sure to make!"

Mr. Chetwode again offered to take the explanation off her hands. She shook her head.

"One must reap as one sows," she said. "Isn't it strange," she went on, in that moralizing tone which is often the expression of a smarting conscience, "that people will do what is wrong, when in one way or another they are always punished for it?"

"I am not sure that retribution invariably follows an ill deed—in this world," Mr. Chetwode observed. "Of course no deed, good or bad, ever fails to leave a result. But oftener than not this result

is imperceptible—at the time, at least."

"The rule may not be invariable with everyone," returned Mildred; "but it is with me. I never did anything wrong in my life but that, sooner or later, I had to pay some penalty for it."

Mr. Chetwode smiled.

"Your penalties must have been heavy," he said, with good-natured irony. "I hope I may never have any worse ones to suffer."

(To be continued.)

A Legend.

BY S. A. M. W.

IN a convent old and hoary, runs this legendary story,

Were some aged monks who kept the even tenor of their way;

And their voices cracked and broken never failed in giving token

Of their love for Mary, Virgin, singing every Saturday,

With devotion never tiring, the *Magnificat* inspiring,

Though in lowly deprecation of their talents almost spent;

Oft sweet memories came thronging with a sad, regretful longing

For those days when rich full voices to that song their beauty lent.

But one day there came another to that house, a younger brother,

Who, a splendid gift possessing, made these simple hearts rejoice:

"It shall be, thank God, once more as it was in days of yore,

When our praises to high Heaven did ascend with perfect voice!"

So he sang that anthem sweet 'twas their custom to repeat:

All the elder monks were silent, listening to that wondrous tongue

Whose clear tone in music thrilling was with admiration filling

Every soul who ne'er before had heard those words so grandly sung.

Silence o'er the chapel reigneth, and the prior
alone remaineth

Kneeling at Our Lady's altar with his mind
absorbed in prayer,

Till in dulcet tones his name from the Virgin's
image came,

And with eyes uplifted saw he his loved
Mistress standing there.

"Tell me, I entreat thee, son," said that fair and
queenly one,

"Why to-day thou hast omitted my own
anthem to recite?

I have listened for it ever and been disappointed
never,

But to-day it hath not risen like sweet incense
in my sight."

With perplexing thoughts and strange did the
prior's visage change.

"Heardst thou not, O Blessed Lady, our new
brother's rendering?

Such a grand *Magnificat* we have never had as
that

Which, unspoilt by our cracked voices, he in
harmony did sing."

But the Virgin only sighed as she gravely thus
replied:

"I heard nothing of this singing,—it hath
failed to reach my throne;

Love and sweet humility are more pleasing unto
me

Than most gifted voice that singeth for no
glory save its own."

With a smile Our Lady vanished, and all vain
regrets were banished;

From henceforth the monks in chorus sang as
they were wont to do;

Whilst a tender consolation still increased their
aspiration

To fulfil their every labor with devotion strong
and true.

CALL it [the "Madonna del Gran Duca"]
on revision, and without hesitation, the
loveliest of Raphael's Madonnas, perhaps
of all Madonnas; and let it stand as
representative of as many as fifty or sixty
types of that subject, onward to the
Sixtine Madonna, in all the triumphancy
of his later days at Rome.—*Walter Pater*.

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

IV.—THE LOVE OF MONEY.

II.

*Opes invisæ merito sunt forti viro,
Quia dives arca veram laudem intercept.*

—*Phædrus*.

IF the pursuit of wealth is attended by
many dangers, its actual possession is
by no means free from them. In the first
place, wealth and wide possessions tend
to foster that spirit of pride which, in a
greater or lesser measure, is the inheritance
of every man. They invest a person with
a fictitious importance, not only in his own
eyes but in the eyes of others also. God,
indeed, looks into the heart and searches
its most secret recesses, but man regards
only the exterior. The consequence is
that one who is waited on by servants and
retainers, who lives in a sumptuous palace,
who travels about in costly carriages, who
is clothed in luxurious apparel, and who
exercises a wide-felt authority, too often
comes to be regarded as a superior being.
He is scarcely thought to belong to the
same race as the toiling, moiling multitudes
who live in dingy hovels, and who eke out
a miserable existence with the uncertain
labor of their hands. The honor and
flattery that is offered to him he accepts
as a right; and his comfort and happiness
is considered of much greater importance
than that of any of his dependents. He
breathes a different atmosphere and lives
in another world. His society is sought
after, his acquaintance is valued; and
when he goes abroad, women bow low and
men take off their hats. All classes vie
with one another to show him honor and
respect. Men of rank are proud to claim
him as a friend; tradesmen seek his
patronage with servile obsequiousness;
while the impecunious flatter him with
honed words, in the hope of receiving
something of his bounty. He attracts
about him sycophants and soft-tongued
followers, who expect to profit by his

favor, and who dread to incur his displeasure. Neyer does he hear the naked, unvarnished truth about himself; yet he listens with pleasure to the most fulsome compliments, accepts adulation as his due, and lives habitually in a region of falsehood and unreality.

This, of itself, is a most hazardous position to occupy. It will inflict grave injury on his soul, unless the man of wealth possess real humility, and sufficient self-knowledge to see through the falsity, and to weigh himself in the balance of the sanctuary.

Great wealth is a source of much danger also, because it affords endless opportunities of self-indulgence, and provides, ready to hand, exceptional facilities for gratifying every passion and for committing every crime. The great masses of the industrious poor, laboring for their daily bread, enjoy scanty leisure. They have but little acquaintance with that idleness which "hath taught much evil."* They must be up and doing, and can not afford to fritter away time in sloth and slumber; and Our Lord warns us that 'it is *while men sleep* that their enemy comes and oversows cockle among the wheat.† Work—especially work that is imposed by the very necessities of our position, and that must be got through, if bread is to be won, and the wolf kept from the door—is a powerful bulwark against that tumultuous sea of temptations that besets the indolent rich. The laborer who is guiding the plough through the furrow, or that is working a complicated piece of machinery, or who is making up accounts, has something else to do than to be hatching plots and devising vain things.

A rich man who has much leisure and no studious habits or love of books, and who cares not to apply himself to any trade or profession, is in a very different position, and falls an easy prey to the tempter. Should he be swayed by any unlawful passion, the means of satisfying it are within easy reach. Should he desire

to vent his spite or jealousy or vindictiveness, he possesses power enough to do so. If vanity or ostentation be his weakness, he may indulge both the one and the other to his heart's content; or if he be rather a slave to gluttony and to a too great fondness for the delicacies of the table, his wealth enables him to procure the rarest viands and the most recherché wines. If ambition and a desire to attain fame and notoriety urge him on, he has wealth enough to purchase the assistance of others, and can bribe and promise, and so avail himself of the talents and the brains of the hungry thousands who are venal enough to become his mercenaries. Not only can the impure secure victims to sacrifice on the altar of their lusts, but even the would-be murderer, who is afraid to redden his own hands in the blood of another, may often find scoundrels base enough to accomplish his purpose, if only he chooses to make it worth their while. In short, there is scarcely an evil desire or a base passion of any kind the indulgence of which is not rendered easier and readier by the presence of wealth. As England's greatest poet says: "If gold go first, then all ways lie open."

This statement might be illustrated from many a page of bygone history; but we must refrain from lingering any longer upon this, as so many other perils claim our attention. One of these, is the circumstance that riches are apt to entangle their owners in many spiritual difficulties, from which only the truly conscientious can escape with any success. Great wealth means great responsibility. God demands a rigid account of the gifts He confers, whether they be natural or supernatural, physical or intellectual. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required."

A man of great fortune, who occupies a prominent position in the world, and is looked up to by servants, tenants and dependents, will have a very different account to render to the Supreme Judge from the multitudes who earn their bread

* Ecclus., xxxiii, 29.

† St. Matt., xiii, 25.

by the sweat of their brows, and live lives comparatively hidden and unknown. Even if such obscure members of society should, in some cases, misbehave and lead disreputable lives, their evil example is observed by few; and even when noticed, attracts few imitators. This can not be said of the man of wealth. He is raised above the ordinary level of the masses. He stands on a kind of pedestal. He is a spectacle to all eyes, and the observed of all observers. His life is, to a large extent, a public life. His deeds and his sayings are before the world. They are chronicled in the daily press, and rumor is ever busy with his name.

If he acts his part nobly, he will be an immense power for good; if not, he will be an immense power for evil. If he is conspicuous for his justice and honesty in dealing with others; if he is known to scorn to do an ignoble deed; if he prove himself to be a loving son, a faithful husband, a devoted father, a loyal citizen, a stanch friend—true to his country, his Church, and his God,—he is not merely honored and respected by all whose approval is worth having, but he becomes a leader even without being conscious of it. Men instinctively admire him. They are moved by his presence; they are swayed by his example; they are sensibly impressed by the dignity and nobility of his bearing; they recognize him as one of Nature's true gentlemen, who has learned the great art of mastering himself, of ruling his passions, and of subduing all his evil inclinations. His strong personality exercises a powerful influence over all who know him. It is a constant reproach to such as are following a loose and dissolute career, and a perpetual encouragement to such as are aiming at virtue and truth. His life, in a word, serves as an object-lesson from which they are constantly drawing valuable deductions. It seems to beckon them upward and onward; it stimulates their better feelings, it plants in their own hearts the seeds of a nobler ambition, and

enkindles the flames of higher aspirations.

But a bad man in a high position exercises an influence which is diametrically the reverse of all this. Such a one may truly be said to enter into partnership with the devil himself. Whether consciously or unconsciously, he acts as the decoy of the Evil One, and becomes a destroyer of souls, than which nothing is more abominable. His example lends a sanction to the evil deeds of others; it encourages them in their nefarious designs; it strengthens their crooked will, and serves to hasten their steps along the downward path that can end only in the abyss.

Indeed, there is something peculiarly contagious about evil. It spreads like a disease, and contaminates thousands. As a single rotten apple, if suffered to remain, will convey the germs of rotteness to every other that comes in contact with it, so will one bad character, especially if he be wealthy and powerful, injure and demoralize all who are dependent upon him, and all who associate with him. So far from turning to good account the talents entrusted to him by God, he altogether fails to recognize his responsibilities, and employs them to waste, to devastate and to destroy.

Terrible beyond expression will be the account to be rendered one day to the infinite Judge, since He will punish us not only for the offences of which we ourselves have been guilty, but also for the sins of others to which we have been accessory, or which we have encouraged or occasioned by our own scandalous conduct. Should others be condemned eternally because of crimes of which we have been the instigators and the chief cause, it will go hard with us in the latter day, when God will judge each one according to his works. "Woe to the world because of scandals!" * exclaims Our Lord. These words sound alarming enough: but more terrible by far are those that follow: "Whosoever shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were

* St. Matt., xviii, 7.

better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea." *

Other obstacles to piety and holiness arising out of wealth are the many cares and anxieties to which it gives birth. The mere administration of a large property is a grievous burden and a constant trouble. If a man, besides being rich, is also a man of business and superintends everything himself, he soon discovers that this runs away with a great portion of his time, and keeps him preoccupied and distracted, and little disposed to spiritual contemplation. If, on the contrary, he employs agents and underlings to do this necessary work for him, his position is very little improved; for he never really knows how far they have his interests at heart, or how things are being managed or mismanaged, or whether he is being cheated or deceived instead of being honestly served. And thus he is ever anxious and ill at ease. In short, whatever way we look at it, we are forced to admit that a man with so many interests and cares tugging at his heart-strings can scarcely give the same calm, thoughtful attention to divine things that can be given by one free from such responsibilities.

But it may be objected: If money is such a worry, why do men so cling to it? The answer is because they think chiefly of the pleasures that are associated with it, and not of the cares; they contemplate the roses and not the thorns. And this at once suggests another obstacle that wealth puts in the path of the rich. It leads them, little by little, to seek their happiness in the present rather than in the future, and causes them to forget that this earth is but a place of pilgrimage and a valley of tears.

Man is in very truth made to be happy. God has created him with capacities for enjoyment so vast that we can not measure them. This is evident from the fact that He has created him for Himself. Man's supreme beatitude is to know, love, and

possess God for evermore. And because such is his high destiny, he finds within himself a natural thirst for happiness. He is fully conscious of the feeling, even when he knows not whence it comes or whereof 'tis born. All men desire it, all men seek it, all men are strongly attracted by it; but very few know where to find it or even to look for it, and least of all those who spend their days in affluence and ease. Money supplies so many other wants that they fancy it will supply this also. The consequence is they use their wealth to purchase, first one coveted object, and then another; they surround themselves with every bodily comfort, and deny themselves no delight that lies within reach. They build themselves lordly mansions, they fill them with the costliest furniture and the finest works of art; they clothe and adorn their poor perishable bodies with the finest products of every country; make a study of the culinary art, and eat and drink as though eating and drinking were the chief, if not the whole, duty of man. In short they seek to make their heaven here below, and so fix their affections upon this world that they have no appetite for anything higher or more spiritual. The disastrous effects of this may be easily gauged by any one who considers man's composite nature, and the dangerous consequences of indulging one part at the expense of the other.

Man is made up of spirit and body, and his real and true happiness, even in this life, depends upon the due subordination of the lower to the higher. The more that liberty is accorded to the mind, and the freer it is left to exercise its noblest faculties, and the easier it can soar above material and perishable things, and the less it is oppressed by the body, the greater become its chances of happiness. Man's fleshy envelope is far from being the whole of man. It is not even his noblest part: it is but a menial and a servant, and should be treated as such.

Those who treat it otherwise learn in time to mourn over their folly. Even

* St. Mark, ix, 41.

were it possible to render the body perfect in every organ and sound in every limb, that of itself would be incapable of bringing any real content. Why? Because it leaves man's chief part, the soul, untouched. Bodily health can not restore peace to an evil conscience, or bring hope to one in despair.

Utterly does he fail to touch the real source of the evil, who touches not the soul. Man's true happiness is in the mind; consequently, to attempt to create a state of happiness by multiplying physical pleasures would be as idle as to seek to cure a cancer by merely hiding it under a silken bandage. Money has power over only what is material and earthly, like itself. It may effect a change in the outward appearance of things; it may make a display which will excite the envy of others; it may multiply costly objects about and around us; but all such remedies are futile and incapable of affecting the soul itself, which will suffer and starve and waste away amid the greatest material abundance, as a lion will die of want even in a granary bursting with corn.

To realize this is given to few. The vast majority are foolish enough to imagine that they can heal a wound which is purely spiritual by applications which are purely material. They have not correctly diagnosed their complaint; so that, instead of having recourse to the true remedy, they waste their time in multiplying useless prescriptions. The heaven on earth upon which they have set their hearts is never reached, for it has no existence; yet in pursuing this false end they forfeit their true end, and wantonly sacrifice the substance for the sake of the shadow.

Another distemper that riches breed is selfishness and a want of sympathy for others. It is a melancholy truth that one who has all that his heart desires, and who has never known the agony of want, and the thousand and one sorrows and privations that fall to the share of the poor, seldom forms any idea of the bitterness

of their lot. From want of personal experience, he has not learned how to compassionate his brethren in distress, and is inclined to be narrow and self-centred. Having all that he requires, and indeed far more than he really needs, he troubles himself little about any one else. Like Dives in the Gospel, he is well clothed and fed himself, and is too much taken up with his own comforts to look with anything but contemptuous indifference at Lazarus, the poor beggar that lies perishing for want at his door. He utterly forgets that the rich are but the stewards and agents of God, and that wealth which is misapplied or devoted to sinful purposes can yield to its owner nothing but misfortune; that generosity and a large-handed charity should characterize those whom Providence has placed in easy circumstances; and that, while the poor are to win heaven by their forbearance and patience and resignation under their many trials and tribulations, the rich are to win the same exalted end by the lavishness of their donations and the generosity of their alms.

From the foregoing considerations it is clear that wealth, both in the getting and in the possessing, is attended by many dangers; and that the path of the prosperous is beset with countless difficulties. By God's grace, they may, of course, be overcome, and even turned to good account. We have before us, even at the present day, many splendid examples of men as rich in virtue as in gold, whose noble souls are proof against all the seductions to which we have referred,—men who make an excellent use of their vast incomes, and who, by conquering covetousness, have raised themselves to exceptional heights of virtue. But such cases are exceptions, not the rule. Whether overcome or not, the fact remains: riches, in themselves, constitute a grave danger and a continuous temptation, against which we must needs be ever upon our guard: "There is not a more wicked thing than to love money."

The Patron of Padua.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

ST. ANTHONY has become the saint of predilection to numberless souls in the modern world, and everything that pertains to the life, career and miracles of that blessed servant of God is read with the greatest avidity. Because of his burning love for Jesus and the favors which he received, the illustrious follower of my Lady Poverty is frequently portrayed in art clad in his friar's robe and holding the Child Jesus in his arms. Therefore it is fitting that his festival should occur in the month of June,—the month devoted to the Saviour's love,—the month when countless souls are celebrating the glories and chanting the praises of the Sacred Heart.

The main features of the saint's life are familiar to everyone: his holy childhood and youth, in his native city of Lisbon; his entrance into the Augustinian Order, where he bore the name of Ferdinand, and whence the voice of the Spirit called him to embrace holy poverty in its entirety, and to enter the Order founded by the Seraph of Assisi. The perfection of his virtues in this latter community, which has given to Christendom a whole host of saints, was acknowledged even in his lifetime; and marvels accompanied his preaching and followed upon his footsteps. These wonders were both spiritual and temporal: he healed the sick, he cured the deaf and the dumb, the halt and the blind; he wrought instantaneous conversions even amongst the most hardened sinners; he had knowledge of the future, and a discernment of the state of souls, by which he often used to recall sinners to the way of salvation, to disconcert the oppressor and to help the oppressed. Upon one occasion, as he preached in the chapter house of his Order, the blessed Francis himself appeared and was seen by all present, as if bearing testimony to the truth of his disciple's teachings.

Miracles, in fact, were strewn along the shining path that Anthony trod, as in olden fables jewels followed the traces of magicians. They formed, as it were, the crown of his absolute trust in Providence; and they shone with peculiar lustre through the darkness of sorrow and weariness and persecution and trials, interior and exterior, which overhung his existence. These favors were granted, perhaps, in compensation for the laurel wreath of martyrdom won by so many of his monastic brethren, a wreath he himself had eagerly sought amongst the Saracens of the East.

Anthony's love of Nature, as the work of the beneficent Creator, was inferior only to that of the Seraphic Francis. With exquisite poetic symbolism, he is often displayed in art preaching to the fish who had come up from the deep to hearken, and to rebuke the indifference of human listeners. Many of the wonders wrought by the servant of God were for a particular purpose, as when he compelled even the brute beast to declare the presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and so confounded the scoffing of heretics; or when he preserved his auditors—whom he had assembled in a vast plain where once stood the temple of a heathen god—from a torrential downpour of rain, that drenched the surrounding country, leaving only that spot intact. On another occasion he partook of poisoned food, harmlessly of course, to convert a heretic who had thus put his faith in God to a test.

Passing through the world employed solely in doing good and in manifesting the power of God in His saints, Anthony was made aware of the precise moment of his death, and of the reward exceeding great which was to follow. As the time drew near, he stood one day upon an eminence overlooking the city to which he has lent an immortal renown. Everywhere about him were the palms and the olive trees, the laurel, the arbutus, and the thyme, giving their perfume to the air, while the songs of the birds alone interrupted the scene's delicious repose.

Suddenly Anthony broke forth in rejoicing; and when his companions inquired the cause, he replied that his beloved Padua, upon which he then gazed, was soon to receive a new crown of honor. He did not explain further, for the holy mantle of his humility still enshrouded the revelations which had been vouchsafed to him. He was mystically informed of the imperishable glory which should accrue to this metropolis of his adoption by the presence there of his body, incorruptible and wonder-working.

Eager to prepare for death, he caused a cell to be built for him on the mountain-top, far from the noise and tumult of the town; and this place was called "the Field of Peter." "Since Peter, the bearer of the Keys of Heaven," exclaims a biographer, "was so soon to open its gates to him, it was fitting that he who was going to the Father should rest in the Field of Peter."*

A deadly and excruciatingly painful malady there seized upon him, and at his own request he was removed to Padua, though not to the principal monastery of his Order. For greater quiet, it was considered advisable to lodge him with some Friars who acted as directors to a neighboring community of Poor Clares. His physical condition grew rapidly worse, and it soon became apparent that he was about to pass from the exile of earth to the glory of Paradise.

Ended were the appalling austerities, the continual and superhuman labors for God and humanity. Never again should be heard that preaching which had something almost of the divine in its power over the multitude, in the tenderness of its unction, the fire of its charity, and the majestic authority wherewith the eternal truths were enunciated. Lost to his fellow-citizens of Padua, and to the Kingdom of Italy, the unerring wisdom, the deep insight, the sympathetic clearness of vision and the wonder-working power of his

sanctity. Gained, instead, was a patron who from the heights of heavenly bliss should for evermore look down upon humanity whom he had so loved, and upon that cherished city. Gained likewise for Padua was a celebrity which no mere earthly greatness could have lent her. She is to all time the home of a saint; her streets were trodden by his feet; her churches re-echoed to that voice that has never since been silenced; her very walls were the witness of a holiness rare even in the ranks of the blessed, and giving to her special saint a certain pre-eminence amongst the throng that "no man can number."

When Anthony, with rapt fervor and devotion, had received the Viaticum, he suddenly raised up his dying voice and sang the praises of the Queen who had been his Sovereign Lady and Mistress, and who had once, in a glorious apparition, saved him from an actual, physical assault of the demon. "*O gloriosa Domina!*" he sang,—"*Oh, ever glorious Lady!*"

It was a Friday, far off in the shadows of the thirteenth century (1231),—the day consecrated to the Passion, to which Anthony had ever been most ardently devoted, and in honor whereof he had practised every possible mortification,—that the end thus approached. Having sung for the last time the praises of Mary most blest, Anthony cast his eyes upward in beatific contemplation. So radiant grew his countenance, in the reflex of heavenly light, that his companions inquired the cause. And then came the wondrous answer: "I have seen the Lord!" He had seen Him from boyhood upward with the eyes of the spirit; little wonder, therefore, that he should behold Him, at last, with corporal vision. Extreme Unction was administered, and the leaping, palpitating soul of the confessor once more found utterance for its longings in psalmody. The monks were singing the Penitential Psalms around his bed, and his feeble accents joined in the strain. Thus singing, peacefully, gently as a child sinks to rest in its mother's arms, Anthony

* "Life of St. Anthony of Padua." By Jean Rigauld, Friar Minor, and Bishop of Tréguier. Put into English by an English Franciscan.

went forth from Padua and through the open gates into the Kingdom.

The Friars would have kept his death for the moment secret, but it was supernaturally announced to groups of children playing in the sunshine on the streets of the mediæval town. They hastened to proclaim the tidings, which were flashed from end to end of the city: "The holy Father is dead! Blessed Anthony is dead."

A tumult instantly arose, and in that midnight succeeding the saint's death another marvel was wrought. An angry mob strove to force the doors of the convent where the body lay at rest, to behold for the last time their signal benefactor. They made the attempt three several times, being struck on each occasion with blindness, which prevented them from entering even when the doors were thrown wide.

The reason of the monks' anxiety, and of their prudential concealment of the death, was that the remains, by Anthony's direction, were to be removed to a church of Our Lady hard by the Franciscan monastery, and it was all too certain that the inhabitants of the quarter then known as the Bridge's Head would oppose such removal. Their fears were justified by the event. Menacing crowds guarded all approaches to the convent, and the Stone Bridge near at hand. A bridge of boats, which had been prepared to effect the crossing of the stream at another point, was broken to pieces. For four days and nights the body remained unburied, incorrupt, and emitting a sweet fragrance. Finally the malcontents were brought to terms, and the translation of the remains was effected with pomp and majesty. The Bishop, the *podesta* (or chief magistrate), and other notables, with a vast concourse of the faithful, bearing torches and, chanting sacred canticles, accompanied the confessor to his chosen resting-place, under the shadow of his Mother's altar.

From that time forth miracles were multiplied, until at last the Paduan Friars ceased to recount them. They were

of daily and hourly occurrence, and included almost every department of human misery. The beneficent power of the beloved saint went out, as it had done in life, to the poor and the miserable. People flocked from far and near to the shrine of the holy Franciscan, and at length the matter was brought to the attention of the Holy See. A commission, consisting of the Bishop of Padua and the Benedictine and Dominican priors, was appointed to examine into the marvels. An investigation was made, and each prodigy substantiated by the sworn testimony of the most credible eye-witnesses. The miracles, in fact, were so numerous and so incontestable that the demand for canonization was practically unanimous. Amongst the small minority that pleaded for delay, on the ground of undue haste in the proceedings, a certain cardinal had made himself conspicuous. Admonished as to his error in a vision, he became one of the foremost promoters of the Cause.

Finally, at Spoleto, in Italy, on Whit-Sunday, in the year of Our Lord 1232, Pope Gregory IX., surrounded by a multitude of cardinals and prelates from every part of the world, presided over a splendid celebration, which has a living interest to-day, as it had for the thousands who then thronged the sacred edifice. Great was the joy and exultation of clergy and laity alike, and nothing was spared to emphasize the triumph of the heroic servant of God. What a thrill must have passed through the assemblage when the Sovereign Pontiff arose to make his final pronouncement! With upraised hand, in the name of the Triune God, he declared "the blessed priest of Christ, Anthony, to be enrolled in the calendar of saints."

The same Pope appointed the 13th of June — his "birthday to immortality," in the forcible words of the Roman Missal — to be set apart as the confessor's feast; and to all who visited his tomb on the festival or during the succeeding eight days was granted a year's indulgence.

Processions to the shrine became thenceforth increasingly frequent, one of the first having consisted of the malcontents of the Bridge's Head, walking barefoot and in the garb of penitents. The most notable of the pilgrimages however—those headed by the Bishop,—were organized by the various guilds of workingmen.

Miracles the most extraordinary continued to be wrought. Amongst those examined and attested during the process of canonization, and crowned with the pontifical seal of authenticity, were the cure of five paralytics, nineteen lame persons, two humpbacks instantaneously relieved of their deformity, two epileptics, two fever patients; while, finally, in two instances the dead were raised to life. Of course these were merely chosen from the mass of marvels by which the eminent sanctity of the holy Franciscan had been manifested.

A child who had been drowned in a deep vessel of water was restored to life in answer to the prayers and lamentations of the distracted mother. She implored St. Anthony's assistance, and promised to give the weight of the child in corn to the poor if her prayer were heard. At midnight the child, who had been dead many hours, was restored to perfect health.

Another extraordinary and well authenticated marvel took place at a convent in Padua, the nuns whereof had a servant, twenty-five years of age, a deaf-mute from his birth. As was attested under oath before the Bishop, the man's tongue, all shrivelled and wasted, was so short as to reach scarcely any farther than the throat. The nuns frequently said amongst themselves: "If Anthony could cure our deaf and dumb servant great would be his power." The servant himself, dull and illiterate, and from his condition unaware of the marvellous happenings about him, was twice admonished in a vision to seek the aid of Anthony. The simple soul, ignorant of the saint's identity, began to seek for such a personage in the house and through the town. After a third apparition, he, however, proceeded to the church and remained in prayer there. About the ninth hour he became suddenly resplendent with a light shining around him, a profuse perspiration exuded from his pores, and a sharp pain darted through his head and his limbs. Opening his mouth, his tongue, which had grown to its full size, uttered the words, loudly and distinctly: "Praised be Jesus Christ and Blessed Anthony!" He was enabled, though he had no previous knowledge of any language, to speak many sentences, and his hearing was at the same time fully restored. Thenceforth he changed his name from Peter to Anthony.

In the Office of the saint many other miracles are celebrated, among them that of the shipwrecked mariners who in the throes of a tempest were saved from perishing by prayer to blessed Anthony. They were directed to a safe haven by a mysterious light, and so the hymn of praise declares: "He was a sign of salvation to shipwrecked mariners, whom he guided and led by a ray of light." There, too is specified the case of a cleric who, being wont to scoff at these miracles, fell dangerously ill. Cured by a vow to the saint, he became the most zealous defender of that saint's prerogatives. "A sign," says the Office, "was given to the sleeping cleric, who, having made a vow, arose to glorify the saint by public testimony."

Apart from all these marvels that have come down through the ages, innumerable devout Christians have experienced in every time the powerful protection of our saint. In spiritual and in temporal necessities, even in the restoration of lost articles, which by an affectionate and very popular tradition is attributed to the Blessed One of Padua, his power has been displayed. Spiritual darkness and the gloom of temporal affliction have been dispelled by the sunshine of his favor. As an almost omnipotent court favorite, he has been enabled to obtain for his clients numberless graces, countless goods of body and of soul, from that Eternal

King whose glory he promoted over the face of the whole earth.

And so whether by his Responsory, that familiar and best-known prayer, or by any other form of words, those invoking his intercession with the necessary conditions may confidently hope that he will obtain for them, as he gained for his contemporaries and all who have knelt at his feet through succeeding generations, the answer to their petitions.

The Doctor's Decision.

—
BY JENNIE MAY.
—

FOR two weeks the little village of Sainte Opportune had been in a state of ferment. Its inhabitants, for the most part operatives in the MacTavish sawmill on the Minichine, had asked for a raise in their pay and shorter hours, as times were good and wages going up all over the Dominion. The respectful round-robin which they sent to their manager had been met with a curt intimation that if the present régime did not suit them, why, there were many others who would gladly fill their places.

They promptly went on strike. Monsieur le Curé essayed to arbitrate, only to be treated with scant courtesy by the same manager, a Mr. Jared L. Willson, who was an Evangelical of the most pronounced type. His name appeared prominently in the subscription list for supplying free Bibles to the "poor benighted French-Canadians"; but apparently his charity did not extend so far as paying them honest wages.

On the other hand, the good Curé's words of moderation to the strikers were largely discounted by the influence of Prosper Lafarge, the head sawyer. Prosper was a thin, wiry little man, beneath the spell of whose fiery eloquence his fellow-workers were as a field of wheat swayed by a summer storm.

Snugly ensconced in a bend of the river

about a mile above the village was a great drive of logs called in sawmill language a "boom." This had to be moved down to the mill before the operatives, whom the manager had imported from other places in order to break the strike, could begin work. In Papa Benzelin's general store there was much discussion on the subject; and Prosper Lafarge threatened openly that 'if those *canaille* so much as laid a finger on it—well, they should see.'

So matters stood, one fine morning in October as Doctor René Pêcheux stepped out of his front door and turned up the main street. It was not yet six o'clock, but there seemed to be an unusual stir in the village. A group of women gossiping in front of one of the cottages called out a cheery "*Bonjour, M'sieu le Docteur!*" as he went by. In the Curé's garden a glimpse of a black cassock, in the grape-vine arbor connecting the presbytery with the vestry door, told him that it was time for early Mass. Then he lifted his fur cap reverently; for he was passing the little rough-cast church with its bright tin roof and shining cross.

It was not unusual for the young Doctor to be abroad at early morn, yet never before had his native village appeared to him so beautiful. A soft snow outlined bare branches and rail fences in white against the gray autumn dawn, only to disappear a few hours later beneath old Sol's powerful rays.

"Oh, the Land of the Maple is the land for me!" sang René softly to himself. His thoughts were very pleasant. He was going to see old Grand'mère Beaudry, who was very ill, and his way led past the home of Prosper Lafarge. Doubtless on his return Gabrielle, Prosper's pretty daughter, would be down at the gate to inquire after the health of the venerable dame. Now, Doctor Pêcheux always considered that morning a lucky one which afforded him a glimpse of Gabrielle Lafarge or a few moments' chat with her. Of course the *commères* of Sainte Opportune were not backward in saying that he could

do better in the matrimonial line than marry the daughter of a sawyer, but the Doctor himself held a different opinion.

When the young man reached the top of the hill beyond the church, he noticed signs of activity at the MacTavish sawmill. A fragrant odor of burning pine shavings was wafted to his nostrils from its tall smokestack. There was a hiss of steam, and down in the middle of the river he saw a fussy little tug preparing to draw away the boom from the sheltered crescent where it lay. Then he uttered an exclamation of dismay; for marching down the road not two hundred yards ahead of him were the strikers, some thirty or forty strong. Prosper Lafarge was in the van, and beside him walked the engineer, Constant Duval.

Now, there had been for days a persistent rumor that, in order to protect the non-union men when they started to work, Manager Willson had imported from Montreal a squad of private detectives. These were sure to be well armed, and René knew that if the strikers interfered with them there would be bloodshed. But who was to prevent them from doing so? Monsieur le Curé was at that moment saying Mass in his quiet church, with no thought of impending danger to his hot-headed flock. There was no one to stop them but René himself. They would listen to him, he was well aware; for he was one of themselves, and they were all proud of him. But Prosper Lafarge? Prosper Lafarge, who was a born demagogue, would never forgive him for interfering; and Gabrielle had been too well trained to have anything to do with a man of whom her father disapproved. The old excuse—as old as creation—"Am I my brother's keeper?" rose to the young man's lips, but he resolutely put it down. Of that insouciant crowd now walking so gaily toward a possible tragedy, many were his schoolmates, all his old friends and neighbors. He quickened his footsteps to a run.

Opposite the mill a tall bridge spanned

the Minichine, and there the men had halted. A few of them—some half dozen—had old-fashioned muskets and rifles. The strike-breakers, assembled on their side of the river, although fewer in numbers, were better supplied with weapons of defence. One big fellow brandished a pike pole, and the manager and detectives carried their revolvers openly. Taunts and jeers were freely exchanged between the two opposing parties. As René came up with them, it was evident indeed that matters had reached a climax.

Outside his cottage door, the toll-keeper was watching the proceedings with interest. Beside him stood a young gentleman called Edmund Ross, who had been staying at Sainte Opportune for a few days, and who was said to be a reporter for the *Montreal Sun*. At sight of him an inspiration came to our hero.

"My friends," he began, "listen to me just for one moment. If you cross that bridge you will be on the mill-owner's property, and they will be justified in opening fire upon you. If some of you are shot, it will do no good to those who are left. Monsieur Ross is here as the representative of the *Sun*. The *Sun* is a great journal; it has always stood up for organized labor, and it will see that you get fair play." (Here the reporter nodded vigorously several times.) "You know that I am one of yourselves, and have your interests at heart. My brothers, I beg of you to disperse and go home!"

There was a hoarse murmur; and big Pete Leroux, the "black sheep" of Sainte Opportune, gave vent to a burst of oratory, in which French and English were mingled with amazing impartiality. It ended thus:

"He is a brave garçon, the little Doctor! We will do as he says."

Prosper Lafarge jumped up on a convenient stump, his arms waving wildly, his small black eyes snapping. He was lifted down bodily by the engineer, a big, quiet man, who said:

"The boy has reason on his side.

We had better go home now, all of us."

Prosper was black as a thunder-cloud. His second wife, Gabrielle's stepmother, a lady noted for her acidity of speech and kindness of action, had indulged, at the breakfast table, in some remarkably plain talk about strikes; and now the inconceivable impudence of Doctor Pêcheux! What! give Gabrielle, the flower of the maidens of the three parishes, to that young upstart! Never!

The impulsive crowd wheeled around, and there were shouts and cries of "*Vive le Docteur!*" In Doctor René Pêcheux's ears they sounded like a knell.

And, after all, the great boom was not moved down the river that morning. The noon train carried both detectives and strike-breakers back to Montreal, and a notice was sent to the strikers to be at the mill at 3 p. m. in order to confer with the new manager. Judge of their surprise when that gentleman turned out to be their old acquaintance, the *Sun* reporter. He had elected to come to Sainte Opportune in that guise in order to study for himself the conditions existing there. Through his agency, a compromise was speedily effected; for he was the mill-owner's only son, and his full name was Edmund Ross MacTavish.

It was the 3d of June, eight months later, and the Feast of Corpus Christi. Gabrielle Lefarge had spent a long and dreary winter in a distant town, where the sudden illness of her aunt had called her a few days after the settlement of the strike. The good aunt was now better, and the girl had returned to her home on the preceding day.

Her father's heart smote him when he noticed how pale and quiet she was. Reluctantly yielding to his wife's representations, he raised the ban which he had placed upon her intercourse with Doctor Pêcheux.

"I do not forbid you to say '*Bonjour!*' to him," he said; "but I doubt very much if he cares. He goes to neighbor Collier's twice a week, and they say that

Mademoiselle Aurore is very gracious to him."

Gabrielle was thinking of this rather sadly as she sat at her bedroom window after dinner, listlessly turning over the leaves of her Child of Mary's manual.

"*Ma fille,*" said her stepmother's voice at the foot of the stairs, "I wish you would carry this bottle of wine over to the neighbor Beaudry. A glass of it might be acceptable to the poor *grand'mère.*" (That ancient person was still in the land of the living.)

Now, Madame Lafarge did not mention the fact that she had seen the Doctor walking down the road in the direction of Antoine Beaudry's. He would be returning presently, and the diplomatic lady felt certain that if he and Gabrielle met all would be well between them.

A brisk wind was blowing through the sugar bush, drying up the traces of the preceding night's rain. The maples, old and young, joined with their sister trees in a merry dance; and even the poplars seemed to bend their tall heads in a stately minuet. The grass had the soft verdancy of early summer, as yet unspoiled by sun and dust.

René Pêcheux was young, and the heart within him responded to the buoyancy of Nature as he swung along through the brush with his springing step. Presently he came to a wayside shrine containing a statue of Our Lady roughly carved in wood. It was gaily decorated with flowers, for it had been one of the resting-places of the morning's procession; and kneeling before it was a slight familiar figure. Gabrielle's head was bent and her attitude one of despondency. She rose to her feet, crossing herself as she did so; and René, who had reached her in two strides, took both her slim brown hands and pressed them lovingly in his own warm clasp. A great light leaped to her soft, dark eyes. As the two stood together in the wet, wind-swept path, they seemed the embodiment of Youth and Hope and all things fair and joyous.

The Children's Mass and Prayer-Books.

NOW and then there can not fail to arise in the minds of thoughtful, observant, conscientious parents and teachers, as well as others interested in the welfare and religious training of the rising generation, a question as to whether the modern institution of the "Children's Mass" fulfils in all respects the purpose for which it is intended. True, it is an edifying sight, in the abstract, to see large numbers of children gathered together to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, followed later by an instruction suitable to their years and capacity. It is the spirit of our time and country to systematize and organize every good work; and while the custom has undeniable advantages, it is sometimes, especially in cases like this of which we write, open to serious criticism.

Any adult who has had the opportunity to observe the demeanor of children assisting *en masse* at divine service can hardly fail to agree with this assertion. He or she can not but recall with regret the memory of the time when the boys and girls of a family sat side by side with their father and mother in the parental pew; learning, under the watchful and solicitous eyes of both, to keep their place in the prayer-book, and follow the Mass as it should be followed, from beginning to end, with reverence, devotion and *attention*. It was the holiest and highest phase of that family worship common in days gone by, but which, unfortunately, under the strain and stress of modern life, has almost entirely fallen into disuse.

On the other hand, it will be argued that, according to present observance, children who would not otherwise be sent to Mass at all are thus brought together with their companions to fulfil an obligatory precept; that piety is fostered, and the solemnity and significance of the Holy Sacrifice thus imprinted on their minds. It is to be wished that such laudable and efficacious results could be and were always attained.

The following letter is so apropos of the subject that we print it entire, feeling confident that every word of its truthful observations will be endorsed and re-echoed by thousands of our readers:

"I want to speak to you, dear Father, about something I have in my heart. For some time I have been grieved by seeing children assisting at Mass apparently without any idea of the greatness of the Sacrifice. They seem to know enough to flop down on their knees when the bell rings,—that is about all. None of them use prayer-books to follow the Mass; some of them say their Beads, which certainly is not an appropriate way for children to assist at Mass. I have noticed in some parishes, where Sisters have charge of the children, that they recite the Beads and the Litany of Loreto every morning at Mass; and when questioned, they know almost nothing of the Mass itself, and are wholly unable to follow it.

"I trust that this will be accepted as it is meant—in the spirit of love for the great Sacrifice. As a child, I was taught to follow Mass with a little book containing pictures of the priest at the altar; and so came to know, love and appreciate, at least in a child's way, the Sacrifice of the Mass. Now the chief occupation of the children seems to be that of gazing at the choir, or the people through the church. They seem so indifferent!"

A true picture, none will deny. Now, whose is the fault?

In those parishes where the Beads and litanies are habitually recited, as observed by our correspondent, the object is without doubt to engage and hold the attention of the children to holy and prayerful thoughts. But is there, in any existing parish school, any child, short of a saintly prodigy, so far on the way of spirituality as to be able to meditate upon the divine mysteries being commemorated in the Mass at the same time that he or she is repeating the numerous "Hail Marys" which form the Rosary? Do not children, in these repetitions—delightful in their sig-

nificance at other times—lose sight of the meaning and solemnity of the Mass, making still more difficult that which is never easy for a child—the concentration of mind and soul upon what is taking place at the altar?

We are aware that the solemn mystery, in all its beautiful significance, must be very difficult of comprehension by young children; but they can be taught from the very beginning, gradually but thoroughly, what it means to a Catholic—this “greatest thing in the world.”

The nature of the Holy Sacrifice, with its different parts, and their meaning, should be explained with great insistence to every child, and every class of children in every primary school, till there is not one among them who can not understand, and in his turn be able to explain to others, the origin, nature, holiness, and wonderful effects of the great Sacrifice. Is this thoroughly and conscientiously done? We fear not, with perhaps some few exceptions, even in the best Catholic schools. And if such is the case—as any reader may see for himself after having questioned either his own or other children who may come under his observation,—what can be said of those who attend the public schools, and who, besides the Sunday Mass, have only one short half-hour of Catechism during the week? These children more especially, who need the instruction most, are fearfully deficient in their knowledge of the meaning and solemnity of the Holy Sacrifice.

To a reverent and devout comprehension of the meaning and purposes of the Mass, must necessarily follow spiritual development in the soul of the child, loving and pious attention, sincere and fervent offering of thought and intention, and wonderful accessions of grace and piety.

It seems to us also, as our correspondent suggests, that every child who can read should have a prayer-book. Those old-fashioned books, on every page a picture representing the priest at various parts of the Sacrifice, were excellent in their way, albeit the representations were

often hideous, nearly always grotesque. It ought to be possible to produce, at a cost which would bring them within the reach of every parent, prayer-books which it would be a pleasure for children to handle, to carry, and to keep.

It is a common idea, entertained by people in general, that any prayer-book is good enough for children. It is pleaded that they lose, soil, and destroy them,—wherefore, then, go to any expense in producing them? This is a mistake. Children love beautiful things, they reverence them. Why, then, should we not, in teaching them religion, surround them with sacred objects that fitly represent that teaching,—objects which are not caricatures of what they stand for and represent? All education is a training; religious education, like the rest, should employ dignified, beautiful, and fitting adjuncts.

If Catholic parents could be made to understand that it is a duty owing to their children to render religion attractive by furnishing them with beautiful objects of devotion and sanctity, well bound and clearly printed prayer-books, with pictures that are at once gems of art and incentives to piety,—if parents and others would refuse to buy the trash that is offered in the shape of tawdry bindings and gaudy prints, Catholic publishers would soon meet the highest requirements.

What if such purchases even entail some sacrifice? We make sacrifices every day in less worthy causes. If some one must have cheap prayer-books, let it be the old people who know their prayers by heart, and whose faith is so strong that nothing material can weaken or scandalize it. But let the prayers for the children be chosen from among the sweetest and simplest,—prayers that they will love to read; and reading, understand. And let the pictures that accompany them be replicas of the purest art; that through their waking hours of study and devotion, and even flitting through their dreams, they may have beautiful ideals of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother.

Notes and Remarks.

Some words of President Roosevelt, recently addressed to mothers, on whom the welfare of succeeding generations so largely depends, merit the most attentive consideration. They are plain words, remarkable only for the amount of good sense contained in them:

In bringing up your children, you mothers must remember that while it is essential to be loving and tender, it is no less essential to be wise and firm. Foolishness and affection must not be treated as interchangeable terms; and, besides training your sons and daughters in the softer and milder virtues, you must seek to give them those stern and hardy qualities which in after life they will surely need. Some children will go wrong in spite of the best training; and some will go right even when their surroundings are most unfortunate; nevertheless, an immense amount depends upon family training. If you mothers through weakness bring up your sons to be selfish and to think only of themselves, you will be responsible for much sadness among the women who are to be their wives in the future. If you let your daughters grow up idle, perhaps under the mistaken impression that as you yourselves have had to work hard, they shall know only enjoyment, you are preparing them to be useless to others and a burden to themselves. Teach boys and girls alike that they are not to look forward to lives spent in avoiding difficulties, but to lives spent in overcoming difficulties. Teach them that work, for themselves and also for others, is not a curse but a blessing; seek to make them happy, to make them enjoy life, but seek also to make them face life with the steadfast resolution to wrest success from labor and adversity, and to do their whole duty before God and to man. Surely she who can thus train her sons and her daughters is thrice fortunate among women.

If, instead of discussing the theories of Higher Critics, or preaching sermons of intolerable length and aridity on secular subjects, ministers of the Gospel were to talk to their people in this way, we venture to say there would be less complaint of listless audiences or empty pews.

The utterly indefensible extravagance which too often characterizes funerals is forcibly suggested by an item in a New

York paper. No fewer than thirty-two open carriages filled with flowers preceded, and seventy-six carriages followed, the hearse in a recent funeral procession in that city. A policeman's comment, that the widow of the deceased would not have five hundred dollars to her name after defraying the expenses of the ostentatious parade, merely emphasizes the absurdity of such senseless display. The symbolism which may justify the sending of flowers to the home of friends who are mourning the death of an innocent child becomes lost when such tributes are indiscriminately proffered; and, in any case, Catholics should have religious faith and common-sense enough to testify their sympathy with the mourners by offering Masses and suffrages for the soul of the departed rather than by encouraging a practice which at best is more pagan than Christian.

Discussing in the *Catholic World* for June the possibility of communicating with disembodied human spirits, the Rev. Father Searle writes:

If such communication were proved to be practicable, the immediate result would be, of course, the assurance that the human spirit or soul does really continue to exist after death. And this assurance is of immense importance to those who have lost that which the Christian religion gives,—that is to say, to the majority, in all probability, of those who pass for, or, at any rate, consider themselves to be, the more intelligent classes of society, both here and in Europe. We do not mean that these so-called intelligent or cultivated people have become convinced that there is no life after death, but merely that they have no firm conviction that there is; they do not feel sure about it, as everybody, practically, in Christendom did, say before the eighteenth century. Such a destructive effect on Christian dogma was sure to come from the illogical and absurd nature of Protestantism. The wonder is that Protestants retained their belief in even the most fundamental truths of revelation as long as they did; but now dogmatic belief among them is disappearing rapidly.

It is regrettable that Father Searle feels bound to add to the foregoing, "and the contagion has spread even among Cath-

olics who do not well understand the grounds of their faith, or are trying to find a pretext for getting rid of it." In connection with this subject let it be noted that dabbling in Spiritism, on the plea of gratifying curiosity, or with the excuse that all spiritualism is fraud—as it is *not*,—will very speedily furnish imprudent Catholics with pretexts for getting rid both of their faith and the peace of mind which that faith ensures.

The oil painting which seems to have won most praise at the Royal Academy exhibition this year is Mr. Lorimer's "Our Lady, Star of the Sea." The art critic of the *Athenæum* bestows unqualified praise upon it, referring to it as "surely the greatest triumph of refined and accomplished painting that Burlington House can show. . . . It represents, unfortunately, the interior of a chapel tricked out with all the cheap adornments of inferior, modern decoration. Nothing could be a worse example of *l'art nouveau* at its thinnest and tawdriest; yet, by an executive miracle, while all this is most closely rendered, it is transfigured by the artist's calm breadth of vision. Few artists have the power of sustained thought necessary to produce a work of such varied interest and perfect continuity. Though it shows a more diffuse manner and an entirely modern color-scheme, it verges on the unflinching perfection of Van der Meer."

The life of the late Mrs. William McKinley, wife of the former President of the United States, was a striking illustration of the difference between anticipation and realization, and of the fact that wealth and honors are powerless to make one happy. Of all temporal possessions, the most valuable, though commonly the least valued, is health; and this blessing the humble poor seem to enjoy in largest measure. In the earlier years of her married life, when her husband was an obscure Congressman, Mrs. McKinley often went up to the Capitol

in the evening in order to walk home with him. He was affectionate and devoted; she, grateful and lovingly solicitous for his advancement. Those were the sunniest days of her life.

As Mr. McKinley rose in importance, his wife fell off in health; and when one had attained distinction, the other was a hopeless invalid. As mistress of the White House, Mrs. McKinley sometimes awoke to the supposed demands upon her, and sought to play the part that she remembered, in a dim way, to have been assumed by the wives of political personages. She made her effort bravely, but she suffered sadly for it. Her husband never seemed to realize that she was not braving it with the best. His devotion to her through the long years that followed has been part of the best-known current history of our day. But as he rose higher in public life, she continued to decline in health. Then he, in turn, was stricken, not by lingering disease, but by the bullet of an assassin. The dread summons to depart came soon; but for five years the sorrowing, suffering wife lived on. To her death was a long-expected and welcome visitant.

The latest development of non-Catholic Biblical criticism is that Christ's miracles of healing were merely "acts of faith-healing on a mighty scale." The "Encyclopædia Biblica" states that "it is quite permissible for us to regard as historical [and therefore credible] only those cures of the class which even at this day physicians are able to effect by physical means." Dr. R. J. Ryle, in the *Hibbert Journal* (London), combats this view, and declares it quite impossible to think that all the cures could have been of such a class. Speaking specifically of the paralytics mentioned by St. Mark, he writes:

Were they cases of what is called hysterical paralysis or functional paraplegia, or were they cases of paralysis dependent upon structural disease of the spinal cord or other part of the motor nerve system? In the first place, we may note that, whereas hysterical loss of power to move, or functional paraplegia, is compara-

tively rare, genuine paralysis from structural disease or injury is a common disorder. . . . In a case of true paralysis resulting either from tubercular disease of the spine or from some serious injury, or from inflammatory or atrophic changes in the cord, we have to deal with a pathology which entirely removes these cases from those which faith-healers cure. When the delicate and complicated structure of nerve-cells and nerve-fibers is gone, and its place taken by mere scar tissue and inflammatory material, it is as absurd to suppose that an emotional shock could restore normal physiological function as it would be to suppose that an inspiring thought could add to a man's weight or height.

Parallel reasoning as to a very large number of the cures effected at Lourdes—cures pronounced by competent medical authorities absolutely impossible through or by the forces of nature—convicts of absurdity any one who denies the supernatural character of the patients' restoration to health. The well-known case of Pierre de Rudder, for instance, is as striking a miracle as, apart from the raising of the dead to life, are any of the cures recorded in the Gospels.

We are sorry to notice the death, at a very advanced age, of Mr. George Alexander Fullerton, the husband of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, a man of noble character, whose kindness endeared him to many. He was the chief promoter of the English branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, and was allied with his saintly wife in her manifold good works. His reception into the Church antedated hers, and, humanly speaking, was always attributed to the influence of his holy friend, Vicomte Théodore de Bussière, whose part in the wondrous conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne our readers can not have forgotten.

Of Captain Yamamoto, second in command of the Japanese warships at the Jamestown Exposition, the *Catholic News* relates this edifying incident:

A short time before the sea battle of Tsushima took place [during the Russo-Japanese

war], he went to the residence of the priest and asked that he be allowed to receive Holy Communion. The missionary, rather astonished at the request, reminded him that it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and that no one, unless fasting, was allowed to receive Communion. "But I am fasting," was the reply; "and, as this will probably be my last chance, I sincerely hope you will not deny my request." He had remained fasting up to a late hour on each of three days, awaiting this first opportunity to go ashore and receive what he surely thought would be his Viaticum.

There is evidently in this naval officer a strain of the magnificent faith that St. Francis Xavier planted in Japan about the middle of the sixteenth century, and that survived the official suppression of Christianity something more than a hundred years later. We like to think that among the Japanese converts of later days there are to be found many Catholics as staunch in faith and as consistent in practice as Captain Yamamoto.

In a late letter from Paris, Mr. Aroni tells the readers of the *Evening Mail* something about the great Basilica of the Sacré Cœur at Montmartre. Religious services still continue therein, "but they continue during a truce, by tacit consent, and without a vestige of legal right, title, or authority." Noting that he frequently hears Parisians remark that the actual confiscation of the Sacré Cœur is apt to come later than elsewhere, because the basilica is too far away from the Paris of business and fashion to be suitable for a museum or a ministry building, the *Mail's* correspondent is moved to observe: "In other words, the integrity and sanctity of this superb monument depend mainly upon its being a sort of suburban white elephant for the government."

The concluding paragraph of this interesting letter, which we quote entire, draws attention to a specific absurdity among the innumerable instances afforded by twentieth-century France:

For a final word about the Basilica of Montmartre, it is appropriate to jot down a note in the "album of incoherence," in the list of absurd

inconsistencies and incongruities which the American observer is forced to collect in France. The *Sacré Cœur* is despoiled, secularized and confiscated by the existing law. By a law adopted by special vote of the Chamber of Deputies during the presidency of MacMahon, France of the Third Republic is the one nation of the earth to-day which by vote of its popular representatives is identified with a religious Order. For France by act of Parliament was then consecrated to the *Sacré Cœur*.

And France, though polluted by its present governmental and legislative crew, will, we doubt not, be re-consecrated to the Sacred Heart, whether as empire, monarchy, or a Fourth Republic, — a democracy in verity and truth, not merely in name and pretence.

It has been a puzzle to many persons to know why, after disregarding the petition of Polish Catholics in this country for a bishop of their own nationality, the Holy See should have appointed a bishop for the Ruthenians, who are far less numerous than the Poles. The matter is thus explained by the *Casket*:

The Russian Church has for many years been trying, through its agents in America, to draw away the Ruthenian Catholics. The latter, like those of their countrymen who acknowledge the Czar instead of the Pope as their spiritual chief, are accustomed to Mass in the Slavonic language and with a very elaborate ritual. When they arrive in the United States, they often find no churches of their own; our services, in the Latin language, and more simple in ceremonial except on very elaborate occasions, seem strange to them; and right at hand is a Russian church, subsidized from St. Petersburg, with the same language and the same ritual with which the Ruthenian Catholics were familiar at home. There is thus great danger of their falling away; and it is with a view to prevent such a calamity that the Pope recently appointed the Rev. Stephen Soter Ortynski, a monk of the Order of St. Basil the Great, in Galicia, as Bishop of the Ruthenian Catholics in the United States.

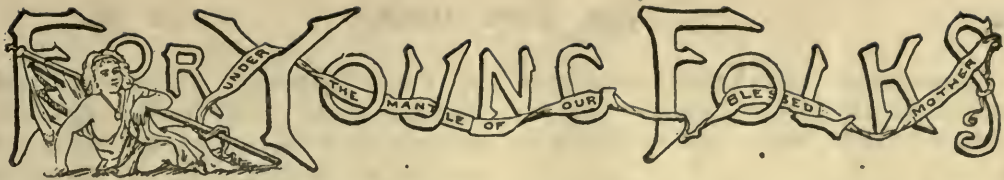
A non-Catholic Canadian editor who deserved eminently well of his fellow-citizens recently passed away in the person of Mr. W. F. Luxton, founder and for two decades editor of the *Manitoba*

Free Press. Alluding to his dismissal from that paper in 1893, a rival says: "No Canadian journalist ever enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his journal grow under his guiding hand to greater relative prestige, and no man ever had the apple of his eye snatched from him with less warning, with less consideration, with less ruth." The real cause of the great editor's dismissal is given in the *Central Catholic*:

It was not his constant and general opposition to the Greenway Government then in power. It was solely, as all well-informed people knew at the time, Mr. Luxton's splendid and unceasing defence of the Catholic minority on the school question. Whenever and wherever he could find an opportunity, during three years after the passing of the School Act of 1890, the fearless editor of the *Free Press* exposed the sophistry and anti-Catholic slanders of the Greenway Government and its supporters, clerical and lay. His columns were always open to Catholics to defend their position; and his own articles in their favor, full as they were of unanswerable arguments, constitute one of the most remarkable series ever penned by a non-Catholic in support of Catholic views on education.

Such generous service well merited the gratitude and the prayers of Canadian Catholics, and they will echo our contemporary's hope that all was well with the deceased editor when his soul went forth to meet its Maker.

Many persons who had the privilege, during the visit of Prior Flood, O. P., to this country about twenty-five years ago, of contributing to the erection of a church at Tallaght, Ireland, as a memorial to the famous Father Tom Burke, will regret to hear of the death of Prior Flood, at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies, where he became archbishop in 1889, succeeding the venerable Mgr. Gonin. Like his predecessor, Archbishop Flood was distinguished for zealous devotion to the interests of religion; and the progress of the Church in the island since his arrival there in 1887 is largely due to his indefatigable labors. His ability and single-heartedness won the respect of all classes of citizens. R. I. P.



A Dread Disease.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

HERE'S one disease both young and old
And high and low, and weak and bold,
Should greatly dread and fear;
'Tis common where in banyan bowers
The bulbuls sing 'mid wealth of flowers
Their joyous songs and clear.

'Tis also known where white snows lie
In drifts beneath the sullen sky,
O'er which the dark clouds race;
Its victims sad we daily meet
In every stately square and street
And lane and market-place.

Nor are they from this illness free
Who dwell where daisies star the lea,
And soft winds sway the trees;
Where rivers sing the livelong day,
And hills with blooming furze are gay,
And violets scent the breeze.

Full many a king and many a queen
This sickness plagues with suffering keen;
Not less its ills oppress
Too many 'mid their subject band
In lowly hut or palace grand,—
Its name is Selfishness.

The Jugglers of Toulouse.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

FIVE or six hundred years ago—and nearer six than five—there stood a fine castle proudly perched upon a great rock in an out-of-the-way corner of Burgundy. It was the home of Count and Countess Marechal with their children, pages and men-at-arms.

On winter evenings the whole household gathered in the great hall, which was only feebly lit up by wax candles in sconces fixed in the walls. They were not partic-

ularly jolly, those winter evenings; for the same old stories were always being retold night after night, and there was nothing exciting to break the monotony.

It was accordingly considered a Godsend by all the castle inmates when, one sombre January evening, the silence was broken by a blast from the trumpet of a guard stationed on one of the outer turrets. An old master-at-arms shortly afterward passed through the hall, and, entering an adjoining room where his master and mistress and their chaplain were conversing, whispered a word or two into Count Marechal's ear.

The Count reflected for a moment, then he signed to two armed retainers stationed at the rear of the apartment. They forthwith followed the old master-at-arms, who led them out to the main entrance of the castle. Here he exchanged a few words with two strangers standing on the opposite side of the foss, or trench, that surrounded the building, and then gave an order to the retainers. The portcullis was drawn up, the drawbridge let down, and the strangers were soon within the hall, to which in the meantime Lady Marechal and her husband, as well as Père Gervais, had betaken themselves.

"Where do you come from and who are you?" questioned the Count in a tone that seemed just a little anxious.

"We come, my comrade and I, from the seigniory of Toulouse, my lord; and our names are very modest ones—Laudry and Gaultier, two poor jugglers at your lordship's service."

"Jugglers!" exclaimed the Count. "Well, possibly you may put a little life into our rather dull evenings and win a smile from our chatelaine. You are welcome, anyway. Here, Raoul, give these good fellows meat and drink; and when they have finished, return with them to our presence."

Twenty minutes later, the jugglers came back to the hall, and, bowing to the Countess, Laudry, the elder of the two, declared:

"At your pleasure, my lady, we will sing the exploits, the mighty deeds of the knights of old, or we will perform feats of dexterity, some calculated to please your men-at-arms, others fit to amuse your pages and children."

Jean-Marie, second son of the house, glided up to his mother and whispered a timid request.

"Very well," said she. "To-night, Laudry and Gautéier—those are your names, I believe—you may devote your attention to entertaining the young folks, unless"—with a glance at the Count—"my lord prefers to listen to your songs of war and glory."

"Just as you like, Countess. Let this evening be given to the pages and the children," said Count Marechal.

All present drew up their seats and a circle was formed around the jugglers.

"Now, sir," said Laudry, addressing Pierrot, the old master-at-arms, "will you be good enough to stand up on this high stool here?"

"Juggler," replied the old man, "will you swear to me that the devil hasn't anything to do with what you are about?"

"Oh, reassure yourself!" was the reply. "We have no relations whatever with the devil or any of his imps."

Pierrot, with no very good grace, mounted the stool, where his disturbed expression set the children laughing heartily.

"Remark, if you please, Sir Count," said Gautier in his turn, "that there is no sorcery at all in this extraordinary feat. Now then, Master Pierrot, I'll bet you anything you like—or rather I'll bet nothing, so sure am I of winning—that you will not remain standing there on the stool while I walk around it only three times; and I promise you that I won't try to push you off, or even lay a hand on you at all."

"I begin my first circling," continued Gautier, and he walked at a slow pace around the stool. A second time he made the circle; and, as nothing happened, Pierrot's lips began to wrinkle up into a sarcastic smile.

"As for the third circling," concluded Gautier, "seeing that I didn't engage to make it to-night, I'll postpone it till to-morrow morning. Let's see, Master Pierrot, whether you will stand there all night."

"Not bad at all!" cried Count Marechal, with a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by the whole assembly.

"Give us something else, please!" exclaimed little Elaine.

"Very well," said Laudry. "I will jump higher than the taller of the two turrets at the gate, and that without leaving this hall."

"Humph!" grunted Pierrot, who was not proud of his recent experience. "A piece of trickery like the last."

"Oh, well, Master Pierrot!" observed the Count, "so far our guests have fulfilled their promises. Why didn't you wait on the stool until the third round was made?"

At this there was another general laugh.

"Come, Laudry," said Count Marechal. "Let us see you jump."

The juggler advanced a few steps and smilingly bowed.

"Attention!" he cried. "I am going to begin. One, two, three! Now watch!"

With that he leaped about a foot or so up in the air, an insignificant jump that Jean-Marie himself could have beaten.

"Well, well!" cried a dozen voices. "You haven't done it."

"Of course I have!" replied Laudry. "I've jumped at least a foot, the turret hasn't budged an inch; so I've jumped higher than it has."

Then there was another laugh, and similar tricks kept the castle household in excellent humor until bedtime.

The next day, and for several other days after that, the two jugglers enter-

tained their hosts with songs and tales sleight-of-hand tricks, and aerobatic feats; so that when the day of their departure came, everyone was rather sorry. A big dinner was given as a farewell to the guests, and the great event of the feast was the opening of an enormous pie, from which, when the crust was broken, a dozen little birds flew out.

In the midst of the confusion caused by this incident, and while all eyes followed the movements of the birds, Gautier stole quietly over to a cupboard, took a heavy silver plate from one of the shelves, and secreted it in his blouse. He was about to turn around and regain the table when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He wheeled about with a startled air, but discovered that the hand was that of Laudry, who had been watching all his manœuvres.

"You rogue!" said Laudry. "Another trick, I suppose! Let me manage it."

Gautier hesitated a moment; then, shrugging his shoulders, went over to the table and sat down. The meal proceeded; and as it came to an end, and the jugglers were about to leave, Laudry asked Count Marechal's permission to give one last exhibition of his sleight-of-hand proficiency.

The children, who were saddened at the thought of losing their entertainers, clapped their hands joyously at this proposal, and the Count assented.

"Permit me, my lord," said Laudry, placing himself in front of the cupboard with his back to the company, "to take from this cupboard a silver plate. I place it under my blouse. Now," turning toward them, "observe the distance that separates me from my companion Gautier."

"Well?" said the Count, somewhat mystified.

"The plate," went on Laudry, "has already passed from my blouse into his. Come, Gautier, is it not so? Open your blouse and produce the plate so that all hands may be convinced."

"This is a truly skilful fellow, and an

honest one as well," exclaimed the Count. "How easily he could have robbed us!"

The Countess said nothing. Perhaps she guessed the explanation of the "dexterity." In any case, as she took leave of the jugglers, she slipped into the hand of each a very pretty and well-filled purse.

Five minutes later, the jugglers had crossed the drawbridge and were soon lost to sight from Marechal Castle.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—AN ADVENTURE IN THE DARK.

For a few dizzy moments Tom lay half stunned in the darkness, not quite sure whether he was alive or dead; then Jack's sharp bark aroused him,—Jack who had come down with him in a state of lively and healthy indignation at this second tumble. Tom was encouraged to move his legs cautiously,—they still seemed in working order; he stretched out his arms and found them "all right"; he felt his head,—there was no sign of blood or break; then he sat up and looked around.

He was down in the depths of the old mine,—down far enough to have broken head and back, if the pile of dry grass, twigs, boughs, and rubbish that had choked the shaft, had not served to cushion his fall. He shouted lustily, but no answer came from the light above him; his voice seemed lost in cavernous depths of gloom that stretched on all sides. Would his little friend above desert him? Would she try to send him help? Would she think he was dead and fly in terror from the place, leaving him buried in this awful darkness forever?

Really, Tom could not say. Of girls in general, and the little pink-robed lady in particular, he knew nothing. He had only a vague idea that girls usually ran away from fights and fires and all the thrilling excitement that a boy will stand around forever to see out. If he had left a boy

above when he took this tumble, Tom could have counted on him, he knew; but a girl was uncertain reliance; so he started to his feet, resolutely determined to make a desperate effort for freedom, when he suddenly realized Jack had escaped him, his sharp little bark sounding far away in unseen distance.

"Here, Jack, Jack!" he cried. "You little fool, come back! When I've nearly broken my neck tumbling down here for you, to run off like this! Jack, here! Here, Jack!"

But Jack's bark came only in wild, free triumph through the inky darkness.

"Then stay!" said Tom, savagely; for he had naturally lost his temper both at Jack and his mistress. "If ever I get out of this scrape, I'll never bother again about any cats or dogs."

And Tom, whose eyes and wits were getting clearer in the darkness, began to inspect the sides of the shaft, and wonder if he dared risk the climb, when there was a swift, mad scurry behind him, and Jack came back, barking wildly, to his fellow-prisoner's feet.

"Scared, eh?" said Tom, grimly. "Glad of it; after the way that mistress of yours bragged on you, you ought to have some sort of dog sense. But if you think I can haul you out of this hole we're in, I'm afraid you're mistaken. It's too much of a climb. What's the matter with you?" he continued, as Jack seized his trouser legs in his teeth and began to pull and whine excitedly. "You want to get out? Well, so do I; but—but I don't dare to risk it, old chap. That shaft is slippery as a greased pole. Gee whiz! what has come over the dog?"

For Jack had something on his dog mind, it was plain. He pulled, he whined, he leaped off into the darkness and then came back, whining and grovelling, to Tom's feet to pull at his leg again.

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" exclaimed Tom. "I believe he wants to tell me he has found a way out. Go on then, old fellow! I'm with you. Go on!"

And the clever little dog sprang away triumphantly, while Tom followed him, keeping careful note of the way he went, so that he could return if need be to the glimmer through the shaft that was his only guiding star. Jack leaped on through a long passage way so narrow that Tom could touch its walls with his extended hands. For thirty or forty feet he groped through absolute darkness, that suddenly brightened as the two explorers emerged into a sort of vaulted chamber that showed signs of recent occupancy. There were bottles and cans, the charred remnants of a fire, a frying-pan and coffee-pot; a wide piece of tarred canvas, chalked with letters and numbers, was stretched on the wall. And while Tom stood staring at all this, a small figure suddenly started out of the shadows and confronted him.

"You've been mighty long, Mister," it said, fretfully. "I've been waiting and waiting and waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?" echoed Tom, as he gazed at the speaker, a boy about ten with dull, heavy eyes and little weazen face, topped by a tousele of sandy hair.

"Yes," continued this small stranger. "Dad said for me to wait till you came, 'cause he daren't. He told me to give you this,"—the speaker handed Tom a bit of rope with three knots in it. "He said for me to tell you to count all your fingers and all your toes, and then you'd know."

"Oh, I would, eh?" said Tom, concluding that this poor dull-eyed stray boy must be short of wits. "That's all right, kiddy; but—"

"My name isn't Kitty," interrupted the other quickly. "I'm a boy, and my name is Ulysses Grant Bines. Folks call me Liss for short."

"Good!" said Tom cheerily, for he felt safety and freedom were within reach now. "You've got a name to brag on. How did you get in here, Mr. Ulysses Grant Bines?"

"I climbed," said the great General's namesake, with a grin that showed little yellow teeth. "Dad showed me how, but

he said he'd lick me if I told. And he would, too. Dad licks hard," added Ulysses, with an unsoldierly shiver. "He gave me a nickel to wait here with that there rope, and tell you 'bout the fingers and toes."

The speaker thrust a skinny little claw of a hand into his ragged pocket and brought out a dirty coin.

"I'll make it ten for luck," said Tom, putting another in the grimy little palm. "Now clip off the way you came, and I'm with you, Ulysses."

Ulysses stared at the coin and then at the speaker in dull amazement.

"Golly! that's a heap," he said. "I never had ten cents before. Dad'll take it away if he sees it, Mister. He takes all gran's money, 'less she hides it under the bricks. That is a nice little dog of yours, ain't it?" continued Ulysses, as Jack, impatient of this conversation, began to bark and whine. "I was very near catching him when he came running in here a minute ago. I thought he was Miss Dorothy's Jack."

"Whose?" cried Tom startled.

"Miss Dorothy Irving, who lives at Crestmont. She's got a little dog the very spit of that. Golly! she's nice, Mister; gives you peaches and cakes and everything good. Dad he's poison mad against them all, but me and gran ain't."

"Has Miss Dorothy brown curls and— and a pink frock?" asked Tom, revelation bursting upon him with sudden light.

"Yes," said Ulysses, nodding,— "brown hair, long as a pony's, and all kinds of frocks—pink and blue and white,—and hats with roses on them, and everything just fine. And she gives gran snuff and tea, and stockings to keep off the rheumatiz. But I must go now, Mister. Gran'll be crying 'bout me I've been here so long. She's afraid I'll fall down the mine holes; but, my!" added Ulysses, with another sickly grin, "I've got more sense than that! I know how to get in and how to get out."

"Start off, then," said Tom, who was

beginning to have suspicions that Ulysses might not be quite as much of a crack-head as he had at first thought, and it would be wise to proceed cautiously with him.

So he stood aside, heedless of Jack's impatient bark, while the boy lifted the screen of tarred canvas, showing a bright, sunlit opening beneath, into which Ulysses Grant Bines vanished as if he had melted into air.

"Hurrah! that's the game, is it?" said Tom triumphantly, as he stepped forward and found the canvas curtain swung before a wide fissure in the rocks where the mountain side, steep, rough, and inaccessible, went up in a frowning height a hundred feet above him, and then down, without break or ridge, to the valley below, where the old canal crept through the green stillness of the summer afternoon.

A small figure scampering along its banks assured Tom that Master Ulysses Grant had reached the foot of the mountain in safety, and he decided that it would be safer to risk the descent than the climb. Taking Jack under his arm, he scrambled down the rocks through briar bushes until he found himself by the canal, that kept on its sure, steady way through the mountain gap between the fierce, formidable heights that defied all other approach. The tow-path never went astray, as Tom knew; so, keeping its lowly level, he tramped on, with Jack trotting patiently now beside him, until they turned the curve where the mountain side broke into ridge and slope; and he saw the little brook he had noticed on his first climb to-day, leaping down the rocks, where a steep but well-beaten path led upward to the rustic bridge that bounded the grounds of Crestmont.

Jack knew his bearing now, if Tom did not. With a sharp little bark of delight he sprang up the mountain path, while, with slower recognition of his surroundings, Tom followed until a glimpse of the high towers of Chip's home rising in the upper distance showed him he was on the right track. It was a steep climb after the tow-

path; the laugh of the tumbling waters was in Tom's ears, their flashing spray in his eyes. He felt spent and a bit dizzy, and sat down on the bridge to rest before he kept on the upward road that led to the Camp. He had made a queer start of his summer outing, he thought grimly; but it was some satisfaction to know that it was Chip's sister for whom he had risked life and limb and premature burial in the old Barton mine. If Chip should hear of it, he would be down after him sure. Tom felt he must hurry on and report himself alive and well, or there might be another boy tumbling down the old shaft.

"Come on, Jack, old fellow! That's your home there, I know; but we can't stop. I'm bound to deliver you, right side up with care, into your little lady's hands and nowhere else. Come on—why, hello!"

Tom stopped to stare in wonder at the small figure that came panting up the rocky path he had just climbed. It was Master Ulysses Grant Bines,—his dull eyes popping, his weazen face streaked with grimy tears.

"Mister, Mister!" he gasped. "Oh, wait, please! O Mister, you're the wrong man, and dad'll kill me if he knows it."

"Give me the sign back, please!"

"The sign?" repeated Tom. "What sign? What's the matter with you, boy? You're shaking like a leaf."

"I ran after you so far, so fast. I was afraid I'd never catch up," was the sobbing answer. "Dad was waiting for me. He said the man he sent me to was gone, and I must give him back the sign. And I didn't have it. I told him I was so scared, Mister,—I told him I had left it in the mine, and he drove me back to find it. He said I'd have to bring it to him, or he'd lick me till I hadn't a whole bone in my skin. And he'll do it, too. O Mister, give me back the sign, please!"

"The sign? I haven't got any sign of yours, you little nunny. I don't know what you're talking about," said Tom.

"Oh, I gave it to you,—I gave it to

you down there in the mine!" said poor Ulysses Grant, in desperation. "Don't you remember I gave you the knotted rope and told you about the fingers and toes?"

"The knotted rope? Oh, is that what you are making all this fuss about? I've got it here, I believe."

And, thrusting his hand into his pocket, Tom drew out the bit of rope which he had taken to humor, as he supposed, a poor little idiot's fancy.

The pitiful, weazened face brightened.

"Yes, yes, give it back to me, Mister, and I'll never forget it. I'll do anything you ask me, Mister, forever and forever! O Mister, dad would kill me if he knew I gave it to you,—he would sure."

(To be continued.)

In the Cupola of St. Paul's.

A common house-fly was crawling leisurely up one of the columns in the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral. At length he arrived at the web of an old spider, who was quietly enjoying himself among the recesses of one of the capitals.

"Good-morning, friend!" said he. "I have been thinking during my journey into this neighborhood of yours how strange it is that any human being making the least pretence to be considered as an artist, should leave the surface of so superb a building as this full of holes and ridges, such as I have found all over the face of the stone-work."

"My poor silly friend," said the spider, "such little uninformed creatures as you and I should not trouble ourselves with matters which we do not understand, and with which we have no concern. Bear in mind that mankind are thousands of times larger than we are. Now, I can easily suppose that, to their eyes, these stone columns may appear as smooth as your wings do to you and to myself."

It is only weak and silly persons who commit themselves, by presuming to criticise and to censure what they do not understand.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The current issue of *Le Propagateur* announces the death, at the age of sixty-six, of Mr. H. C. Cadieux, of the well-known French-Canadian publishing firm, Cadieux & Derome. He was a man of high character, strong faith, and tender piety. One of the most feeling tributes to his memory was paid by his partner in business for thirty-seven years.

—We are glad to see a new pocket edition of Cardinal Newman's famous "Apologia pro Vita Sua." It is excellently printed and produced. Though containing nearly four hundred and fifty pages, the volume is really a pocket one. There should be a large demand for the "Apologia" in this new form, on which Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. are to be congratulated.

—A new volume of "The Bibelots" (Messrs. Gay & Bird) is "Gems from Boswell," selected by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Under the title "Pearls of Thought," the same publishers have brought out a welcome little book, made up of selections from the writings of Ruskin. The compiler is Mr. Freeman Bunting, who supplies a biographical note and index.

—"The Substance of Faith, Allied with Science," the recently published book by Sir Oliver Lodge, D. Sc., LL. D., is attracting profound attention in England. Concluding an extended review of the work, the *Contemporary* says: "We would recommend this book to all readers and thinkers, as well as parents and teachers; for all will find it not a mere apology for religion, but a valuable help in considering the doubts and difficulties that beset the pathway of faith."

—An attractively bound little volume of sixty pages, "In Thy Courts," by the Rev. Matthew L. Fortier, S. J., is published by Longmans, Green & Co. The book is a translation from the French of the Rev. Louis Vignat, S. J., and is an excellent treatise on vocation to the religious state. Its four chapters discuss: Jesus Christ and the Religious Life, The Call of Jesus Christ, How the Divine Call is Made Manifest, and The Struggle for a Vocation. An admirable book to place on the family bookshelves, or to lend to young Catholics of either sex.

—"The Catholic Church and Modern Christianity," a paper-covered booklet of 186 pages, is another timely apologetic work from the busy pen of the Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. The booklet comprises two parts. The first deals with the naturalizing tendency which is so strong

and so universal in the religious world to-day, and against which the Church takes a most determined stand; whilst the second treats of the more important charges which Protestants are wont to urge against the Church, and in which their opposition to Catholicity finds its outward expression. B. Herder, publisher.

—Reports of the London public libraries show that the proportion of novels and stories called for has been diminishing steadily during the last few years, and is lower this year than ever before; while the *Westminster Gazette* is informed by publishers that "the taste for fiction is giving way." "On this side of the water," says the *New York Sun*, "the spring book season has been remarkable for the scarcity of fiction. Very few stories of note, even for the moment, have been published; but at the same time there has been a marked subsidence in the respectably mediocre output. Summer readers this year will have the opportunity of selecting the fiction of the past that is really worth reading."

—The latest biographer of that great and unhappy man of genius, Paul Verlaine, doubts the sincerity of his conversion to Catholicity on the ground that the poet's conduct was not much influenced thereby. This is an attitude which can not be justified. Verlaine himself protested against it during his lifetime; besides, as the *Athenæum* remarks, "conduct and belief are two different things." The later and more interesting part of the life of many great men is often least familiar to their biographers. Who could have believed that John Stuart Mill died a Christian believer? And yet this statement is now made, and on excellent authority—that of Dr. Moule, the Anglican Bishop of Durham, who declares that intimate friends of his family, who were at Nice when Mill died, were told by the clergyman attending him (the late Dr. Gurney) that he died a believer.

—"The Moores of Glynn," by the Rev. J. Guinan (Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne), will please many of the author's friends very well, and many others—not so thoroughly. The critical novel-reader will probably declare that, while Erin has a proverbial right to have both "the smile and the tear" in her eye, this particular story has too many tears and an insufficiency of smiles. There is much to be said for the reader who exclaims: "Goodness knows, there's enough of sadness and misery and calamity and woe in real life! Let us have gladness and merriment, joy and happiness in

our fiction at least." That, however, is a matter of taste. We advise more youthful readers of this book to skip its first two chapters and begin with the third; they will be very much less inclined to disregard it altogether. This much being said by way of friendly criticism, we take pleasure in recommending "The Moores of Glynn" as being, nevertheless, a very good, and of course a thoroughly Catholic, novel.

"Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics," by George Henry Miles, is a well-printed and attractively bound volume brought out by Longmans, Green & Co. The lyrics have appeared before; they are the work of a Catholic poet who died thirty-five years ago, and they have probably been weighed long since in the critical scales of many of our readers. The lengthy introduction (forty-six pages) contributed to this collection by John Churton Collins is, however, no reprint, but a new and a singularly interesting study of the dead author. While disclaiming for Miles any rank among the great poets, or even high rank among the minor ones, Mr. Collins justifies the reproduction of the lyrics presented in this volume, and verifies Mr. Miles' right to an enduring and a distinctive place among the poets of America. Apart from the beauty of many of the lines, the appreciative sympathy, combined with the clear-eyed criticism of the introductory study, makes the book one of genuine value.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Said the Rose and Other Lyrics." George H. Miles. \$1, net.
- "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Cardinal Newman. Pocket edition. 90 cts., net.
- "The Moores of Glynn." Rev. J. Guinan. \$1, net.
- "In Thy Courts." Rev. Louis Vignat, S. J. 40 cts.
- "The Catholic Church and Modern Christianity." Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.
- "Mary the Mother of Christ." Dr. Richard F. Quigley. \$1.50, net.

- "Benedicenda." Rev. A. J. Schulte. \$1.50, net.
- "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." S. A. C. \$1.
- "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." Rev. H. G. Hughes. 75 cts.
- "Plain Sermons." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. \$1.25.
- "Selected Poetry of Father Faber." Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. 75 cts.
- "The Book of the Children of Mary." Father Mullan, S. J. 75 cts.
- "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.
- "The Mother of Jesus." J. Herbert Williams. \$1.60, net.
- "Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." Dr. Joseph Laponni. \$1.50, net.
- "The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism." A. A. McGinley. \$1.50.
- "Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer." Leo L. Dubois, S. M. \$1, net.
- "Great Catholic Laymen." John J. Horgan. \$1.50.
- "Aspects of Anglicanism." Mgr. Moyes, D. D. \$2.50.
- "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." Rev. John A. Ryan, S. T. L. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Very Rev. Tobias Glenn, of the diocese of Ogdensburg; Rev. Thomas O'Reilly, diocese of Davenport; Rev. D. P. O'Connor, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. John Kelly, archdiocese of Toronto; and Rev. Laclau-Pussacq, O. M. I. Sister M. Bernice, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Charles Porter, Mrs. George Smith, Mr. George Alexander Fullerton, Mrs. John Cress, Mrs. C. Givney, Mr. Conrad Weaver, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Mr. Elmer Young, Mr. J. H. Gannon, Mr. W. M. Gernhard, Mrs. Bridget McBride, Mr. Jacob Burbach, Mrs. M. L. Gainey, Daniel and Hanora Shanahan, Mrs. Barbara Burkhart, Miss Catherine Calkins, Mr. James Lynch, Mrs. Mary Hopkins, Mr. Patrick Shea, and Mr. J. P. Woulfe.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Gotemba lepers:

H. Davlin, \$10; M. T., \$3; T. B., \$10; J. K., \$1; Mrs. Mary Bolen, \$3; Friend, \$5; N. E. K., \$5.



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 22, 1907.

NO. 25.

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

Christ and the Soul.

A CHALICE uplifted, a word softly spoken,
The Bread Sacrificial with trembling hands
broken,—

Ah, faith can not fathom the power Christ-given
That brings to the altar the Glory of Heaven!
Then hope stirs anew 'neath the tapers' soft
gleaming,

Humility's tears in contrition fast streaming;
And love, boundless love, in desire upwelling,
Wide opens the heart for the Master's indwelling.
No word is then uttered but language immortal,
While silence keeps guard at the spirit's low
portal,

And heart speaks to heart in that mystical union
Of Christ and the soul in the Holy Communion!

The Christians of the Sudan.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IN a series of articles which I contributed to THE AVE MARIA, under the general title of "From my Egyptian Notebook," I had something to say of the Christian kingdom of Dongola, which held out against the Mohammedan conquerors of Egypt till, after the defeat of the Crusaders under St. Louis, they were free to devote all their energies to the conquest of the countries along the Upper Nile. Few are aware that a Christian community, thus cut off from the rest of Christendom and left to its own resources, survived for six centuries in the heart of Africa. I first heard of this interesting fact from Sir

Reginald Wingate, then the chief of the Egyptian Intelligence department, when I was in the Sudan during the Dongola Expedition. He suggested that it was possible that the mediæval stories of the Kingdom of "Prester John"—priest and king—in Central Africa, stories which are generally supposed to refer to Abyssinia, may have had their origin in vague rumors of this Christian kingdom beyond the cataracts of the Nile.

In an important work recently published on the history and antiquities of the Egyptian Sudan,* I find gathered together a large amount of interesting information as to this obscure chapter of ecclesiastical history, as well as some references to the modern Catholic missions of the Sudan. The author of the book, Dr. Wallis Budge, is not only a leading authority on the early history of the East, but he has an intimate knowledge of modern Egypt and the Sudan; for, in order to carry out researches in connection with his department in the Museum, he has paid several visits to the countries of the Nile. During the last few years he has made many expeditions of this kind to the Sudan, and he has also been engaged in gathering together all that is recorded of its history by classical, as well as Christian and Mohammedan writers. There are many gaps in the story, and much of it is lost to us forever; for Nubia and the Upper Nile have been for ages

* "The Egyptian Sudan, Its History and Monuments." By E. A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D., Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. Two Volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1907.

little known to the world and remote from civilization, till in these later years the British conquest and the coming of the railway and the telegraph have made that region more accessible to Europeans.

In the Acts of the Apostles we read how one of the earliest of the Gentile converts to Christianity was a servant of "Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians," whom the Apostle St. Philip met on a journey in the Holy Land. The country which the Greeks called Ethiopia was the Egyptian Sudan of to-day,—a land cut off from Egypt by the cataracts of the great river, and the deserts of the Upper Nile. In the times of the Apostles, the Romans had a garrison at Assuan (Syene), just below the First Cataract; and an outpost farther south,—a frontier fort watching the river. Its ruins are still to be seen on the top of a bold cliff on the east bank of the river, about halfway between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa. South of this, one of the wildest desert regions in the world lay between the Roman outpost and the old Nubian or Ethiopian kingdom. Its people had learned something of the arts of ancient Egypt. For centuries before the Christian era, the Pharaohs had made raids beyond the cataracts. They had worked gold mines in the eastern desert, south of the First Cataract,—the same mines that have lately been reopened by modern speculators. They had built along the Upper Nile a chain of fortified temples, to keep open communication with the mining country. But they had never held more than the borders of Nubia; and when the Persians conquered Egypt, they lost a great army in the attempt to march across the frontier desert.

If one looks at any map of Africa, even a small scale map, one sees that from Cairo to the southern limits of the Dongola province the course of the Nile is fairly straight; then there is a great sickle-shaped bend, between Khartum and the Dongola district. At the northern end of this bend, just below the Fourth Cataract, stood one of the capitals of the old

Ethiopian kingdom, the city of Napata, between the river and the sacred mountain, which the Arabs call Jebel Barkal. There was another great city farther south, on the bend between Berber and Khartum. Its name was Meroe. The sites of both Napata and Meroe are now marked by numbers of small pyramids, and at Napata there are also some temple ruins.

It was long hoped that the excavation of these pyramids would throw a new light on the civilization of ancient Ethiopia. As its people had evidently copied Egyptian models in the reliefs carved on the walls of their temples and on those of the small buildings attached to the Meroe pyramids, it was expected that the opening of their tombs would reveal sepulchral chambers, where, around the embalmed and mummified remains of the dead, there would be furniture, vases, arms, and the other objects usually found in Egyptian tombs. It was even thought that there might be treasure chambers in the pyramids themselves. Dr. Budge's careful research has shown, however, that the pyramids are solid masses of stone, and that the graves near them contain only the bones of the dead, buried without having been embalmed. In a few cases the bodies had been cremated and the ashes buried in rude vases.

The only objects of interest are the carvings on the walls of the "chapels," or small buildings in front of the pyramids. They are imitations of similar works in Egypt. But instead of a king, one frequently finds that the chief figure in the picture is a queen—a stout, heavily built woman, with thick lips and negroid features, brandishing a weapon over the heads of a crowd of captives, who hold out their hands begging for mercy. There were obviously many successive queens of the Ethiopians; but the name of Candace has not so far been anywhere identified with certainty among the inscriptions. The mere fact that queens were so often the rulers of the country is, however, interesting; for it was an old Voltairean

gibe at the New Testament to represent queenly rule among the half-civilized people of the Upper Nile as mere legend.

Of St. Philip's convert we know no more than the brief record of his conversion and baptism, though legend says that he became the messenger of the Good Tidings to his people. However this may be, it is certain that Christianity penetrated into Nubia at a very early date, and it obtained a great accession of strength when many of the Christians of Upper Egypt took refuge beyond the cataracts in the times of the persecution of Decius, whose edict against the Christians was published in the year 250. The progress of the new faith in these remote lands was, however, at first very slow. The worship of Isis was carried on in the island of Philæ long after the edict of Theodosius had forbidden the public worship of idols in the Roman Empire. It was only in the middle of the sixth century that Narses, one of Justinian's generals, put an end to the heathen sacrifices at Philæ.

South of Philæ, the Nile runs through a deep ravine between high cliffs; and here stands the ruined Egyptian temple of Kalabshe, where, about the time of this campaign of Narses, a chief who describes himself as "Silko, King of the Nobadæ (Nubians) and of all the Ethiopians," carved an inscription telling of victories won "by the help of God" over idolatrous tribes. Silko was the first Christian King of Dongola, and under his successors all the old Egyptian temples along the river were turned into Christian churches. In some of them Christian emblems are still to be seen painted on wall or roof. At Philæ, the pagan carvings on the walls were buried under a coat of plaster, and the shrine of Isis became a church. Besides this adaptation of the old temples to Christian worship, some new churches were built, and later on monasteries were founded. The last of these Christian churches of the Sudan were not closed by the Mohammedan conquerors till early in the sixteenth century. The ruins of

these particular churches and monasteries are still to be seen at many places along the Upper Nile.

Dongola was the capital of the kingdom founded by Silko. Inscriptions found in some of the ruined churches of the district show that Greek was the ecclesiastical language. And this circumstance carries back the origin of the Nubian Church to a very early date; for the Coptic liturgy used in the native Christian churches of Egypt is a translation from the earlier Greek liturgy of Alexandria, known as the liturgy of St. Mark; and the use of Greek in the churches of the Upper Nile shows that Christianity had been founded there while the original Greek liturgy was still used in Egypt. Soon after the Mohammedan conquest of Egypt, in the middle of the seventh century, the Arabs made a raid on Dongola and defeated the Christians. They made, however, no permanent conquest, contenting themselves with imposing a tribute, and stipulating for free passage for Mohammedan travellers and traders. A hundred years later, in 737, when for a while the Mohammedans were persecuting the Copts of Egypt, Cyriacus, the Christian King of Dongola, who is said to have been the feudal lord over thirteen other kings, marched northward to the rescue of his fellow-Christians. He was at the head of 100,000 men, says the Arab chronicler. This, however, means merely a very large force; for in the East numbers are used very vaguely, and generally exaggerated. He captured Assuan, passed north of the cataracts, and was advancing on Cairo, laying waste the river-banks, when the Sultan of Cairo asked Khail, the Patriarch of the Copts, to mediate, and arrange terms. The result of the Patriarch's intervention was that, after stipulating for better treatment for the Christians of Egypt, Cyriacus retired to Nubia.

Beyond some disputes with Cairo about the tribute, we hear little more of the Christians of the Upper Nile for centuries. In the twelfth century Abu Salih, an Armenian Mohammedan, visited Dongola,

and he describes it as "a large city on the banks of the blessed Nile, containing many churches and large houses and wide streets." He mentions by name various monasteries in the district. Their ruins, with roofless churches built with nave, aisles and sanctuary, are still to be seen in many places, on the Nile or in the oases of the desert. Only a few years later came the first wave of Mohammedan conquest. The frontier city of the Dongola province was at Kasr-Ibrim, the Roman Primis, on the east bank of the Nile, between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa. The place is now in the midst of a wild, barren region. On the opposite bank there is a narrow tract of cultivation and some mud-walled villages; but at Ibrim there are only sand and stones, some ruins of a fort and rampart; and of an Egyptian temple; and on the face of the cliff, over the river, rock-hewn tombs, which tradition says were once Christian hermitages. It is hard to realize that there was once a city here.

The Arab historian tells how in 1173 Shams-ud-Dowlah, the elder brother of the famous Saladin, assembled an army and a fleet of boats at Assuan and attacked the Christians at Primis (Kasr-Ibrim). He defeated them and took their city. In the city, he says, there was a large and beautiful church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, with a high dome crowned by a cross. Shams-ud-Dowlah had the cross thrown down and burned, and the church plundered, while the Mohammedan call to prayer was chaunted from its roof. The bishop was among the prisoners, and he was tortured, probably to try to force him to tell where any valuables belonging to the church were hidden. This was the beginning of the end. Early in the fourteenth century the conquerors overran the Dongola province.

A still more remote Christian kingdom survived for a while the fall of Dongola. This was Alwa, between the Blue and White Niles, above Khartum. What are believed to be the ruins of its capital, Soba, are on the Blue Nile, twelve miles

south of Khartum; though some suppose the capital was at least for some time on the actual site of Khartum. According to early Mohammedan travellers, the city "contained handsome edifices and extensive dwellings, and churches full of gold." The King of Alwa was more powerful than the ruler of Dongola. His country was fertile, and he had vast numbers of sheep, goats, cattle and horses. In the guest-houses, Moslem traders were well treated. Southward were pagan tribes who worshipped the sun, moon, stars, fire, trees, and beasts. Abu Salih, the twelfth-century traveller already quoted, says that the kingdom of Alwa was of great extent, and contained as many as four hundred churches. He saw, too, many monasteries near the capital.

"There is," writes Dr. Budge, "no reason to doubt the existence of a large number of churches in Alwa; for many of them still survived in the sixteenth century. Alvarez tells us that he had talked to a certain 'John of Syria,' who declared that there were still in the country one hundred and fifty churches, which contained crucifixes and pictures of the Virgin Mary painted on the walls, and all old. Each church stood within a fortress, as in northern Nubia." The "Alvarez" here mentioned was Father Francis Alvarez, one of the Jesuit missionaries to the neighboring country of Abyssinia in the sixteenth century. Dr. Budge notes the remains of traces of the Christian period in this distant province of the Sudan, and expresses a confident hope that more will be found. But nothing has yet been discovered to compare with the large ruins of Christian buildings in the Dongola district.

The growing power of the Mohammedans in Egypt, the failure of the Crusades, and unhappily, at the last, dissensions between the Christian kingdoms of Dongola and Alwa, prepared the way for the fall, first of one, then of the other. The first mosque was erected at Dongola city in 1317. The Mohammedans seem to have rapidly overrun the long tract of inhabited country

along the Nile. They were persecuting the Church in Egypt; they turned the churches of Dongola into mosques. It is difficult to fix the exact date when the last Christian ruler lived. It would seem that for a while even in Dongola the local chief was allowed some nominal power by the Arab conquerors. Christian chiefs reigned in Alwa in the fifteenth century, warring with the pagan negro tribes to the south. Cut off from the rest of Christendom, the people had, like the Abyssinians, mingled various superstitious and heretical beliefs with their religion.

While Father Alvarez was in Abyssinia, however, envoys from the Christians of the Sudan came to him with a touching message. Their priesthood had died out: they asked for priests to be sent to teach them and administer the sacraments. They said that they had more than once tried to send a messenger *to Rome* to ask for a bishop, but had got no help (probably because their messenger had never got as far as even Lower Egypt). This reference to Rome is interesting. Dependent as they had been on Alexandria, and with it swept into schism, they evidently still kept the early tradition of Rome as the centre for the Faith. Unhappily, Father Alvarez was powerless to help them. He was barely able to maintain the Abyssinian mission. It is a sad story. Gradually the last remnants of the Christians of the Sudan died out. Nothing was left to tell of them but the few fragments of their history and the ruins of their churches.

The first ray of light in the long night of centuries came in 1848, when, thanks to the generosity of the Austrian Emperor, means were provided for founding a Christian mission on the Upper Nile. Francis Joseph has thus the honor of being the founder, and has for long years been the benefactor, of the Catholic missions of the Sudan. In the house of Cairo, which is the headquarters of the mission, I saw when I visited it the Emperor's portrait hanging in the place of honor in the guest-room. Father Knoblecher was the leader

of the band of Austrian missionaries who first founded stations far up the White Nile, in places which till then no European had visited. The one farthest south was at Gondokoro, more than a thousand miles beyond Khartum. Many lives were lost; for the climate was deadly, and the first comers selected bad sites for their stations, not understanding the necessary precautions that have to be taken in Central Africa by Europeans.

When Mgr. Comboni took charge of the mission, some forty years ago, he abandoned several stations, to choose better positions for work; and established the house in Cairo, where newcomers could stay a while to be partly acclimatized and to get used to Eastern ways. His missionaries had made some progress, not among the Mohammedans, but among the native tribes in Kordofan and Darfur, when the Mahdist revolt destroyed all their work. Readers of General Gordon's diary at Khartum will remember what he says of the Austrian mission there, the garden, and the Fathers. Two of them—Fathers Ohrwalder and Rossignoli—became prisoners of the Mahdi, with some of the nuns of the Khartum convent. After many sufferings, the two priests escaped. Father Ohrwalder's story of his captivity was the first revelation given to the world of the condition of the Sudan under Mahdism. (His story has been told in *THE AVE MARIA*.) He afterward spent some years at Suakin as a chaplain.

When Khartum was retaken in 1898, there was at first some fear that the new government might discourage the missions on account of the danger of rousing Mohammedan fanaticism. But permission was soon given to the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Roveggio, to reoccupy the old site of the Austrian mission at Khartum and rebuild the ruined house and church. The government also admitted various Protestant missionary bodies, British and American, asking all to be careful not to interfere unduly with Moslem prejudices, and suggesting that their most useful

field of labor would be among the native tribes, as distinguished from the Arab element. The government, while giving toleration to all, wished to regard the missions as chiefly a civilizing and educational influence in the country. The Catholic missions have now stations at various points, one of them nearly five hundred miles beyond Khartum. Sir Reginald Wingate, the present Sirdar, in his official reports, has given high praise to their civilizing work. They are trying to form settlements of converts, or catechumens, from among the negro tribes.

Father Ohrwalder has returned to the scene of his past sufferings, and is at the head of the Catholic school at Omdurman, opposite Khartum. Dr. Budge is not a Catholic, and, of course, can not be expected to take our view of missionary work. But he has high praise for Father Ohrwalder. "He directs the school," he writes, "with conspicuous success. He has cast in his lot with the natives of Omdurman, and teaches the elements of civilization and practical religion to their children in his characteristic whole-hearted manner. His continuous residence in the town gives to his work the consistency which is necessary for success; and the example of his life, his obedience to the divine commands, and the thoroughness of his ministrations, can not fail to give to all the natives, who are brought in contact with his personality, some idea of the beauty of the religion of his Master, Christ, whose loyal servant he undoubtedly is."

A generous tribute like this is honorable to the Protestant who writes it. He is not, it is true, hopeful as to the prospects of the missions, either Protestant or Catholic; but, measuring by the standards of faith, we may hope that all the heroic sacrifices made by our missionaries on the Upper Nile for sixty years, their confessorship under the Mahdist rule, and their ready self-devotion to the same hard field of labor as soon as it was again accessible, will not be without blessed results.

A Guest of One Day.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

PROLOGUE.

LETTER from Paul Wayre to his great-niece, Mary Marwood, at Oxford:

DEAR CHILD OF MY DEAR JANET:—Having at last overcome the hardness and pride which kept me for so many years from writing to your mother, my beloved niece, Janet Marwood, I have had a dear letter from her in answer to one I wrote to her; and she tells me that you have been in England for some time, and are now on the point of returning to India, to take up the work of a medical missionary.

Will you come to see us before you go, and give us as long a time as ever you can? Our home is very different from what it was before your mother's marriage. But you will love us, I think; and you will also pity my poor Alice, your mother's little bridesmaid of twenty-five years ago. Come to us, my child, as I think of you. I feel from your mother's letter that her change of Faith has not been a change of heart to me. Forgive me, as she does, and love

Your old uncle,

PAUL WAYRE.

Telegram from Mary Marwood to Paul Wayre:

Most delighted to get your letter. Will gladly come early to-morrow. Must start for India to-morrow night.

I.—MORNING.

The large house, that fronts where the downs are glowing in the fair rondure of their loveliness, has not yet awoken from its night-quiet. But a woman leans out from a window on the first landing,—a woman some thirty years old, tall and slight and very pale; dressed in a close-fitting gown of some dull black fabric, with small white linen bands at the throat and wrists. Her hair is tightly drawn back from the face,—the face that is young still, but with deep lines about the mouth, and with rigid lips, and eyes very quiet and grave.

The woman looks out and sees the light and the beauty, and hears the bird songs, and the sweet vital silence that is

around her in the pauses between those songs. But there is no change in her face; nothing of the beauty is mirrored there. She leaves the window, and passes out of the room, down the stairs, quietly undoes the hall door and goes out. There is no barking of the collie in the stable-yard as she enters it by a postern gate, which opens at her latchkey. The dog comes to her gravely quiet, undemonstrative as she, and walks on a little in front of her. They go along the garden walk, over the turf shadowed by the beeches whose leaves are all a-quiver in the morning breeze. On, on, over the stile, out to a tract of moor, where the young heather is springing and the old heather rustles, delicately. Here and there are clumps of moss; the brambles blow white and pink; the grass glitters and gleams in the light.

There is a rise in the ground, and sharp against the sky a stone stands up. Straight and hard it stands: it bears the letters A. W. There the woman halts and gazes and gazes. There is no moisture in her eyes, no quiver on her lip, and yet you feel and know that you are in the presence of a sorrow that has never wept its heart out; an anguish over which the silence has brooded with a terrible conservation. The woman kneels by and by, but not as one in prayer: she bends down and kisses the ground, and you see that there has been a little mound there. It has sunk low, and you can not at first sight discern it.

Coming over the moor is another woman, whose footsteps are light and buoyant with youth and joy and peace. She looks so young that at first you would hardly take her to be a woman grown; but you can soon recognize the look of sweet womanliness that heightens the grace of girlhood, but has not taken its place. She is singing as she comes along; for it is very early, and she is unaware of any presence near. It is an old chaunt that comes low and clear from her lips, and the words have a vowelled fulness and richness that are not of the English tongue:

*Deus, Deus meus: ad Te de luce vigilo.
Sistiv in Te anima mea, quam multipliciter tibi
caro mea.*

Suddenly the ground slopes, and she sees that she is not alone. There is a sharp barking from the collie; and the woman who, half kneeling, half lying on the ground, has heard the last notes, rises, with an air partly of annoyance, partly of a kind of enforced patience, and prepares to go. The dog goes on barking, and she says to the other, almost in a monotone:

"He will not hurt you."

"I know," replied the younger woman. "May I make friends with him?"

She stooped and patted his head, and he responded in his own quiet way.

"I am sorry to have come upon your quiet in this way," she said.

"Pray do not be sorry. The moor is not private."

"As I have intruded upon you, will you be so very kind as to show your forgiveness by telling me the way to Lilpit House?"

"You are looking for Lilpit House? You will find it if you go straight on from where you are now standing."

"Thank you! I had had rather uncertain directions as to how to find it. Of course I am not going there at this hour. I mean to have breakfast in picnic fashion, and then to dawdle about until it is a proper time to call. I had to come down by a train that reached——at five o'clock, unless I waited for one that didn't get in till the afternoon; and I had to arrange everything very quickly, to include an unexpected visit before I leave England, which I do to-night. But forgive my inflicting these details upon you. Somehow I felt as if a sort of explanation were best, by way of apology."

"There was no apology needed. I think you must be Mary Marwood."

"Yes. And you?"

"I am Alice Wayre. You will come home with me?"

"Alice Wayre? My mother's 'little Alice'? Oh, I am glad!"

The face of her cousin did not light up. She said, in a sort of conventional way:

"We shall be very pleased to see you for as long as you can stay with us."

Mary Marwood was not chilled. She felt that Alice's coldness was, as it were, a part of herself, and had in it nothing intentionally ungracious. She took Alice's hand, and said:

"O Alice, you do not know how much I have wanted to see you! You belong to my mother."

Half-involuntarily, Alice Wayre turned her cheek to Mary,—courteously, as one might salute a stranger.

Suddenly Mary Marwood said:

"O Alice, we did not know,—we did not know!"

In an instant she had taken in the gist of what had come to her cousin's life. She knew that she was standing in the presence of a sorrow more terrible, more bitter, than any she had ever known of. Instinctively, too, she felt the meaning of that stone, and she felt that some one was lying buried there, on the moor, outside, outside—outside of what?

"Good-bye, Alice,—good-bye for just now! We shall be seeing each other later on, shall we not?"

She turned to go. What was it that made Alice Wayre say, "Stay"? She did not know, but afterward she was quite sure of the reason.

Mary hesitated, and then said:

"You must not treat me ceremoniously, you know. I shall be quite all right wandering about in this lovely place, until it comes nearer to a reasonable hour for coming to see you all."

Again Alice said "Stay!" and Mary turned back at once. She unstrapped her cloak, took a little packet out of it, unfolded the cloak and spread it on the ground.

"Shall we sit here for a little while? And will you share my breakfast with me? It's bananas and bread, and it comes out of my Dorothy bag. I'm always getting chaffed about carrying a Dorothy bag;

but, you see, life would be but a dull thing if we never had any one to chaff us, wouldn't it?"

What a radiant face she had! The radiance of it seemed almost to touch the pale, proud face of the elder woman, and a sort of ghost of a smile played about her lips.

"Uncle and all of you will think me a very *out-dacious* sort of person for coming so early, won't you? No? Well, you must take the responsibility. It's very nice of you, Alice. You see, I never meant to put in an appearance till some respectable hour,—say, at earliest, somewhere about eleven."

Alice made no reply, yet her silence did not give the impression of want of courtesy or even of interest. It was rather that of preoccupation. Suddenly, almost sharply, she said:

"Mary, what—what—did you say when you crossed yourself awhile ago? I saw your lips move. I know you are a Catholic, but I am unfamiliar with Catholic ways. Forgive me if I am asking anything I ought not to ask."

"You are not asking anything of the kind, Alice. I said: 'May he rest in peace!'"

"Why did you say that?"

"Because some one is lying there."

"How do you know that? Surely it might be a dog?"

The word and their tone of great bitterness went to Mary Marwood's heart more than a cry of anguish would have done. But they were indeed a cry of anguish, and she knew it. She laid her hand on Alice's with a touch that was very light: and her hand was suddenly and strongly grasped,—grasped, as she felt, almost fiercely.

"A dog, you know. It's a place for a dog's burial, isn't it? There's something in the Bible about having 'the burial of an ass,' isn't there? But I beg your pardon!"

"For what?"

"I forgot that Catholics don't read the Bible. But let us talk of something more cheerful than dead dogs and asses. These

are excellent bananas. Where did you get them?"

"In London. I bought them off a barrow last night."

"But you are a medical woman. Are you not afraid to buy fruit off stalls?"

"Oh, no! They are all right, so far as bananas are concerned. And, after all, we can not be too fidgety, can we? But suppose we do not mind this just now, nor yet the question of Catholics not reading Holy Scripture? Alice, may I dare to ask? Will you not tell me a little? We Marwoods have always loved our mother's folk. They have had our prayers, always and always. And we have remembered also some one we were very fond of in India,—our gentle friend who came back to England,—the friend who came to see you, and from whom we have not heard for several years. O Alice, do you know anything of Allen Walters?"

Alice looked at her. It was a look such as Mary had never seen before. And at that instant a sunbeam caught the sculptured letters on the stone—A. W. And then Mary knew. Her arms were round Alice, and one who had not for many a day been seen to weep was weeping on the breast of the kinswoman who, an hour before, had been unknown to her.

II.—NOON.

Paul Wayre was sitting in his study, and Mary Marwood was there, and was chatting to him as if she had always known him. There she sat, the child of the niece with whom he had forbidden his daughters to correspond; the niece whom, he had said to himself, he would never willingly see again; the niece toward whom for many a day his heart had been yearning. There she was, as one who belonged to him, and had always belonged to him; Janet's child, this guest of one day,—this girl who perhaps, after to-day, might never again tread English soil; sitting by him, in childlike fashion, on a low stool, while now and then he touched her pretty hair or her strong little hand.

The softening in his feeling toward Janet had been the growth of a considerable time. Gradually there had come to him a strong conviction of the wrong and injustice of his attitude toward his sister's child and her husband and children,—the husband together with whom she had left the Anglican communion, and the children brought up in what to him had always been an alien faith. He had also insensibly been influenced by certain people among his neighbors who were at least kindly tolerant of a faith which, as they said, had once been the faith of their ancestors; and he wanted, wanted greatly, to see Janet again,—Janet, who had been to him like one of his own daughters. His regret for his harshness, too, passed into repentance, and he wrote the letter which Janet had so quickly answered.

And now—how suddenly indeed it seemed!—in answer to his wish and to his deed, Janet's child was here,—Janet's child Mary, whom, even one day later, it would have been impossible to see. How glad he was that he had not delayed longer, and how sorry that he had delayed so long!

Mary, he saw, had eyes like Janet's, and had, too, that indefinable something about her which made Maggie and Kitty exclaim together:

"O Mary, why didn't we know you long ago? To think you might have spent your vacations here all these years! O father, wasn't it a pity?"

The quick touch of Mary's hand had not been in time to stop what she knew must give her uncle pain. The pain showed itself in his face as he answered:

"It was a great, great pity. Can you not possibly stay longer, my child? Must you absolutely go to-night? If you would but stay for a month, or even a week!"

"Dear uncle, my passage is taken."

"If it is only a matter of expense, my dear child, that would not matter between you and your old uncle, would it,—your old uncle, and your mother's uncle too?"

"It is very, very good of you, dear uncle. No, that would not matter at all. I would

gratefully and lovingly let you help me, if that were all that were needed. But, you see, my post has to be filled, hasn't it? And I ought not to delay, much as I should love to stay with you."

"I see, dear child,—I see. But I am sorry,—I am more than sorry."

"We are dreadfully sorry!" added the girls.

"Let me have Janet's child to myself for a little while," said Mr. Wayre. "You girls can have her all the afternoon. She will not mind putting up with the company of an old fogey, I am sure. Will you, Janet—Mary, I mean?"

"I shall love to stay with you, uncle."

"Well, not a moment beyond lunch time, father, remember!" said Kitty. "I'll come and fish you out of dad's den, Mary, when the first bell rings."

What passed in the next half hour meant much to Paul Wayre,—more, too, than he knew. It meant things sweeter and deeper than he realized then or for long afterward.

When the time was drawing to an end, Mary said:

"Uncle, I want very, very much to see more of Alice. Will Kitty and Maggie be hurt if I want to see her alone?"

"No, certainly not. My poor Alice! It is very sad,—more than very sad; for she seemed to lose her hold on life at that time, and she has never regained it. You know all about it, then?"

"I know, I think, the main facts. She has spoken to me—"

"Spoken to you, my dear child? Why, she speaks of it to no one; and you have seen her for only a very little while, and for the first time to-day."

"Uncle, I am so sorry! I did not mean to discuss her, or to try to find out anything about her that she did not wish to tell me. But—but—oh, you won't think' I am trying to step in between her and those who naturally would be the first to want to try to comfort her?"

"My dear, little as I have seen of you, how can I but feel that you are absolutely

to be trusted? Forgive me for my rudeness in interrupting you also. How can I but be glad that my poor child, morbid from grief and shame—a shame she insists upon—has actually spoken to you? It is the best thing that has happened to her for many a year; and she, as all of us—as I, Mary, more than I can tell—will have cause to bless the coming of our 'guest of one day.'

"The rector of this parish was, I think—no, I am *sure*,—most unnecessarily unpleasant and harsh about the business. Of course the idiots on the coroner's jury ought to have brought in the usual verdict, 'Temporary insanity,' you know. But they didn't. There was a letter to her, which she had to show; and they were pleased to think it made such a verdict impossible. But they did not know all the circumstances of the case. It seemed that, in order to save a dear friend from disgrace and ruin, as he thought, he had forged some one's name for a considerable sum,—a sum which he had every reason to believe would not be wanted for some days, giving time for it to be replaced, as he knew it could be. It was altogether wrong, of course,—terribly wrong. But it wasn't for himself; and if it hadn't been for an unlucky accident, it would have been all right by the time he had expected. But it all came out, and, in a moment of what was no doubt the intensest anguish, he shot himself. The burning sun of India had evidently affected his brain; indeed, he was once prostrated by the great heat, and had never fully recovered. He was not himself when he took his life. I am firmly convinced of this. He was a gentle, God-fearing soul. The more I think of what his life was, the more my conviction is strengthened."

"Poor Alice! O poor Alice!"

"The rector talked some rot about the north side of the churchyard, and reading a part only of the burial service. Then Alice stood up, with a look on her face such as I have never seen on any human face except then—and God forbid I should

ever see again!—and said: ‘I renounce you and your God forever!’ I gave in to her wish, and poor Walters was buried at night at the edge of the moor. The gardener and the groom dug the grave, and we all went with our poor Alice. It was an awful time, Mary,—an awful time. Alice would not let me say even the Lord’s Prayer before we left, as I wanted to. Mary, she seemed to lose her faith in God as well as in man from that day forth.”

“Poor Alice! O poor Alice!”

III.—EVENING.

They were together, the two cousins who were never to see each other again after that visit of the guest of one day, but who were always to remain bound to each other by the tie that death itself is powerless to break. Mary’s hand was fast clasped in Alice’s, there in that first meeting-place,—that meeting-place, the same and yet not the same. The earth had spun softly along, and the day was nearly done. The west was lovely with delicate, gold-tinged, roseate, fluffy clouds; the flowers were bowing toward it. There was a great peace.

And with Alice Wayre there was a great peace also; for in her had been born the heart of a little child. How it had come about can hardly be told, but she had learned to believe and to pray. And she had learned, too, where the faith is which, in her keeping, would have made it impossible for her to slander her God as, year by year, she had ignorantly been doing. Beyond hope, beyond prayer! “Had I prayed, it would have been only useless. This was what I thought. I have—hated God. I have hated the Church.”

“You have not hated God, my dear. You have hated the false image of Him which was put before you to worship. You have not hated our Father, whose love is unbounded; you have not hated the Saviour who died for love of you, and who is offered up for love of you day by day, hour by hour,—offered up for love of all His living ones and all His dead.

You have not hated the Church, my dear; for you have never known her. You have never known her who never lets her children go, from the cradle to the grave, unless by their own deliberate choice and will. You have not known her whose communion holds the departed in loving care, and pleads, and offers the Greatest Thing that can by any possibility be offered, for their help.

“O Alice, my cousin, my dear cousin, had you only known your mother—known the great beautiful Church,—you would day by day have prayed for him, day by day have had the Holy Sacrifice offered for him,—the Sacrifice which has power beyond all other to help the living and the dead. You would have cried to the dear Lord, and to His Mother, whom He made your Mother, to help your beloved. You would have cried to His blessed ones, who do not forget us, their fellow-Christians, still fighting where they have triumphed, still fighting while they are at rest,—cried to them to lay before the dear Lord all the might of their intercession, along with your own prayers and tears.

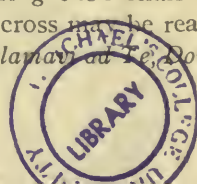
“You say that some one told you that he was in hell, beyond the reach of mercy? Oh, how dared he—how dared he say this? Do I not believe in hell, you say. Yes, Alice, I believe there is a hell, as I must believe,—a hell for those who deliberately choose separation from God rather than union with Him, and die in that choice. That is what is meant by dying in mortal sin. But who shall dare to say of any one that he has died thus?

“I wish I could stay with you, dear, at least for a little while. But I can leave you in God’s hands,—loving, tender hands. He will show you the way; He will guide you; He will help you.”

“I will seek Him. *I shall find Him.*”

EPILOGUE.

On the edge of the moor is a Latin cross of granite bearing the initials A.W. Near the foot of the cross may be read the words, *De profundis clamavit ad te, Domine.*



The Chain to Heaven.

BY M. J. SHEA.

IN days far gone, poetic legends say
 When Time yet leaned upon Eternity—
 Ere man plucked Death from the forbidden
 Tree,—
 A golden chain bound earth to Heaven's sway.
 But Satan, ever watchful, saw one day
 The golden glimmer in the heavenly sea,
 And, raging 'neath the sting of God's decree,
 With aiding sin soon wore the chain away.
 We need not now or golden bond or chain
 To bind the aged earth to God's domain:
 The blackened Beads, well worn by constant
 prayer,
 Have freed from bondage Heaven's lawful heir.
 For life from sin and shame is ever free
 If we but trust in Mary's Rosary.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXVIII.

MILDRED almost regretted not having taken her uncle's advice and delegated to him the explanation he had to make, when, later, she found herself alone with Mr. Brent and Nature. The afternoon was perfect. But the beauty of the earth and the glory of the sunset sky, and even the fresh, invigorating mountain air, which she usually inhaled with almost voluptuous enjoyment, were unnoticed now by her lover and herself. They were both silent as they drove along the level avenue which made the approach to the hotel. It was not until he had turned his horses' heads into another and more private road, where they were not likely to meet so many of their fellow-guests that Mr. Brent said suddenly:

"You are still suffering, I am sure. It was selfish of me to ask you to come out. But I thought the air might do you good"

"It will," she answered. "And I am

glad you did ask me, for I want to speak to you. Mr. Brent," she went on hurriedly, "I am sorry—more sorry than you will understand, I am afraid,—but I can not make a mixed marriage. I feel that it is not right."

"But," cried Mr. Brent, in a tone of suppressed vehemence, "I am not asking you to make a mixed marriage! I am asking you to have a little patience, and give me time to study and understand the Catholic faith, and then perhaps I can believe it. That is all I ask just now."

"Isn't that precisely what you asked two years ago, and again last summer? And you are not a step nearer to believing now than you were then."

"Yes, I am,—considerably nearer. At least I am sure that since your uncle can believe these things, there must be some reason in them. I don't pretend to be clever in matters of the kind,—questions that require study and thought, I mean. My father and my professors at college always told me that though my mind itself was good enough, it was deplorably indolent. I have found the truth of what they said, since this matter has come up. It is very disagreeable to me, and fatiguing, to exert my mind; but I intend to do it now. A problem that can be solved by one man can be solved by another,—if he will think hard enough."

"But it isn't a problem!" exclaimed Mildred, in a tone of emphatic, half-irritated protest. "I have told you that over and over again. You must have faith to believe without understanding, because to understand these mysteries is impossible."

Mr. Brent sighed. It seemed to him unreasonable beyond expression that he should be required to believe what he could not understand; and, in the pre-occupation of his thoughts by the grave question under discussion, he forgot to give even mechanical attention to the guidance of his horses. The road, though not bad, was just at this place rather rough; and a tremendous jolt, that nearly

threw Mildred from her seat, recalled him to a sense of his surroundings.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "I didn't see that stone, or I shouldn't have run over it."

Mildred did not reply. She was not thinking of the jolt, had scarcely noticed it. The expression of her face, as she now turned to Mr. Brent, alarmed him.

"For God's sake, don't say that it's all over with me!" he cried impetuously. "Don't tell me that—"

"I must!" she interrupted, speaking low but very resolutely. "I came this afternoon especially to tell you that I can not go on in this way any longer. It is true we have not been formally engaged; but I have felt, and so, I am sure, have you, in a manner bound. This will not do—" She paused involuntarily as he turned very pale, and said quickly: "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

His reply was an irrelevant-sounding question.

"Are you rejecting me to marry another man?" he asked.

"No!" she replied indignantly. "You ought to know me better than to suspect me of saying one thing and meaning another. I thought you knew me better," she added, reproachfully.

"Forgive me!" he said. "Can't you see that I am scarcely accountable for what I am saying? The idea of your breaking with me—"

There was a silence of some minutes. Then he spoke in a very quiet tone.

"Tell me frankly why you want to send me adrift," he entreated. "I remember your saying once that you did not want to marry for four or five years, and you asked me if I would agree to an engagement of that length of time. I said "No," thinking that you were at least half in jest. But I will agree to five years, twenty years, a lifelong engagement, rather than be cast off altogether."

"If I took you at your word, you would soon change your mind," said Mildred, with a nervous half-laugh, amused by the

proposition, but touched, too, by the despairing energy of his manner.

"I would not," he replied. "Of course I want as short an engagement as possible. But I will take a long one rather than a final rejection."

"I wish you would be reasonable," she said, with a sort of despairing patience. "Think how more than unwise, what madness it is, for two people whose opinions on the most important of all subjects are diametrically different to spend their lives together! No, it is impossible. And so we must end the matter now."

"On my part, I don't intend to end it," said Mr. Brent. "I can't force you to be engaged to me, but I beg you to understand distinctly that so long as you remain unmarried I am engaged to you."

"Is this kind,—is it right?" asked Mildred, with a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"Yes, it is," was the reply, in a very positive tone. "I know that we suit each other thoroughly, and should be happy together; and I do not despair of finally convincing you of this fact. If you object to my presence here, I will leave to-morrow, but I shall not leave hope behind me. I wish that you would let me stay, as Mr. Chetwode has promised to instruct me—I believe you call it—in Catholic doctrine. Do you object to my staying?"

"Certainly not, if you stay on that account. I should have no right to object under any circumstances," she added.

"I will try not to make myself troublesome," he said simply. "Will you give me the first dance to-night?"

"If I am in the ballroom; but I doubt whether I shall be. Oh, I am not ill, I assure you! But I feel languid; and Sydney, who has been asleep nearly all day, will be wide awake by that time, and want me to talk to her."

"Why should you sacrifice your evening to her?" he asked jealously. "I thought she was Miss Hereford's friend."

"Yes. But Lett is not the most amusing of companions to the poor child, who resents her not liking Mr. de Wolff. I

do like him, and therefore she likes me."

"Do you mean that Miss Hereford doesn't like De Wolff?"

"Sydney thinks so. But I don't believe she dislikes him—now at least."

"She is very ungrateful, or ungracious anyhow, if she does," said Mr. Brent,— "considering his admiration for her."

Mildred was surprised.

"How do you know he admires her?" she inquired. "Did he tell you so?"

"His face told me so last night when we met her in the hall as she was on her way to the rooms. From his manner, the way in which his face lighted up as he saw her, I took it for granted he was very much in love with her. I was surprised when your uncle told me he was engaged to the girl he was walking with this morning."

"Very much in love with her!" repeated Mildred laughing. "I wonder what Sydney, and, worse still, Lett herself would say to that!"

"What is there ridiculous in the suggestion?" inquired Mr. Brent.

"It is a long story," answered Mildred; and she plunged into it forthwith, glad of an impersonal subject to talk about.

Meanwhile, Lett, much against her inclination, felt constrained by conscience to go to drive with Mr. Chetwode; as she knew that if she did not go he would send away the carriage, take a book, and luxuriate in an afternoon of physical inertia very agreeable to him, but not nearly so good for his health as the fresh air would be.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting?" she said, when she joined him in the hall below.

"No," he answered, as they passed out into the veranda. "The carriage has just driven up. And here is Mr. de Wolff, who is going with us."

Lett winced at the prospect before her; but had time to brace her resolution and heroically force a smile, as De Wolff, who was standing by the carriage door, turned at her approach and lifted his hat.

"It is a pity Sydney is not here to enjoy this air," she remarked to him, by way of saying something.

"I fancy that rest is better for her just now than the air even," he replied, extending his hand to assist her into the carriage; and adding, as, at a motion from Mr. Chetwode, he followed and sat down: "She must have been very ill, Miss Hereford, to be so reduced in flesh and strength as she is."

"She was very much what the doctor called 'run down,'" Lett answered; "but never, he assured me, dangerously ill. Mr. de Wolff," she went on hastily, without giving herself time for hesitation, "Sydney explained to Mildred and myself this morning all about her cousin's marriage, and the position in which she and you were placed. I must apologize, as I did once before, for—for—"

"For having, under a misapprehension, judged me a little mistakenly?" he said. "I beg you not to be concerned at the mistake. I knew that it was natural under the circumstances, and that you would do me justice when you heard the facts of the case."

"Thank you for having judged me so charitably," she said. "I hope, Mr. Chetwode, that Mr. de Wolff has told you—but of course he has—about Sydney's engagement to him?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Chetwode; "and the explanation sets the affair in a very different light from the one in which poor Carrington looked at it. I confess I feel very little compassion for that cowardly puppy who was the cause of all the mischief. He gets just what he deserves. I allude to Carrington's will," he continued, seeing that Lett looked at him with surprised inquiry. "For the purpose of forcing her grandchildren into the marriage she was determined upon, Mrs. Elliott left them nothing, devising her whole estate to Carrington, who, by her request, left it to them jointly, on condition of their marriage. In case of the engagement being broken by one of the two, the

estate goes undivided to the other. This provision was pointed against Sydney, neither Mrs. Elliott nor Carrington imagining for a moment that the young man was not eager for the match. He must have acted with great duplicity to have deceived them so egregiously."

"That is rather too hard a word to be applied to his conduct, bad as it was," said De Wolff. "It was weakness of character, not deliberate want of principle, of which he was guilty. He was infatuated about the girl he married, and was too weak to resist her influence, on the one hand, and on the other had not the courage to risk his grandmother's displeasure by opposing her wishes. He left that for Sydney to do."

"Well, he has made a fine piece of work for himself," said Mr. Chetwode.

"I am very certain that Sydney will divide the estate with him," said Lett, with a smile.

"Of course he deserves that she should, in consideration of his highly honorable consideration for her," replied Mr. Chetwode, with one of his good-humoredly cynical shrugs. "But as she is only sixteen years old at present, and can not act legally until she is twenty-one, there are five years and several contingencies between the young gentleman and this to him very desirable conclusion to all the trouble he made. Besides having to wait for his inheritance, there is the possibility of Sydney's death meantime, in which case I suppose she has other relatives as near of kin to her as he is? Carrington had two brothers, who left children; they are still living, I think?"

"Yes," responded De Wolff, of whom he asked the question. "She has at least half a dozen cousins."

"He would then inherit but a sixth or less, instead of half of his grandmother's estate. And of Sydney's inheritance from her father, there would not be much to divide into that many shares."

Lett looked astonished at his last words, and turned quickly toward him with an

air of doubt as to whether she had heard aright. But before there was time to utter the question on her lips, her attention and that of the others was irresistibly attracted by the sound of horses' hoofs and the roll and rattle of wheels some distance away, approaching from the front, at a furious pace apparently. Just here the road, which was narrow, skirted the base of a very steep hill that about fifty yards ahead of them jutted out into a promontory-like cliff, doubled by a sharp curve. It was from beyond this curve that the sound came of the yet invisible hoofs and wheels.

"Surely nobody can be driving so fast as that!" Lett exclaimed, as involuntarily they all exchanged glances.

"No. Those animals are running," said De Wolff.

"I'm afraid so," assented Mr. Chetwode. He paused to listen. "Drive as close as you can to the side of the hill to the right here, Gilbert," he said to the driver. "My dear" (he turned to Lett), "you had better leave the carriage. This is a bad place to meet a runaway team. If our own horses should take fright, we might have a collision."

"I am not at all nervous," began Lett. "But of course if you think it best," she went on, seeing that he was about to insist, "I will go."

"It is safest, unquestionably," said De Wolff, stepping out the instant the carriage stopped, and hurrying her descent from it. "I think you should alight yourself, sir," he added to Mr. Chetwode, "your ankle being—"

"No," was the reply. "I will take the reins, and let Gilbert go to the horses' heads. My wrist is not sprained," he said, with a smile.

De Wolff pointed to the horses, who had jerked their heads up, and stood listening with pricked ears and eager attention. "They will need holding," he remarked. "Miss Hereford, this is a steep hill; but if you can manage to climb a little way up among the trees" (he put his hand under

her elbow to assist her as he spoke), "we shall be at ease about your safety, whatever may occur."

"I don't want to be in the way or on your minds, so I will go," she replied. "But I feel like a coward. Thank you!"

She spoke the last words, as, having guided her to a place of safety a short way up the steep ascent, he sprang lightly down to where the carriage had been stopped, and walked round to the front of it on the side next the road.

(To be continued.)

The Romance of Melleray.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

AMONG those of the religious Orders which sought an asylum in Ireland from the tyranny—how ruthlessly does history repeat itself!—of the French Revolutionaries in 1830, were the monks of La Trappe. A bond of fraternal friendship has from earliest times united to each other Catholic Ireland and Catholic France. This has especially been the case in the dark and evil days of persecution. Both countries have afforded a means of refuge to the fugitive exiles of either nationality when death or banishment had been decreed them for love of faith or fatherland.

Driven from their monastic home, their quiet, contemplative retreat of Melleray, the monks of La Trappe turned them Erinward, confident of the respect and protection of the chivalrous, faithful inhabitants of their future island home. So, hastening hitherward, this little company of the grand army of the Cross, plundered and penniless, banished from cloister, home and country, and whose only crime was that they had not driven Christ from their hearts and midst, voyaged over seas, and finally landed, as did their inspired countryman of old—Patrick, the national Apostle of Ireland—on Irish soil.

Upon their arrival, it may truly be

affirmed, the monks were received with even more than the customary respect due and paid by the Irish people to the Catholic priesthood; the helplessness of the saintly *émigrés* so powerfully appealed to their sympathies, to their inborn sense of humanity, and of religious and political freedom.

No other part of Ireland, perhaps, is so rich in natural beauty of scene, fertility of soil, and historic associations, as that part of southeast Munster known as the Desmond country, and watered by the river which Spenser in his "Faerie Queene" makes classical, and popular appreciation makes familiar as the Irish Rhine (indeed, the Blackwater has been described by more than one writer of repute as possessing beauties unsurpassed either on the Rhine, the Rhone, or the Danube).

Within the expanse of this charming region the priestly exiles, most certainly, if they chose, might have elected to settle. But this they did not, would not, could not, do. They must fly the busy haunts of men, the peopled plains and cultivated uplands. The path leading to silence, undisturbed solitude, prayer and contemplation,—that only must they seek and tread. The lone, inhospitable moor or the bleak, barren mountainside must be the scene of their future penitential life and labors.

And lo! even as they traverse these sylvan glades, romantic, sunlit dells, emerald groves and meadow lands, there strike on the vision, far to the north, the lofty mountains of Knockmeledown, whose black and imposing outlines, soaring above the lesser eminences, contrast with the fertile country around. These towering heights, dark and looming in the distance, must, indeed, be the place and object of their pious quest; shall be the home of their future life's pilgrimage, the scene of their extraordinary, penitential labors. So, hastening onward, this group of white-robed, black-cowled, sandalled clerics, with their brown-robed brethren, silent and prayerful, without scrip or purse, passed

from the fair, smiling plains, and ascended the adjacent rocky steeps, till, finally halting in a dried-up ravine, they erected some wooden huts.

Here, amid the unbroken silence and solitude of the mountainside, where no human foot save that of the chance sportsman ever trod before, the little community tarried and observed the austere rules of their Order. In this rugged defile a rude altar was raised, and for the first time—unless, perhaps, in the penal days of the persecuted natives—the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated, and the neighboring hills echoed the weird dirge of the assembled chanters. Here, resting, as it were, for the moment after the hardships of their flight, and finding the object of their pious quest, they awaited the due fulfilment of their hopes and aspirations; which, sure and happily enough, came to pass, when some five hundred acres of the abounding waste were granted them. Then it was that these banned French clerics formed plans to erect on these barren, stony heights a replica of the desecrated and confiscated house of their Order in their own beloved but, alas! fratricidal France.

A noble purpose, assuredly; but how vastly stupendous a project! How, in their resourcelessness and poverty, were they to erect upon these practically inaccessible, sombre, sterile steeps, an abbatial establishment of the magnificence of their own loved Melleray? How raise even the most unpretentious structure, and convert the adjoining desert waste into cultivated fields? Where was the material and labor and plant to come from? Who would supply the army of workers, the huge quantity of building material, and the suitable means of transport necessary to complete so colossal an undertaking?

But the forbidding mountainside teems with stones, boulders large and otherwise; and among the brethren there must be some skilled mechanics. Fired by one impulse—the spirit of faith and reverence for religion, and inextinguishable devotion and attachment to its ministers and the

traditions underlying and directing their motives and actions,—the people from near and far thronged to the standard of the banished French monks. The mason with his trowel and hammer, the carpenter with his saw and adze, the laborer with his shovel and pick, the quarryman with his blasting tools, the farmer with his horse and cart and serving-men, the merchant with his supply of building material and implements came, with strenuous eagerness to the priestly exiles, and proffered their capable and welcome services, without fee or reward, for the erection of the building, which upon completion should present a noble monument of combined labor and perseverance,—of indestructible Catholic Irish faith and generosity.

Soon the stony heights of dark Knockmeledown were the scene of great activity, and strewn with the material of the handsome structure which would form an oasis in this dreary waste. The bustle and hum of deft workers, plying their tools in the operations of a vast and difficult clearing, were on all hands to be heard, startling the echoes. Nor was it long before the dark face of the stern old mountain was transformed into something appreciably bright and regulated. Many hands make light work. With deft skill and consummate industry, applied under the capable directions and inspiring personality of certain of the Brotherhood, the stones were being cleared, and deposited in great piles on the scene of the building operations, where the foundations of the hospice had already been laid under the instructions and active manual assistance of others of the religious; while within easy distance sand and gravel were being excavated; and, farther down the mountain's rugged side, timbers felled, and the outlying parts fashioned into a semblance of domesticated husbandry.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the workers, putting forth their best efforts solely in the interests of the persecuted French Fathers. The mountainside was converted into a hive of unwearied

industry, ceaseless activity; and what had been so wild and tractless a short week ago, was marvellously changed. The clang of the hammer, the buzz of the saw, the ring of the axe, the rumble of the laden carts, the scurrying to and fro of the army of laborers, and the hum of human voices inseparable from such a scene, were incessantly heard upon those heights, where silence and solitude had so recently and for so long ruled supreme. All was bustling activity,—a scene of applied energy as ordered and progressive as it must have proved a novel and inspiring spectacle.

Day by day the good work went on, and progressed exceedingly; the brown-robed Brothers and the black-hooded ecclesiastics working side by side and hand in hand with the knee-breeched and flannel-jacketed native artisans and laborers. The plans of the abbey provided for a large quadrangular building, the sides of the square to be occupied by refectories, dormitories, kitchens, and a chapel; a tall spire towering over all. The dormitory was designed with a view to a considerable augmentation of the members of the community,—quite an immense apartment, over one hundred feet in length, with stalls at either side, in each a small plank bed and crucifix, leaving scarcely room for the occupant to dress and kneel to his devotions. The chapel was to display a beauty of design and finish of execution befitting so holy a place; and so it proved, for it stands to-day as being an honor to the best efforts of the most accomplished architect. To rear on high so great and noble a structure, the devoted and self-denying laborers worked with might and main. And stone by stone and foot by foot the building grew, till, after incredible industry and perseverance, the masonry was completed. Then the plasterers, and after them the painters, took the work in hand, and in course of time finally finished it. And the monumental task, entirely a labor of love, was accomplished.

It would be sheer presumption if one were to attempt to describe or express the emotions which must have thrilled the souls and stirred the hearts of the good monks, and the noble pride that animated the plastic nature and impressionable spirits of their lay coworkers, on beholding in its finished state so peerless an example of Catholic faith and fidelity. In all probability, neither the priest nor the people themselves, the very creators of the stupendous project, could adequately express, were they to attempt it, their feelings by mere words on the glorious occasion. Whatever their sense of gratitude may have been, it might be reasonably taken for granted that the Trappist Brotherhood must have reflected with acute distress—their exaltation on the memorable occasion must have been painfully lessened by the consciousness of their own countrymen's hatred of all that was Christian and Catholic—the carnage and riot of the licentious rabble, which rendered the once fair fame and name of France execrable in the view of all right-thinking men and sober-minded Christian nations.

But the workers were not yet quite done their labors. Such of the abbey lands as had meanwhile been reclaimed still remained to be tilled and stocked; so the sowers went abroad and scattered the grain and planted the seed of the season's crop; and gifts of cattle, sheep and swine, were made by the farmers of the neighboring hills and lowlands. And the great task in deed and truth was consummated; the gigantic labor of love, of Christian faith and fortitude was fully and finally completed. Then the laborers, God-sent, Heaven-blessed as ever were, retiring, left the monks in sole possession, to live their life of solitude and self-denial.

Under the fostering care and arduous labors of the Brotherhood, the abbey and abbey lands grew in importance and worth. Postulants presented themselves to be enrolled in the "new Order," the severity of whose rules seemed to invite rather than

discourage aspirants to the religious life. Visitors, soul-weary pilgrims from near and far, storm-tossed on the troubled sea of life, sought the quiet and repose of those silent cloisters. The fame of Melleray had gone far abroad; and the monks, ceaseless in their efforts, were forming additions to the monastery, and wringing from an arid and unkind soil an ever-increasing degree of productivity.

Melleray had opened up a new country and a new life. The dark sides of stern old Knockmeledown were no longer barren and desolate, nor did the neighboring towns and villages languish for a poverty of trade and a spirit of commercial enterprise. All roads led to Melleray, and visitors in all seasons and from everywhere journeyed there in great numbers, coming to and fro practically in a never-ceasing stream. And the abbey grew daily more and more in reputation and prosperity; and the lands, once a stony, sterile waste, were brought to a degree of perfection which only expert knowledge and superhuman effort could have accomplished.

But already a storm had been gathering, and would soon break with appalling suddenness and unexpectedness over the heads of the good monks,—those silent toilers who sought no earthly gain for what they wrought and prayed. The lord of the soil had for some time past been casting greedy eyes on the abbey lands, which in their original barren state he had let to the Brotherhood at a nominal rent. He had been watching with envious greed the prodigies of labor which the monks day by day were effecting,—the teeming fields grown fruitful to repletion, the abbey prosperous and the centre of ceaseless activity, as the scene of pilgrimages, of prayer and work and mortification; and, repenting of the terms of his contract, he resolved at length to annul them. He would demand a rent for the abbey lands commensurate with their value as a cultivable agricultural asset. The property was his by hereditary right and possession; those French monks, fugitive aliens, were

only mere tenants at will, and accepted as such at a ridiculously trifling rental. They must agree to a readjustment of terms, an increase of rent having for basis the present letting value of the property, or else—!

Never was plot hatched with greater secrecy and callousness, never was demand received with a keener sense of disappointment and astonishment. So this was to be the reward of their superhuman efforts, the fruits of their herculean labors? The Melleray of their exile was to prove another Calvary,—to be doomed to the same fate as the Melleray of their native land! Their lands, so fruitful, and won by a very miracle of industry and skill from the most sterile of soils, were to be confiscated; and their abbey, that grand pile of stout stone masonry, a glorious monument of Catholic faith, of invincible Irish Catholic devotion, was to be wrested from them. They were to be banished from their new monastic home, where they had meant to live and die making constant intercession with Heaven, by prayer and reparation and penitence, for the crimes of a sinful world. They were to be crushed and stripped again, ruthlessly driven from the silence and solitude of their mountain home and abbey lands, and become anew wanderers drifting about the world. The ultimatum exacts the tribute of unquestioning obedience to the dictates of an inexorable law and authority. They must surrender all rights and title, and flee the place, or submit to the burden of a crushing impost.

But would they, should they, meekly submit? Was the demand just, was it reasonable? What moral force had it? By what right was it sought to be enforced? Was it morally binding? What motives underlay it? Was the lord of the soil ultra-exacting, taking unworthy advantage of his position? Was the overlord either morally or legally within his right in making the demand, considering the peculiarly unique circumstances of the case? The matter clearly involved a

question alike of canon and civil law. Then the monks, taking counsel together, decided to appeal to no other than Daniel O'Connell the Liberator, the great Tribune, who, not later than a year or two before, had wrung from an unwilling Legislature and a hostile nation the Charter of Irish Catholic Emancipation.

With what eagerness and courage this doughty champion of religious and civil freedom undertook the defence, and with what learned acumen and daring resource he prosecuted the suit, may easily be apprehended, even if the facts were not a matter of almost contemporary history. It was scarcely an idle boast of his when O'Connell on one occasion said that there never was that Act of Parliament through which he could not "drive a coach and four." But he did not elaborate the case, neither did he with legal device obscure the issue. Nothing could have been more terse and to the point than O'Connell's defence. He immediately and frankly acknowledged the overlord's right of ownership; but made a counterclaim for compensation for improvements and disturbance, fixing the amount at a sum that, however great, barely represented the cost of the toil and skill and patience expended in the reclaiming of the barren mountainside, and building thereon so noble a structure as the monastery.

The counterclaim was both the crux and the climactic of the case. The claim for compensation was so huge that it postulated a position for the landlord which, to take up and prosecute, would clearly demand the resources of a Cræsus, even though there was no Act yet on the Statute Books of England for compensation for improvement or disturbance. For the overlord saw (with what feelings it can easily be imagined) that behind the French monks—those fugitive aliens—was the great O'Connell as their advocate; and behind the great lawyer, learned and subtle, was the entire Catholic Irish nation, ready with purse and voice and pen to defend justice and right. In the circum-

stances, the man had obviously no alternative but to resign the contest. And so Melleray, whose creation reads like so much romance, was saved, spared to the monks,—many of whom had left rank and fortune to pursue in peace and quietude their life of mortification, abstinence, work and prayer.

A Shameful Passion.

A PASSION of which pagans as well as Christians have ever been more or less ashamed is anger. Losing one's self-control is not especially honorable to a rational being, and accordingly men are far more apt to plead excuses for their display of temper than to pride themselves upon such outbursts. As a preventive of this passion, or at least of its outward expression, a pagan philosopher gave this advice to Augustus Cæsar: "When you feel any emotion of anger, do not say or do anything until you have run over in your mind all the letters of the alphabet." In Plutarch's Lives we find the story of a Thracian king who was noted both for his violent temper and for the cruel punishment to which that temper often exposed his body-servants. On one occasion a friend gave the king some beautifully wrought but very fragile vases. The monarch sent his friend a handsome present in return, and then, in a moment of self-reproach, broke the vases. To the amazed comments of the onlookers, who knew not what to make of such vandalism, he replied: "I have broken them myself, so as to avoid inflicting my usual cruelties on any one else who should break them, as some one almost certainly sooner or later would."

It is to the Christian saints, however, that we must turn for the proper and most effective means of controlling anger. The venerable Mgr. de Palafox's method is an excellent one. Whenever, while giving a reproof, he felt the emotion of anger or excessive zeal springing up in his mind,

he would instantly raise his heart to God and say: "O Lord, hold fast in this tempest the rudder of my reason, that I may not in anything transgress Thy holy will!" St. Francis de Sales once explained to an astonished witness of his patience and silence under a tirade of most unjust abuse: "You see, I have made a compact with my tongue, that when anything is said against me that may excite me to anger, it will beware of uttering a word."

No better remedies for anger, perhaps, have ever been prescribed than St. Francis' own. They are: "1. To forestall its movements, if possible; or at least to cast them aside quickly, by turning the thoughts to something else. 2. In imitation of the Apostles when they saw the sea raging, to have recourse to God, whose office it is to give peace to the heart. 3. During the heat of passion, not to speak, or take any action as to the matter in question. 4. To strive to perform acts of kindness and meekness toward the person against whom one is incensed, especially in reparation for any acts of a contrary nature."

An Answered Prayer.

DURING the celebrated Reign of Terror in eighteenth-century France, five Sisters of Charity were one day arrested at Arras and brought as criminals to Cambrai. Their crime was their refusal to take the prescribed oath. Brought before the tribunal established at Cambrai, they again refused to take it.

"But," said one of the judges, "if it is necessary for the safety of the Republic?"

"Our consciences," was the response, "forbid us to take any such oath."

"That's enough," said the judge.

They were condemned to death. From the tumbril in which they were carried to the place of execution, the Sisters prayed to God, and said to the people who looked on: "May we prove the last victims!"

Their prayer was granted: they were indeed the last victims at Cambrai of the Reign of Terror.

Notes and Remarks.

From a source which need not be mentioned—it is a reliable one—we learn that there is a movement on foot to have a Protestant minister placed on the general staff of the United States Army as chief of chaplains. This movement should be generally known in order that, should occasion arise, it may be vigorously opposed. To permit such an appointment would be to put a premium on Protestantism in both army and navy; for there can be no doubt that if the plan were adopted for one, it would soon be extended to the other. Those who favor it assert that with a chief of chaplains much more could be done for the enlisted men, and that the efforts in their behalf of individual chaplains would thereby be greatly promoted. On the contrary, such an office would empower its holder to give orders regarding religious services, etc., which in the case of priests would be simply intolerable. The chief satisfaction of a Catholic chaplain is his freedom to adapt himself and his ministrations to the conditions in which he may find himself placed for the time being. The only immediate superior there is the least need of is the regimental commander, who, as a rule, is disposed to grant the chaplain the fullest freedom of action, knowing what a valuable aid to discipline is had in a chaplain who is thoroughly devoted to his work.

It is contended that the Protestant clergyman who is seeking the position of chaplain general of the United States Army is "a very broad-minded man, utterly free from prejudice against Catholics or the Catholic Church." Yes, but what about his successors? Can there be any guarantee that they will not be bigots or martinets? The fact that a priest has a chance of holding the same position as ranking chaplain of the army is not to be considered for a moment. Such a chance is very remote; besides, the position would not be desired by a priest any more than he would be

content to serve as chaplain with a Protestant minister as his superior officer. What induces priests to enter the army or navy is the realization of a great opportunity for doing good among an ever-increasing number of worthy, needy and abandoned young men. Protestant ministers, on the contrary, naturally covet and cling to a position which gives them a good salary, social standing, and security from change. Let them cling to it as they will, but without seeking to hold authority over others whose services are incomparably—and unquestionably—of greater value.

A comparison between public and Catholic school conditions, by one who received his early education in a parochial school and is now principal of a large public school, commands attention. Such a comparison is instituted by Mr. Henry J. Winters, of Rhode Island, who, while admiring the public schools for their spirit of progressiveness, their admirable democracy, and for the industry and efficiency of their splendid corps of teachers, does not hesitate to assert that "our public school system, in so far as it ignores the child's spiritual growth and development, is a most lamentable failure." And the failure is without retrieval. "The limitation we are considering," says Mr. Winters, "is inherent in the structural nature of the public school, and can never be eradicated."

A sign of the times is the passing of the Old Lady,—she whose declining years were spent in preparing for death instead of enjoying life; who always inspired affection and reverence and confidence; who was admired for gentle manners and that majesty which lights the face where there is peace and benevolence. She is seldom met with nowadays, the dear Old Lady! In her stead we have the creature with gray curls, who is devoted to fashion and amusement, and ever ready to compete with two younger generations in their

activities and frivolities. The modern substitute of the Old Lady would be mortally offended if she were referred to as being old. Relatives and friends and strangers must be forever ready with the exclamation, "How young you look!" There is no fool like an old fool; and of course the poor old creature is flattered and encouraged in her ridiculous delusion. The passing of the genuine Old Lady is thus deplored by an anonymous writer in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

We blame our girls and boys for their self-confidence, their rudeness, their sense of equality with all; but it seems only fair to look for the cause, of which their complacency is merely the effect. The truth is, there is nothing in human intercourse to-day to call forth the old-fashioned virtue of reverence, formerly bred in the bones of the young. Till the genuine old lady, now obsolete, returns to dethrone the present pretender—till we can see her passing peaceful days in the large leisure of quiet home-staying, always ready to lend a sympathetic ear or to share the wisdom of an experienced heart,—we shall look in vain for respect and modesty in the young. . . .

We do not wish the pendulum to swing back with the full strength of its present impetus; but may not some cunning artificer, skilled in the adjustment of weights and balances, arise and regulate the clock of time, and teach the old that in defying age they are corrupting youth? The old lady must be born again,—she can not be made from existing material; for in this age of doubt and uncertainties one fact shows clear: the New Woman can never grow into the Old Lady.

Another item in the rapidly accumulating testimony as to the prevalence of race-suicide among the "Anglo-Saxons" and "native Americans" of this country is furnished by the New York *Evening Mail*. Commenting on the general falling off from the usual birth rate in its State for the month of April, and on the exceptionally high rate in the little town of Dunkirk—43.3 per thousand as against 28.5 for the metropolis and only 23.1 for the whole State,—the *Mail* says:

No statistics are at hand from which to determine the racial make-up of the population of Dunkirk, but of one thing we may be reasonably certain: The high birth rate is due to a

large foreign-born element—Italians, Canadian-French, Hebrews or Poles. What is to be expected of the native population in this respect may be learned from the birth rate reported from an old and almost exclusively American town like Rensselaer, where the rate was but 6.7 per 1000.

It is superfluous to remark that, with one exception, the foreign-born peoples mentioned are Catholic. There is not much room for doubt that, were it not for the thirteen or fourteen millions of our people in the republic, the birth rate of the whole country would approximate that of Rensselaer, 6.7, rather than that of Dunkirk, 43.3. In this particular respect, the Church can scarcely be considered—as it used to be the custom to declare—a menace to American institutions.

Here is the lesson which our English contemporary in the Eternal City reads from the recent elections in Austria:

Two great parties stand out prominently above the rest—the Social Christians, and the Socialists,—while the minor parties, and even the Pan-Germans and Pan-Slavs, have melted away almost to the vanishing point. Liberalism is obviously destined to disappear from Austria, just as it is disappearing from Belgium, Germany, France, and even from Italy and Spain. In Continental Europe the electoral battles of the future will apparently be fought out between Christians and Socialists.

Apropos of the same political event, Rome thus removes a very general misapprehension:

The real hero of the Austrian elections is Karl Lueger, the famous Mayor of Vienna, recovered from what seemed to be a fatal illness in time to take his place in the van of the battle. It is to be feared that in English-speaking countries generally, Lueger is known only as a furious and unreasoning anti-Semite. That is a mistake. When, a quarter of a century ago, he began his assault on the Jewish-Liberal domination of Vienna, the Austrian capital was completely in the hands of the enemy. With the exception of the *Vaterland*, all the daily papers were Liberal and in the hands of the Jews. It goes without saying (as it always will under such circumstances) that religion in Vienna suffered greatly. . . . In ten years Lueger has accomplished wonders in cleaning Vienna. He has municipalized most of the public services, put

down the abuses of capitalism, suppressed trusts that threatened to raise the price of the food of the people,—in short, made Vienna the flourishing, well-conducted city it is to-day. The great party of Social Christians which has made so striking a figure in the last election, and which contains in its ranks Conservatives and Democrats, may be truly said to have been created by Karl Lueger.

It is well to remember nowadays that anti-Semitism very frequently spells anti-graft, anti-extortion, anti-intolerance, anti-irreligion; and that it by no means invariably connotes an irrational and unjustifiable hatred of the Jews as a people.

The rumor that American Catholics are soon to be appealed to for the erection of "a magnificent church of their own" in Rome hardly deserves notice. A correspondent residing in the Eternal City lately assured us that the number of churches there is quite sufficient, and expressed the opinion—with which we are in entire agreement—that Catholics in this country would do better to contribute to the support of foreign missions than toward the erection of costly churches anywhere, at home or abroad. This suggestion seems all the more important in view of the fact that since the beginning of the persecution in France the resources of many of the most promising missions in foreign lands have been sadly reduced.

The following information, communicated to the Archbishop of New York by the Apostolic Delegate to Persia, has been sent to all the bishops of the United States:

A few years ago two young Chaldeans named Petrus and Mirza went to the United States and Canada to collect for the Catholic missions of Persia. As credentials, they presented photographs of the Sisters of Charity of Ourmiah. These photographs—of the Sisters, orphan asylum, etc.—were procured by fraud. The two men collected a very large sum of money—a million francs,—and are now living in princely style in Persia. A younger brother, Abirza, is on his way to the United States to work the same scheme. Abirza is an impostor, and should be

treated accordingly. He pretends to have a letter from Mgr. Oludo, a Catholic Chaldean Bishop. Yet another impostor, Euvia Nisan, who goes under the name of "Father Joseph," has letters forged with the seal of Mgr. Oludo, and of the Apostolic Delegate. No priest or layman is authorized to collect money for the Catholic missions of Persia.

This information should serve as a general warning to the Catholic public. At a time when so many foreign missions are in sore distress, it is a pity that alms should go to impostors. Common practices with them are to assume the dress of priests or nuns and to forge letters of recommendation. In cases of doubt as to the good standing of applicants for alms, recourse should always be had to one's pastor.

The *News*, of Baltimore, Md., commends to the attention of President Roosevelt and all other outspoken opponents of race suicide the case of Mr. and Mrs. Gayhardt, a worthy couple of that city, who rejoice in a family of no fewer than fourteen children, all boys. Both parents are still several years under the half-century mark; the oldest son is twenty-eight, and the youngest was born three years ago. The name of the family suggests a descent other than Anglo-Saxon or "native American"; and, given the foregoing statement, this supplementary one is rather a matter of course: "All the members of the family are regular attendants at St. Jerome's Catholic Church, and everyone qualifying by age has been Confirmed."

Coincident with the antagonism to religion evinced by governmental France is the practical faith of the leading French littérateurs. Anatole France, the revolutionary Socialist, is perhaps the solitary exception; all the other best-known writers openly, not to say aggressively, profess that they are Catholics. Adolfo Retté's latest volume, his twenty-fourth, contains this profession:

I believe in God and in His Church. I know that the Church is the basis of society, and that

it must be defended and saved. I will fight for the Church and for the Faith; I will write verses in honor of the religion I once blasphemed. . . .

As illustrating the process by which these French stylists have often been transformed from rabid anti-clericals into devout children of the Church, the following paragraph from this same volume of Retté's is instructive:

More independent, more adventurous than the rest, carried away by the socialist Utopia, I fell into the slough of the proud, the obsessed, who dream of preparing a humanity satisfied in all its appetites, wading through heaps of gold over a globe without God or masters. Then I blasphemed in prose and verse; I sang of the Golden Age, fought the Church and society, sowed hatred, preached revolt, burned incense to Anarchy. Brief illusion! I came out of it unbalanced, oscillating between sensual paganism and a species of cloudy Buddhism that led me to deny the reality of the sensible world and to long for the night of the Nirvana, etc.

As will be noticed, the conversion of a French writer does not, apparently, paralyze his pen or work any radical revolution in his style. Coppée, Bourget, Verlaine, Huysmans, and Brunetière write, or wrote, quite as well in defence of the Church as they did in attacking her.

The *Catholic Standard and Times* has been contrasting the conduct of the Italian and the American bluejackets who have recently been promenading the streets of Philadelphia. Of the former, it says:

The men were smart, bright, alert, keen-eyed, and in every way seemingly fit. There was not one of them who bore the slightest sign of intoxicating liquor or failed to conduct himself like a gentleman in the streets.

Of our own sailors, no such gratifying testimony can be given.

On the other hand, much to our humiliation, we observe also parading the streets some American bluejackets; and at least one of them, who was accompanied by two specimens of the genus hobo or Tenderloin sponge, was disgracefully drunk. It is now found that the fracas between American bluejackets and Cuban policemen at Santiago, as a result of which Ensign Brisbin has committed suicide, arose from causes not unconnected with drink; and a similar fracas

in Naples a couple of years ago confirms the painful impression that the palm for sobriety and order, when they get ashore, can not be awarded to our bluejackets.

No one is disposed to question the bravery or the endurance of our sailors when there is occasion for the display of such qualities; but it is becoming increasingly evident that they should be taught the difference between rational liberty and irrational license when they are on shore leave. Times have changed since the world looked on complacently at the matter-of-course drunkenness of Captain Marryat's Jack Tars; and the men of our navy should teach civilians to honor their uniform, not despise it.

Many Protestant persons would perhaps question the statement, but it is nevertheless true, that Catholics are always genuinely grieved to see unprovoked attacks on our separated brethren in a Catholic paper. Such attacks are altogether unfrequent, we are glad to say. Our papers are not without faults, of course; but injustice or uncharitableness can not be charged to them. The following rebuke to one who evidently has a taste for carrion is from the *New Zealand Tablet*, and is happily entitled "The Wrong Address":

An unknown correspondent has forwarded us sundry newspaper cuttings having reference to recent unpleasant incidents among certain of our separated brethren over-sea. These cuttings have been sent to the wrong address. The Catholic newspaper is neither a pillory for the frailties, real or alleged, of individuals outside our fold; neither is it a record on which to blazon them. Circumstances may, and often do, arise in which the faults or crimes of individuals have to be exposed—as, for instance, in the just and necessary defence or warning of others. Till then, the Catholic journalist will leave the unaggressive culprit in his sanctuary, under the mantle of Sweete Sanct Charitie. *Non pascitur leo vermibus*—"The lion does not feed on worms,"—nor will the Catholic newspaper make guilty shakels by the methods of the Man with the Muck-rake.

Very few sensible persons, we think, will be disposed to question the statement

made, or to condemn the sentiments expressed, in the following extract from a paper on the subject of "International Peace," contributed to the current *North American Review* by Cardinal Gibbons:

It can not be denied that our exceptional prosperity as a nation in the past century has been due in no small measure to the tide of immigration. We are a composite Commonwealth, evolved from various races, peoples and tongues. The blood of Celt, Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, of Latin and Lithuanian, of Slavonian and Scandinavian, flows through the veins of Columbia. It would be unnatural for the Mother to be partial to one race at the expense of the others. She would arouse the jealousy of her sons at home, and of their kinsfolk across the seas.

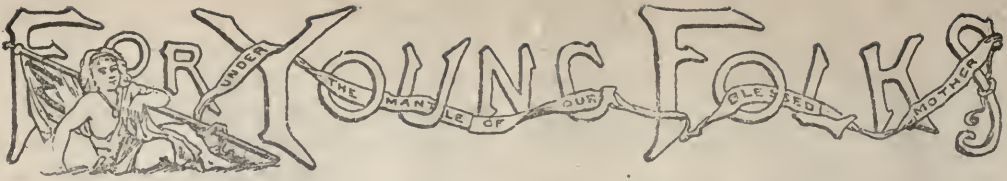
Let us continue to invite the people of Europe to our shores. Let us give them the right hand of fellowship, embracing them as brothers, holding out to them every opportunity of advancing their material interests, inspiring them with so great an admiration for our civil and political institutions that they may be impelled to be incorporated with us, becoming "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh"; begetting and rearing children who, while they cherish the land of their fathers, will love still more the land of their birth. . . .

Let us cherish the hope that the day is not far off when the reign of the Prince of Peace will be firmly established on the earth, and the spirit of the Gospel will so far sway the minds and hearts of Rulers and Cabinets that international disputes will be decided, not by standing armies, but by permanent courts of arbitration; when they will be settled, not on the battlefield, but in the halls of conciliation; and will be adjusted, not by the sword, but by the pen, which "is mightier than the sword."

Just as a reminder that first principles are not to be forgotten, the editor of *Rome* inserts this paragraph in a comment on the comparative freedom of the Church in America and in France:

The Church has certainly not condemned absolutely the separation that exists in America: it tolerates it, and professes its thankfulness for the large measure of liberty granted. But, of course, it would be an exaggeration to hold that separation between Church and State either in America or anywhere else is the ideal one. The Church has certainly a divine right to the assistance and co-operation of the State in carrying on her mission,

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Mignonette.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

It was a little weed; from curious eyes
It hid its modest face, and blushed for shame
When all the lovely flowers which mortals prize
With red and gold and azure were aflame.
"I'm but a weed," the tiny vagrant said,
And hung its drooping head.

One day the Rose, with supercilious air,
Called all the flowers together; then it said
That on the morrow, if the day was fair,
The Blessed Virgin would their garden tread.
"And as she walks, it surely will be meet
To see us at her feet."

So on the morrow, as the Blessed Maid
Walked in the garden where the flowers grew,
They sprang about her way, each one afraid
Lest it might fail to render homage due.
They scorned the little Weed with cruel pride,
And crowded it aside.

"Oh," sighed the Weed, "what can I do to
show

The love I bear Our Lady? For not one
Of all the flowers which in this garden grow,
And share the blessings of the summer sun,
Would do for her a more heroic deed
Than I, though but a weed."

It thought a moment, trembling on its stalk,
Then, lifting up its voice, it meekly said:
"When down this path the Blessed Maid shall
walk,
'Tis upon me her holy feet shall tread.
It must be sweet in such a service high
For little weeds to die."

And as the Blessed Lady pressed her feet
Upon the Weed which blossomed in her way,
Each humble stalk gave forth a fragrance sweet,
Which lingers in its petals to this day.
The little Weed is living with us yet,—
Men call it Mignonette.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—NEW FRIENDS.

"TAKE it, then," said Tom, handing
the bit of rope to the trembling boy.
"I don't want it, I'm sure. You and
your dad must be a pair of 'softies' to
bother about a bit of hemp like that.
I could knot you up a dozen like it in
as many minutes."

"No, you couldn't, Mister," answered
the boy, eagerly. "You couldn't make
one like this. This here is hangman's
rope, and it's a sign."

"A sign of what?" asked Tom.

"I don't know," replied Ulysses, his
eyes and face dulling again. "I ain't big
enough to know; but if dad heard I gave
it to you, or talked to you about it, he'd
nearly kill me. Don't tell, Mister,—don't
tell nothing to nobody about me or the
rope or the fingers and toes. I'm so little,
Mister, and dad whacks so hard!"

The puny little face, the pleading voice,
brought softening memories of Bobby
to Tom.

"All right," he said. "Don't worry any
more about it, my boy. I won't tell."

"Honest and true? Cross your heart,
Mister!" exclaimed the boy, breathlessly.

"Honest and true, I promise," was the
cheery answer. "So skip off with your
old rope and don't bother. I'll not peach
on you, you may be sure."

And Master Ulysses Grant scrambled
off down the rocks with his prize, while
Tom kept on his way along the mountain
path that he had left with such unpleasant
haste little more than an hour ago. He
had almost reached the old mine shaft
again when a clamor of voices broke upon
the stillness, and, turning the bend of the

path that led to the scene of his misadventure, he saw an excited group gathered: young people of various ages and two workmen with ladders and ropes.

"There ain't no use," one of the men was saying. "I tell you, Mr. Chip, this mine's been flooded for forty years or more. There's no sort of use in risking it. Nothing could live down there ten minutes. I dare not try it, sir."

"Then I will!" answered a resolute young voice. "Let down the ladder as far as it will reach, Blake. I'm going down."

"O Chip, darling, no, no!" came a sobbing protest.

"Dorothy, I'm ashamed of you. You wouldn't have me stand back a low coward and let Tom Langley die down there like a rat in a hole? Let down the ladder, Blake."

"I dare not, sir. What would your mother say?" was the answer.

"Then I'll try the hole without it," said Chip, determinedly.

"No, no!" shouted a chorus of excited voices. "Hold him, boys,—hold him! Chip, don't—don't be a fool. This boy is nothing to you that you should throw yourself down that pit after him."

"Let me go!—let me go!" cried Chip, fiercely. "Lanky Tom is down there. I'm not going to let him drown. Let me go, you fellows, or I'll hurt some of you. He would go down there for me, I know, and I'm going for him."

"No need, Chip, old boy," said Tom, quietly hurrying forward. "I'm here, right-side-up, as you see."

"Lank!" cried Chip, staring blankly for a minute; and then, springing from the hold of his astonished friends, he caught Tom by the shoulders and shook him rapturously. "It is old Lank, safe and sound!"

"And Jack!" cried Miss Dorothy, as her lost pet leaped into her arms. "Oh, he has brought me back my darling Jack! Oh, how did you get out? For I saw you tumble down this awful place,—I saw you, I know."

"And she came flying up to the camp to give the alarm," said Chip. "I knew it was you by your valise, Lank. I would have been down after you in another minute, if I had to break some of these fellows' heads. You meant it all right, I know, boys; but I would have hit some of you sure, to get down to Lank. Gee whiz! but I'm glad to see you all right, old fellow. Boys, this is my college chum, Tom Langley, whom you will like as much as I do when you know him. And, Tom, this is Ned Greydon and Vance More and Lew Copley and Bert Neville, four of the nicest fellows in the world."

"Ladies first, Mr. Chip," interposed Miss Dorothy,—"though you need not introduce *me*. I'm Tom's friend already and forever. These are my cousins, Maude and Lena Forest; and this is Edna Leigh and Grace More. And, oh, we are all so glad to see you alive! Aren't we, girls? I would never have had another happy day if you had been killed looking for Jack."

And Tom found himself shaking hands with the boys and girls indiscriminately, while he explained his escape as briefly as possible to his eager listeners.

"You see the shaft was choked up where the little dog fell, and the choke went down with me, not being a feather weight, like Jack."

"And you tumbled into water?" asked Chip.

"No: onto very hard, dry land; then Jack nosed his way to an opening in the rocks below, and we both climbed out," answered Tom, true to his promise to say nothing of Master Ulysses Grant Bines.

"There, Blake!" said Chip, turning triumphantly to the big black-browed stableman who had been listening silently to Tom's story. "Now what about your flooded mine, where nobody could live five minutes?"

"I only told you what I heard, sir. I'm sure I've never been down there myself to see," was the sullen answer.

"But Lanky has," continued Chip, jubilantly. "If there is any sort of in-

formation to be found, boys, you can always bet on Lanky striking it red-hot. Here's father been hankering to find out about that old mine for the last three years, and couldn't get any one to risk it for love or money. And Lanky takes it in one plunge, before he has been at Barton Ridge thirty minutes."

"But he didn't do it for love or money, did you?" interposed Miss Dorothy. "He did it for me and for Jack; and it's a great deal more than any of you other boys would have done, I am sure."

"Oh, don't be so hard on us as that!" said Ned Greydon, who was a handsome dapper boy of about Chip's own age. "Didn't Bert and I walk over four miles yesterday to get you some dog biscuit?"

"Yes, and you brought me back rat biscuit that would have killed poor Jack in ten minutes. You're no good. No boys are any good, except to fish and shoot and ride and dance with; and—O girls, that reminds me, mamma says we can have our dance on Thursday night, after all. She can get the music. She wanted me to have it at the house, but the camp will be so much more fun. We can light up with Japanese lanterns and dress in any old things we please, and have a real good time without any frills and furbelows to bother us."

"Oh, but you have such big, lovely rooms at Crestmont!" said Edna Leigh. "Don't you think a dance would be nicer there, girls? And we could all wear our Commencement gowns. Mine is just the swellest thing you ever saw, and I'm pining to get in it again. Dorothy, have the dance at the house,—do!"

"Oh, I don't know!" interposed Lena. "We can have house dances any time. But the camp would be so different."

"And I say it's Dorothy's birthday dance, and she ought to have just what she wants," said Maud.

"Oh, no!" laughed Dorothy, good-humoredly. "I don't believe in settling things like that. We'll put it to the vote, girls, this evening."

And, with these gay chatterers leading the way, the whole party kept up the road that went in through thicket and grove and briar bush, over steep, sharp rocks and grassy ridges, where the mountain pinks grew and the columbines nodded, on and on to sunlit heights that seemed to reach into the clouds.

Tom's queer adventure had been an interesting introduction for him, and Chip's friends seemed all disposed to be chummy and cordial. But they were not Tom's "sort," as he had foreseen. There was a twinkle in Ned Greydon's brown eyes he rather liked; and Bert Neville was a big, strong fellow, who looked as if he could hold his own with head and hand; but Vance More and Lew Copley were not so much to Tom's taste. All of them were "river" boys, it was plain,—boys for whom life opened a broad and sparkling, sunlit way, full of its own shallows and perils perhaps, but all unlike the dull, narrow stretch of Tom's canal.

"It's a climb, isn't it?" said Chip, who kept Tom's side. "I thought we'd have to hoist Vance and Lew up by ropes the first day they came, like they do those fellows on the Alps; but they are getting used to it now, though it takes something of a shock to stir them yet when they get stretched out in their Mexican hammocks under the pines."

"Whatever made you plant your camp so sky-high, I'm sure I can't tell," said Vance.

"I can," laughed Chip. "It was father. I believe he would have put Crestmont there if he could, but of course mother wouldn't hear to that; and it would have been pretty tough in winter, I must say. So then dad started Camp Tiptop for his own fun. He wanted a place where his old cronies could come to hunt and fish and loaf as they pleased; but he is away this summer, so he made the camp over to Dorothy and me for the holidays."

"And it's just the jolliest place you ever struck," said Ned Greydon, heartily. "I've camped before, and thought I was having

a fair time of it; but Tiptop takes the cake from anything I've hit yet. There she is now. Wake 'em up with a whoop, boys, to tell we're all right."

"Rah, rah, rah!" went up the shout, and hats and handkerchiefs waved jubilantly. Tom saw the Stars and Stripes fluttering over the pine trees, and in another moment Camp Tiptop stood in full view. But not the cluster of white tents he had expected to see. The long, low, irregular structure that stretched over the mountain top looked, with its rough-hewn logs, its pine-trunk pillars, and roof of bark and boughs, like some strange growth from the rock soil. It seemed to climb over the height, rising up here into a peaked tower, and sinking there into a low, wide piazza that jutted far out on the cliff, or bridging here with a high rustic gallery a space otherwise impassable.

The long, wide windows all stood open to the mountain breeze; the porches were gay with hammocks and cushions; everywhere there were flowering vines and hanging baskets and potted plants, to give the touch of bloom the rocky soil denied. Camp Tiptop was the fancy, or the "freak" perhaps, of a wealthy man who, after a hard, close life of toil, craved the light, the freedom, the sweet wild breath of these mountain heights, where he could enjoy himself as he willed. A white-capped cook looked out from the kitchen that was perched like a tiny bird box on the edge of the peak; a stout, motherly woman came anxiously to the door; a little thin, brown-faced lady with a lace handkerchief thrown over her hair rushed out excitedly on the porch.

"It's all right!" shouted Chip, as soon as the rescue party came within hailing distance. "All right, Aunt Patsy! All right, Mademoiselle! Nobody is killed or injured."

"God be thanked for that!" said the good housekeeper, as the young campers came scrambling up the rocky heights of Tiptop.

"It's a big job we've took on ourselves,

Mademoiselle. If we get through the summer in this wild place alive, it's more than I expect."

"Truly, truly," answered the little brown governess, nodding. "It is *Job* indeed, Madame Patsee,—yes, the patience of *Job* it needs. And *ma petite Mademoiselle Dorothea*, it is she who will make us the greatest *Job* of all. If you could see the beautiful dress—of *batiste bleu—ciel bleu*—torn into chiffons—rags, do you call it?—climbing! *Ah, mon Dieu!* Yes, Madame Patsee, climbing the tree! Never before in all the years I have been instructrice have I had a pupil to climb the tree. It was to put a small bird back in its nest, she said," continued Mademoiselle Martine; "but as I say to her—"

What Mademoiselle had said to her refractory pupil was never concluded; for, with a merry shout, that young lady sprang quickly up on the piazza and caught the astonished little brown woman in her arms.

"We've got him, Mademoiselle,—we've got them both safe and sound. Oh, I will say all the French prayers you ask for the next six months! Jack and Tom are safe at Tiptop."

(To be continued.)

How Daroca was Saved.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

Daroca is a small village on the road from Teruel to Calatayud. Its appearance is charmingly picturesque, lying as it does in a low valley surrounded by hills, upon which here and there rise Moorish walls and towers. The valley is funnel-shaped—small at one end and large at the other,—and is subject to dreadful inundations. In these days a tunnel has been cut, which is called the "Misa," and this lets the water out; and serves also, when dry, as a promenade.

In one of the streets of Daroca there is a shrine to Santa Buenaventura, and under-

neath it, enclosed by glass, is a large mill wheel. Many people have been surprised at the sight of this mill-wheel; but the inhabitants of Daroca would not part with it for any price, for it is one of many signs of saintly intervention which have been showered upon that pious little village since its foundation.

About the middle of the fifteenth century Daroca was threatened with a terrible inundation. For weeks rain had fallen in heavy showers; the hills about the village were furrowed into cataracts, and thick mists gathered over the place. The inhabitants did not dare to move out of their houses, for fear of being overtaken by the floods. Guards were placed at different points to watch and open the sluice-gates of the village in case of an inundation, and for weeks the people watched the weather with anxious hearts. But as nothing happened in all that time, excepting the slight rising of the river, the peasants became easier in their minds, and gradually relaxed their watchfulness and care. The guards were still kept at their posts, it is true; but they were not very vigilant, for they considered the danger almost over, in spite of the rising of the river near by. And there was no cause for further apprehension.

At the head of the valley there was a mill worked by a water-wheel, where lived the miller with his wife and his pretty daughter Rosa. One night, after a continual rain, the good priest of the village was ambling home on his lazy old mule somewhere in the small hours, after attending a poor dying woman far up among the hills. He was very tired, and, owing to his long exposure to the cold air, he had been overcome by drowsiness, which the slow jog-trot of the mule increased rather than lessened. Suddenly he woke with a start, and saw standing before him a beautiful young woman dressed in blue, with a silver star shining over her head, whom he at once recognized as Santa Buenaventura, whose shrine was in the corner of the street close by, and whose

feast was celebrated that very day. She seized the mule by the bridle, and said to the astonished rider:

"Listen! hark! Do you hear that roaring sound? It is the flood. Fly! fly to the gates, and tell the guards to open them wide. I will go to the mill!" And with these words she disappeared.

The priest, now thoroughly awake, was very much frightened; nevertheless, he spurred on the old mule as fast as he could, and soon reached the gates of Daroca. The guards were sound asleep, and he had great difficulty in rousing them to their duty. Then, seeing that they were at their posts to do all that was needed, he went back as fast as his mule would let him to the mill. He arrived just in time to see the lady, whom he had met in the road, step upon a marvellously narrow cross-board and unhinge the wheel. It went into the surging waters with a great splash, churning the stream white as it drifted down the valley toward the village gates.

The guards, hearing the well-known and dreaded sound of the rushing waters, remained at their posts. But in vain did they tug at the chains and try to open the sluice-gates: they would not turn. And all the time that dreadful sound of rushing water came nearer and nearer. Still the men tugged harder and harder at the gates. It was of no use. Suddenly they saw the mill-wheel spinning down the valley, and with a crash it burst the gates open. The city and people were saved by the intervention of Santa Buenaventura.

After the danger was past, the old priest naturally became the object of great reverence and awe; for had he not been addressed by Santa Buenaventura herself? And had she not charged him with the message to the guards? The wheel was considered far too sacred to be used in the mill any more, and was reverently placed under glass at the foot of the shrine of Santa Buenaventura, who had saved the village of Daroca.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The only thing lacking to "The Holy Hour of Adoration," compiled by the late Rt. Rev. William Stang, D. D., Bishop of Fall River, to make it a thoroughly satisfactory booklet, is a table of contents. Messrs. Benziger Brothers will do well to supply the omission when issuing the second edition.

—Mary Richards Gray gives fresh proof of her skill as a translator in the rendering of the latest two numbers of Father Spillman's Tales of Foreign Lands—"The Cabin Boys" and "The Trip to Nicaragua." These neatly printed and bound stories for the young increase the debt owed by the Catholic public to Mr. B. Herder.

—Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy can write epigrams when he chooses, as well as descriptions of love and of fighting; as, for example, this bit of succinct wisdom, which he puts into the mouth of Louis XI., in "Needles and Pins": "Never explain; many a bad explanation spoils a good case." Nevertheless, explanations are often necessary; but, of course, they are apt to be least effective when they are most prolix.

—We have received from M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago, the first part of the "Story of La Salle Mission," by the Rev. Thomas A. Shaw, C. M. The narrative deals with the events from the arrival of the first missionaries, in 1838, to the departure from the mission of the Rev. J. O'Reilly, C. M., in 1857. It is regrettable that one's interest in this really captivating story should be marred by stylistic faults, which a careful revision would surely have obviated.

—Notwithstanding the plethora of pamphlets, booklets, and magazine articles on the French question, there is ample room for "The Religious Persecution in France, 1900-1906," by J. Napier Broadhead, author of "Slav and Moslem." The work has been brought out by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; and, although a reprint of articles already published in this country, well deserves reproduction at the present time. An adequate index would render this book much more useful.

—Pious children more particularly will be interested in "Bolax, Imp or Angel, Which?" by Mrs. Josephine Culpeper. (The John Murphy Co.) We say "pious children" because the story is rather surcharged with religion and religious practices. Only a week or two ago we had occasion to qualify a boy's story issued by another Catholic publishing house as a fairly good story but not a Catholic one, because of

the absence of any religious tone. Mrs. Culpeper, we are sorry to notice, goes to the other extreme. The publishers could have rendered her story more acceptable by careful proof-reading.

—The 1907 edition of that most valuable of reference annuals, "The Statesman's Year-Book," has just appeared, with some important changes and additions. For instance, the sections relating to the armies of the various States have been entirely rewritten, and a set of diagrams and tables now shows the comparative growth in the past and a forecast of the future of the leading navies. Some rearrangements of classification make the various tables more accessible, while all statistical and other information has been renewed and brought up to the latest available date, with the continued co-operation of the Government Departments of the various countries.

—Senator Lodge has tracked certain so-called "Americanisms" to their sources, which he finds in the best English literature. In a paper in the June *Scribner's* he says that "I guess" in the American sense was used by Chaucer and Thomas Carlyle. "Right good" and "mad" (for angry) are shown to have the best English authority. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Gray, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle, all used this word "guess" instead of the familiar substitutes, "fancy," "imagine," "expect." In one of Thomas Carlyle's letters he writes: "He has brought you a 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs,' which I calculate will go in the parcel to-day; you will get right good reading out of it, I guess." It is accounted worthless reading nowadays.

—The valuable work of Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M., "Indulgences, their Origin, Nature and Development," is brought out by Messrs. Benziger Brothers in a new and enlarged edition. The care and attention given by the author to this important subject have at last resulted in a book that, to our mind, meets satisfactorily the many questions and discussions that have centred about indulgences. We have here an adequate answer to the many misapprehensions of Mr. Lea as found in his "History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church." As Father Lépicier says, his volume "is no. a *Raccolta*, nor an abridgment of the many decrees which, at different times, have been issued on the practice of indulgences by the Roman Congregations. It rather aims at giving a genuine exposition of this point of Catholic

teaching, viewed in connection with the other tenets of our creed and the perpetual practice of the Church." The usefulness of the book is greatly increased by a full index.

—"Expository Essays in Christian Philosophy" is the name of an important and timely series of books undertaken by the Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. Two of the volumes are already in print—"The Principles of Christianity," by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A.; and "The God of Philosophy," by Dr. Aveling himself. And we might say of them, in a general way, that they justify the use of the title "expository" given to the whole series. They are a setting forth in clear and logical form of the position of Christian philosophy, an explanation of the same, with no conclusive attempt at argumentation. As an exposé of the Christian view, they are admirable; regarding the amount of conviction they are supposed to carry, we may quote the words of Dr. Aveling: "This work ["The God of Philosophy"], as it stands, is no more than a mere arrangement of words. It can be made convincing and conclusive only by the individual thought, the intellectual assimilation, the logical acceptance of its readers." (pp. 190, 191.) As a good presentation of a philosophical system of wide influence, both of these books deserve a welcome from Catholic and non-Catholic readers. They are published in appropriate form by Mr. B. Herder.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Religious Persecution in France." J. Napier Broadhead. \$1.35, net.
- "Indulgences, their Origin, Nature and Development." Alexius Lépicier, O. S. M. \$1.75.
- "The God of Philosophy." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1, net.
- "The Principles of Christianity." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. \$1, net.
- "The Cabin Boys," "The Trip to Nicaragua." Father Spillman. 45 cts. each.

- "Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics." George H. Miles. \$1, net.
- "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Cardinal Newman. Pocket edition. 90 cts., net.
- "The Moores of Glynn." Rev. J. Guinan. \$1, net.
- "In Thy Courts." Rev. Louis Vignat, S. J. 40 cts.
- "The Catholic Church and Modern Christianity." Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.
- "Mary the Mother of Christ." Dr. Richard F. Quigley. \$1.50, net.
- "Benedicenda." Rev. A. J. Schulte. \$1.50, net.
- "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." S. A. C. \$1.
- "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." Rev. H. G. Hughes. 75 cts.
- "Plain Sermons." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. \$1.25.
- "Selected Poetry of Father Faber." Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. 75 cts.
- "The Book of the Children of Mary." Father Mullan, S. J. 75 cts.
- "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.
- "The Mother of Jesus." J. Herbert Williams. \$1.60, net.
- "Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." Dr. Joseph Laponi. \$1.50, net.
- "The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism." A. A. McGinley. \$1.50.
- "Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer." Leo L. Dubois, S. M. \$1, net.
- "Great Catholic Laymen." John J. Horgan. \$1.50.
- "Aspects of Anglicanism." Mgr. Moyes, D. D. \$2.50.
- "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." Rev. John A. Ryan, S. T. L. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Cornelius Korst, of the diocese of Detroit. Mother Agnes, of the Order of Mercy; and Sister Priscilla, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Richard Spring, Mrs. John Crystal, Mr. Patrick McKeon, Mrs. Katherine Schmidt, Mrs. Margaret Reardon, Mr. Louis Goebel, Mrs. Bridget Lee, Mr. Joseph Good, Mrs. Mary Prendergast, Mr. J. B. Hetzlein, Mrs. Robert Culshaw, Mary Dilmore, Mr. L. Waigand, Miss Mary Moore, Mr. John Foy, Mrs. Essie Perkins, Mr. W. J. Flanagan, Mrs. Cunegunda Kaltenecker, Mr. Patrick Whitsted, Mrs. M. F. Reel, Mr. William Barrett, and Mr. David Herbst.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 29, 1907.

NO. 26.

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

The Comforter.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

I.

I KNOW not how, I know not when
Death's fingers shall unlock the gate
That holds thee prisoner, heart of mine,—
Come that dread hour soon or late.

II.

But this I know. God strength will give
To thee, poor heart, and cheer the way,
And comfort bring and hope secure
When Night shall flower into Day.

The Youth of Saint Paul.

I.

AT the time of the coming of Christ the Jews were distributed all over the then known civilized world. From the small and circumscribed region where they had originally been designated as the people of God, this nation, had overflowed into all the provinces of the Empire. The captivity of Babylon had begun this, at first, unwilling dispersion; and even to the present day numerous colonies of Israelites, owing their existence to this same enforced exile, may be found in Babylonia, Media and Persia. Some have even pushed forward as far as the extreme Orient, and are to be met with in China.

One of these families of the "Dispersion," as it has been called, was established in the city of Tarsus, in Cilicia. This city,

which was so celebrated in the ages of antiquity, has fallen into ruin and decay. The sea has receded from its shores, sand has choked its harbor, wars have levelled its walls. Although distant now four leagues from the Mediterranean, on an eminence surrounded by laurels and myrtles, Tarsus still has a population of thirty thousand souls.

It would be difficult from its present aspect to reconstruct a picture of the ancient city. Instead of the gloomy and unlovely features of a Mohammedan town, it formerly had the movement, energy and distinction of a Grecian metropolis, proud of its refinement and its memories. Tarsus was a colony of Argos. As an evidence of its beauty and culture, the Greeks were wont to relate that the companions of Triptolemus, searching the world for Io, were charmed by the city's beauty and richness. The tomb of Sardanapalus stood near one of its gates; underneath the statue that crowned it might have been read this inscription: "I, Sardanapalus, built Tarsus in a day. Traveller, eat, drink and be merry. All else is nothing." Other historical souvenirs of Tarsus are not wanting. It was in its vicinity that Alexander came near perishing in the icy waters of the Cydnus. It was there, where sea and river meet, that the interview took place between Antony and Cleopatra.

The wisdom of Providence, which offers compensation for every ignominy, had chosen the city of Sardanapalus and Antony for the cradle of Saint Paul. The Jewish origin of the great Apostle, it

may be well understood, must have been of some weight and significance in the designs of Heaven. The religion of Jesus Christ succeeded that of Judaism; it continued and perfected it. It was, then, according to the divine wisdom that Saint Paul should combine both in his own person, and that, in preserving his strong individuality through all the centuries, he should take all nations by the hand.

Paul himself was proud of being a Jew, as may be read in the Scriptures. According to Saint Jerome, the parents of the future Apostle lived in a small town of Gischala, in Judea, when the Roman invasion forced them to take refuge among the Gentiles. They established themselves at Tarsus, where they awaited the dawning of better days. Saint Paul himself informs us that he was born at Tarsus, being circumcised the eighth day after his birth.* He received the name of Saul, which later he changed to Paul,—probably after Sergius Paulus had been by him converted and baptized.

His parents were assiduous in having him instructed in the law; for, no matter how far circumstances had banished them from their mother country, the Jews remained true to the God of their fathers, guarding a heritage more or less pure, but always faithful. Like all great cities of the Roman Empire, Tarsus had a synagogue, where the Thora was read, and the religious interests of the colony and the nation were discussed and defended. In that sacred dwelling, set apart for this purpose only, they fervently prayed, with faces turned toward Jerusalem.

To so hallowed a spot, endeared to the exiles by numerous associations of affection, misfortune and expatriation, numbers of caravans, composed of pious pilgrims from every country of Asia, set forth to celebrate the great festivals of the Pasch and Pentecost, there to pay the double

tribute, and present the victims for sacrifice. Thus the bonds between her absent children and those still dwelling within or under the shadow of her walls suffered no diminution in its strength by the passage of time. Jerusalem was not only the depository of sacred memories: it was, to the hearts of the faithful Jews, the city of hope and promise; and their eyes turned reverently and persistently toward the mountain from whence they were, as they believed, to receive salvation.

Saul grew up at Tarsus. Having been by inheritance a Roman citizen, through all his life he realized and valued that inheritance. And, although Roman, he was also an Israelite, which in early days he counted an honor higher than any that Rome could grant. It is not necessary to seek in his youth for signs of the greatness he was afterward to attain. In lives which are destined to be vowed to the service of God, all the glory belongs to Him; the instrument is effaced in the divine Workman. From what we know of his personality, he was neither great in stature nor handsome of face; he did not carry any outward signs of the grand soul within him, if we except his fearless manner, the ready flow of words, the uncompromising stand against whatever he conceived to be error and injustice. Moreover, he was a man of modest condition in life, gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow. According to the Hebrew maxim, "not to teach a boy to earn his living was to teach him to be a thief."

Saul was, then, an ordinary workman; so, apparently, was his Master. The Son of the carpenter and the son of the tent-maker both assisted their fathers at their ordinary manual labor. Notwithstanding his occupation, we find no difficulty in believing that Saul also frequented the lectures, perhaps the schools, of Tarsus, there gaining no mean information in science and literature. His Epistles show traces of these youthful studies; he cites

* The most interesting and curious edifice in the city of Tarsus is a morgue which tradition says was built on the spot where Saint Paul was born.

here and there quotations from the ancient poets, Menander, Aratus, Epimenides. He was able to express himself with equal facility in the three languages of the then civilized world—Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

At Tarsus also was the chief rendezvous of the Roman mercantile marine. It was there, doubtless, in the shipyards, that Paul gained that familiarity with maritime affairs which made him at home on ships and on the sea. To become an Apostle of the Gentiles, a man had to be specially prepared,—so a divine Providence seems to have decreed. Therefore was it, no doubt, that his youth should be spent in a place familiar with their ways and habits, so complex, so varied, so entirely different from those of the primitive and simple-minded fishermen who cast their nets in the waters of Galilee, and knew no other horizon than its borders. But for the Apostle of the Gentiles, who was to stand fearlessly before kings, arguing with them and confounding them, it was necessary that he should have at least some knowledge of a social, cosmopolitan sphere, so as not to be awed and silenced by the purple and gold of a throne.

It was his destiny to preach to those who cared for nothing but amusement and diversion; and so it was that in Jerusalem, as a Jew, he would have hated the athletic games because they were counted obscure; and as a Christian, on account of their cruelty, he would not have been familiar with them. But at Tarsus, where Greek manners prevailed, Paul was no less a Jew for having often observed and assisted at the numerous athletic sports which were there of constant occurrence. Some of his most apt and forceful illustrations are drawn from these sources; a fact which, when those who affected them were incited by curiosity to listen to his message, would bid them pause and hearken and ponder and reflect, and then—believe.

He must at least have hovered on the outskirts of the philosophical schools of the city of his birth; otherwise he could not have confounded their logic and

exposed their subtle sophistries. He must have had a clear understanding of the corruption of politics and the wiles of politicians; for Tarsus was a seething theatre for the exhibition of their disgraceful intrigues and infamous schemes.

Whenever we read of Tarsus, therefore, we can not help recalling Saint Paul; and in like manner the thought of the great Apostle of the Gentiles must suggest, almost more than any other city among the many in which he labored, that wherein he received those characteristic marks he always bore upon his mind and heart. In the same manner the name of Ephesus must always recall the Beloved Apostle John, because, although Saint Paul also lived, labored and struggled there, the benign and beautiful personality of the Apostle "whom Jesus loved" overshadows, in this spot at least, the rugged, strong and aggressive manliness of Saint Paul. "I fought with wild beasts at Ephesus!" he cries adown the ages,—this grand Apostle of the Gentiles; while in the distance we hear the echo of the oft-repeated injunction of Saint John, "Little children, love one another"; and recall that, when too old and feeble to walk, he was carried to the pulpit day after day, and always delivered the same sweet message and commandment.

II.

The second part of Paul's education was begun at Jerusalem. History has several important epochs, but that which occurred about the time Paul arrived at Jerusalem was unique and solemn above all that preceded or followed it; it was that which Saint Paul himself later called the plenitude of time. The seventy weeks of years determined by Daniel the prophet were entering on the last phase of their accomplishment. The sceptre had passed from Juda; and a few steps distant from the temple of God, a Roman centurion balanced his signal of authority at the doors of the palace of a Roman governor. The star of Jacob had set, and the young workman we may readily believe was not

behind his fellows in deprecating the fact, as well as commenting on the strange events that were then taking place in Jerusalem.

Saint Paul, we are assured from his own words, had in reality the happiness of seeing his Divine Master during His mortal life. Several texts of Scripture warrant this belief. "Have I not seen Jesus Christ, the Lord?" he writes, at Corinth. Some persons, it is true, interpret this as referring to the vision on the road to Damascus. But it seems to us impossible that, having lived in Jerusalem while our Saviour was preaching, a person of his active mind and inquiring disposition would not have encountered face to face, perhaps followed in the train through curiosity, Him whom he was afterward to serve, for whom he was to die.

At that time there were several sects in Jerusalem. We leave out entirely the followers of the Roman religion, and the satellites of Herod, who were altogether beyond the pale which separated them from the Chosen People. The Sadducees—a species of Jewish Protestants, if we may use the expression—rejected all tradition, misinterpreted the Pentateuch, and denied the immortality of the soul, claiming that it was not clearly taught by Moses; and; by reason of their loose doctrine, led lives correspondingly free,—their belief was Epicureanism under the mask of religion. The Pharisees, on the contrary, went to the other extreme. Under the plea of revivifying the law, they multiplied its practices and doubled its rites. Under the name of *Mishna*, they reproduced, according to themselves, the secret instructions of Moses, and composed a sort of dogma, of which only their doctors held the mysterious key.

The young Saul enrolled himself with this powerful sect, but even among the Pharisees he chose his own school. It was that of the famous Rabbi Gamaliel, the cherished master of the young Hebrews. He was the grandson of the great Hillel, and had inherited his knowledge, impor-

tance, and reputation for holiness. He was the oracle of his time. "At his death," says the Talmud, "the light of the law was extinguished in Israel. He had been honored with the title of *Nasi*, or the Chief of the Council." And the Gospel agrees with the Jewish chronicle in pronouncing him a man just, wise, impartial, moderate in his views, an enemy to violence and disputes; one, in short, who dominated his party by a moral grandeur which won him general respect and confidence.

It appears, according to certain writers on the subject, that Gamaliel had founded at Jerusalem a school, which was largely frequented by the ardent young spirits of the time. They sat at his feet, drinking in his instructions with that zeal and intolerance which belong mostly to the young. Christian tradition has it that Stephen and Barnabas were also his disciples; but the most ardent soul among them was undoubtedly that of Saul of Tarsus, later to become, with the two above mentioned, the disciple of a greater Master. Fiery, haughty, and enthusiastic, Saul attached himself passionately to the Pharisaism of Gamaliel, while mingling with his zeal an intemperate aggressiveness, which did not belong to the character of his teacher.

These studies of mingled Greek and Jewish doctrines were destined to be of great advantage to the future career of the Apostle of the Gentiles. They opened his eyes to the pressing need of a reformer who would fulfil the promises and the mission of the long-expected Messiah; though at that period he did not comprehend that the redemption of Israel was to be accomplished through sorrow, degradation, and death. It needed the illumination of Christianity to show him that this redemption could not be the work of any man; and the time was not far distant when the young enthusiast was to distinguish between the promises of this world and the next.

The great tragedy of Calvary had been accomplished. Already the infant Church

was passing through the fire of persecution. At the head of those who waged war upon the followers of Jesus Christ stood Saul, the young tentmaker of Tarsus, who thought it his duty to do all he could against the name and the fame of Jesus Christ.

There was a young man named Stephen, who, it is said, belonged to the same sect as Paul. According to tradition, he possessed remarkable beauty, was in the full flush of youth, with wonderful gifts of virtue and eloquence, and a most frank, candid, and attractive disposition. "He was of such purity of life," says Saint Augustine, "that the beauty of his heart and soul irradiated all his countenance. His face was like the face of an angel." Saint Epiphanius thinks that he was converted during the lifetime of our Blessed Lord, and that he was one of the seventy-two disciples. The Acts tell us that the Apostles, having made converts among the Hellenistic Jews, selected seven deacons from this class, and at the head they placed Stephen, "who was full of the grace of the Holy Spirit." His conversion must have cast confusion into the bosom of the synagogue; and as Saul occupied a prominent position among the young men who frequented it, we may imagine what effect it had upon one of his intense disposition and nervous mind.

Everything at the time foreboded a crisis. As a deacon of the newly established Church, Stephen went about preaching and instructing, telling the people that the New Law was to take the place of that of Moses, that the glory of the Temple had departed, and that another and greater Jerusalem was about to unfold to the world a higher and greater destiny. It was very easy for a people with so little spirituality as the Jews to put a material significance on the words of the holy young Deacon, and to accuse him of menacing and exciting revolution against the tradition of the Holy City.

Stephen was arrested and carried to the court of the high-priest,—probably

that same Caiphas before whom Christ had appeared. When the accusations had been made, the high-priest turned to the captive and inquired: "Are these things true?" The youthful Deacon arose, and, as is related in the Acts of the Apostles, all eyes in the council were turned toward him. Did he already see the crown of the martyr, the celestial vision? We do not know, but his countenance appeared like that of an angel. The reply of Stephen was simple and sincere. He proclaimed himself a Jew; but added that the Lord had prepared a new Dispensation which would embrace not only His chosen people, but would gather in and spiritualize the whole world.

Already incensed by his former discourses, the Jews, when Stephen, accuser in his turn, reproached them with the destruction of the prophets of old, could no longer control themselves. And when he concluded by saying, "You have received the law from the hands of the angels themselves, but you have not preserved it," they gritted their teeth and would have fallen upon him then and there, had they not been restrained by respect for the place in which they were assembled. But, raising his eyes to that heaven which he was so soon to enter, Stephen calmly continued: "Behold! I see the heavens open, and the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of God." At these words they cried out in horror, covered their ears with their hands so that they might not hear the blasphemy, and precipitated themselves upon him like wild beasts upon their prey.

Let us not judge them. A text of Deuteronomy authorizes the punishment of death to idolaters. This summary justice, tolerated sometimes by the Roman proconsul, was called "the judgment of zeal." They found it the most convenient of application in the case of the young Deacon; but, as the Holy City was not to be defiled by blood, they conducted him without the walls, where they completed his martyrdom.

They went out by the north gate, on the side overlooking Cedar. To the west of the valley traversed by the Brook Cedron, in a desolate spot, in sight of the mountains of Galeed, the crowd came to a halt. Then they began to dispute as to which among them should have the privilege of throwing the first stone. This finally agreed upon, the tragedy began. Lower and lower sank the head of the first heroic martyr of the Church, as the shower of missiles descended upon him; but he uttered no word of complaint. The celestial vision ever before his eyes, he ceased not to cry out, then to murmur as life grew fainter within him: "Lord Jesus, receive my last sigh!"

At a short distance, guarding the garments of the executioners, which they had thrown down in front of him, stood Saul, if not an actual participant, at least an approving witness of all that occurred. He saw the blood flowing from the wounds of the martyr, heard the dull, heavy sound of the stones as they reached their aim from the hands of the furious murderers, until at last, "kneeling down, Stephen cried with a loud voice, saying: Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! And when he had said this, he fell asleep in the Lord. And Saul was consenting to his death."

"Consenting to his death," says the Scripture. Yes, and glorying in it; for he went immediately "to the high-priest and asked of him letters to Damascus, to the synagogues; that if he found any men and women of this way [Christians] that he might bring them bound to Jerusalem." But the blood of the martyrs, which is the seed of the Church, had already cried out for this deluded soul. "And as he went on his journey," to use the most expressive words of Scripture, "it came to pass that he drew near to Damascus; and suddenly a light from heaven shined round about him. And, falling on the ground, he heard a voice saying to him: Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? . . . And he, trembling and astonished, said: Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

And the Lord said to him: Arise, and go into the city, and there it shall be told thee what thou must do."

The rest we know. But a few days later, and he began to preach Jesus in the synagogues, to the amazement of all who had known him as an enemy and persecutor of the followers of the Lord. At first the Christians doubted him; but Barnabas certified for him, and told them the marvellous story of his conversion. In the baptism of blood and water he was sealed into his divine mission; the mysterious youth of Saint Paul had departed, his ever-memorable apostleship had begun.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXIX.

IT was but an instant that Mr. de Wolff stood waiting the event, whatever it might be, which impended; but in that instant Lett looked at him for the first time during their acquaintance, deliberately and without prejudice. And it was with a sense of surprise she observed that he was a very handsome man. She was wondering why she had never thought so before, when the subject vanished from her mind, as two animals, evidently wild with fright, came dashing round the curve of the road, — two powerful iron-grey horses, jerking rather than drawing a light carriage after them. The traces, broken loose, were dangling at their heels, lashing them as they ran, and thus increasing their fright momentarily. But the part of the harness by which they were attached to the pole still held, and the driver had them well in hand with the reins. He was trying to keep them in the road, hoping that they would either run themselves down, or break loose altogether without injury to the carriage or its occupants.

He might have succeeded in accomplishing his object, if Mr. Chetwode's horses had not become violently restive, manifesting

so decided an inclination to follow the example of the runaways that De Wolff, instead of attempting to stop the greys as he had intended, found it necessary to devote all his energies, for the next minute or two, to the task of subduing this second unruly team. They reared and plunged, while he and the driver held on to their bridles at the bits, and were swung and swayed about in a fearful-looking manner. Lett shut her eyes, dizzily sick at the apprehension of seeing them struck down and trampled over. She stood motionless, mechanically preventing herself from slipping down the steep grade she was on by clinging to a small tree, while many sounds mingled in her ears. The rapid clatter of horses' hoofs and roll of the carriage that was approaching, the loud "Wóá!—wo-a!" of its driver, the trampling feet and rattling harness of the horses not ten paces away from her, and De Wolff's persuasive "Soh! soh!" as he tried to soothe and quiet them,—she heard each sound separately, and all together, with painful distinctness. And then there came a sharp, grating noise of wheels scraping against each other, a crash, a shriek, followed by faint cries of "Help! help!" in a woman's voice.

Forgetting herself and her own sensations at this appeal, she opened her eyes and saw that the runaway team had upset the carriage. At sight of the struggling group of men and horses in the narrow road before them, they swerved round so short as to interlock the wheels and tilt it over, at the same moment setting themselves free by smashing the pole against a stone milestone that they ran over in their wild bolt for the woods. The driver was thrown out upon the ground, stunned for an instant, and the reins jerked out of his hands. Still tethered together, the greys, finding themselves pulled up short in their flight by a thicket of undergrowth at the side of the road, halted, stood still, and kicked furiously, their mottled quarters exhibiting a magnificent display of muscle. But after a moment of this display of futile rage and terror, they whirled

round again, and, pushing their way by main force through the bushes in which they had become entangled, managed to get into the road, and went tearing back the way they came, side by side; with the driving reins, which were still attached to their bits, streaming after, and the fragment of pole dragging between them as they went.

Lett scrambled down the steep descent by the help of trees and bushes. By this time Mr. Chetwode was standing at the heads of the conquered but still nervously quivering horses, while De Wolff and the driver were on the scene of the accident. They were extricating a limp form from the overturned carriage, when, breathless with haste and excitement, Lett joined them.

"Oh!—it is Mrs. Spencer!" she gasped, as she saw the pale face that lay with closed eyes against De Wolff's shoulder.

"She has fainted, but I don't think she is hurt," he said. "Her daughter is wedged down between the seats in a very painful position, and I am afraid she may be injured."

He spoke while carefully depositing the senseless figure he was carrying, on the ground at Lett's feet. Hurrying back to the assistance of Miss Spencer, he was relieved to find that, though severely bruised, she was not seriously hurt.

As soon as Mrs. Spencer had recovered from her fainting fit, they were both put into Mr. Chetwode's carriage and taken back to the Springs, Mr. Chetwode himself accompanying them. And as it was necessary to place Mrs. Spencer in a reclining position on the back seat of the carriage, her daughter and Mr. Chetwode occupying the front seat, Miss Hereford and De Wolff were left standing by the roadside.

"I will send the carriage back immediately," said Mr. Chetwode, as they drove off.

"Shall we walk on, or wait here?" asked De Wolff, motioning to some flat stones at the side of the road that looked inviting as seats.

"Let us go on to the View by all means," Lett replied.

"But isn't the road very rough for walking?" he inquired. "And how far is it from here?"

"By the road it is about a mile, winding around the hill. But in a minute we shall come to a footpath, which is not rough, though quite steep. It goes up the hill on this side, and it is not far to the top."

They walked on; and, to De Wolff's surprise and gratification, she talked in an easy and familiar tone, which he had never heard from her before, while discussing the late accident.

"Do you think those horses will turn back?" she said. "I hope we shall not meet them."

"There will be no danger if we do," he answered. "We shall hear them, if they come, in time to get out of the way. But they will probably run some distance before quieting down; for they had taken a terrible scare, somehow."

"What great, strong, handsome, wild creatures they looked!" she exclaimed. "Did you observe them while they were plunging about in those bushes at the side of the road? The way in which their heels flew up into the air was the most frightful thing I ever saw. Yet I could not turn away my eyes. There was a sort of fascination in watching them."

"I think," he remarked, noticing her very unusual animation of manner, "that you have rather enjoyed this little adventure, Miss Hereford."

"I'm ashamed to acknowledge it, considering how far from enjoyable it was to the people principally concerned; but I really have," she confessed. "It is the first time in my life that I ever came in sight, even, of anything that could be called an adventure; and, though I had no share in it myself except the ignominious one of being ordered to a place of safety, and looking on at the danger of others—"

"Pardon me," interposed De Wolff, "but that is not at all the version that

any one but yourself would give of the good sense and consideration for others which induced you to yield to Mr. Chetwode's suggestion. I saw that you would have preferred sharing any danger that might be coming."

"Yes, I disliked very much to leave the carriage, there was such a pleasurable excitement in the sense of danger. But I couldn't blame Mr. Chetwode and yourself for wanting to be rid of me, under the circumstances. And, though I felt like a coward for it, I must confess that I should not have fancied standing, as you and the driver did, immediately in front of those dreadful, pawing hoofs. I had to shut my eyes then. I hope the driver of the other carriage was not badly hurt? He was lying on the ground when I saw him. In my anxiety afterward about Mrs. Spencer and her daughter, I forgot all about the poor man, and did not notice what became of him."

"He picked himself up—was not much hurt, he said—and took a short cut across the woods in front there, hoping to intercept the horses and catch them. The road is so winding, he says, that he may meet them if they come back."

"I think I hear them coming now," said Lett. "Listen!"

They stood still to listen; but, instead of the galloping of horses, two pistol shots, followed in quick succession by several more, with the echo of half a dozen or so voices talking and laughing boisterously, came faintly to their ears.

"No doubt it is Miss Claiborn's party returning," observed Lett. "They started before daylight this morning to the Falls."

"And took firearms with them?"

"Yes, certainly," she answered, with a smile. "I heard Miss Claiborn say yesterday that she never goes anywhere but to a ball without her seven shooter. Pistol practice is her favorite of all amusements and occupations; and she is such a crack shot that she declares she could safely touch the tip of a man's ear with a bullet without hurting him more than

a pin scratch would,—‘just draw blood,’ as she expresses it. She thinks it very unkind of her friends and admirers that not one of them has yet been prevailed upon to stand as a target and let her prove her skill.”

“Perhaps,” said De Wolff, “she was trying her skill on those horses’ ears just now. The driver told me that it was pistol shots, fired at the side of the road as they were passing, which caused them to lose their heads so entirely. If she touched the tips of their ears and drew blood, it’s no wonder they were wild with fright.”

“It is scarcely possible to suppose she would do that,” said Lett, turning toward an opening in the thick growth at the left side of the road. “Here is the path to Sunset View, as it is called.”

It was a narrow footpath up the ascent of a steep hill, round which the road wound, rising very gradually as it went,—the two ways converging, until, after the road had described a wide circle, they met on the summit. Just at the summit, the path seemed barred by an immense mass of rock that rose at least twenty feet above the ground.

“We don’t have to mount this gigantic boulder, I hope?” said De Wolff from behind. The path being too narrow for more than one person to walk comfortably, Lett as guide was leading the way.

“No: we pass round it.”

A minute later, turning an abrupt angle of the rock, they were in an open space not much larger than an ordinary-sized ballroom, with a perpendicular wall of gray stone on one side—the outlooking side of the boulder,—and a sheer precipice a thousand or more feet in depth on the other.

They stood for a moment in silence, gazing at the wide and magnificent prospect spread before them, upon which Nature had lavished every hue and shade in her vast repertory of color; in the foreground, vivid tints and shades of green, brown and yellow, that changed gradually, as distance increased, to the

softest, most aerial tones of deep blue, purple and mauve; while the sky was a blaze of crimson and gold.

After admiring the beauty and grandeur of the picture both as a whole and in detail, they sat down on some blocks of stone, and De Wolff said:

“I am very glad, Miss Hereford, to have an opportunity to speak to you privately. I want to ask you about Sydney. Don’t you think she is in a very dangerous condition of health? She looks to me to be wasting; she is alarmingly emaciated.” He spoke very gravely.

“There is not the least cause for uneasiness,” Lett replied. “She has gained strength and flesh perceptibly since we came here; but the doctor in Estonville warned us not to expect an immediate recovery. It will be very gradual, he said, but very radical.”

“You reassure me. You really believe that she is recovering?”

“I am sure of it. But I am afraid she will be very much worried when she hears what a dreadful position her cousin is placed in by her father’s will, and that it is not in her power to help him as she would wish. From what Mr. Chetwode said, I suppose she can do nothing.”

“Nothing at all until she is of age.”

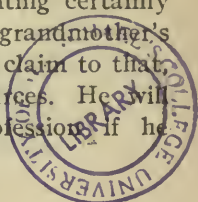
“And he has no fortune?”

“Part of what was once a fine plantation. But he could not sell it except at a ruinous sacrifice. Land is a drug in the market just now.”

“Does he want to sell it?” cried Lett eagerly. “If he does—”

She paused as De Wolff smiled.

“I see what you are thinking,” he said,—“that if he wants to sell, you will buy it. But there is no necessity for that. I have already arranged the matter. When I heard this morning of the conditions of Major Carrington’s will, I wrote at once to Warren. He has been counting certainly on receiving the half of his grandmother’s estate. Having forfeited his claim to that, he is totally without resources. He will make his way in his profession, if he



lives, for he is ambitious and has very fair abilities. But meanwhile, with a wife who under such circumstances would be worse than a dead weight, his condition is really a desperate one, and so he will feel it to be. I wrote, therefore, offering to let him have an income sufficient to put him at ease from pecuniary anxieties for five years. By that time he will be able to sustain himself, I hope, even if Sydney should not live to transfer his half of the estate to him."

Lett sighed—and then smiled.

"It is very good of you to do this for him, when his conduct caused so much misapprehension about yourself as well as Sydney," she said.

"And how about your own goodness? You would like to do this thing yourself, I fancy, Miss Hereford."

"Yes, for Sydney's sake. I am disappointed at not being permitted to make a small effort in atonement, or at least in acknowledgment, of my fault against Sydney in being so cold and unsympathetic toward her."

"Pardon my saying that you take an exaggerated view of what you consider your offence against Sydney. The fault was her father's, not yours."

"I hate to hear you say that!" she cried impulsively. "Poor Major Carrington! He so fully believed himself right! I think Sydney knows this, and feels no resentment for all that she suffered."

"I hope you don't think that I feel resentment against Major Carrington, my lifelong friend? No, I assure you. I did feel indignation when I saw Sydney so persecuted and tormented, in so unreasonable a manner. But that is over now, and I do not resent, only regret, his conduct—"

"His misapprehension," she corrected. "And how easy it would have been for Mr. Blount to have ended that! Simply by telling the truth."

"It would not have been easy for him; but he would have done it, he assured me, and I believe him, if his wife—as I suppose she must be called, though the marriage

is not yet acknowledged—had not interfered to prevent it. She is a weak, frivolous, selfish woman, too shortsighted and narrow-minded to see what was for her own interest."

"He must be a very weak man to be influenced by such a woman."

"He is a weak man, but well meaning. And he was infatuatedly in love with her."

"Surely you do not consider that an excuse for his—" a slight pause here indicated that strong words were on her lips—"for his most unworthy conduct?" she concluded.

"Not an excuse—a justification, that is,—but what in law would be called an extenuating circumstance. The passion of love is a very powerful factor in human life, Miss Hereford."

"It has proved a most unfortunate one in this case, to everybody either directly or indirectly concerned," she said, her voice involuntarily taking a slight coldness of tone.

"In some respects. But, on the whole, more good than evil has resulted from an act which in itself was certainly indefensible—Warren's marriage. You are surprised to hear me say so? But you must agree with me when you remember that his having married another woman saved Sydney from the fatal misfortune of becoming his wife. Nothing else could have saved her."

"Not your championship?" asked Lett, smiling.

"No, for she would not have accepted it. The moment she knew of her grandmother's state of health, she would have consented to the marriage; and, even though her grandmother died, would have sacrificed herself, and been unhappy for life. The recognition of this fact has given me more patience than I should otherwise have had with Warren. And another circumstance, personal to myself, has taught me charity for him. By the way, Miss Hereford, I have kept my promise to you. I have released Sydney from the engagement you so much disapproved."

"You mean that your engagement is broken off!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Dissolved—if it can be said ever really to have existed. I thought Sydney's explanation would have made you aware that it was simply an expedient, adopted in a desperate exigence to gain time."

"But I thought—"

"You thought that, like poor Warren, I was so infatuated that I meant to override all obstacles even to the point of 'forfeiting the blessing of God'—that was the penalty you threatened me with, wasn't it?—rather than give the affair up."

"I was going to say I thought that, as Major Carrington had not only withdrawn his opposition, but expressed his full approval, there would be no reason now for giving it up."

"There is the very good reason that neither of us has, or ever had, the least inclination to it."

Lett was silent, but De Wolff read in her face the thought in her mind, and answered it.

"So far as Sydney is concerned, it would have been less intolerable to her to have married me than Warren, which is all that can be said of her sentiments on the subject. But, as a matter of form, I asked her this morning to consider seriously whether she would not marry me. She dismissed the idea summarily as not worth discussion, and told me she wished to go at once, when she leaves here, to the convent her father selected, to complete her education."

"I am sorry, as well as surprised, to hear this," said Lett, very gravely.

"That you are surprised, I can understand. But why sorry?"

She did not reply at once. Her face took an expression of doubt and indecision, as she gazed far away over the wide landscape, while considering whether to answer or evade his question. She decided to answer it.

"I am sorry," she said at last, "because, frankly speaking, I believe that Sydney is devotedly attached to you. She is so

generous in nature that she thinks only of you, of what would be for your happiness, and wishes you to feel perfectly free. I think it is for this reason that she has put aside your proposal. But if you pressed the point"—her tone and look here were almost entreating—"I suspect she might answer differently."

"Believe me, you are mistaken," said De Wolff, earnestly. "Without doubt she is devotedly attached to me, as I am to her. But, Miss Hereford, in this attachment there is not on either side the least shade of that sentiment which causes two people to wish to join their lives together. She has for me only what I may call a filial affection, and I love another woman."

The last words were uttered quickly, almost as if they burst from him by an irresistible impulse. Lett seemed surprised; but he saw, by the unembarrassed look with which she met his own, that no thought of herself in connection with what he had said crossed her mind.

"Of course you know Sydney better than I do," she said simply; "and I hope you are right—that I am mistaken."

She rose as she spoke, pointing to the western sky.

"The glory is fading. No doubt the carriage will be waiting for us by the time we get to the road."

(To be continued.)

Dismissal.

BY MARION MUIR.

O, false love and fair,
 Once, too, so dear!
 Full happiness share,
 Leaving me here.
 For, while you remained,
 Folly and ill
 Held me enchained
 Prey to your will.
 Now all you have done
 Evil to me,
 Forgiveness hath won,
 Seeing you flee!

A Mission in the Island Parish.

BY THE REV. J. GUINAN.

AS there had not been a mission in the Island Parish for a long time—in fact, not for over ten years,—Father Devoy, the new pastor, arranged to have one in the month of June after his arrival. The late parish priest, Father Kieran, seldom had a mission, as he had a peculiar notion that, somehow, it upset the equilibrium of things in his easy-going parish. Besides, he thought his people were so good that they needed no such extraordinary means of sanctification,—which, indeed, was partly true. Father Devoy, however, came to the conclusion that a great mission would be the best possible preparation for the various schemes he had been hatching in his mind for the spiritual and temporal weal and betterment of his flock. Moreover, he knew from experience how dearly the Irish people love a mission, with its thundering sermons, its crowds, and its commotion.

The announcement of the mission, therefore, created much excitement throughout the entire parish, and preparations for it in the matter of clothes and dress began forthwith. Indeed, the month's interval before the opening was none too long for the parish tailors and dressmakers to execute all the orders they received in consequence of that announcement; for just as worldly-minded people prepare for the ball of the season, so these simple, religious-minded Island folk prepared for the mission. It was made the occasion, consequently, for purchasing many a much-needed coat or gown, shawl or pair of shoes.

Of course people from the neighboring parishes would come to the mission in Ballyvora chapel,—a circumstance which had the effect of spurring on a few daring young girls from the Island to discard the time-honored shawl as a covering for the head, and invest in a hat and feathers.

It was a rash and daring thing, no doubt, thus to drive a coach and four through the cherished traditions of the parish, and break out at last into the fashions; but these adventurous damsels imagined they foresaw in the coming mission the possible chance in a lifetime of escaping the likely danger of being matrimonially shelved; so to speak, and so they resolved to avail themselves of it. Of course they were unmercifully ridiculed by some for their pretensions, and envied by others, when, having shuffled off the old familiar gray shawls, they shone forth resplendent in all the pomp of dress. No doubt the style of their humble finery had been long out of fashion, but in the eyes of the Island ladies it seemed of the *fin de siècle* sort.

Half dead-and-alive Ballyvora, on hearing of the mission, awoke from its slumbers, whitewashed itself, and dressed up its shop windows, displaying in particular a large and varied assortment of religious objects for sale. This the stall-keepers who "follow missions" did not, of course, quite like; for as many as half a dozen of them set up their booths in the vicinity of the chapel, some having arrived on the scene a full week before the opening in order to secure a good position. In truth, the mission caused a boom, in a mild form, in the slumberous life of the entire parish.

When the opening day came, the chapel yard looked very gay with the mission stalls, loaded and garnished as they were with a bewildering display of pious objects. Not merely children but old men and women wandered from one to the other of them in raptures of delight and astonishment, as if they had been transported into some fairy palace. They did a roaring trade, those stall-women, during the fortnight the mission lasted; for the Island people were prepared to spend their last sixpence on such religious objects as they fancied. Nor did they in such purchases display their customary tendency to drive a hard bargain, as they would were it a matter purely secular.

At last the mission was opened. It was

conducted by two Passionist Fathers—or, as some of the people called them, "Passionate Fathers," with unconscious injustice, however; for they were men endowed with Job-like patience and forbearance. And they had need of it all, too, if ever men had. From the opening of the mission to its close, the chapel was filled at the morning sermon, after a very early Mass, with a congregation nearly as large as the usual Sunday one, yet very many attendants lived miles away. The same people would come back again for the evening sermon, which, as is usual on such occasions, attracted the larger congregation. A considerable percentage of the parishioners, and outsiders as well, had evidently made up their minds to miss nothing whatever connected with the religious exercises, and they fully carried out their generous design. "Who knows," they would say, "if we'll ever see another mission? So we want to do all we can for our souls at this." Surely there was wisdom from above in their forethought. They "seized the day" in a sense very different from that in which the heathen sage seized it,—God bless them for the foolishness of their simple, childlike faith in the deep things of the soul!

The scene which the chapel presented at the evening sermon was one not easily to be forgotten. Every available space was occupied. Nave and aisles, galleries, sanctuary, and sacristy, were filled with a compact mass of human beings, jammed together as closely as they could well be. Those who came somewhat late could not get in at all. Of this overflow congregation, some enterprising youths clambered up to the windows to listen there as best they could; while others, like Zaccheus of old, ascended the big yew tree in front of the chapel door, in the hope of seeing and hearing the preacher.

Never had orator a more attentive or enraptured audience than he. There was a hushed silence throughout the building as he announced his text and made the Sign of the Cross; then a slight stir and

commotion, as the congregation drew a long breath and settled themselves to listen with all their ears, with a grim determination not to lose even a single word of the preacher's message to them. All eyes were turned on him with a mingled expression of expectation, wonder, admiration, and reverence. As he warmed into his subject, the sea of upturned faces glowed with sympathetic fervor; suppressed sighs and penitential groans punctuated the more telling passages of his discourse. Heads unconsciously nodded approval of his arguments, or hung penitently and shook sadly at his just reproofs; faces paled at his stern denunciations, and eyes were suffused with tears at the pathetic examples he related. Indeed, during the sermon on Death one might see handkerchiefs furtively applied to moist eyes, or sleeves of frieze coats used to brush away the unbidden tear. And when at last he came to his grand peroration they fell on their knees with one accord, and with bowed heads listened in charmed silence to the final impassioned appeal, only sorry that the discourse had come to an end, although it had lasted perhaps an hour or more.

They discussed the sermon on the way home, and again round the fireside that night, quoted sundry passages from it, and lived under the spell of it until they returned next evening, eager and hungering for more of the bread of doctrine. After a hard day's work they travelled many a weary mile, and had taken up their places in the chapel, in many instances, a full hour before the time appointed for the evening devotions to begin.

In truth, the mission was the one absorbing topic of conversation. It eclipsed all other interests while it lasted, so that the people could scarce think of anything else. "Were you at the mission last night?" or "Did you get heard yet?" were the questions which everybody asked everyone else. They talked over the morning instructions, and the evening sermons, and the stories and examples related by

the missionaries, as politicians discuss affairs of State. The names of the Passionist Fathers who gave the mission became in a short time household words at every fireside in the parish,—although they took some slight liberties with them in changing Columba to Columbia, and Rupert to Robert. The older of the two, a man of magnificent presence and possessed of a stentorian voice, was the principal preacher, as they were quick to discern. In consequence of his fierce energy and “terrible” sermons—and the more terrible they were the better they were liked—they called him the “wicked man.” The other, who was of mild, gentle disposition, was the favorite in the confessional, at least if one might judge from the dense crowd of penitents that surrounded his box from morning till evening, waiting their turn “to be heard” with a patient endurance that was truly wonderful and edifying to behold. Some of the “voteens” of the parish boasted afterward of “gettin’ to the little missionary” three times during the fortnight.

In their anxiety to go to confession to the missionaries, people would leave their homes at dawn of a June morning, travel seven or more miles, and wait patiently at the church door until it was opened at half-past five. Some were known to wait up all night in the vicinity of the chapel in order to be in first, and secure a place near the “box” in the morning; and it even happened, on at least one occasion, that a few active young men clambered up to the windows, which they raised, and let themselves in surreptitiously during the night, to make sure of being “heard” first. When the crowds rushed in next morning on the doors being opened, they found them snugly ensconced next the confessionals, to their great surprise and just indignation. Many of those early morning penitents came fasting in order to receive Holy Communion before they went home; and they patiently waited their turn for confession hour after hour until perhaps long past noon,—ay, and in some

instances well on toward evening, still fasting. Old men and women who seldom went abroad, and who were no longer able to go regularly to Mass on Sundays, came miles and miles on their donkey carts to gain the “benefit of the mission,” looking like disinterred corpses rather than living human beings. Although they would have been attended in their homes had they desired it, they considerably wished to spare the hard-worked missionaries, knowing that the sick and bedridden would sufficiently task their energies in visiting them all.

In truth, a great wave of religious fervor and enthusiasm passed over the entire parish, which was stirred to its deepest depths by the exercises. As a proof of this, it might be mentioned that an enterprising ballad-singer composed a song about it, and reaped a rich harvest by singing it in the streets of Ballyvora during the evenings of the mission. Indeed, the missionaries were the lions and the heroes of the hour. The sordid cares of life were forgotten in the spiritual intoxication of religious fervor. It is ever so. The Irish peasant is in his true element in the region of the supernatural, when, soaring on the wings of Faith above the mean things of earth, he revels in the contemplation of the beauty of God’s home.

God bless them! those zealous, devoted men worked during that fortnight like galley-slaves; and at the end of it were quite exhausted, as well they might be, by their herculean labors. For seven or eight hours daily they sat in the Tribunal of Mercy till the tongue became parched from pronouncing the sentence of pardon and the blessing hand grew tired and feeble.

At the close of the mission the preacher addressed the congregation from a platform erected in front of the chapel door, the church being found utterly inadequate to accommodate the immense gathering. And a truly wonderful and edifying sight was that closing exercise. It was a glorious June evening, calm and balmy.

The lark high up in the blue empyrean poured out its "rain of melody," while the thrush and blackbird filled the air with the music of their evening song. The glory of the setting sun rested, like an aureole, on the upturned faces of the silent multitude; and fit emblem it was of the glow of religious fervor with which the hearts of those simple people were all aflame on that solemn occasion. It was a gathering representative of all ages, from the hoary-headed grandsire to the bright-haired boy, and from the withered, wrinkled crone to the maiden whose cheek rivalled the blown rose in its bloom of fresh young loveliness.

There were old men and women who believed in their hearts that it was the last mission they would ever see. They had set their accounts in order, and their peaceful, placid countenances testified that they were ready at any moment to sing their *Nunc Dimittis*. There were fathers and mothers burdened with the cares and anxieties of the breadwinner, who drank in the preacher's words of wisdom, that they might the better direct their own lives and the actions of their children. There was the erect, vigorous young man on whose fresh, frank, honest face vice had written no traces; and the fair young girl whose countenance mirrored the beauty of the pure and guileless soul within. Then there were the *gossoons* and *girshas*, timid and shy as wild birds, regarding the scene with wide-eyed wonder. It was, indeed, a typical rural congregation,—typical of the simple lives, the strong, lively faith, the religious-mindedness, and the spiritual and supernatural tendencies of the Irish peasantry.

After the closing discourse came the impressive ceremony of the renewal of the baptismal vows, during which each held a lighted candle,—held it high as a precaution against accidents. The forest of twinkling lights formed a weird, strange spectacle against the background of the western sky, all aflame with mellow, golden splendor. Slowly the priest pro-

nounced the form of renewal, while the multitude as with one voice repeated the words in deep, fervent tones that echoed and lingered round the old chapel walls ere they mounted up to heaven. It was truly touching to witness the penitence and fervor with which simple, innocent youths and maidens renewed the vows which verily they had never yet broken; for meet is the atmosphere of an Irish peasant home to preserve the white robe of baptismal innocence from the sullyng stains of vice and sin.

And so the mission was ended, and the parish renewed its spiritual youth. The good Passionists had made a vigorous onslaught on all kinds of abuses, real or imaginary; and they fished for the parochial sinners so skilfully that not a solitary one escaped the nets,—not even Jack Dinnigan, the poacher from Pullock, who had preferred hare-hunting to going to Mass on Sundays, and of whom rumor said that he "hadn't knelt to a priest for years."

Father Devoy, acting on the principle of striking the iron while it is hot, prosecuted vigorously the good work begun at the mission. He constituted himself the executive authority for carrying into effect its recommendations and suggestions, and, in short, thoroughly renewed the face of the Island parish.

How often must it be told that the greatness of our age consists not in the powerful machinery we have invented; nor in the mighty steam and electric forces which proclaim man's dominion over nature; nor in the great organizations of labor and capital that make the achievement of vast enterprises possible; nor even in those intellectual forces such as science, literature, and the press, which interlink the lands and nations of the earth and unify the world! No: our greatness must consist in a deep spiritual current underlying and directing all the movements and aims of our age.

—Rev. Morgan Sheedy.

The First Governor of Virginia.

BY ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

IN 1583 the condition of the Catholics under Queen Elizabeth had become intolerable. Lingard, in his *History of England*,* says: "They lay at the mercy of their neighbors and enemies; they were liable at any hour to be hurried before the courts of High Commission to be interrogated on oath how often they had been at church, and when or where they had received the Sacrament, to be condemned (as Recusants) to fines and imprisonments, or (as persons reconciled) to forfeiture and confinement for life. . . . Private houses were searched to discover priests or persons assisting at Mass."

Such visitations were liable at all hours, but they came generally at night. "The magistrate, at the head of an armed mob, burst open the doors at a given moment; the Pursuivants in separate divisions hastened to the different apartments, examined the beds, tore the tapestry and wainscoting from the walls, forced open closets, drawers and coffers; and made every search which their ingenuity could suggest to discover either a priest or books or chalices and vestments appropriated to the Catholic worship. . . . All inmates were questioned, their persons searched under pretext that superstitious articles might be concealed among their clothes." And the death of Lady Nevil from fright at Holborn, and the loss of reason by Mrs. Vavasor from the same cause, are among the cases that attest the brutality of the officers.†

Under the ordinance of January 26, 1581, "all persons possessing, or pretend-

ing to possess, or to exercise, the power of absolving, or of withdrawing others from the established religion, or suffering themselves to be so withdrawn, should, together with their procurers and counsellors, suffer the penalties of high treason." This act was a drag-net to include priests, faithful, converts and penitents alike; and "the penalties of high treason" were to be drawn on a hurdle, hanged, and then cut down before death, so that the living heart might be torn out ere the body was quartered.

Hearing Mass was punished by a fine of 100 marks and a year's imprisonment; and the fine for absence from the Established Church was £20 per month (which was adjudged to mean a lunar month); and if the absence covered a year, the Recusant was obliged "to find two securities for his good behavior in £200 each."

Queen Mary's priests were faithful shepherds; but, alas! death annually thinned their ranks, and the persecuted bishops were prevented from ordaining others to succeed to their places; while the jails had been so long overcrowded that infectious diseases swept their flocks away periodically. The contagions were so violent that in Oxford on the 6th of July, 1577, at the trial of Jenks, a Catholic bookseller, the judge, the sheriff, the undersheriff, four magistrates, most of the jurors, and many spectators, were seized as they sat in court, and were dead within thirty hours of the seizure. A large number of Catholic prisoners died of pestilence in Newgate, July, 1580;* and later, in York Castle alone, twenty Catholics of family and fortune perished.

It was confidently expected and openly stated that "in the course of a short time the Catholic priesthood, and with it the exercise of the Catholic worship, would become extinct in the Kingdom."† But the Rev. William Allen's inspiration established the seminary at Douay, and within

* Vol. V., pp. 173, *et seq.*

† See Bridgewater; and Strype's "Whitgift," p. 83, which tells that as early as 1578 Whitgift, Bishop of Worcester and Vice-President of Wales, was ordered to employ torture to force answers from Catholics suspected of having heard Mass.

* See Strype, III., App. 151.

† See Allen's reply to Burghley's "Execution of Justice."

five years he had sent one hundred missionaries into England.

Of the laymen, "many sought with their families an asylum beyond the sea. Their lands and property were immediately seized by the Crown and given or sold at low prices to the followers of the Queen."* The young gentlemen of birth and fortune went by the score into the military service of France, Spain, Austria, Poland, and even Persia. The daughters of the faithful families married in exile or sought the life of the cloister in Catholic countries. And, under guise of commerce and discovery, the Catholic nobles and devout Commoners still in power incessantly sought some spot where, under their own institutions, they might practise their faith, praise God at its altars, and educate their children in its tenets without being forced to rot in the jails, and to see their homes pass into the hands of informers, and their heirs condemned to beggary or exile.

So Catholic money, Catholic hopes, and Catholic enterprise mingled with every expedition that started joyfully to make good the promise of an Empire opened by the Patent which was granted to Sir Walter Raleigh.

The first voyage (1584) resulted in the discovery of a brilliant land bursting with plenty, whose grapevines swept the surf with their heavy clusters; whose friendly natives traded pearls and copper as freely as they offered corn; whose forests were full of game; whose bays and harbors teemed with fish, oysters and crabs; and whose horizon forever offered gold to the dazzled eyes of dreamers — or perhaps they were prophets.

The return to this spot (Roanoke Island) with colonists was the occasion of the second voyage, and the coming of their supply ships resulted in the founding of that settlement which has come down to history under the tragic name of the Lost Colony.

"The Briefe and True Relation" of John

* In *Strype*, II., App. 102, may be seen a list of sixty-eight fugitives.

Brierton, describes the next voyage; but, "all hope of Virginia being thus abandoned" (1590), the adventurers of 1602, under Captain Gosnold, sailed northward to "about the latitude 43°," exploring but not colonizing.

The fourth voyage was undertaken "at the earnest persuasion of Mr. Hackluyt," in 1603; Captain Martin Pring, "an understanding gentleman and a sufficient mariner," was in command, and followed the same route.

The fifth was in 1605, under Captain George Waymouth, who was employed by "the right Honourable Thomas Arundell, Baron of Wardour, in the reign of King James." In a short narrative signed "James Rosier, one of the party," he tells how they, too, followed "the northern route, landed, explored, experimented with the soil by planting peas and barley; and longed, many of them, to settle "on the biggest Ile with its vines, currants, spruce, yew, angelica, and divers gummess." He also describes a great river up which they sailed for thirty miles, planting a cross at the turning point; and then, "although they found the promise of good trade," they sailed for home; for Owen Griffin had discovered an ambush, and Rosier adds: "Our company was but small, and we would not hazard so hopeful a business as this was either for our private or particular ends, being more regardfull of a publicke good and promulgating God's Holy Church by planting Christianity."

But this voyage, too, came to nothing; the Dove of Toleration had found no spot whereon to rest her foot, and King James increased the severities of Elizabeth against his Catholic subjects. The fine of £20 per lunar month for not attending worship in the Established Church had been ignored more or less in the last thirteen years of her reign; but now it was not only revived, but the immediate payment of the arrearage demanded. The relative value of money in that day made this a blow that completed the ruin of hundreds of families, and again a great exodus took

place into the Catholic countries; and longing eyes once more turned to the West, seeing through their tears a bow of promise whose far-flung end must surely rest somewhere in that New World, of which St. Brandon's Isle was the mirage.

Then the sixth voyage was undertaken. Captain Christopher Newport was in command, and with him went Captain John Smith, Mr. Edward Maria Wingfield, the Rev. Robert Hunt, "and divers others." But the ships—the *Discovery*, the *Good-speed*, and the *Susan Constant*—could not find Roanoke. They oversailed their reckoning by three days, and a great wind caught them, driving them into a harbor unknown to all.

There, on the 26th of April, 1607, they landed on the sand-dunes, and held their first informal council, composed of Gosnold, Smith, Wingfield, Newport, Ratcliffe, Martin and Kendall. Then, "untill the 13th of May, they sought a place to plant in," when the present site of Jamestown was selected; the council was sworn in, and Wingfield was elected president.

Virginia in that day extended, to quote John Smith, "between the degrees of 34 and 45 of the north latitude. The bounds thereof on the east side are the great Ocean; on the south lyeth Florida; on the north, *nova Francia*; as for the west thereof, the limitations are unknowne."

But Sir Francis Drake had landed in California while circumnavigating the globe, and had taken possession of it under the name of New Albion. So it is no stretch of fancy to say that the western boundary was the Pacific. Therefore to the exiles of the faith and the imprisoned and oppressed there came an exquisite gleam of hope; for over all this realm in these sad and bitter days of persecution there was set a Catholic ruler.

In the *International Encyclopædia* (Vol. XVII., p. 789) we find stated, under the caption of "Wingfield, Edward Maria (c. 1560, c. 1613)," that he was "an English merchant and colonist in America, born at Stoneley, Huntingdonshire. He served in

the English Army both in Ireland and in the Low Countries. Becoming interested in schemes for American colonization, he was one of those to whom the patent of Virginia was granted April 6, 1606. He was the only one of the patentees who sailed to America with the first colonists, and was named, in the sealed instructions, a member of the Council, of which he was elected the first president. He quarrelled with the other members of the Council, and with Captain John Smith in particular; his Catholicism threw suspicion on his loyalty, and he was deposed both from the Council and governorship in September, 1607. In 1608 he returned to England, and was living on his family estates as late as 1613. He wrote a 'Discourse of Virginia,' a journal of the Colony from the first setting out to his departure from it, the MS. of which is in the Lambeth Library. It was edited and published by Charles Deane in 1860."

His rule was short and stormy, but long enough to make it possible for Catholic lovers of history to complete the chain of memorial crosses they are beginning to rear along the seaboard,—one to the first Governor of Florida; one to Dongan, the first Catholic Governor of New York; one to the first Governor of New France. And I appeal to the Catholics of America not to let the Tercentennial pass without erecting on Jamestown Island* some fitting memorial to Edward Maria Wingfield, the first Governor of Virginia, and the first elected ruler in the New World.

* This island, the green cradle of the United States, belongs to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities; and its broad spirit is already perpetuated in the monuments there erected by the various historical organizations. It may not sell or alienate its ground, but it may (and does on proper application) tender a site for any adequate memorial to the founders of Virginia; and when such memorial is completed, it takes it over into its perpetual care.

Too often honesty stops where discomfort begins.—*M. Du Camp*.

A Souvenir.*

IT was a quiet, almost deserted street. The time was very early in the spring—one might almost say late winter,—but behind the brightly polished windows of a small notion shop a plant was blooming, so sweet, so delicate, that a stranger roaming about the city paused to admire it. A pale young woman was seated at an embroidery frame near the door. The stranger could not resist the impulse of opening it and asking the name of the flower. But the woman could not tell him.

"I have had it for ten years, Monsieur," she said. "Summer and winter it is green and flourishing; and its perfume is, if anything, more noticeable at night than in the daytime."

"Does it grow from seed, Madame?"

"No, Monsieur. Several times I have planted the seeds, but they do not come to anything."

"Where did you get it, in the first place?"

"It was a—souvenir, Monsieur. The person who gave it to me has gone away, never to return."

She dropped her eyes upon her work once more, a pale rose-color suffusing her cheeks.

The stranger looked around the neat little shop, hoping to see something he might purchase. But there were only articles of children's attire, with pins, needles and buttons. A pretty little boy, perhaps three years of age, was playing behind the counter. The visitor put his hand in his pocket—he had a sweet tooth—and drew forth a small box of bonbons.

"This beautiful child belongs to you, Madame, I suppose?" he said.

"No, Monsieur; but he is just the same as my own. He is my nephew. Say 'Thank you!' my little Paul."

The child lisped a shy "Thank you!" The stranger bowed and departed.

There was, however, something about

the woman which interested him. Her modest appearance, her neatness and that of the little boy, attracted him. He was a student of mankind, and he felt persuaded that she had an interesting story—perhaps a melancholy and romantic one. But he left the place an hour after this short interview, and had no time to learn anything more about her.

Several months later another traveller, very well dressed, arrived at Andelys by the Rouen train. He went at once to the office of a notary, M. Gallois, and remained closeted with him for an hour. At the end of that time, the clerk, writing in the outer office, heard the stranger say as he was leaving:

"I rely upon your honor, M. Gallois. It is important that no one in Andelys should know of this visit. I am about to leave immediately."

"The Rouen train does not go for two hours, Monsieur. Stay and take lunch with me. It will be served at once."

"Thank you, but I can not stay. Adieu, Monsieur!"

He went away; a moment later the clerk saw him walking down the street.

It was quite cold. There had been a heavy fall of snow that morning. The streets were white with it, except where the sweepers had industriously brushed it away, or where cinders had been thrown. The traveller strolled down to the river. There was a promenade along the bank, deserted this wintry day; the fountain in the little park was dry also; all looked cheerless and desolate. Pausing before a stone bench covered with snow, he said to himself:

"It was here that I bade her adieu! Oh, why did I leave her? Why did I not accept the quiet happiness she offered me?"

He retraced his steps.

"I must see the church again," he said.

And, passing slowly along the streets, he approached the church of Saint Clotilde. Every garden wall, every house recalled his youth, the mother he had lost, the betrothed he had deserted. Doubtless she had long been the wife of another.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA from the French of Julie Lavergne.

He had returned to Andelys to settle some business belonging to the estate of his father; he had not dreamed that any regrets or tender recollections would intrude themselves.

The Angelus bell began to ring; reverberating through the frosty air, it struck other latent chords of memory.

"I wish the two hours were past," he thought. "I can not bear it here."

Hastening away, he went in another direction. The sun began to shine brilliantly. Suddenly the stranger halted. He had perceived behind the gleaming windows the beautiful, thrifty little plant the former traveller had noticed, months before. He recognized it at once, and the house in front of which he stood.

"O my God!" he exclaimed. "It still lives and blooms, after ten long years."

Then, cautiously approaching nearer, he saw Bertha industriously working. Her head was bent, her fingers swiftly moving. Alas! this was not the fresh, joyous Bertha to whom he had said at parting: "Wait for me. I shall return rich, and we shall be happy." But yet—it was Bertha,—there had never been any one like her.

As he gazed, a little boy ran into the shop from the room behind, and climbed upon her knees. The traveller shrank back, almost knocking down an old woman who was passing.

"I beg your pardon! Have I hurt you?" he asked solicitously.

"Not at all, Monsieur. I am just going in here, to see Mlle. Bertha."

"You said Mlle. Bertha, mother?"

"Yes, Monsieur—Mlle. Bertha Maury."

"She is not married, then. Whose child is that she has in her arms?"

"It is the child of her sister, Monsieur. She is dead, and Bertha is little Paul's second mother."

The traveller waited till the old woman came out of the shop, and then he entered. Bertha looked up from her sewing. She had not forgotten him,—he had changed but little, looking more prosperous and even handsomer than when she had last

seen him. It was he who grew pale, while her thin cheek flushed.

"Bertha!" he said, extending his hands.

But she placed only one of hers in his right, a little timidly, one might have said almost reluctantly.

"Armand!" came slowly from her lips.

"I am rich," he burst forth awkwardly.

"Will you forgive me—and come?"

"Long ago I forgave you," she replied,—
"if there were anything to forgive. But here is my home and my vocation."

"You are proud, Bertha," he said, wrinkling his stern brows, while his cheek flushed darkly. "And yet," he continued, glancing at the window, "your actions belie your words. You have kept the flower I gave you so long ago. You have cared for it and cherished it, and see how it flourishes!"

She looked at him calmly.

"Would you have had me destroy it, Armand?" she replied. "It was not I who crushed and wounded the flower of love ten years ago; why, then, should I have trampled upon its symbol, its one memory? Ah, no! I could never have been so cruel."

He did not answer, but turned quickly and left her. When he had gone, she went into the little bedchamber where the child now lay sleeping. Softly kissing him upon the forehead, she looked at him lovingly for a moment, and then returned to her sewing.

Winter again, and the traveller who had first noticed and admired the beautiful plant was once more at Andelys. In his wanderings about the town, curiosity led him toward the bright windows of the patient seamstress, whose mild, kind face he had never forgotten.

The flower still bloomed in the window, which was as brightly polished as of old. He lifted the latch and entered, but a strange face greeted him,—that of an old woman in a black silk cap, wearing a little shawl about her shoulders.

"Where is Mlle. Bertha?" he asked.

"She is no longer here," was the reply.

"I have taken over the shop, and can perhaps accommodate Monsieur, although I keep but few things, if any, that gentlemen can use."

"Where has she gone?" inquired the stranger. "Married, perhaps?"

"Oh, no!" was the rejoinder. "She never had a thought of marriage, since I have known her. Little Paul, her adopted child, died last spring of pneumonia, and Mlle. Bertha has gone to be a Sister of Charity. Can I serve Monsieur?"

"I see you still care for her plant," said the visitor. "That would please her."

"Oh, yes!" replied the old woman. "I shall never forget to do that, Monsieur. She prized it much. No doubt it was left her by her mother."

The stranger made some purchases, and then turned to pursue his way. But he paused in front of the window a moment for a last glimpse of the green and white blossoms, saying to himself as he gazed:

"This wonderful plant, that seems to thrive as well in winter as in summer, should be called 'the flower of affection.' It looks as though it might live forever."

A Varying Estimate.

IN this age of multimillionaires there is a very general tendency to doubt the equity of the methods by which vast fortunes have been accumulated. That an individual can by perfectly legitimate means become the honest possessor of several thousand thousand dollars is a statement which many economists have not hesitated to qualify as utterly untrue, and one the accuracy of which it is growing more and more common to call into question. In the mind of the average twentieth-century man on the street, the presumption seems to be against the ethical spotlessness of the man with the millions; and the latter, in the absence of any direct proof to the contrary, is often enough believed to have acquired his wealth through unscrupulous business methods, and con-

scienceless oppression of the poor and lowly who have stood in the way of his vaulting ambition.

Three or four decades ago multimillionaires were far less common than at present, and the "captains of industry" throughout the country could be counted readily on the fingers. It is interesting to re-read an opinion entertained of them in that earlier day by a philosopher the sanity of whose views can not be questioned.

"Genius has not hesitated," says Dr. Brownson, "to weave a garland of fadeless flowers around the brows of ancient heroism or later chivalry; and why should it hesitate to do the same for modern business, since there is many a merchant moved by as heroic and chivalric aspirations as ever moved an ancient hero or a modern knight? We often suppose that the merchant is moved by mere love of gain, that his ruling motive is avarice; but we are greatly mistaken. The merchant fits out his ships with as lofty feelings as those with which an ancient monarch led forth his armed followers to make conquests. He loves excitement, he has a taste for the adventurous, and he longs to act a conspicuous part in stirring events. The great and active man is in him; the soul of the chivalric knight is in him; and it is only in immense business calculations and business enterprises that the spirit of the age allows him to act out what is in him. It is not the littleness, but the greatness, of his soul that leads him to cover the ocean with his rich 'argosies,' and to lay every clime under contribution."

While it is altogether probable that Dr. Brownson, were he writing in this day of multiform trusts and monopolies, would see reason to doubt the existence of the chivalric soul in many a merchant prince and financial magnate, it is well to remember that, after all, every rich man is not necessarily a rogue; and that many a millionaire has not only acquired his millions honestly but uses them with commendable beneficence.

Notes and Remarks.

The Jewish rabbis of America have issued a pamphlet containing an exhaustive—and 'tis only fair to add a convincing—argument against the reading of the Bible in the public schools. Logically, their position is impregnable. "These schools," they point out, "are attended by children whose parents have every shade of religious belief. They are supported by taxes paid by every member of the community, whatever the character of his creed, even though he disavow any creed; and without regard to the question as to whether or no he has children of school age to take advantage of the educational opportunities thus provided. In one word, they are public and not private schools, and therefore must be conducted in such a way that all those interested may have equal privileges, and receive exactly the same recognition."

Among the authorities quoted by the rabbis are a former President and a living Catholic prelate. Thus:

Archbishop Ireland was right when he said: "If there be a public institution as the State school, supported by all the people, avowedly for the benefit of all the people, let it be such that all may use it. Be there no taxation without representation in the enjoyments of the benefits thereof." Further, as Jefferson put it: "To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves is sinful and tyrannical."

If our Protestant friends wish, as we believe and hope they do, to have their children instructed in the Bible, let them do as Catholics are forced to do—provide schools of their own over which they may exercise just and undisputed control.

It is consoling to note the great improvement of the condition of the Church in Switzerland. As things go from bad to worse in France, they seem to get better in other countries, where for many years the enemies of the Catholic name have held the upper hand. At Geneva the beauti-

ful church, confiscated under Cardinal Mermillod, has been given back; whilst Le Valais has proclaimed Catholicity to be the religion of the State by a resolution which stands at the head of the Constitution. Indeed, as the *London Tablet* remarks, "the Swiss Kulturkampf has just been rammed under the sod of an unhonored grave. Some time ago M. Folletête moved a resolution inviting the Bernese Government to revise the decree of 1874, which had suppressed thirty-three out of the seventy-six parishes in the State. This motion was referred to a committee of the Grand Council, which, after a full consideration of the subject, has not only given its verdict in favor of the proposition, but has recommended the re-establishment of the suppressed parishes, and the creation of three new ones which have been asked for by the people of the districts concerned. Far from making a wry face at this verdict, the Grand Council has made it so much its own that it has decided to give the priests in charge of the parishes an annual salary ranging from a minimum of 1800 francs to a maximum of 2800 francs, according to the length of their service in the ministry. This action is in full accord with the movement of justice and reparation to Catholics which is apparent in other parts of Switzerland."

The question is often asked, Can Faith be lost without formal sin? A correspondent of the *London Tablet* quotes three extracts, as follows, from Cardinal Newman's "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," which answer this question in the negative. It will be remembered that when the great father of souls penned these words he was neither a cardinal nor a professor:

We know that a man can not desert the Church without quenching an inestimable gift of grace; that he has already received a definite influence and effect upon his soul, such that he can not dispossess himself of it without *the gravest sin*; that, though he may have had many temptations to disbelieve, they are only like temptations to sensuality,—harmless without his willing

co-operation. This is why the Church can not sanction him in reconsidering the question of her own divine mission, because such inquiries, though the appointed means of entering her pale, are superseded on his entrance by the gift of a spiritual sight,—a gift that consumes doubt so utterly, in any proper sense of the word, that henceforth it is not that he must not, but that he can not entertain it *except by his own great culpability*, and therefore must not because he can not.

When a man has become a Catholic, were he to set about following out a doubt which has occurred to him, he has already disbelieved. I have not to warn him against losing his faith, he is not merely in danger of losing it, he has lost it; from the nature of the case he has already lost it; *he fell from grace* at the moment when he deliberately determined to pursue his doubt.

I may love by halves, I may obey by halves; I can not believe by halves: either I have faith or I have it not.

Evidence of the increasing efficiency of Catholic schools in this country continues to accumulate, and much of it is of especial interest and importance. For instance, the standing of St. Raphael's High School, Springfield, Ohio, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, of Mt. St. Joseph's, near Cincinnati, was found so high by the State examiner that it has been "affiliated" to the Ohio State University,—that is, we suppose, graduates of St. Raphael's entering there will receive due credit for all work done in their own school. At the recent examination of grammar grade pupils for admission to the Altoona High School, everyone sent from St. John's parochial school in that city, also conducted by Sisters of Charity, passed successfully, though sixty per cent of the pupils of public schools failed. Results like these are no less gratifying to the Catholic public than encouraging to Catholic teachers.

One argument presented by Mr. T. C. Horsfall in his able indictment of the McKenna Bill for penalizing Catholic schools in England is calculated to appeal to ratepayers. This argument will doubtless have all the more weight from the fact that Mr. Horsfall is not a Catholic.

He reminds his readers that Catholics, by building their own schools, save the rate-payers a great deal of money, and that the closing of these schools would mean increased taxation for the provision of fresh schools. He makes it plain that the animus of the opposition to Catholic schools is hatred of the religion taught in them. Mr. Birrell's bill sought to establish the principle that rate-paid teachers should give only the religious teaching acceptable to Protestants, though army and navy chaplains and the teachers in industrial schools are still paid by the State for giving denominational instruction. Thus, says Mr. Horsfall, "the fact that the 'principle' was to be applied only to prevent teachers from giving denominational religious instruction^o to Catholic children in elementary schools, was a proof that the object sought was, not the freeing of State-paid officials from the giving of denominational instruction, but the placing of an obstacle in the way of the denominational instruction of the children of Catholics."

Mr. George T. Angell, of Boston, Massachusetts, President of the American Humane Education Society, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, etc., prints the following letter which he addressed some nine years ago to President McKinley:

If I were the President of the United States (which I am certainly most thankful that I am not), I should not hesitate to say to Congress, *if it becomes necessary*, and to the whole civilized world, that, *in the present condition of negotiations with the Spanish Government*, we have, *in my judgment*, no more right to force Spain into a war, and kill perhaps thousands of the young men compelled to serve in her armies and navy, than a *pirate has to commit murder on the ocean* or a *highwayman to commit murder on the land*.

A great many other prominent American citizens thought just as Mr. Angell did, though a comparatively small number are entitled to the honor of having had the courage of their convictions. Mr. McKinley, it is well known, was, personally, much opposed to the Spanish-American war;

and had reasons, as yet generally unknown, for regarding it as both unnecessary and unjust. But, truth to tell, he was too weak a man and too much of a politician to combat public sentiment.

“The trend of the growing sympathy, on the part of Science, within the last few years, toward belief in a future existence for the individual,” is the keynote of a highly interesting and important article contributed to the current *North American Review*, by the Rev. Dr. Donald Mackay. He refers to four distinguished men of the present day, or of very recent years, as having “written sympathetically and hopefully of immortality, not from the standpoint of the Christian believer, but from that of the unbiased scientist.” Of these four, he names first Sir Oliver Lodge, D. Sc., L.L. D., the famous philosopher and scientist. Dr. Mackay’s article is entitled “Personal Immortality in the Light of Recent Science”; it is written in a lucid and attractive style, but at the same time is forceful and logical in its presentation of facts and arguments.

Ernest L. Aroni’s twenty-seventh letter from Paris to the *Evening Mail* must have made interesting reading for a number of his editorial confrères on this side of the Atlantic,—that is, if they condescend to glance at his letters at all. In view of the fact that his communications are really written in Paris, instead of being “Paris Letters” scribbled in New York, and that his first-hand testimony favors the Church rather than the atheistic crew who are misgoverning France, possibly his opinions are disregarded by our great dailies as not worth while. In any case, they are singularly unanimous, so far as our observation goes, in ignoring the *Mail’s* staff correspondence from Paris. This by the way. We intended merely to quote a few of the statements found in Mr. Aroni’s letter, dated June 4:

Recent issues of New York newspapers show a disposition to accept as truth the most absurd

fiction, that seems to warrant some plain-speaking on the subject of the French press. . . . The *Gil Blas* is a lively boulevard sheet, containing some wit and more dirt. . . . It is intensely anti-clerical, but on any other subject its opinions are equally unworthy of consideration. Yet the mails bring American newspapers of the first rank which have given columns of their space to its nonsense. . . . The *Matin* is France’s first yellow journal. . . . It is utterly and absolutely without editorial or news conscience where matters even remotely bearing upon religion are concerned.

And so on. Now, these extracts merely corroborate the estimate of these French papers given in our columns some months ago; but they are of value as coming from a source that can not be impugned as unduly partial to Catholicity. If Mr. Aroni’s letters appear to be pro-Catholic, it is simply because he is writing the truth, is recording facts; and the facts are lamentably against both the anti-clerical government and the anti-clerical press of unhappy France.

The history of conversions to the Church, notably in this country and England, makes it clear that the original impulse to study the “claims of Rome” was due in a great many cases to the reading of palpably unfair attacks upon Rome’s doctrines or discipline. The outrageous calumnies of the Church’s enemies have not infrequently had an effect directly opposite to that intended by the calumniators. And history, in this as in other matters, is constantly repeating itself. The editor of the *Living Church* writes thus of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius:

From any enlightened standpoint it can hardly be denied that the relatively bare Anglican service at Naples, which made no pretence to the realization of a standard of worship, was a more devotional rendering of true adoration to Almighty God than the function at which a Cardinal presided, and a saint’s blood was touched with the magic chemistry to deceive the people, while the Holy Mysteries were almost insulted.

It will occur, perhaps, to the average reader—Catholic, non-Catholic, Christian, Jew, or agnostic—that the italicized clause

in the foregoing extract is not merely a bit of unpardonable impertinence, but a flagrant instance of criminal libel. Instead of qualifying it as we think it merits, we prefer to quote the comment of a contributor to the *Lamp*, another Anglican weekly:

To disagree with our brethren theologically is one thing, to impugn motives is another; not to accept the supernatural explanation of an apparent miracle is one thing, to charge the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples and his fellow-ecclesiastics with wilfully "deceiving the people,"—this, I repeat, is another and a very grievous thing; for it is a breach of the charity that "thinketh no evil." Aside from that, it simply disgusts with the very evident smacking of the ancient "Escaped Nun" and "Maria Monk" brand of polemics.

Just so; that particular brand of polemics has frequently been the indirect means of increasing the number of the Church's converts.

Speaking at the distribution of medals at Clongowes Wood College recently, Chief Baron Palles made particular reference to the two medals awarded for religious knowledge, and is reported as saying:

Our view is that every boy who leaves Clongowes should be able intellectually and intelligently to prove, as a mere matter of natural theology, the existence of God. Some of you may think it is puerile for me to suggest such a consideration. You won't be six months in the world before you will know that nearly a majority of the people you meet will deny the existence of a God and will require you to prove it. We wish you also to be satisfied on another matter common to all Christian denominations, and that is the divinity of Our Lord, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity; and that will involve a consideration of the authenticity of the Scriptures.

We want you, thirdly, to be convinced of the Infallibility of the Church, which will carry with it the Primacy of St. Peter. I know that the tendency of modern thought, which under all our Education Acts has excluded from government competitions all questions of religious knowledge,—I know that the effect of this is to dissociate to some certain extent examinations in religious knowledge from secular studies, and to make some people believe that religion is an easy subject, or one to which intellects of the higher class ought not to devote themselves;

and I wish to say now, after an experience of the world of upward of sixty years, that there is no subject that requires greater intellectual energy, that will more bring out all the best qualities of the mind, than the subject of religious knowledge.

Any teacher of a class in advanced Christian Doctrine, or in Apologetics, will corroborate Baron Palles' testimony on this last point; and present-day tendencies assuredly make the study of religion a mental discipline eminently worth while even as a purely educative force, and quite apart from its influence on belief and conduct.

Apropos of the Golden Jubilee of the American College at Louvain, celebrated this month, *Rome* remarks:

Two years hence the American College in Rome will celebrate the same happy event. It is not unlikely that by that time the students in the latter college will number one hundred and fifty, and it would be hard indeed to predict the extent of its development in the near future. In spite of all we know about the magnificent expansion of the Church in the United States, it is hard to realize that the time has now come when almost a thousand new priests will have to be ordained every year to meet the spiritual needs of American Catholics.

In view of the increasing interest taken in missions to non-Catholics throughout the country, and the still defective service in the matter of chaplains in our army and navy, perhaps work could be found annually for more than a full thousand new priests.

Almost everyone is familiar with the pictures, for the most part representing scenes from the Bible, of Bernhard Plockhorst. Foremost among them is the "Contest of Archangel Michael with Satan for the Body of Moses," in the Cologne Museum. "Mary and John Returning from Christ's Tomb" is another masterpiece. Plockhorst also won distinction as a portrait painter, but was less known as such outside of Germany. The death of this celebrated artist, at the venerable age of eighty-three, was announced last week from Berlin.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE WING OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

False Beacons.

FROM THE ITALIAN, BY A. S.

A THOUGHTLESS little lad one night,
Through lonely paths returning,
Took up, to guide his steps aright,
A lantern brightly burning.

And safe he travelled by its ray,
Until, before him glancing,
He saw, along the darksome way,
The sparkling fireflies dancing.

Then he discarded with disdain
His lantern, calmly beaming,
To follow this resplendent train,
In fitful radiance gleaming.

But ere a second step he took
He found his folly humbled;
The flying lights his path forsook,
And in a ditch he tumbled.

Then bitter anger he expressed
Against these guides beguiling,
Who thus in turn the youth addressed:
"Nay, cease this vain reviling.

"The blame remains with you alone;
And half the ills men reckon
Proceed from leaving lights well known,
For those that falsely beckon."

An Artist who Loved the Blessed Virgin.



One has been given power to place the face of our Blessed Lady upon canvas in imperishable colors; others have wrought, in marble, figures which represent her beauty and graciousness; it was left for a native of Tuscany to portray her sweet countenance in a manner like none other. His peculiar invention was glazed clay—terra-cotta, covered with

so fine an enamel that it is well-nigh indestructible, still surviving after nearly five centuries of exposure to the air. The benign face of the Madonna, as Luca della Robbia modelled it in low relief, beams upon the traveller from many a spot in Florence. His singing boys are perhaps more commonly known to the careless amateur, but his bass-reliefs of Our Lady speak far more tenderly to the devout.

Luca della Robbia, like so many other gifted men, was a Florentine. His family were respectable, commonplace people of the middle class. The little boy was sent to school to learn to read, write, and keep accounts; then, his education thought sufficiently complete, he was put in charge of a goldsmith, who promised to make a skilled workman of him. Many careers of noted men have begun in the shop of the artisan. But workers in gold and silver were themselves artists in those days, and perhaps there could be no better apprenticeship for a boy with the divine spark of genius in his soul than a bench in the goldsmith's work-room, fashioning precious metals and beautiful shapes under the eye of a master.

When little Luca, or Luke, was born in 1400, Florence was just awakening in the dawn of that bright morning we call the Renaissance. The great Cathedral of St. Mary of the Flowers was yet without a dome; the campanile of Giotto, a "lily blossoming in stone," was slowly raising its slender head above the tallest roofs, and Santa Croce was fast becoming a place fit to hold the city's illustrious dead. All Tuscany was alert. Ghiberti had been awarded the contract for the great bronze doors of the Baptistery, and was beginning his long labor of forty years upon them. The little Luca was drawn into the restless current, seized spare hours from the shop, and attempted designing. He quite

forgot to eat or sleep at times, and was found one night, when twelve years old, with his feet snugly tucked for warmth into a basket of shavings.

This is the last record which we have of him, except a mention that at fifteen he struck out for himself, going to Rimini to make monumental sculptures for a grand seignior. But we are certain that when about thirty-one he was recalled to his beloved Florence, and given a commission for the construction of some of the marble work upon the organ-loft of the cathedral. This work, still extant, is composed mainly of groups of sculptured boys singing and laughing in gay procession; some carrying instruments of music, others beating time, some just singing for very gladness of heart. Even the swelling of the little throats can be seen as the beautiful children go trooping along.

Luca afterward had numerous commissions. He wrought the bronze sacristy doors of the cathedral, he furnished many bass-reliefs for the base of Giotto's Tower; but all this time he was studying, experimenting with clay, trying to find for it an enamel that would make it enduring. And he succeeded. The medallions and lunettes in pale tints which came from his hands seem in their freshness and beauty like newly created things. The faces of Our Lady which grew in plastic clay beneath his skilful fingers have an expression similar to that in Fra Angelico's work. He never wearied of portraying our Blessed Mother, and was her faithful, simple-hearted child to the end.

He died at the ripe age of eighty-two, after a frugal, hard-working life, without a stain upon it; leaving the secret of his craft and his modest savings to the orphan children of his brother, who had long been his charge. His nephews attained some eminence as artists; but when they and their children, in their turn, passed away, the secret of glazing terra-cotta as Luca della Robbia had managed it died with them.

FRANCESCA.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—CAMP TIPTOP.

"Here he is!" shouted Chip. "Here is old Lank, Aunt Patsy, tumbled down the mine and didn't hurt a hair! Found his way out through a hole in the mountain side, as Tom Langley finds a way through everything. Here we all are, safe and sound again, and hungry as mountain bears. Pile in quick as you can, boys. Dinner in two minutes, Aunt Patsy, or we will eat the cook."

And Tom found himself piling in with the rest into a great hall, or living room, whose rough-hewn walls that went up to the peaked roof were hung with guns and fishing tackle, golf sticks, tennis rackets, foils, boxing-gloves, and everything that pertains to manly sport. Wide, low book-cases filled one end of the room, a large stone fireplace occupied the other; while down the centre—most welcome sight of all just now—stretched a long table set for dinner.

And such a dinner as it was! Before Chip had finished shouting murderous threats to the cook, that white-capped personage appeared with his big tray smoking with good things. Great dishes of fried chicken, of rosy ham, of snowy potatoes; pitchers of milk, and jugs of honey, and stacks of biscuit and bread. There was no style at Tiptop; that, with the butlers and maids, the family silver and china, had all been left at Crestmont, where Chip's mother was entertaining a house party of fashionable guests now. Meals at Tiptop were merry picnics, with Aunt Patsy helping at one end of the table, and Mademoiselle at the other; and Tobe, in his white cap and apron, bringing on the dishes under a jolly fire of jokes that kept his black face on the broad grin.

But Tom's underground adventure was the subject of greatest interest; the boys all wanted to explore at once.

"Indeed, then, I'll send word to Mrs. Irving if you do," said Aunt Patsy. "I'll not take the risk or blame, my lads. It's a dark, deadly place that same old Bolton mine, as everyone about here knows. And for the one of you that comes out safe, three may tumble into some pit-hole and never see the day again."

"Oh, pooh, Aunt Patsy! There's nothing to scare about," said Chip. "Tim Blake was swearing to me this morning that nobody could live ten minutes in the mine, when Lank appeared safe and sound. You ought to have seen Blake's face!"

"Poor Blake! he is dreadfully rattled to-day anyhow about dad's hayricks," said Dorothy.

"Dad's hayricks?" echoed Chip.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know!" said his sister. "Two of the new hayricks were burned last night. It was the moonshiners, of course," said Dorothy, calmly helping herself to honey. "They're just raging mad at dad and Colonel Brent for buying the timber belt and driving them off."

"And they burned dad's hayricks last night just for spite!" said Chip, indignantly. "And we're going to stand by and take it! Does mother know?"

"Yes, and she told me not to tell you boys, but it slipped out. She doesn't want any fuss made about it, with the big house full of company. It might make them nervous."

"And we're going to keep quiet and let the scoundrels burn everything up!" exclaimed Chip, wrathfully. "Not if I know myself! Mother must think I'm a baby in dresses yet. I'll find out who is burning hayricks round here, or—"

"No, you won't!" said Dorothy, with the decision of one trained to moonshine plots and perils. "You can't find out *anything*. All the people stand by one another and won't tell. You couldn't drag a word out of them with—with wild horses. And I can't help feeling sort of sorry for them," continued the pretty speaker. "You see, they've been squatting, as they call it,

up here for years and years, and have built their own cabins, and felt as if the land belonged to them; and now to have the owners sell it all to dad and Colonel Brent, who have given them notice to quit in six months, is hard. Poor old Granny Bines was crying about it to me last week. She wouldn't mind it so much for herself, but she has four graves in her back-yard, and she doesn't want them rooted. Oh, I'd talk to dad if he were here!" concluded Miss Dorothy, with a nod.

"And much good it would do!" replied Chip, grimly. "Dad knows his own mind, and I'm with him. The timber is his, and he doesn't want any jail-birds and cut-throats roosting on it. I say smoke them out, don't you, boys?"

There was a laughing chorus of assent, in which Tom did not join. Dorothy's view of the situation was more to his taste. And just then lifting his eyes, he caught sight of Tim Blake's big figure standing in the doorway behind Chip,—a fierce, black look in his face that made Tom start. In a moment it was gone, and Blake, the farm-hand, stood there fumbling his hat awkwardly, as he explained to Aunt Patsy that he had brought over the chickens and eggs she had ordered and left them on the kitchen porch.

But that look and his own strange experience of the morning made Tom think; for a hard, anxious life had quickened Tom's ear and eye beyond his age, and he often saw and heard when other boys were deaf and blind. A queer sense of threatening danger came over him even as he sat amid the laughing, happy crowd; he felt as if some cloud of peril were gathering,—a storm rising that would make Camp Tiptop rock. But there were no signs of it in the sunlit air to-day, and as the hours wore on Tom himself forgot the odd, chilly feeling; for it was quite impossible to be dull or gloomy where the sunbeams danced and the mountain breezes frolicked over the wide porches and balconies and galleries all the summer day, and there was nothing to do but

laugh and sing and joke and whistle as one made merry plans for the coming hours, and discussed picnics and fishing tramps and gypsy teas. Chip's program seemed so full and varied that Tom, who had known very little of fun and frolic, listened in bewilderment and wondered when and where the coaching would come in this giddy round.

"Gee! but I'm glad to have you up here, Lank!" said Chip for the twentieth time, when they had gone up that night to Tom's room, a wee bit of a place that opened like a dozen others from a gallery that ran around a central hall. There was only space for a narrow camp cot, a toilet stand, and a few hooks for clothes; but the one window opened on a balcony that jutted far out over the shelving, mountain side and seemed to take in all the earth and sky. "And I'm going to give you the time of your life, Lank," continued Chip. "The other fellows are all right—jolly and good-natured and ready for all kinds of larks; but they don't count with you. Vance is jealous already," laughed the young master of Tiptop, as he flung himself on the cot that was comfortably covered and pillowed in green denim, so that guests could stretch and kick without reflection or remorse. "He was wondering to-night that we were such chums."

"Or what you saw in a big slouch like me?" said Tom, dryly. "I heard him, Chip; but you know I'm not up here as they are—for a lark. I've heard lots about hunting and fishing and picnicking to-night, but I'd like to see my way fair and square. When does the studying come in?"

"The studying!" echoed Chip. "Oh, of course, the studying! We've got plenty of time for that, Lank,—though it's a little tough on a fellow, I must say," continued Chip, in an injured tone. "But, you see, I did show up pretty bad on Commencement day; and mamma cried, and Father Grey lectured, and between them both they made me promise—I don't know what."

"Two hours' study every day," concluded Tom, quietly.

"Two hours!" echoed his pupil. "Gee whiz, Lank, I couldn't study for two hours at a time to save my life!"

"Did you ever try?" asked Tom.

"No, and I never want to," replied Chip. "I simply couldn't; my mind won't stay fixed on a book three minutes, Lank. It just bounces off."

"Then I bounce too," observed Tom, bluntly. "Two hours a day was my bargain with Father Grey, Chip; and you'll have to stick to it, or I must quit."

"All right, then: we'll stick to it, old mule head!" said Chip, good-naturedly; "though I don't see why Father Grey should be bossing things in holiday time."

"It was your mother," said Tom. "She told him to send me up here as coach."

"Mother!" Chip laughed gaily,—"dear little mother! She won't give it another thought, Lank. Of course she had her little cry on Commencement day, when I came out like such a dunderhead, and everybody else was getting prizes and medals; and Father Grey told her, in those solemn organ notes of his, how I was wasting dad's money and frittering away my time. It was equal to one of those sermons in retreat that sends every boy to confession before night. Mamma was worked up into the weeps, but she was all over it in an hour. She isn't bothering about us now, Lank, you can bet. Crestmont is crammed with company from ground to roof; and, between her French menus and her Paris gowns, our pretty mamma has her hands and her head full. Of course she sent for you, and will pay your fees all right, Lank. I'll see to that; but half an hour's study a day will suit her, Lank."

"But it won't suit me," said Tom, resolutely. "Father Grey said two hours, Chip. Any time you choose, morning or night; but two hours it must be, or I'll throw up the job."

"Confound you, I believe you would!" said Chip, half laughing and half petulant.

"All right, old Stick in the Mud,—two hours let it be; though what's the good of all this digging for Greek and Latin roots, I don't see. But dad says it must be college or Colorado for me, and I don't hanker after cow punching, I must say; so if you can hammer anything into my head, Lank, I'll let you try."

"And we'll win, win, win, if we try, try, try!" quoted Tom, with the smile that lit his plain face so pleasantly. "I say, Chip, what sort of a fellow is that big Blake you had at the mine hole to-day?"

"Oh, a good enough sort, I believe!" Chip answered carelessly. "I don't know much of the servants, I've been at college so long. Don't you like his looks?"

"No, I don't," said Tom, frankly. "I wouldn't trust him further than I could swing a cat. And, Chip, it's none of my business, of course, but I wouldn't whack down so hard on these poor squatters round here. They're slow mad now, as your sister says; and you might rouse them up into mischief, you see." And again Tom's smile brightened his rugged face. "I'm the rough sort myself, and I know."

"Oh, pooh!" said Chip, lightly. "You don't know the sort up here, Lank. They're all sneaks and cowards, and you have to whack at them and show them who is boss. That's the way dad did. He just got his grip on things and sent two or three of them to jail, and hasn't had any trouble since. I tell you there would have been no hayricks burned if he were home. But I'm keeping you out of bed, and you're tired, I know; so I'm off for the night."

And Chip tumbled off the cot and out of the room as he spoke, leaving Tom standing by the open window that looked out on the sky and the stars, and on the great, rocky mountain stretching dark and rugged below. Here and there the faint light of some little cabin twinkled through the gloom,—dim lights that the strong hand of Wealth and Power was about to quench forever. Tom thought of poor

Granny Bines and the three graves in her back-yard; he thought of the black look in Blake's face as he stood at the door to-day; he thought of the small Ulysses Grant waiting in the mine chamber; and again the sense of coming danger pressed heavily upon him,—perhaps because, as he said, he was 'the rough sort himself, and he knew.'

(To be continued.)

The Roc.

Among the legends connected with Arabia, one of the most common has to do with a marvellous bird called the roc. According to the story, which Arabic boys and girls consider "just as true as true can be," this bird could pick up an elephant and carry it off quite easily. Those of our young readers who are familiar with the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" may remember that Sindbad the sailor is recorded as having, in one of his voyages, come upon a roc's egg that measured fifty paces, or about a hundred and fifty feet, in circumference. And Sindbad was a sober sailor.

The home of the roc was said to be the Island of Madagascar, and this perhaps accounts for the legend. As a matter of fact, there have been discovered in Madagascar fossil eggs measuring thirteen inches in length, proving that in prehistoric times very large birds did exist on that island. These eggs of the extinct bird (called by scientists the *æpyornis*) are twice as big as ostrich eggs; but of course it would take a gigantic bird, a good many times bigger than an ostrich, to be able to lift an elephant, as the roc was accounted capable of doing.

The truth is that the roc is a fabulous bird that never had any real existence; and when our young folks hear anything spoken of as "a roc's egg,"—the expression is often employed by old-time writers—they will understand that the speaker means that the said thing is imaginary, having no foundation in fact.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The latest book by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson is "A Mirror of Shalott." (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.) It will appeal to those readers who believe that the border between the visible and the invisible world is nothing but a line that is easily crossed and recrossed, and not a barrier.

—There will be a general welcome, we hope, for the new edition, in two volumes, of "The Fathers of the Desert," by the Countess Hahn-Hahn, just published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. The translation is by Emily F. Bowden; and the introductory chapter contributed to the first edition by the lamented Father Dalgairns is retained. A reproduction of the picture of St. Simon Stylites, by Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A., forms the frontispiece.

—M. de Lappart, recently appointed by the Institut de France to the position of Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science, differs from the late Secretary, the famous chemist Berthelot, in that he is a practical Catholic. M. Berthelot was a pronounced atheist. The new officer of the Academy is an authority on matters geological, and has written a number of works dealing with scientific subjects, notably on the new theories concerning earthquakes and the formation of mountains.

—Another collection of sacred music, under the title "Sunday-School Hymn-Book," by the Sisters of Notre Dame, has been added to the already large number at the disposition of choir directors. The hymns are well selected, devotional, and not too difficult. They include selections for a variety of occasions, and are without the florid accompaniments that mark, as well as mar, many hymn-books in common use. The publishers are the Oliver Ditson Co., and introduction prices are remarkably low.

—"The Queen's Festivals," by a religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, should meet with favor in Catholic homes and schools. The compiler knows how to interest the little folk, while supplying much useful knowledge on the teaching of the Church in regard to devotion to our Blessed Lady. Festivals are explained in the Introduction, or first part of the work, which includes three other parts, dealing with "The Queen's Anniversaries,"—such feasts as the "Immaculate Conception," "The Annunciation," and "The Assumption"; "Festivals of the Queen's Titles," as "Our Lady Help of Christians" and "Our Lady of Mount Carmel"; and, part fourth, "The Queen's Sundays," as "The Holy Name of Mary" and

"Feast of the Holy Rosary." Every chapter is inspiring and devotional. The illustrations are good, but there should be an index of artists; and we can not say that the bookplate is what it might be. Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

—From Santa Clara College, California, we have received an artistic booklet containing an illustrated synopsis of "Nazareth," the Passion Play written by Mr. Clay M. Greene, and produced at Santa Clara in its Golden Jubilee year, 1901. Mr. Greene was a student of Santa Clara in 1868, and wrote the play at the request of Father Kenna, S. J., one of his oldtime classmates. Peculiar to this particular dramatization is the non-appearance on the stage of the divine character. Whenever His presence appears imminent, a brilliant light floods the stage and the curtain falls.

—"The Missions of California and the Old Southwest," by Jesse S. Hildrup, is no tourist collection of views, but an eloquent appreciation of the old Padres,—those noble pioneers of genuine civilization in the early days of California, New Mexico, and Arizona. The list of missionaries is almost a martyr roll. Those charged with the solution of the Indian question to-day would do well to read these simple, touching annals of a time when love of souls gave a more than human power to the zealous friends and teachers of the red men. The illustrations as well as the McClurg stamp, the hall-mark of excellence, give the setting of this book an artistic value.

—Volume III. of Messrs. Benziger Brothers' "Round the World" Series, designed for supplementary reading in Catholic schools, keeps to the high standard of interest and variety which marked the first and second volumes. The opening article, "The Great Eastern Question," is by Mr. J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and makes instructive as well as interesting reading. "Revetment Work" and "The Reclamation Service" also present much useful matter in an attractive way. To utilize fifteen pages at the close of the volume as an advertisement of the publishers' books is, in our judgment, of questionable propriety.

—"Nick Roby" is the title of another new juvenile book by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J. (Messenger Office, London.) The record of a boy's life from six to ten would suggest, to many, a series of boyish adventures; but the little English lad's lines were cast in poetic places,

and every recorded fact emphasizes in a delightfully old-fashioned way the difference between "tuition and education." Nick Roby was educated by his grandfather, a man of "the Old School" in more ways than one. Somehow, this story of a boy's life seems to be written for grown-ups rather than for children, unless they are what might be called precocious. The promise of a continuation of the record leads one to hope that it may not be long delayed.

—Professor Bagley, author of "The Educative Process," is well qualified to treat so important a subject as "Classroom Management, Its Principles and Technique." (The Macmillan Co.) His suggestions and strictures indicate experimental knowledge of classroom conditions. Of course, no book can make a teacher successful in school management; but wise counsel, if followed, must prove helpful to earnest teachers in the ordering of their ways after accepted models. The author's suggestions on penmanship, written exercises, the teacher's voice, and class preparation, tempt one to quote from the book; but these points are now receiving attention at the hands of all educators, so we simply refer teachers to the subjects in question. Catholic instructors of youth, in forming their notion of the prime object in the work of education, will, of course, keep in mind the second question and answer of the Little Catechism.

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 books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Nick Roby." Rev. David Bearne, S. J.
 "Round the World." Vol. III. 85 cts.
 "The Missions of California and the Old Southwest." Jesse S. Hildrup. \$1, net.
 "The Queen's Festivals." A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cts.
 "Sunday-School Hymn-Book." Sisters of Notre Dame. 75 cts.
 "The Religious Persecution in France." J. Napier Brodhead. \$1.35, net.

- "Indulgences, their Origin, Nature and Development." Alexius Lépicier, O. S. M. \$1.75.
 "The God of Philosophy." Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1, net.
 "The Principles of Christianity." Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A. \$1, net.
 "The Cabin Boys," "The Trip to Nicaragua." Father Spillman. 45 cts. each.
 "Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics." George H. Miles. \$1, net.
 "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Cardinal Newman. Pocket edition. 90 cts., net.
 "The Moores of Glynn." Rev. J. Guinan. \$1, net.
 "In Thy Courts." Rev. Louis Vignat, S. J. 40 cts.
 "The Catholic Church and Modern Christianity." Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.
 "Mary the Mother of Christ." Dr. Richard F. Quigley. \$1.50, net.
 "Benedicenda." Rev. A. J. Schulte. \$1.50, net.
 "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." S. A. C. \$1.
 "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." Rev. H. G. Hughes. 75 cts.
 "Plain Sermons." Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. \$1.25.
 "Selected Poetry of Father Faber." Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. 90 cts.
 "The Book of the Children of Mary." Father Mullan, S. J. 75 cts.
 "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.
 "The Mother of Jesus." J. Herbert Williams. \$1.60, net.
 "Hypnotism and Spiritism: A Critical and Medical Study." Dr. Joseph Lapponi. \$1.50, net.
 "The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism." A. A. McGinley. \$1.50.

Obituary.

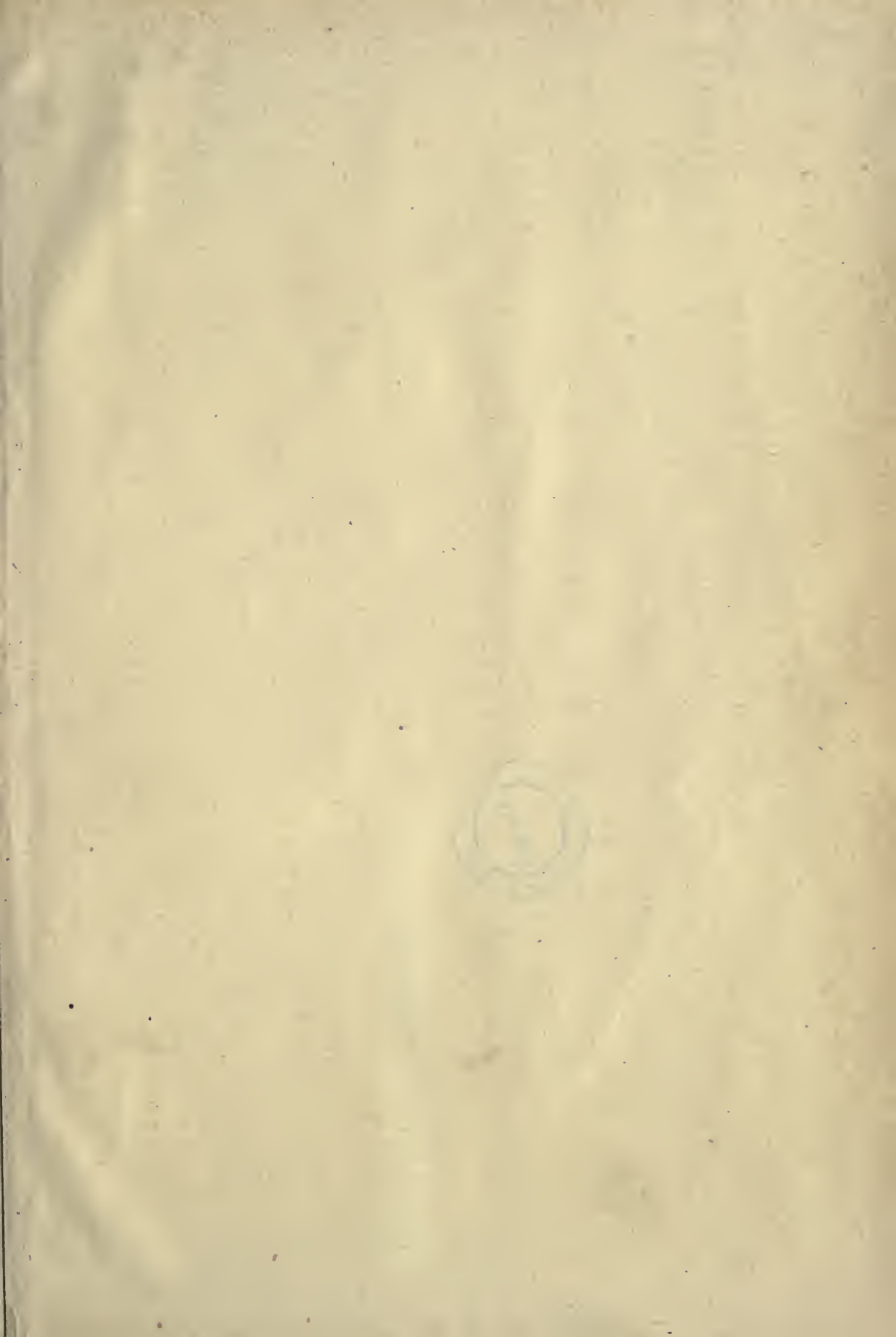
Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hudson, of the diocese of Monterey; Rev. Joseph Schroeder, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. Thomas Power, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Patrick Byrne, diocese of Newark; Rev. Nicholas Forve, diocese of Scranton; and Rev. Louis Pitoye, O. M. I.

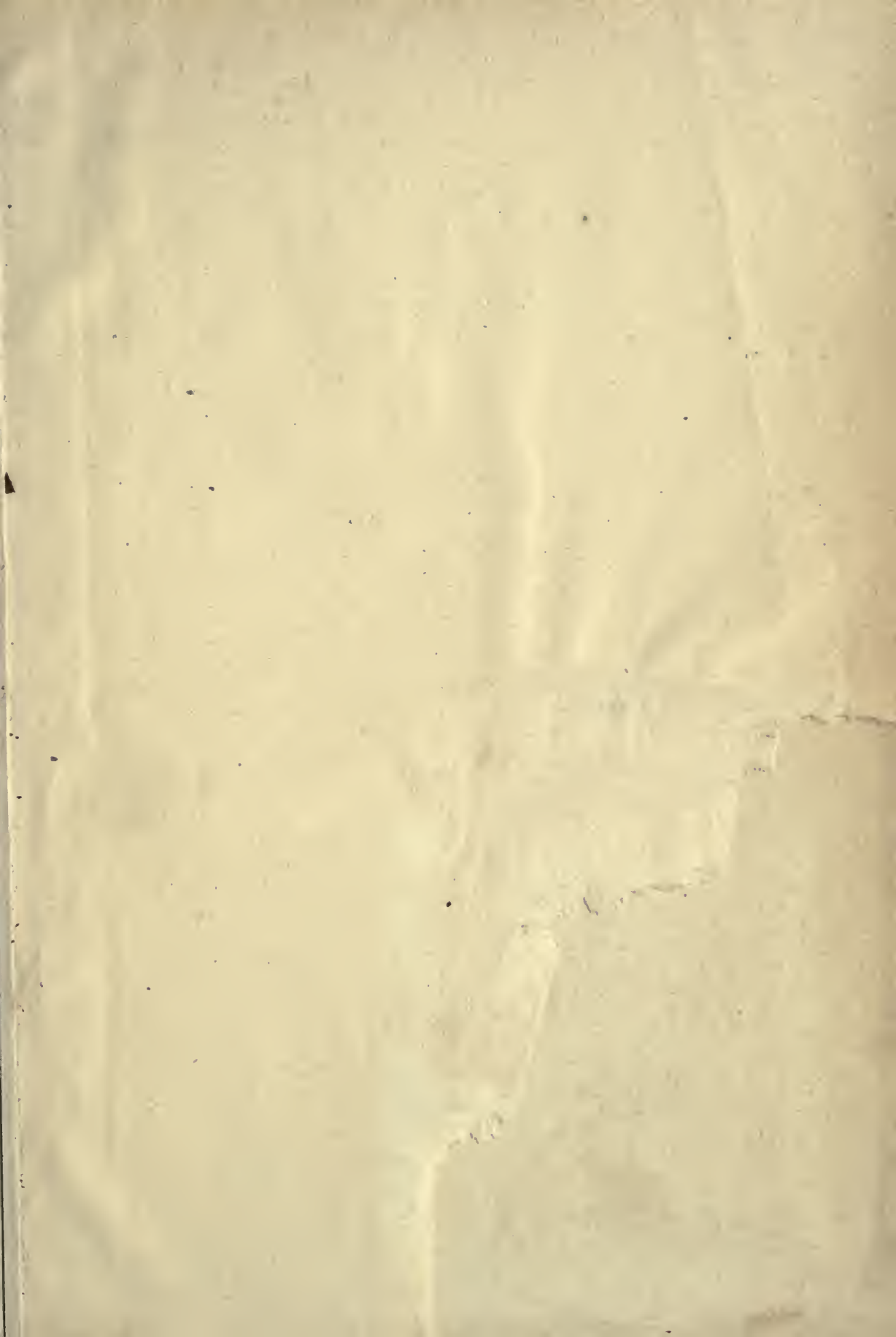
Mother Agnes and Sister Mary Andrea, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Henry Coxon, Mr. Henry Gimber, Miss Anna Cosgrove, Mrs. Juliana Schick, Mr. James Flanagan, Mr. Charles Snyder, Miss Mary Hynes, Mrs. Eliza Waddell, Mr. John Walch, and Mr. Paul Rebillot.

Requiescant in pace!







to
London
London
London

BX 801 .A84 SMC

Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

Does Not Circulate

